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WHAT CAME OF IT.

Stuart Willard was a kind hearted boy, frank, generous, honest and truthful, but so lazy that his mother despaired of ever seeing him amount to anything. She was a widow, with no one to help her train her son, and neither advice, expostulation nor argument had any effect upon him. He studied no more than was absolutely necessary to enable him to keep up with his classes, had no ambition to be at the head of any of them, and worked as little as possible about the house, though love and consideration for his mother prevented him from ever shirking his regular duties, such as milking the cow, cutting wood and bringing water. But he stared at her aghast when she proposed that he should take entire charge of the garden, devoting to it his time before and after school hours, thus saving the expense of hiring help.

"Oh, mother, I never could," he said; "the weeds would be higher than my head in a month's time. I'm no hand at a rake or a hoe."

"You're no hand at anything as far as I can see," said his mother. "There will have to be a radical change in you, Stuart, if you expect ever to win money or position."

"I don't know that I care for either," answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the pushing kind. A quiet life suits me best."

"And you'll be content to see all your friends get ahead of you, I suppose."

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll come out all right, never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked, then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing. "Laziness is the one fault of your character, Stuart, and it will keep you down all your life."

Though averse to exertion of any kind Stuart was a fun-loving boy, always ready for a frolic, and not apt to think, until repentance was too late to be of any avail, of the right or wrong of the good time. And he had three particular friends who, in boy parlance, "never stuck at anything" when there was fun ahead.

They all considered old Simon Pfeffer, the richest man in Westville, fair game, for it was well known that he hated anything in the shape of a boy, and never spoke to or looked at one, little or big, without growling like the rough old bear he was believed to be.

He was an old bachelor, and lived with a housekeeper and half a dozen servants in a handsome house in the suburbs of the town, and he might have thoroughly enjoyed his large grounds, fine orchards, and well bred live stock but for the boys of the town, who mischievously milked his cows, stole his fruit, fished in his trout pond, broke down his fences, left his gates open, and made themselves generally obnoxious.

The culprits always managed in some way to escape detection. Well did they know the terrible example that would be made of the first boy old Simon caught. He openly declared that he would show no mercy, and would know how to deal with the offender.

We never know how our most trifling impulses, if acted upon, may affect the lives of others. When Ben Hopper stopped one May evening at the gate of the little cottage in which Stuart lived and asked if he didn't want to go out to the old mill on the Creek road to hunt squirrels, no intuition told him that he was doing something which was to lead to an event that would influence all the rest of Stuart's life.

Stuart accepted the invitation, of course, and on their way out of town the boys were joined by Tom Halpine and Luke Wright, who were quite as fond of squirrel hunting as were Stuart and Ben.

For at least half a mile after leaving the town the Creek road was bounded on one side by a pasture belonging to Mr. Pfeffer, and so generously did it abound with chestnut, persimmon and crab apple trees that the boys of the town were familiar with every rod of it.

But it was not the season now for chestnuts, persimmons or crab apples, and the squirrel hunting party would have gone whistling and shouting by had not a handsome brown horse, quietly grazing the short grass, raised his head at sight of them and whinnied softly.

"I know something we can do a sight better'n squirrel hunting," said Luke Wright, stopping short. "What do you say to a ride?"

"I'm in for it," answered Tom Halpine. "I don't believe we'd find any squirrels, anyhow. They're getting so shy they don't come round the mill like they used to."

The brown horse had probably been feeling lonely and was glad of company, for he made no objection whatever when Stuart let down a pair of bars, and, going up to him, took hold of his forelock and led him into the road.

But he objected very vigorously to having four boys on his back at one time, and kicked and careened around until he succeeded in ridding himself of all four of them.

"We'll have to take turns riding," said Ben Hopper. "Each fellow can go as far as the bridge and then turn back."

They had made a bridle out of a rope Stuart had in his pocket and a piece of wood they picked up on the road, and the horse allowed himself to be guided very easily. He seemed spirited but very gentle and had evidently been trained to trot.

The boys acted on Ben's suggestion and took turns at trying the animal's paces, enjoying themselves so much that they were loath to end the sport when it began to grow dark.

"I must have one more ride, and then I will be even with the rest of you and we can go home," said Stuart, as Luke came trotting up and swung himself from the horse's back.

"Wouldn't old Simon be in a rage if he should happen along now," said Tom, as he helped Stuart to mount.

