Kent News:

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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.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888. No. 43.

ROLLER PROCESS KIRKWOOD 196 WILLIAM LEA & SONS

THE FINEST --FAMILY-- FLOUR TRY IT.

VANDEGRIFT'S

HAIR INVIGORATOR

ABOUT a year ago I obtained a VERY VALUABLE RECIPE for making a

HAIR TONIC

which is a Pure and Wholesome Preparation, for Dressing and Promoting the Growth of the Hair, for Allaying & Preventing Inflammation, Alleviating and Curing All Ordinary Diseases of the Scalp and Skin, it also Prevents the Hair from Falling Out, and where it has Fallen Causes New Growth; Prevents the Formation of Dandruff, Cures Tetter, Sores and Humors of the Scalp and Strengthens the Roots of the Hair, Renders the Hair Soft, Pliant and gives it a Beautiful Lustrous Gloss. It has met with such popular favor that I have a general agency established in Baltimore. It is agreeably perfumed and is the Cleanest of all Preparations for Toilett Use, and have placed it within the reach of all, and sold at the small price of **50 Cents** per bottle.

SOME WHO HAVE USED IT:

Joseph W. Thompson,	R. G. Nicholson,
Wm. H. Lambert,	H. H. Bagwell,
L. C. Justis, Jr.,	H. C. Chase,
B. F. Fleming,	J. C. Bolton,
W. W. Hubbard,	Father Murphy.
Col. C. Leland,	R. Bergen,
Geo. McWhorter,	Miss Hodgkin,
Fred. Gerker,	Mrs. Kimble,
L. J. Smith,	and scores of others.

—FOR SALE BY:—

C. F. Stam, M A. Toulson, Jos. P. Ireland,
DRUGGISTS.

—Manufactured by—
J. S. VANDEGRIFT,
fe11-6m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

—1888—

Established 20 Years

New Goods-Low Prices

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c. a yard
4-4 " " "	5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c. "
Fruit of Loom " "	9c. "

Calico 3½ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair, Ladies' Solid Colored Hose 8c. a pair, Ladies' Balbriggan Hose 10c. " Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose 22c. " Ladies Corsets, good 25c. extra good Corsets 45c. " Ladies Vests, extra good 45c. " Gloves 5c. to 25c. " Gents Undershirts 25c. " Extra Heavy Undershirts 45c. " Gents unlaundried Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms 65c. " Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar 5c. per pound.	
Nearly White Sugar 6c. "	
Granulated Sugar 7½c. "	
Enterprise Coffee 24c. "	
Good Tea, green and black 30c. "	
Good Syrup 30c. a gallon.	
Black Molasses 20c. "	
Pure Apple Vinegar 30c. "	
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal.	
or 8 gallons $1.00	
Best Ct.° Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for 70c.	
Lump Starch 4½c a pound	
Bread Soda 4½c. "	
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars for $1.00	
Soapine 4c.	
Kirk's Chicago Soap 4c.	

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.

Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS,

MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

Mill Notice.

I WISH to inform my customers and the public generally, that I have started my mill on the Roller Process of manufacturing the highest grades of

ROLLER-GROUND FLOUR

on the market. I am now prepared to accommodate the public on the exchange system, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case where good wheat is sent me. For every sixty (60) pounds of good wheat I will give thirty-six (36) pounds of the best flour and a half bushels of bran.

In connection with our Roller Process we are prepared to do all kinds of work that can be expected of any mill. Fine Meal ground for one-eighth (1-8). Shelled Corn Chopped for one-twelfth (1-12). Hominy made for the offal. Ear Corn crushed for one-eighth.

For merchant work our facilities are such that we can compete with all competitors. Our grades of Flour, three in number.

KENT'S SUPERLATIVE,
KENT'S FAVORITE,
and ECONOMY,

can hold their own with any in the market. Flour will be delivered free of charge at store door, at less than city prices.

Special attention is given to the sale of MEAL, HOMINY and FEED, at low figures. Reduced prices given to consumers of feed, for winter feeding, by the ton. There are several reasons why

URIEVILLE MILL IS THE MILL,

namely: It is centrally located, and in the best Grain section of the county. We always buy the best grain in the market for merchant work. Orders are always delivered promptly. Its facilities for grist work are such that customers can be accommodated with any amount up to forty (40) bushels in one hour after it is delivered. It has a never-failing water power. We grade our wheat in five different grades, so that it is impossible for customers to bring us a grade that we can't match; consequently you always get flour out of the same grade that you bring. Last, but not least, I have a first-class miller, that understands his business, and is always at his post.

