**Kent News:**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

☞ OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL. ☜

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

*SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.*

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


# Kent News.


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**ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.**

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**JOB-PRINTING:**

—SUCH AS—

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



## CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS

**No. 423 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore,**

(Near Gay,)

Have enlarged their store and are now prepared to show one of the finest lines of

Carpets,

Oil Cloths,

Mattings,

Rugs, &c.,

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. 423 E. Balto. St., three doors above Gay.

Sept. 28-3m.

## LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Your Mutual Wants Supplied at

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S

Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store

opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.

GENTLEMEN,

if you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.

For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for prices, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. R. P. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember

J. L. McFEELY'S

Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

## 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

## THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

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

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

I have had considerable experience and will not undertake to do anything that I cannot do in a first-class manner. I only ask a trial, and that my work may speak for itself. I shall not only do good work but will also aim to make my charges as low as possible for a living profit.

Hose, Traps, Spigots, Sprinklers, kept on hand, at shop on Court street. REPAIRING done in the best manner at short notice.

A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. WM. T. SUTTON,

July 28, 1888—tf. Chestertown.

OYSTER S! OYTER!

The Act of Limitation is out, and the RISING SUN SALOON will commence this the first day of the season with a full supply of FRESH OYSTERS, cooked in all ways, and in his old style. Retail and wholesale.

s1-tf. WILLIAM PERKINS.

FOR the L arges and Best Assortment of Tobacco and Cigars go to J. L. McFEELY'S.

## Lumber! Lumber!

I HAVE NOW IN STOCK THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

Shingles, Laths, Pickets,

WHITE PINE, GEORGIA PINE,

NORTH CAROLINA PINE,

VIRGINIA PINE,

CYPRESS and POPLAR LUMBER

in Kent county and other large lots to arrive, all purchased at the LOWEST CASH PRICES direct from the manufacturers and are for sale at VERY LOW PRICES. Also, a stock of

Doors, Door Frames, Window Frames,

SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, &c.

☞ Do not buy without giving me an opportunity to figure on your bills.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

June 9, 1888.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

CANNING HOUSE

Steam Boilers and Kettles

A SPECIALTY.

ALWAYS have in Stock New and Second-Hand Boilers and Kettles of all kinds. Upright Boilers Kept in Stock for immediate shipment, up to 40 Horse Power. All Kinds of UPRIGHT BOILERS MADE TO ORDER.

JOHN T. COLEMAN, } Steam Boiler Works.

Holliday and Pleasant Streets, Balto., Md.

MONUMENTAL LABEL COM'PY.

JOHN T. COLEMAN, Holliday and Pleasants Sts., Baltimore Md., print only LABELS FOR CANNED GOODS PACKERS. Write for Samples and Prices. Orders for delivery next season received now at REDUCED PRICES. New Samples for inspection ready now.

apr28-y. JOHN T. COLEMAN, BALTIDORE.

Coal, Coal.

To Our Friends and the Buying Community.

WE are pleased to say that we are now ready to receive orders for Fall Delivery of our celebrated SCHUYLKILL WHITE ASH COAL, and the best evidence of its good quality that we can produce is its constant increase in patronage. We have tried other Coal, but we can find no other that gives us the satisfaction of selling as the

SCHUYLKILL COAL!

We think it would be advisable for all interested to call and inspect our stock, and compare our prices before giving your order. We would advise all to buy early as possible for the outlook to us is for higher prices. We have always and shall continue to give 2,240 pounds to each ton.

TERMS, CASH; interest on all unpaid bills from day of delivery if not paid within 30 days.

Jluy 14, 1888. J. D. BACCHUS.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1845.

Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price $3 a year. Four months' trial, $1. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, N.Y.

ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS Edition of Scientific American.

A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public buildings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price $2.50 a year, 25 cts. a copy. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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GENERAL OFFICE: 361 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WAGON SPRINGS on sale at the Hardware Store of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

FOR a FINE 5c. or 10c. CIGAR go to J. L. McFEELY'S.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at J. D. BACCHUS' Coal and Woodyard.

mh5-tf.

—SELLING OUT—

AT COST

To quit business and leave Town, OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

CLOTHING

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MUST AND WILL BE SOLD

In the Next 30 Days!

☞ Remember this is no Humbug Sale, but we are going to leave town, and we will sell you goods at YOUR OWN FIGURES. Don't fail to come and get a share of these Rare Bargains, as it don't last long and you don't often Buy Goods at Wholesale Prices, so come at once and see what we can do for you.