"This is about the best fun he ever furnished us," laughed Stuart, as he rode away "and he'll never be any the wiser either."

He went clattering up the road at a good pace and the bridge—a rough log structure—was reached all too soon.

"I guess I'll go a little further," he thought. "There's no telling when I'll get another ride and I'd better make the most of this."

But he went even a shorter distance further than he intended, for half way across the bridge the horse suddenly stopped, gave a wild snort of terror and began to back. Stuart saw that the animal was frightened by an old tree which, blasted by lightning and deprived of its bark, stood at the other end of the bridge like a ghostly sentinel, looking almost snow white in the uncertain light; but, unaccustomed to horses, he did not know what to do, and in his alarm and excitement pulled too hard on one rein. The horse reared, gave a wild whirl and the next instant went plunging over the side of the bridge into the gulch, nearly thirty feet below.

Strange to say, Stuart escaped serious injury, being only stunned and bruised by the fall, and at the expiration of a few minutes was able to get up from the bed of mud into which he had fallen. But the handsome brown horse did not move; he lay among the weeds and stones with a broken neck.

Stuart could not believe at first that the animal was dead; it seemed too horrible to be true. But all his efforts to rouse the poor creature proving futile, he sat down, sick and white, upon the nearest stone and shouted to his companions for help.

But his shouts were so faint that it was a long time before they were answered. Then the boys came running up, frightened at his long absence, but utterly unprepared for the dreadful news Stuart had to tell them. They were terribly shocked and gathered about the dead horse, uttering many expressions of dismay and sorrow.

"I don't know how I shall ever tell old Simon," groaned Stuart. "Boys, he'll just about kill me."

"Tell him!" exclaimed Tom Halpine, "You're surely not going to be such a fool! What's the use of telling him? We'll take away the bridge, and the old fellow will never know but that the horse jumped the fence and fell over here by himself."

"It wouldn't be right to let him think that," returned Stuart. "No, I've got to tell."

"And bring all the rest of us into the muss, too, I suppose," said Ben Hopper.

"No; I'll promise not to mention any of you. There's no need of it that I can see."

"And I can't see that there is anything to be gained by telling Pieffer," said Luke. "It won't bring the horse to life again. What's the use of being such a saint, Stuart?"

"I don't pretend to be a saint," answered Stuart, "but I'm not a coward. I shall tell Pieffer if he kills me the next minute. It's all I can do."

"O, you'll think better of it," said Luke, as he removed the rope bridle from the neck of the dead horse. "A night's sleep will cool you off."

But the night brought no sleep to Stuart, so tormented was he by thoughts of the beautiful brown horse lying dead among the weeds and stones below the bridge, and when morning came it found his resolution unchanged. He was, as he had said, no coward, and he intended to confess what he had done irrespective of the consequences.

That Mr. Pieffer would be very severe, he did not doubt for a moment. Perhaps the old man would give him a terrible thrashing or put him in jail. He was sure to mete out a punishment equal to the offense, and Stuart knew the offense was very great.

He looked so white and haggard when he came down stairs at 6 o'clock that his mother uttered an exclamation of alarm. "You're sick, Stuart," she said; "you can go straight back to bed. I'll attend to the cow."

But Stuart shook his head and went out to the stable to attend to the cow himself. He had not told his mother about his misfortune, for he did not want to worry her. It would be time enough to tell her when he had seen Mr. Pieffer.

That she might not suspect that something had occurred to trouble him, he tried to eat his usual allowance of griddle cakes at breakfast, but every mouthful seemed to choke him, and he had to give up the attempt in despair.

As soon as he rose from the table he put on his hat and went out, despite his mother's prophecy that the sun would make him feel worse, and turned his steps at once in the direction of Mr. Pieffer's beautiful suburban residence.

He had prepared a little speech with which he intended to begin his confession, but every word of it fled from his mind when he entered Mr. Pieffer's grounds and saw the old gentleman standing only half a dozen yards away, an angry look on his face, and his eyes glaring at a young negro who stood before him, looking sullen and defiant.

"You needn't deny it, sir," were the first words Stuart heard. "I wouldn't believe you on oath. You're the dullest fellow I ever had about my stables, but I did think you had sense enough to put the bars up when you turned a valuable horse like that out to pasture. You're discharged, and you needn't ask for a recommendation, for I won't give it!"