I feel thankful for all past patronage and only ask for my share in the future. I remain yours truly,

WM. W. McKNETT,
no19-tf. PROPRIETOR.

CHESTERTOWN, June 16, 1887.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that on and after this date we propose to SELL FLOUR EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH, or by an agreement with the purchaser that an extra charge of FIFTY CENTS PER BARREL shall be made on all flour charged to their account.
JAMES A. SHAW.
je18-tf

AN ASSORTMENT of MIRRORS, new and pretty, Frames, very cheap. SPARKS.

FINE, Thin Glass, Engraved Tumblers, 150 dozen SPARKS.

—READY—

FOR SPRING TRADE

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Hames, Wagon Hames, Grub Hoes, Corn Hoes, Bush Hooks, Plow Lines, Cotton and Sisal Ropes, &c. For sale at Lowest Market Prices by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

BARBED AND BUCKTHAWN

FENCE WIRES!

For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

MOUNTED AND UNMOUNTED

GRINDSTONES

For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

ALL KINDS OF

TINWARE, SMOKESTACKS, &c.,

—Manufactured by—
WM. A. WHEATLEY.

N. B.—Roofing and Spouting a specialty, and old Tins Repaired at short notice.

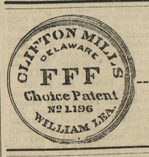
The Modern Marvel!

THE SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW with Reversible Shares and Points, the most Durable and Economical Plow on the market. Jointer attached to standard and will not choke in grass or weeds. Below find names of some persons who use them:

V. Hendrickson,	Samuel T. Rolph,
George Bell,	Daniel R. Woodall, Jr.,
Wm. J. Tarbutton,	W. B. Strong,
E. P. Janvier,	Wm. A. Hendricks.

Twenty-five of them just received and we invite inspection. The old reliable REMINGTON CHILLED PLOW for sale and Repairs furnished for same.

WM. A. WHEATLEY,
Feb. 25, 1888. adjoining the Bank.



HIGHEST GRADE --PATENT-- FLOUR MADE.

—VERY—

Heavy Reduction

IN THE

FOLLOWING LINE of GOODS

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

Linen TABLE DAMASK

HEAVILY CUT IN PRICES.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Do not forget the GREAT BARGAINS we are offering in a number of lines of BOOTS and SHOES. We have just cut a large line of BOY'S BUTTONED SHOES to near *HALF THEIR VALUE.*

REMEMBER THE LINE OF

Floor Oil-Cloths!

REDUCED to COST. GOOD PATTERNS and DESIRABLE GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US and you will find that we will *SAVE YOU MONEY.*

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
February 25, 1887.

J. B. McINTIRE

Is Still on the Corner

OF HIGH AND MILL STS.,

WITH A FULL LINE OF

Groceries and Provisions

Coffee, Sugar, Tea,

SPICES, FLOUR, MEAL, MEAT, LARD, TOCACCO, CIGARS, SNUFF,

Canned Goods, Canned Goods,

ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS, DATES, PRUNES, RAISINS, CITRON, CURRANTS, CRANBERRIES, COCOANUTS, APPLE BUTTER, CONFECTIONERY, &c.,

all of which will be sold cheap for the cash. You will do well to give me a call before purchasing. Thankful for past favors I hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Resp'ly, J. B. McINTIRE.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. WANTED to buy, 400 pounds good Country Lard. J. B. M.
January 7, 1888—1y.

Men Should Read and Remember 'Tis Only a Habit.

Smoking and Chewing!

YET great men as well as wise men Smoke or Chew. When once accustomed to chewing or smoking there is a great deal of pleasure derived from inhaling the smoke from a fine cigar, and also by enjoying the extract of fine tobacco. To satisfy this habit you should remember that

J. L. McFEELY

—has the—

Tobacco Emporium of Kent County,

where you can find

ALL GRADES OF TOBACCO,
CIGARS, PIPES, SMOKING TOBACCO, &c.,

from the cheapest to the highest. I have the largest stock and assortment in the county.

B. F. GRAVELY'S SUPERIOR

is my leading brand. A Call will convince you of the above fact.