☞ DON'T FORGET THE PLACE. ☜

E. KLINE,

*Next to Postoffice.*

December 8, 1888.

TO THE CITIZENS

—OF—

Hanesville and Vicinity

HAVING rented the storehouse formerly occupied by O. P. Beck I am ready to serve the public generally with anything usually kept in a country store, consisting of

Dry Goods, Notions,

Choice Lot of Groceries

such as Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugars, Spices, Syrups Molasses, Vinegar, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Bacon Lard, Mackerel, Salt by sack or bushel.

Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, &c. Tinware, Lamp Burners and Chimneys, Castings for Plows, Traces, Lines, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Candy, Cakes, Lemons, Oranges, Peanuts, &c.

S. W. WALLIS.

May 21, 1887.

Milk Wanted!

THE EXCELSIOR CREAMERY

is now in successful operation.

WE earnestly solicit the patronage of all farmers of this county. They will find it to their interest to bring us their milk.

Milk sent by the morning train will receive our prompt attention. Cans returned on the noon train. Cans can be obtained from us at cost.

SHAFER & DAVIES,

oc20-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

Mabley & Carew Sell the Best Made Clothing in Baltimore.

☞ Our Illustrated Fashion Review will be mailed free to any address

Mabley & Carew.


## THE MANAGING WIFE.

Ezra Newton had just finished looking over his yearly accounts.

"Well," asked his wife, looking up, "how do you come up?"

"I find," said her husband, "that my expenses during the last year have been 37 cents over a thousand dollars."

"And your income has been a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, I managed pretty well, don't you think so?"

"Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" said his wife.

"What's thirty-seven cents?" said Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved instead of falling behind."

"But how can I save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken all."

"Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of the items."

"The most important are house rent, one hundred and fifty dollars, and articles of food, $500."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you will admit we cannot retrench there, Elizabeth? I like to live well. I had enough poor board before I married. Now I mean to live well."

"Still we ought to be saving up something against a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be something like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth: but I'm afraid we shall not be able to save up anything this year. When I get my salary raised it will be time enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You say that one-half of your income has been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for the purpose?"

"You guarantee to pay all bills out of it, do you?"

"Yes."

"And relieve me of all cares on that point?"

"Yes."

"Then I will shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I can tell you beforehand that you won't be able to save much out of it."

"Perhaps not. At any rate I will engage not to exceed it."

"That's well. I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month I will at each payment hand you half the money."

The different characters of the husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had but little prudence or foresight, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future he would somehow be provided for. Now trust in Providence is a very proper feeling, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that God helps those who help themselves.

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and although she was not disposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair price.

The time at which this conversation took place was at the commeucement of the second year of their married life.

The first step which Mrs. Newton took on accepting charge of the household expenses, was to institute the practice of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher and inquired:

"How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?"

"Once in six months."

"And suppose you sometimes have bad bills?"

"Yes; one-third of my profits are swept off by them."

"And you could afford, I suppose, to sell somewhat cheaper for cash?"

"Yes; and I would be glad if all of my customers would give me a chance to do that."

"I will set them an example. then," said Mrs. Newton. "Hereafter whatever articles are purchased of you will be paid for on the spot, and we shall expect you to sell as reasonably as you can."

This arrangement was also made with others, who, it is scarcely needful to say, were very glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is the great support of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit.

Fortunately Mrs. Newton had a small supply of money by her, which lasted till the first monthly instalment from her husband became due. Thus she was enabled to carry out her cash plan from the very beginning.

There are other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expense which Mrs. Newton did not overlook. With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, and to get the full value of whatever was expended.

The result was beyond her anticipations. At the close of the year on examining her bank book, for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not had occasion to use in one of these institutions, she found that she had $150 besides reimbursing herself for the money expended during the first month, and having enough left to last another.

"Well, Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked her husband at this time. "I guess you have not found it so easy as you thought for."

"I have saved something, however," his wife said. "But how much have you got left?"

"That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income. That is one good thing. I find I have exactly spent all. But I can't see how you have saved anything. We have lived full as well and I don't know but better than last year, when we spent $500."

"It's knack, Ezra."

She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted some time or other to surprise him with it when it would be of some service.

"She may possibly have saved up $25," thought Mr. Newton, "or some such trifle," and so dismissed the matter from further thought.

At the end of the second year Mrs. N's savings, including interest, amounted to $350, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how she had succeeded, supposing as before that it could be but a very small sum.