With a heart that seemed like a lump of lead in his breast, and hesitating footsteps, Stuart approached the angry pair.

"Mr. Pieffer," he said in a low, shaken voice, "I want to speak to you, sir."

"Well, speak, and be quick about it," was the rough rejoinder. "You want work, I suppose, and big wages. You may as well leave; I haven't any work for you."

"No, sir; I don't want work," stammered poor Stuart. "I want to tell you that I took your horse out of the pasture—and—it got frightened and fell over the bridge."

For a moment, it seemed much longer to Stuart in his agony of suspense, the old gentleman stared at him in utter silence, his face fairly purple with rage.

"You—you young reprobate!" he exclaimed at last. "You ought to be shot!"

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered Stuart. "I was never so sorry for anything in all my life as I am for this. But we only wanted to have a little fun and never thought of hurting the horse."

"You were not alone, then?" said Mr. Pieffer.

"No, sir."

"Who were the others?"

"There's no use in telling that, sir," answered Stuart, true to the promise of secrecy he had made. "I was the one who was on the horse when he fell over the bridge, and it was all my fault. I ought not to have tried to cross the bridge. I might have known he would be frightened at that old tree."

The angry flush left Mr. Pieffer's face, and a very peculiar look came into his keen gray eyes.

"Nevertheless, you had better tell me the names of the boys who were with you," he said. "It will be wise for you to do so."

But the covert threat contained in these last words did not cause Stuart to waver an instant. He was very generous, as well as brave.

"I told the boys I wouldn't, sir," he answered respectfully.

"They didn't offer to come with you, I suppose?"

"There was no need of it."

"Well, I am to look only to you to pay me for my horse?"

Pay him! Stuart stared at the old gentleman aghast. The thought of paying for the horse had never entered his mind.

He knew payment was out of the question. He had not a dollar of his own in the world, and it was only by the strictest economy that his mother managed to make her small income cover their necessary expenses; they did not indulge in luxuries of any sort.

"That horse was a thoroughbred," continued Mr. Pieffer, his keen eyes still fixed on the boy's white, distressed face. "I paid $600 for him the day before you broke his neck."

"Six hundred dollars!" gasped poor Stuart, his face growing whiter still. "Oh, Mr. Pieffer!"

"I can show you the receipt for the money, if you want to see it. I have it here," tapping his breast pocket. "Costly fun you had, eh?"

Stuart tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"You have any money, I suppose?" said Mr. Pieffer.

"No, sir, not a dollar."

"You must work it out, then. Are you willing to do that?"

"Oh, yes, sir," cried Stuart, the color coming back to his face. "I'd be glad to do anything to pay you."

"Very well; report to me to-morrow morning at my factory. I'll see what I can do for you."

Mr. Pieffer turned away, and without another word went into the house and closed the door.

With a feeling of profound relief Stuart went home and told his mother all about that piece of costly fun, its tragic ending and the bargain he had made.

"Mr. Pieffer it a man to get the worth of the horse out of you before he lets you go," was Mrs. Willard's first comment, "but you did only what was right in going straight to him with the whole story, my son. It must have required a great deal of courage, and I am proud of you."

Stuart was deeply touched by his mother's praise, and the consciousness that he deserved it made him almost happy again, in spite of the load on his heart.

It was a load that grew less with every day, for he soon became very useful in the factory, and as he wrote a good hand and was quick at figures, he was put into the office and taught how to keep books and invoice goods. In this way he learned every detail of the business.

It was very hard at first, of course, for Stuart's great fault stood in the way of his progress. But no one could be very lazy where Mr. Pieffer was, he was such an energetic, industrious man himself, and he seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in pushing Stuart along.

Stuart ascribed this at first to malice and a desire for revenge. But he thought different when he knew Mr. Pieffer better. He found out that a kind heart beat under that rough exterior and that the old gentleman appreciated at their full value the virtues of truth, sincerity and manliness.

It was two years before the subject of the debt Stuart owed his employer was mentioned between them. Then one day Mr. Pieffer called the young man into his private office.

"I've been expecting for some time that you would speak to me about that $600 you owe me, Willard," said he, "but you have not mentioned it."

"I felt sure you would tell me when I had worked it out, sir," replied Willard.

"If I say I consider the debt paid now you will be wanting to leave me, I suppose," said Mr. Pieffer.