Wholesale:

Merchants can save their freight by buying of J. L. McFeely's, Store opposite the bank, and below Stam's New Hall. jl4.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for 1887.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons until further notice.

STEPHEN LECATES,
s3-tf. Collector 4th District.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

Ag't for R. J. BAKER & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS

GROUND and DISSOLVED RAW BONE,
DISSOLVED S. C. PHOSPHATE, CHEMICALS,

and all goods used for Fertilizing purposes. SPECIAL FORMULAS compounded for all crops. Write for prices. All goods delivered free on board at Baltimore.
March 3, 1888.

TRIPS RESUMED.

Daily Trips Between Chestertown and Baltimore!

CENTREVILLE AND CORSICA RIVER STEAMBOAT CO.

STEAMER GRATITUDE,

M. M. LARRIMORE, Master.

--NEW SCHEDULE--

On and after February 28th, 1888, the STEAMER "GRATITUDE" will run as follows:

Leave Chestertown at 5.45 A. M., touching at Newnam's and Quaker Neck, Chester River; Centreville, 7.45; Long Cove, 8.45; Jackson's Creek, 9.30; touching at Hall's, Pusey's and Earl's Landings on Corsica River, for Baltimore.

RETURNING, leave Baltimore daily at 2.30 P. M., making all the above stops.

FARE, ROUND TRIP, - - - $1.00.
TICKETS GOOD UNTIL USED.
SINGLE FARE, - - - 75 cents.

N. B.—Freight for all stops received and handled with care and promptness, and when not immediately called for will be stored under cover. Agent at Pier 13 Light Street, Baltimore, will receive and receipt for freight, and the clerk at other stops.

Office on Burchinal's Wharf. EDWARD B. JONES, AGENT.
Mar. 3—6m. CENTREVILLE AND CORSICA RIVER STEAMBOAT CO.

PEACH GROWERS!

YOU HAVE THE PROSPECT OF A CROP, THEN FEED YOUR TREES.

TO DO THIS:—We offer you our FRUIT GROWER which has been used more largely than any other Peach Tree Manure in the world. This seems broad, nevertheless it is true. This goods can only be gotten of us. Its base is a Natural Guano, that runs as high in **Available Bone Phosphate** as **Dissolved Animal Bone**, yet this is **Available** by decomposition. Not one pound of Sulphuric Acid used in its manufacture; hence its superiority as a **Peach Manure.** Farmers have often been induced to try Natural Guanos by being shown how high they run in bone phosphate, but they do not notice that it is **insoluable** instead of **available**, the former being of no advantage whatever, hence they should always see that it is **Available Bone Phosphate.** We defy anybody to produce a Natural Guano that will run as high in **Available Bone Phosphate** as our O. B. For want of space we are unable to publish a vast amount of testimonials, but upon application will gladly mail a circular giving the strongest endorsements of gentlemen who use it year after year.

READ WHAT SOME OF THEM SAY:

SENATOR W. T. HEPBRON, near Kennedyville, Kent county, says he used our Fruit Grower two seasons in connection with two High Grade Fertilizers. One cost him $16 00 and the other $11.00 more per ton, and that he and his tenants could see a marked difference in favor of Fruit Grower—in trees as well as fruit.

MR. JOHN A. GROVES says that five years' use of our Peach Tree Fertilizer has been entirely satisfactory, as he has used it extensively and in connection with almost everything, and you will please ship us next week 15 tons Fruit Grower to Paca's Island.

MR. WM. H. FAULKNER, near Crumpton, says in his orchard there were two spots of a half-acre each where the leaves had all twisted up and turned yellow, and that an application of Fruit Grower caused new foliage to come and it put his whole orchard in a flourishing condition.

E. J. WATSON, near Chestertown, says that for five years he has used our Fruit Grower largely on both his young and old orchards and that it is the best Peach manure that he has ever tried.

Mr. T. J. VICKERS, near Lankford, says he has used our Fruit Grower for four years and that he has no hesitancy in endorsing it as it certainly excelled another article.

MR. W. HARRISON NEWNAM, near Church Hill, says he had an orchard that had borne a heavy crop of peaches and the weight was such that the bark on the upper side of limbs was cracked and part of the limbs in a decaying condition. Hearing of our Fruit Grower he dressed his orchard with it and he had an excellent crop of peaches. The change wrought in the trees was wonderful, being healthy and vigorous, and has used it ever since.