However, he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised to $1,200.

He added, "as I before allowed you one-half my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair that I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save up part of it than before. Indeed, I don't know how you have succeeded in saving anything thus far."

As before, Mrs. Newton simply said that she had saved something without specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased to $600, but her expenses were not proportionately increased. Indeed, they were scarcely increased at all, so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings bank to $600.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of the third year than before. His expenses had increased by a hundred dollars, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man of business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time till it reached $1,600. He steadily preserved the custom of assigning one-half to his wife for the same purposes as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Mr. Newton lived in the same hired house for which he had paid an annual rental of $160. Latterly, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of most excellent houses was erected by a capitalist, who designed to let or sell them, as he might have an opportunity. They were more modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived and he felt a strong desire to move to one of them. He mentioned this to his wife one morning.

"What is the rent, Ezra?" inquired his wife.

"$225 for the corner houses; $200 for either of the others."

"The corner ones would be preferable on account of the side windows."

"Yes; and they have a larger yard, besides, I think we must hire one of them. I guess I'll engage one to-day; you know our year is out here next week."

"Please wait, Ezra till to-morrow, before engaging one."

"For what reason?"

"I should like to examine the house."

"Very well, I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early."

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. This request he cheerfully complied with. Mrs. N. was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

"Are these houses for sale or to let?" she inquired.

"Either," said the owner.

"The rent is $225."

"Yes, I consider the corner house to be worth $25 more rent than the others."

"And what do you charge for the house to a cash purchaser?" asked Mrs. N. with subdued eagerness.

"$4,000," was the reply, "and that is but a small advance upon cost."

"Very well; I will buy it of you," said Mrs. N. quietly.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked the Squire, scarcely believing his ears.

"I repeat that I will buy the house at your price and pay you the money within a week."

"The house is yours. But your husband said nothing of his intention, and, in fact, I did not know—"

"That he had the money to invest, I suppose you were going to say. Neither does he know it and I must ask you not to tell him for the present."

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction. They soon stood in front of the house which he desired to live in.

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked.

"Yes, it's a pity we haven't got the key."

"I have the key," said his wife, and forthwith walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

"When did you get the key of Squire Bent?" asked her husband.

"Yesterday, when I bought the house," said his wife quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed at his wife in profound astonishment.

"What on earth do you mean, Elizabeth?" he inquired.

"Just what I say. The house is mine and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra."

"Where in the name of goodness did you raise the money?" asked her husband, his amazement still as great as ever.

"I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt, when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the new house that he had reason to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

ONE OF THE PROFESH.—Small boy (at threater door)—Do ye admit de profesh to dis show fer nothin'?

Doorkeeper—What profesh, Johnny?

Wy, de teatrical profesh, of course.

Well, yes, sometimes. Are you a member?

No, not izzactly; but my sister, Jennie, she's one of de 'Queen of Beauty' in de gum-chewing contest at de dime museum.

HUSBAND—You are not the cook my mother used to be, my dear.

Wife—No, John, fortunately. You mustn't forget that your father died of dyspepsia.

FAME.—Gen. Harrison, up to date, has had a mountain named for him, two big gas wells, a new variety of apples and forty-four babies!

## MARIAN'S VOW.

It was a bright March morning, the blue-jays darting in and out the cedar-trees, the river rippling along under the willows, whose branches already began to be veiled with soft, green mist, and the floor of Seth Calliper's kitchen had the pattern of the two small-paned windows printed on its surface in type of sunshine, when Marian came in from her morning task of hanging out the clothes.

Mrs. Calliper looked up from the potatoes she was paring for the noon dinner.

"Why, Marian," said she, "what's the matter? Got the toothache again?"

"It isn't the toothache, mother," said Marian, depositing the clothes-basket on the floor with something of a bang, "Its everything!"

Mrs. Calliper's faded blue eyes opened wide.

"Child, what do you mean?" said she.

Marian's lips quivered. The vivid roses mounted to her cheeks.