"Not if you want me to stay, sir. I shall not go to school again. I am 18 years old and it is time I began to help my mother. I'll stay here if you want me to do so, sir."

Mr. Pieffer gave a short laugh.

"That's modest, Willard, when you know as well as I do that I couldn't get along without you now. The day you came to me like the brave, honest boy you are, and confessed that you had killed my horse, I made up my mind that you were the boy I needed here. It was worth more than $600 to me to find some one on whose truth and honesty I could rely implicitly. If you will stay with me, Willard, I'll allow you a good salary from this day forward and there'll be an excellent chance of promotion to something a good deal better."

Of course Willard stayed, and the "something a good deal better" proved to be a junior partnership at the end of eight years' service.

So you see Stuart had reason to be thankful that the principles of honesty and truth instilled into him by his widowed mother led him to make the confession which resulted in curing him forever of his great fault, and placing him in a position of honor and trust.

Actress and Jeweler.

The bete noir of women who get into debt is the jeweler. One of these had a hard battle with an actress recently, in which he was cleverly worsted. He had been steadily prevented from making any seizures because he could not get his hands on her property. But one day word was brought to him that the lady was to hold a grand ball at her house that evening and he determined to catch her at last. On this occasion, thought he, she will certainly wear her jewelry and most expensive dresses and will display all her costly knick-knacks about her apartments. One consideration only made the jeweler's scheme fail; Knowing his customers, he saw that it would make him immensely unpopular if he should interrupt a lady creditor in the midst of her festivities, and fearing that such an act would drive trade from his door he made up his mind to wait till the conclusion of the fete before entering to make the seizure. So he secured the services of two officers and a coach and drove to a point just across the road from the actress' hotel. There he stopped and waited. The night was long and the dancers in the hotel across the way never weary. At the time when the enjoyment was at its height the actress' maid, that never failing conspirator, began quietly to remove the precious knick-knacks and other valuables from the house by a back door. Morning dawned, and still the fete continued. At 7 o'clock, however, the last guest departed, and the jeweler, cold, hungry and impatient, climbed the stairway. He was received at the door by the actress, who was dressed in a plain loose robe (her expensive dress had been spirited away). She said sweetly: "You have come to make a seizure of personal effects? Very well; I am about to retire, and when I have done so you are welcome to what I have on; but do not touch anything else, for remember I am in the suite that is rented by a third party." It was complete. Not a solitary piece of seizable property worth taking was left in the apartments and the jeweler retired defeated.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Three Months in Wall Street.

Have things been lively in Wall street lately? Listen to this experience of a man who on Sept. 1 was a dry goods clerk just back from a summer vacation, bankrupt:

Sept. 1—Took an interest in Wall street.

Oct. 1—Borrowed $100 and gave it to a broker for a "flyer."

Nov. 1—Profits of $4,000. Clerkship resigned. Tape measuring too prosaic for a man of genius.

Nov. 15—Profits amount to $15,000. Permanent abode taken up in Wall street.

Dec. 1—Profits $60,000. It is going to be $100,000 before Christmas. Then speculation will be given up.

Dec. 10—Brokers want more margin.

Dec. 14—There has been a slump. "We have been obliged to sell you out." Thus the broker! "You owe us a balance of about $600." Thus the broker also.

And this is history.—New York Times.

A Waiter's Observations.

"A waiter in a large restaurant has ample opportunity to study character. You can nearly always tell what a man is by what he eats. The man who rushes in, calls for a few dishes in a hurry and apparently at random, bolts his food and departs without speaking to any one is a business man, of course, and a busy one, too. But it is mostly people of leisure that come here. The gentleman who comes in with a lady and orders the waiter around like a Turk is engaged, and the lady is above him in social position. He tries to make it appear that he is well used to that kind of living, but if she is half as sharp as I am she will see through it all, for a true gentleman is never rude to waiters, and the man who is accustomed to the style of living we have here need never be at pains to show it.

"Once in a while a young man brings a modest young lady into our place. She is perfectly at her ease, but he has a patronizing way about him. They are engaged, perhaps, but while she is worth two of him her social position is not so good.

"I'll wager a dinner that I can tell the business of every person who comes in here half a dozen times. I don't know how it is, but all professions have table manners peculiar to themselves.