Just Think of It, You Can Dress Your Orchard for About $2.00 per Acre.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturers, Chestertown, Md.
Feb. 25, 1888.

LUMBER! $10,000! LUMBER!!

$10,000 LUMBER!!

A CHOICE STOCK of all Sizes GEORGIA BILL TIMBER, VIRGINIA FRAMING, JOISTS, STUDDING, RAFTERS, White Pine, Cypress N. C. and Va. Weatherboarding.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF

House Lumber!!

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, FRAMES, MOULDINGS, BRAGKETS, &c., to please every kind, variety and style of taste.

Let me figure on your bill.
Quotations cheerfully given.
Goods shown with pride,
QUALITY SELLS THEM.

JOSEPH TURNER.
SCOTT'S POINT, Jan. 28, 1888.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER.

HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies,

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER.
sep3-y. Up Town.

SPECIAL TAX NOTICE.

THE TAX-PAYERS of the the Fifth Election District will please bear in mind that THE TAXES ARE NOW OVERDUE and prompt payment of same is expected. Delay in same will be AT YOUR EXPENSE and not mine.

J. FRANK WHEATLEY,
jan14-tf. COLLECTOR.

SPRING OPENING!

NEWEST, PRETTIEST, CHEAPEST!

Dress Goods,
Calicoes,
Linens, &c.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS.

—AND—

Wares of all Kinds,

NOW OPENING AT

J. H. SIMPERS'.

Call and see my Styles and Low Prices,
Respectfully, J. H. SIMPERS,
Feb. 25, 1888.

LEA'S
FANCY PEARL
HOMINY
AND HOMINY GRITS
NOW READY.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Tax-payers of the SECOND DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am prepared to receive their taxes for 1887.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at Still Pond every Saturday morning from 9 to 11 o'clock, at Kennedyville every Saturday afternoon, until further notice. Prompt payment earnestly requested.

JOHN P. HENDRICKSON,
d10-tf. KENNEDYVILLE,
Collector Second District.

HE FOUND HIS MATCH.

Marrying a Cross-Grained Widower With Four Children—A Plucky Little Step-Mother.

Everybody said that Orphies French was crazy to think of marrying Hector Hunter. In the first place he was too old. (He was 35 and Orphies only 18.) Next he was a widower with four children. (Orphies being an only child, was unused to children.) And lastly, he was the crossest-grained, most miserly man that ever existed.

Every one in Hillwood knew him. They knew he had been the means of his first wife finding an early grave; and now he wanted to break Miss French's heart; pretty, dimpled, brown-eyed Orphies, the pride of the village, and the admiration of all.

How she came to choose a surly, selfish man like Hector Hunter was a wonder to everybody. It was well known that blue-eyed, sunny-faced Charlie Chester stood ready to lay down his life for her sake, and that James Singleton had offered himself to her at least three times.

Either would have been considered a good match, and yet it was quite evident that Hector Hunter was the man she loved, and she had been known to watch beside him day and night when he was ill, and refuse all food till she was sure he was out of danger.

Yes, Miss French did love him. She was engaged to him, too, and that sunny morning in June was to witness our Orphie's bridal.

She was to be married in the little church where she had been baptized in the presence of those who had known and loved her from a child.

So what was nobody's was really everybody's business and proved the topic of conversation throughout the entire village.

All her girl friends pitied her; all her male acquaintances envied Hector Hunter. All the matrons bewailed her fate; all the sires hinted that the bridegroom was a lucky man.

Finally came the organ peals, then the solemn service—for it was solemn—and then pretty Orphies went down the aisle leaning on the arm of her sour-looking husband as smilingly as if her path was strewn with roses, and her future as clear as a lake at evening, when the glory of the setting sun rests upon its placid bosom.

"I can't afford to take a wedding trip, Orphies," Mr. Hunter had said the night he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, and listened to the shy "yes" whispered under the tree that grew back of her home.

"It costs a good deal to live now-a-days. The children need clothes, and it will take a five-dollar bill right out of my pocket to pay the minister. You won't care, will you? You had just as soon settle down as a sensible woman, hadn't you? That is the way my first wife did.

And Orphies said "yes, she'd do anything he liked," like the dear little thing she was.

So as soon as her gray-haired pastor had made her Mrs. Hester Hunter, she walked quietly across the village common to the large, gloomy-looking house built on its edge and closed the door in the faces of those looking after her with a world of commiseration in their eyes.