"I think that about the easiest class of people to please are the professional gamblers. Perhaps they live under such a high pressure of mental excitement that they have no time to think of the ordinary affairs of life. They are a pleasant set of fellows to deal with, too, and always treat us waiters like gentlemen."—Detroit Post.

The Rag Pickers of Paris.

In Paris the privilege of removing and overhauling the city's debris is farmed out to large contractors, who hire chiffoniers, as French rag pickers are called, who go out at nightfall with their hotte, or square basket, buckled over their shoulder and grub over the piles of ashes and sweepings which have been placed in the streets. They take everything of the slightest value down to the smallest pieces of wood and bits of bread, and carry their burdens to the contractors' warehouses. They are poorly paid, reside in squalid quarters, exist for a few sous a day at the rag picker's restaurant, indulge in some of the gayeties of life, such as attending a chiffonier's ball, and are members of a well organized rag pickers' mutual benefit society. The agreement into which the contractors enter with the municipal authorities compel the former to remove the city refuse within certain hours and gives them the sole power of appointing chiffoniers. All other persons who overhaul the household offscourings are amenable to a city ordinance. Consequently it is no unusual thing for over 4,000,000 francs worth of old rags, bones, etc., to be taken out of the collections of the 7,000 chiffoniers.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Snow Slide in the San Juan.

An old miner described a snow slide in the San Juan. He said the awful grandeur of such a scene was indescribable. The snow usually came roaring down at night when the voice of the wind was sobbing and moaning through the pine trees as if it were some human thing sent forth to roam about the earth through all the ages. There was usually a high wind, a great crash, and then for a time all was chaos, and he that came out alive thanked his lucky stars and prepared to move his cabin to some warmer clime. He said there were a great many lives lost in Colorado by means of snow slides. Last year 200 people were sacrificed to the snow fiend.

He had often noticed long, bare places on the mountains, where the snow slides had torn away the trees and hurled them with tremendous force against the rocks of the deep canyon below. "It is hard to say," he continued, "as to where it is safe to live in the San Juan. Occasionally there are snow slides about Mosquito pass and over and about Aspen. March is the most dangerous month in the year in those mountainous regions. It is then that the snow king holds high carnival, playing with, it always seems, human lives for very amusement."—Denver Tribune-Republican.

Along Norwegian Shores.

Whether you sail along the coast or ride in carioles over the Norwegian roads, there is constantly something that is curious and interesting presenting itself. The sea seems alive with fish, particularly cod. You meet quantities of curious vessels sailing from the north to Bergen, the great fish depot, with their holds full of dried fish and the decks piled up some fifteen or twenty feet above the bulwarks with what looks at a distance like boards, but which on approaching you find to be the dried cod piled so high that a boom is rigged to the rudder and the steersman sits high up so as to see over the dried fish. Herring are got in fabulous quantities, but at a different season of the year from that when I was there.—Col. George Bliss in New York Times.

Divorce and Marriage.

A statistician claims there is one divorce to every four and a half marriages. It is the half marriage that accounts for the divorce every time. The half married are wholly miserable.—Chicago Herald.

Wall paper is so beautiful and artistic now as to be easily mistaken for fresco.

Mortality Among Congressmen.

The mortality in the present congress alone, without counting others in prominent positions, has been frightful. Senator Logan makes the thirteenth member of the whole body and the third senator to die within a year. Members of the house are beginning to get a little frightened about the unsanitary condition of the beautiful chamber in which they sit, which a late report has emphasized. As the case was in the good old days, when architects built Greek temples for workshops without taking into consideration that the climate of modern America and ancient Greece were about as unlike as could be imagined, the Capitol was planned solely with a view to looks. The accoustics are bad, except in the supreme court room, and as for the air in the house it is something fearful. It was supposed that large fans, pumping thousands of cubic feet of air in the hall would purify it, but the air is drawn from below and merely brings up all the damp and mold and sepulchral atmosphere of the crypt, where coal and wood and ashes and millions of pounds of old paper are stored. The blame for this state of affairs cannot be laid on the present architect, who has palliated as far as possible all that can be palliated in a radically wrong system. The building had to be lighted, heated and ventilated without the slightest real provision being made for any in the original plan.—New York Mail and Express.

Von Bulow's Joke.

On another occasion Von Bulow confessed to me that he wanted to make a joke. This time all was open and above board. He wished to do a service to his agent, one Wertheimer, and he thought he could best do it by writing and publishing a comic song. A comic song by the classical Von Bulow would be sure to have an immense sale, and Wertheimer would reap a large profit from it. Words were wanted, and Von Bulow asked me to write him a few humorous stanzas, of which the burden or catch word was to be "A little more ginger!" then, I believe, a popular slang term. I wrote and delivered the words, and Von Bulow told me to call upon him the next day to hear the wedding of my words to music by him. I went, and after the composer had told me of his success in finding a tune he sat at the piano and played it. Never did I hear a more cramped, unmelodious and unsingable melody, and the pianoforte accompaniment bristled with difficulties, requiring a skill no less than his own to play. I was amazed—speechless! "Well," he said, turning on the piano stool, "what do you think of it, poet?" I told him with the most perfect frankness that the voice part of his musical joke was unsingable and the piano part unplayable. "My dear fellow," he said, with something of pity in his tones, "that is the joke."—Boston Gazette.

Peculiarities of Sea Phrases.

Take, for example, "inboard" and "aboard." You say of a man entering a ship that he has gone "aboard her;" of a boat hanging at the davits that it must be swung "inboard." There is a nicety here difficult of discrimination, but it is fixed, nevertheless. You would not say of a man in a ship that he is "inboard," nor of davits that they must be slewed "aboard." So of "aft" and "abaft." They both mean the same thing, but they are not applied in the same way. A man is "aft" when he is on the quarter deck or poop. You could not say he is "abaft." But suppose him to be beyond the mizzenmast, you would say "he is standing just abaft the mizzenmast," not "he is standing aft it." Peculiarities of expression abound in sea language to a degree not to be paralleled by the eccentricities of other vocational dialects. A man who sleeps in his bunk or hammock all night or through his watch on deck "lies in" or "sleeps in." But neither is applicable if he sleeps through his watch below.—W. Clark Russell in Contemporary Review.

The Glare of the Footlights.

You would be surprised to know how many girls and women there are in the city who depend upon the ballet for their existence. The majority of them are unfitted for any other kind of work, and although they continue to just about keep the wolf from the door by odd jobs of sewing, their condition this year is truly deplorable. The glare of the footlight has spoiled them for the burdensome life of a seamstress, a certain false pride prevents them from accepting what they regard as menial employment, and so the poor wretches starve and wait for better times. Some of them are married women with children, but, as a rule, their husbands are drunkards, and in the spectacular season live on the earnings of their wives. When there is no spectacular season, want and discontent enter the little household. There is more misery hidden under the pink tights and glittering bodice of a figurante than is dreamed of in the philosophy of theatre goers.—New York Star.

Mourning When Otter Belt Died.

Up on Beaver creek, in the nation, the other day old Otter Belt, one of the greatest of the Comanche chiefs, succumbed to the grim reaper death, and it was all in his honor. He knew he was going to die, and just five minutes before he breathed his last they held him erect and rigged the old chief out in his best war costume. They painted him as red as a sunset, set his war bonnet on his head, tied up his hair in beaver skins, and then laid him down just as his spirit winged its flight. Otter Belt, while a good man for a Comanche, was rather inclined toward the doctrines of Brigham Young, only he contented himself with a less number of wives—in fact, limited himself to five.

The way these squaws took on when the chief was no more was a sight never to be forgotten. Taking sharp butcher knives, they slashed their faces with long, deep cuts, till they were covered with blood. They also cut themselves in other places, and then beat their bleeding bodies and pulled their hair, all the while uttering the most doleful and plaintive cries. They then burned everything they had, their two tepees, furniture, clothing, and all, even the biggest part of the clothing they wore. There was a big crowd of bucks present at the obsequies of course, and, as is the Indian fashion, they slew ten head of horses in honor of Otter Belt's memory. Among the horses they killed was a favorite team of Mr. Press Addington, on whose ranch Otter Belt resided. Press won't like it much when he hears that his trotters are dead, but when Indians need horses for a funeral they never stop to inquire who they belong to.—Fort Worth Gazette.

Cure for Biliousness.

For biliousness the editor of The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says a plain diet of bread, milk, oatmeal, vegetables and fruit, with lean meat and fresh fish, is best. Exercise in the open air. The victim of an acute attack will be righted by (1) abstinence; (2) porridge and milk; (3) toast, a little meat and fish and ripe fruit, thus coming to solid food gradually.