"She'll regret this act of hern, or my name is not Mirinda Highflyer," said one narrow-minded spinster to another.

"She'll look like a wilted rose by the time she has lived three weeks with those children," said Miss Dean, the village dress-maker, to her customer, Mrs. Flint. "I know all about them. I once made a dress for the first Mrs. Hunter, and I had a chance to see some of their actions."

"We've lost our pretty Orphies forever," said gray-haired Farmer Slocum. "Rude hands have picked our sweet-briar rose, and there is none other so fair."

"We are going to have Orphies French for a step-mother," said the Hunter children, pressing up to the window which commanded a view of Hillswood common and church. "She's awful pretty but it's a mystery how she ever came to marry our father."

"You know the young folks so well, Orphies, that there is no need of an introduction," said Mr. Hunter, as his young bride kissed one rosy face after another, and sat down in his dead wife's rocking chair with the youngest on her knee.

"When you are rested we will go over the house and take a look at things, then we will have some dinner. I dismissed the housekeeper to-day, as I knew we should not need her after you came. Her month was up, and as a penny saved is a penny earned, I let her go. Rosa Belle is large enough to help you about the house. She is 16, and tall as you are. I guess you will pull together first-rate.

Pretty Orphies looked at her step-daughter questioningly.

"I hope so," she said quickly. "Yes," kissing her, "I am quite sure that we shall."

That kiss won Rosa Belle.

"Arthur," she said to her twelve-year-old brother the moment the door closed behind her new mother, "take heart. I do believe there is a change coming. The second Mrs. Hunter is very sweet and smiling, but I should not be surprised if father had found his match. She doesn't say a great deal, but there is a look in her eye which makes me feel funny."

"He'll tame her before long," answered Arthur, with a knowing shake of his head. "She'll have to knock under the same as the rest of us. I wonder if he'll let me go out on the common to-night? The boys are getting up a baseball match. Tom Jones was here this morning and made me promise I'd come. The Skinflints are going to play against the Ironsides, but I'll bet on the—"

"You musn't bet at all," interrupted Rosa Belle, tying on her apron and bustling about the poorly spread table in the room adjoining.

"This is father's wedding day, and it isn't at all likely he'll let you go off. Come Katie, peel those potatoes for me. Then set the chairs up, and tell the folks dinner is ready. I wish I had something better to offer her," she added, looking ruefully at the platter of fried pork in the centre of the table, flanked on either side with a dish of apple sauce and a huge loaf of white bread.

"I wish we had silver forks and glass goblets like Hattie Andrew's folks," said Katie, hurriedly removing their brown jackets, and tumbling them into the blue earthen dish which Lettie brought from the closet.

"Well, if Mrs. Hunter is as hungry as I am, she won't think anything about her dinner," exclaimed Arthur, bringing up the chairs with a good deal of noise. "That apple sauce is scorched, Rosa Bell; I smell it. Father won't relish that."

"Well, I can't help it," answered the girl, in a discouraging tone. "He needn't have sent Martha off just at this time."

"It's all right, dear," said a pleasant voice behind her, and Orphies slipped into her seat at the head of the table.

She had changed her wedding dress for a simple calico, and a white apron was tied about her trim waist. "Martha was getting old, Rosa Bell. We want a younger maid-of-all-women. Never mind the forks, Katie; I have some better ones in my trunk. Hector, it strikes me this dining room is small," looking about the dingy, poorly-furnished apartment. "It must be enlarged in some way! You must see Dunham about it at once, as it must be attended to before hot weather sets in. Dog days are so trying in Hillswood."

"My dear Orphies"—Mr. Hunter turned his severe eye on the dimpled face opposite—"it would cost a mint of money to enlarge this room."

"Not so very much," said Mrs. Hunter, composedly. "We had ours done at home. I think papa said its cost was one hundred and fifty dollars."

"One hundred and fifty dollars!" cried Mr. Hunter, staring at his young wife as if he thought her crazy.

"Why, my dear Orphies, you speak as if money grew on bushes, and could be picked as easily as berries. Besides, I never heard the first Mrs. Hunter complain that this room was close."