Something to Be Considered.

The women of ancient Greece used to place the most beautiful statues in their sleeping apartments, and they reared a race of men famous through all time for their matchless symmetry of face and figure. The society ladies of the present day keep constantly with them their pet pugs and terriers, and the result may be seen in a generation of dudes.—Lowell Citizen.

Domestic Economy in College.

The trustees of Purdue university, in Indiana, have decided to establish a course of domestic economy there in connection with the regular course of study. If this means that the young women of the university are to be taught housekeeping, their future husbands are to be congratulated.—New York Sun.

LISTENING TO DAVY CROCKETT.

A Boy's Impressions of the Famous Man. Telling a "B'ar Story."

No quieter or more gentlemanly person did I ever meet than Davy Crockett.

He came slowly lounging into the venerable office of The National Intelligencer one severe winter afternoon, when and where I was industriously warming my little boy body all round the small, square stove.

There was a vacant chair near me. He took it with solemn deliberation. Then over the flat stovepipe he extended his big, rough hands.

"Cold," he said. Nothing more for a long while.

I looked up at him—looked intently, for this was an uncommon comet. A large form—to my boyish idea gigantic—a great, strange head, down either side of which, from a middle parting, fell long black hair. Something savage about him, yet a most gentle savage, as if he could fondle a baby, pet a puss and even cry very heartily, being moved by proper circumstance.

My father, present of course, for he "belonged to the office," observing my amazement, found opportunity to whisper in my ear: "David Crockett."

I knew a few things about the famous man; knew that his life had been a romance surpassing the imaginings of any poet or novelist; knew—and what so surprising as this—that he was now a member of congress. Indeed, I had heard read at the breakfast table some of the "b'ar stories" with which he frequently amused, convulsed and convinced the "house."

I saw David Crockett.

Presently I felt David Crockett. His big right hand, gliding away from the hot stoveplate, chose to rest itself lovingly among the curls of my hair.

"You never met a b'ar?" remarked Davy; "in course you never!"

I acknowledged my total unacquaintance.

"Would like to?"

"Certainly."

"Don't know. Better hear about 'em first."

"I'd be glad to hear, then."

"So you shall, my boy. I'll tell you a story of one I seed onc't."

I was charmed with the anticipation. He would have begun it immediately, but several "members," senators and others that moment entered the office.

Their business soon over they still lingered, for a whisper had stolen among them, and more chairs were brought up to the fire, and an expectant circle unexpectedly resulted.

"I was going to tell this lad a b'ar story," resumed Davy, when every voice interrupted him with:

"Tell it! tell it! We all wish to hear it!"

He complied. Listening, that afternoon, proved my chief enjoyment of life to date. Listening seemed to prove a similar sensation to every person of the group. It was a grand excitement just to listen. Whatever was related we saw. We lived along the remarkable incidents from word to word. Who of mortals, save David Crockett, could display such vivid power—could so wield thunder and lightning? Yet it was not altogether terror. Comical situations were introduced. We were eager, we were alarmed, we were suddenly in most violent paroxysms of laughter.—Seaton Donoho in Brooklyn Magazine.

A Policy Player's Superstition.

A man was killed on the railroad near Pittsburg the other day, and his body brought to the city. In lifting the mangled remains from the baggage car a silver watch, still running, fell from the vest pocket. One of the railroad employes grabbed it, opened the blood stained case, pulled out a pencil and took the number. "What are you doing that for?" he was asked. "Policy," he tersely replied. It is a popular superstition among policy players that the number of a watch found on a man dying a violent death is sure to come out.—New York Sun.

Mr. Parnell's Mail.

Mr. Parnell's burdensome mail is said to be the heaviest cross of his leadership. Men write to him on any or all subjects, and if he were to attempt only to read his letters it is asserted that he would have no time for other work or even to eat or sleep.—New York Graphic.

If the sufferers from consumption, scrofula and general debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. B. H. Brodnax, Brodnox, La., says: "I gave Scott's Emulsion to Mrs. C., troubled with a very severe bronchial affection. Added to this the birth of a child and subsequent illness, she was in a very bad condition. I ordered Scott's Emulsion, which she commenced taking, giving at the same time some to the baby, which was very poor (weight three and one-half pounds.) Since taking the Emulsion, cough is gone, looks fresh, full in the face, flesh firm, good color; baby same, fat and in fine condition." Feb17-4t.

1886. 1886

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We have laid in a good supply of

Sugars, Coffee, N. O. Molasses,

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BREAKFAST BACON,
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and in fact everything usually kept in a first-class store.

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We have Clifton F. F. F., Kirkwood, Occidental, Potapsco Superlative, Potapsco Family, Patapsco Extra, Orange Grove Extra, $4 to $6 a barrel. All the above brands also in bags, 12½ and 24½ pounds. Try our 3-cent Flour.

Sugars 5 to 7 cts. a pound, good Roasted Coffee 12 cts. a pound, also, Arbuckle's, Levering's, Enterprise and Ajax Roasted Coffees in pound packages at lowest prices. Rice, Cheaper than you ever bought. Head Light Coal Oil 15 cts. a gallon. Mackerel by the barrel, half-barrel and in kits. Domestic Dry Goods and Notions.

We want Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Bacon, Lard and country produce, for which we will give the best market price. Please call at the old stand on Cross street. Respect'y,

J. B. SAPPINGTON.
June 17, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MD

FOR SALE.

Post! Post! Post!

SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar White Oak and other kinds of POSTS of different sizes and lengths. They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also White and Red Oak BRDGE BOARDS, White Oak piling and railroad ties.

Charles W. jones, living near Mr. P. A. M Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to deliver all orders, but the sales Must be made by me. All persons are forbidden to take anything out of the said woods unless by my or Charles W Jones' permission.

WILLIAM PERKINS

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely free from Opiates, Emet'cs and Poison.
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THOROUGHBRED SOUTHDOWNS, YEARLINGS and LAMBS.

The above named Buck stands at the head o my flock of pure Southdown Ewes. The Year lings are ready to deliver at any time. The Lambs will be ready by August 1st.

A few choice Boar Pigs from my registered Chester White Hog.

Also, some Hereford Calves by our registered Bull Adventure, No. 12794.

JOHN GALE,
Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

WOOL WANTED
AT GALE'S WHARF BY
JOHN GALE.
Apr. 29.

RUSSIAN
RHEUMATISM
CURE
don't cure anything but Rheumatism, but it cures that every time. It cures
SAM'L. BURNS, Lancaster, Pa.
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"RUSSIAN" RHEUMATISM CURE
EVERY BOX HAS BOTH TRADE MARKS AND SIGNATURE of Peter Maier on the Slip. None Genuine with out this Signature and both Trade Marks.
PRICE $2.50 PER BOX.
For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free.
For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFANKZER BROS. & CO. 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED:

WHEAT & CORN

DAILY.

I am always prepared to pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for any amount of Grain that can be offered in Kent county.

E. T. COMEGYS,

AGENT FOR

THE WM. LEA & SONS CO.,

Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del.

Oct. 7, 1886.

STRAW WANTED

HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am

READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW

that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to see to take a little extra pains in stacking, and not put the chaff with their straw.

Mr. James Brice is my authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON.
Aug. 5, 1886.

FRAME HOTEL.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE

will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES

contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

THE COLUMBIA
BOLSTER SPRING
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FARM AND PEACH WAGONS
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March 27 Druggist

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J. H. IRELAND,
Feb. 17. Locust Grove, Md.

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1886.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton

On and after Monday, Dec. 20th, 1886, until further notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

GOING NORTH	Pass & Fr'e No. 1 daily	Passe'r & freigt No. 3 Thursdays only.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
Chestertown	6 15	1 35
Worton	6 35	1 55
Lynch's	6 39	2 02
Still Pond	6 45	2 12
Kennedyville	6 57	2 27
Blacks	7 13	2 43
Lambson	7 28	2 58
Masseys	7 40	3 08
Delanys	7 55	3 22
*Bingham	7 59	3 26
arr Clayton	8 25	3 40
leave "	8 38	5 08
" Middletown	9 00	5 35
" Wilmington	9 42	6 35
arr Philadelphia	10 32	7 40
" Baltimore	11 10	8 32

GOING SOUTH.	Pas'er & Fr'g't No. 2 daily	Passenger No 4, Th'r'd'ys only
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
Baltimore	6 40	2 30
Philadelphia	7 27	3 01
Wilmington	8 30	3 50
Middletown	9 33	4