"Poor thing!" said Orphies, pityingly, "perhaps she didn't dare to. What were you saying, Arthur? A base ball match on the common! Why that's delightful! Don't stay at home on my account, I beg of you. Go and enjoy yourself while you can? Were I a boy I'd go with you. As it is I will sit by the window with papa and watch the game. Oh, Hector, I forgot to tell you! Florence Freeman was married yesterday, and who do you think the bridegroom was? Oh, you would never guess, so I might as well tell you. It was Percy Whitman, and such a display as was made. Not at all like our humble union."

"Why didn't you take him, then?" growled Mr. Hunter, whose feelings were somewhat 'riled' by the proposed change in this house. "He wanted you at one time, didn't he?"

Orphies laughed gleefully.

"I didn't want him," she said. "I had rather have you than a dozen Percy Williams."

And then, springing up, she threw her arms around her husband's neck, greatly to the children's astonishment, and, if the truth be told, to his own as well.

"We will need some wood for the morning, Hector," said Orphies that night, as her husband was preparing to change his boots for the comfortable slippers he had commanded Katie to bring him.

She had found so much to do, and had entered so heartily into the duties awaiting her, that her wedding day had passed very much the same as those spent under her father's roof.

"Father never chops the wood," ventured Rosa Bell, seeing the look of surprise on her father's face. "Mamma always did it, and when she died I looked after the kindlings."

Orphies gave the batch of dough she was kneading a vigorous turn.

"That isn't a woman's work," she said, with a determined shake of her head. "Come, Arthur, help papa in with the wood, and then we will hear all about the base ball match. Hurry, Hector, my dear, I, too, am hungry. Isn't strong enough to cut those great, great logs. That is your work. He will bring it in as fast as you get it ready, and baby and I will come and see that you do it properly.

Catching the little one in the round, white arms bare to the elbow, and dotted here and there with patches of flour, Orphies danced out into the wood shed, followed by the grumbling Hector and the amused children.

"Didn't I tell you father had found his match?" whispered Rosa Bell to her brother. "He never did this in his life, and yet he doesn't say a word; I'm glad she's come."

"If she keeps on the way she has begun I'll stand a chance of getting out to play once in a while," answered doubting Arthur. "I had just a jolly good time this afternoon, thanks to her, and if I never get another, I can look on that."

Orphies had been married a week, when people began to look for open war; but if there was any the young wife kept it to herself.

To be sure, life was not all sunshine, but she had expected a few rainy days would creep in.

She had married Hector Hunter in spite of the reputation he bore. Why she had done so no one knew, but probably Orphie did, for in spite of the apparent dreariness of her lot she was sunny, sweet-tempered and happy in her new home, just as she had been in her old.

True to her word, Orphies went to work to enlarge the dining room., She had painters and carpenters, masons and plumbers, till Mr. Hunter was beside himself with rage, and threatened to go away if that state of affairs continued.

Orphies calmly listened to all his speeches; and when the room was finished to her satisfaction pulled his easy chair into the most comfortable corner, brought out a new pair of slippers and foot-stool, then presented him with the bill and the most charming kiss in the world. Strange to say, he paid the former without a word, and returned the latter with interest.

Still holding her tight but invisible rein, and atoning for her harsh measures by the most loving caresses, Orphies at length succeeded in subduing her unruly steed and getting him to bend to the yoke.

But her ideas of improvement did not end with the enlargement of the dining-room. A two-story L was added the following spring. The parlor was refurnished and a great piano for Arthur's special use was brought from the city.

"My children shall be taught to love their home," said the determined little mother, when her husband battled against what he called a foolish piece of extravagance. "Rosa Bell is quite old enough to go into society. Young Tomlinson is partial to her, and I had rather have him feel free to call where I can have a chance of judging of his character than to endeavor to meet her on the street corners or at the village postoffice. Books and music have an ennobling influence over the young. I had rather have Arthur master of the piano than of the billiard table. In order to keep our boys and girls we must exert ourselves to please them. Give the husks at home, and they will most assuredly seek the wheat elsewhere."

To this speech Mr. Hunter replied in curt, but decisive words. He guessed he was master of his own children, and as to having his house filled with company from morning till night, he would not. It was out of the question. He couldn't afford it. Gas was expensive, and the wear and tear of carpets and furniture was something to be thought of.

But after following Rosa Bell about from corner to corner a few evenings, and breaking up a few private interviews with young Tomlinson, after listening to Arthur's boyish bets over a game of billiards, and breaking up Katie's intimacy with the girls employed as "cash" in Blind & Co.'s store, he gave in, and quietly put all the responsibility on his little wife.

Though young in years, Orphies was a wise little woman. Never as much as "I told you so" passed her lips. Calmly accepting the burden, she carried it along as she had intended to do when fate gave her Hector Hunter for a husband. And the man whom all the villagers had feared on account of his crabbedness, said never a word. Books, papers, music and paintings found their way into his home. His house was always open to the young, and the old always welcome to the warmest place beside his hearth.

When Rosa Bell's engagement with young Tomlinson became public, and people congratulated him on his enterprising son-in-law, he smiled quietly. When Arthur came home from college loaded with honors, he blushed with pride; and when Katie received her diploma, and was pronounced capable of taking a high rank as public school teacher, he hugged himself with great satisfaction.

Though always thoughtful and considerate of his young wife, he was never known to acknowledge her superiority by word of mouth. Man like, he refused to give her due, and the only praise she ever received for her trial and care was from the lips of her son Arthur, the day he was admitted to the bar.

"I tell you, Tomlinson," he said to that interested brother-in-law, "all I am I owe to my plucky little stepmother. My father probably meant well, but I should never have reached the place I occupy to-day if he had not met his match."

AFTER the party: First candid miss of 10—What do you think of Jimmy Roberts? I think he's just splendid! Second candid miss—I don't; he tried to kiss me last night! "And did't he do it?" "No; he let me get away from him."

A New Version.

Woodman, chop that tree!
I'll burn it every bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
But coal's eight dollars now!

HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

A mother once owned just such a commonplace boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckled-faced boy,
But thought he was handsome, and said so with joy;
For mothers are funny, you know—
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but pug,
And turned up quite snug,
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said it was "piquant," and gave him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know—
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the sun;
But she said it was done
As a mere piece of fun
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know—
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carroty love-locks that covered his head
She never called red,
But auburn instead.
"The color the old masters painted," she said;
For mothers are funny, you know—
Quite so—
About their sons's beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so let it pass;
Don't look in the glass,
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the grass;
Be as good as you're pretty, you know—
Quite so—
As good as you're pretty, you know.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Journey of Life.

No one passes through the journey of life, though it be of moderate length, without losing kindred and friends by death, whom he tenderly loved when living, and continues to love long after they have gone. If one lives to an advanced age, he usually has a far greater number of such friends in the next world than he has in this. Death sweeps them away, and sometimes he is left almost alone in the cherished companionship of his early life. To those loved ones dead he can render no service, and so far as we know, from them receive none. He may think of them, but he can do nothing for them; he can give them no good advice; he can make no sacrifices to promote their joys. The lessons to be learned from this fact is that we should act toward our kindred and friends while they are living, as we, if surviving them, will wish we had acted when they are sleeping in the grave.

Let the husband and wife so treat each other while they hold this relation, that the death of either will give the other any occasion for regret on account of misconduct. Let parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends intimately associated, and, indeed, all men observe the same rule, and this certainly would be a much happier world. The rule would lessen the number of family quarrels, and make life more serene and more like Heaven. Fewer hard speeches would pass between them. Gentleness and kindness would be the law of human action. We once heard a man who had just lost a most excellent wife, say: "I am now sincerely sorry for every unkind word I ever spoke to that woman. I wish I could tell her so, and in some way receive from her the expression of her forgiveness. I would give $20,000 if I could thereby blot out all such words." We have no doubt that just this sort of feeling has penetrated many a bosom. The way to avoid it is to act kindly toward others, so that there will be no occasion for it when they are dead and gone.

OLD TREASURE FOUND.

A Farmer's Lucky Discovery on an Accomac County Farm.

A dispatch to the Baltimore *American* from Onancok, Va. under date of Feb. 24, says: Information reached here the other day that Lorezo Mears had recently exhumed a large and valuable treasure on an old farm in the southern part of Accomac county. Mears is a tenant on the farm situated on Nandua creek, belonging to the late John Pitts, of Baltimore. A tradition in the neighborhood says a large amount of money was concealed on the farm during the American Revolution by its Tory proprietor, who, having gone to England during the war, died there without fixing the spot where he had buried the money. Nothing more was ever heard of the treasure till a few days ago, when it leaked out that Lorenzo Mears had accidently struck upon the fortune while planting some fence posts around the yard. It seems that Mears tried to keep the matter a secret, but a little boy who lives with him went to the neighboring village of Pungoteague and let the secret out. He informed some persons there that his "Uncle Renzi" now had piles of money, having recently dug up an iron pot full of gold and silver, which two stout men could hardly carry. Mears is said to be reticent on the matter, and, while admitting that he has found a buried treasure, says that the quantity is not so large as has been reported. He has shown several of the gold coins to some of his neighbors. These coins are reported to be old English money, some of them being stamped with the image of Charles II., others with that of George III. The affair has created considerable talk here, and the story is generally believed by those who have had the amplest opportunities for investigation, and are best acquainted with the locality and its old traditions.

When Attacked by Pneumonia.

"What is the first symptom of pneumonia?" was asked a Brooklyn physician the other day.

"A severe chill," was the reply.

"What ought a man do who is seized with such a chill?"

"He should get into a bath tub containing hot water—so hot that it would redden the skin—and stay there as long as he possibly can."

"What is the philosophy of such treatment?"

"A severe chill, which always precedes pneumonia, indicates that the blood has gorged the lungs, liver or kidneys. Now, the first remedial step is to dissipate this blood. The hot bath does this. It draws the blood to the surface, and dissipates it over a greater area. After having lain in the bath until relief is experienced, the patient should step out of it and wrap himself in a woolen blanket. Don't stop to dry yourself with a towel, but wrap the warm wool around you and tumble into bed."

"The consensus of opinion among the leading physicians of the day is that pneumonia is an infectious disease. That is, the disease germ is in the air, and when the right physical condition is presented the disease takes root and fructifies. The popular idea that pneumonia is confined to cold weather is an erroneous one. No pneumonia is found in the Arctic regions. It is mainly due to the sudden changes in our temperature. By consulting the health reports of New York city it will be found that the highest death rate occurs in December and February, but that there are a good many cases in August."—*N. Y. Sun.*

How a Woman Would Propose.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

I think it would be funny to hear a woman propose to a man. I wonder how she would do it.

"I think you're the nicest man I ever saw, and—I never loved anybody before—but well—of course—I could marry plenty. There's Harry Thompson—and Mr. Jones—I know they would—if I—but I'd rather have you than anybody."

"Wen shall the wedding day be?"

"Let me see: the 21st—no, I've got to go to a wedding on the 15th—I think it will be the 15th—I don't know. And then there's Mrs. Wilkerson's german on the 20th, and the ball on the 22d. Perhaps about the 29th—if Mary Farallones doesn't give her garden party. Let us say some time next month, dearest."

Tall Swearing.

The other day, writes a correspondent, I was told the following story by one of the members of the Montreal (Canada) bar, who was actually engaged as counsel in the trial:

"The prosecution was for nuisance, and was brought nominally by her Majesty against the owners of one of the largest iron works in that city. The residents of the neighborhood had subscribed funds and retained counsel, a true bill was found and the case proceeded before the court of Queen's Bench (crown side.) The usual testimony was adduced. Householders told dreadful tales of the damage done to property by the immense quantity of smoke emitted from the low chimneys of the defendants' furnaces; housewives testified that their washing was constantly spoiled when hung out to dry in their yards or on their roofs; and medical men swore to the deleterious effect of the smoke on the public health. Towards the conclusion of the case we put a gentleman from the Emerald Isle on the stand. He owned a small property close to the rolling-mills, and thus proceeded:

"Yer anner and gintlemin av the jury, oi will tell me shtory in me own way. Oi live nixt door to a party be the name av Grogan—Jerry Grogan, yer anner—a dacint married man wid a woife and four shlips av bhoys. Wan day whin the chimneys av the rollin' mills was puffin' out smoke loike the divil, oi heard a terrible row goin' on in Jerry Grogan's house, shoutin' and shcreamin' and yellin'. I goes up to the door, and sez oi, 'Let me in.'

"Come in, for God's sake," sez Mrs. Grogan; "Jerry is killin' me," sez she.

And in oi goes, and sez Jerry wallupin' the woife. "Jerry," sez oi, "what are you batin' the woife for?" sez oi.

"Sez Jerry to me, sez he, 'She's got niggers in the house,' sez he."

"Niggers?" sez oi.

"Yes," sez he.

"Where is the niggers?" sez oi.

"In the room beyant," sez Jerry. And so