"Mother," said she, "I've suspected something all along, but sometimes these things come over you sudden-like, you know. And when I was hanging out the kitchen towels, behind the smoke-house wall, Squire Vanderbruggen drove by with a man, and they sort o' slacked up when they came opposite our gate and the squire pointed with his whip-handle and I heard him say to the other one: 'That old place is all going to ruin. Look at the chimney, toppling over; look at the gates, hanging on one hinge; look at the shingles, rotting on the roof; and the stone wall, tumbling down. Things can't go on that way long. It'll be in the market presently and I'll buy it in. But twenty years ago,' says he, mother, 'Seth Calliper was the smartest man and the best farmer going. But he won a hundred dollar prize in the lottery, and that unsettled him. Every cent he made after that went into the gift enterprise. Nothing prospered with him. All he could sell, he sold; and all he could mortgage, he mortgaged, until finally his brain gave way and-'"

"Hush, Marian!" said Mrs. Calliper, with a quick glance at the room beyond, where a prematurely white-haired man sat rocking aimlessly to and fro, with an unread newspaper in his lap, "He's deaf, but sometimes he hears things when we least expect it."

"Mother, is it true? You've kept me at Aunt Aima's until the elder girls were married. I know scarcely anything of what has happened at home. Is it true mother?"

Mrs. Calliper burst into tears.

"Yes, child, it is true," she admitted. "We are very poor; we can't keep up the interest on the old mortgage; and how can folks blame us when the season for summer boarders was so bad, and poor father can't do a stroke o' work to help us!"

"And yet Louisa and Phebe married, and left you and father to bear all this alone!"

"It's human natur', child. What else could you expect?"

Marian was silent a moment or two, and then she spoke with a choked voice.

"I won't go and leave you, mother!" said she, giving Mrs. Calliper such a hug that the good soul dropped her potato-knife into the parings. "I'll never marry any one until the mortgage is paid up, and the fences built over, and the roof re-shingled, and the old place made to look like itself again. No, not if the President himself came to ask me!"

Mrs. Calliper smiled through her tears.

"You are excited, dear," said she. "You don't mean what you say."

"Yes, I do!" persisted Marian. "I mean it! Are the calicos ready, mother? It's a pity to miss even an hour of this bright sunshine."

So the farmer's daughter returned to the homely details of her every day life; but in her heart she carried the vow she had made in that first hour of her wounded pride and filial tenderness.

As for Mrs. Calliper, she forgot all about it. Phebe had left her and Louisa had left her, and so, she reasoned, Marian would also, when the fateful moment came. It was only natural. Girls would marry, and the old folks must expect to be left to themselves.

Simon Garry was the first suitor that came—a well-to-do young clerk in the village store.

"I've some money of my own," said he, "and I get thirty-five dollars a month at the store; and father and mother'll let me have the south wing of the farm house to keep house in without rent. And I've always loved you, Marian, since the first Sunday you came home from your Aunt Aima's and if you'll accept me, you shan't have no reason to complain."

"I can't leave father and mother," said Marian, calmly, "father's helpless and mother is growing old, and I'm the last child at home."

Simon's face lengthened.

"A man ain't generally expected to marry the whole family," stammered he.

"And, besides," went on Marian, "I'll marry no man until the old farm is out of debt, and the house fitted up to look as it once did. No, Simon—many thanks to you, but I'm in no hurry to settle yet."

And Simon went away, scarcely knowing whether to be glad or sorry.

Marian Calliper was, by all odds, the prettiest girl in the neighborhood; but who would marry her, weighted as she was with the old folks and the old house?

Neither was Marian herself much disturbed. She liked honest Simon well enough; but as for loving a stupid oaf like that, it was too ridiculous!

She felt quite differently however, when Gilbert Weston asked her, one soft September twilight, to be his wife.

"I don't pretend to be rich," said he; "but I can make a nice, cozy little home for you, Marian. And the richest man in all the world couldn't love you any more than I do."

"I—don't feel prepared to be married yet," said Marian, intent on a cluster of tube-rose which she had gathered from the straggling garden.

"I can wait, Marian," pleaded he.

"Oh, it isn't worth while for you to wait," said she, hurriedly—for she knew that Gilbert's slender income would not go far toward the object she had at heart. "But I hope we shall always be—be friends!"

And poor Gilbert withdrew, cut to the heart.

The next day she accepted John Vandergruggen, the rich squire's son.

"He's a sullen, rough sort of fellow, daughter," said Mrs. Ballipe, wistfully.—"Are you sure you love him?"

"He has promised to cancel the mortgage," said Marian, excitedly. "And to put the place in order; and he will let me live here with you, dear, and father. What else could I hope for?"

Young Vanderbruggen went home and told his father of the bargain he had made.

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "Couldn't you have done better than that?"

"She's got a face like a rose," said John. "I want her; and I'd have her, if it cost twice as much!"

"Humph!" again uttered the squire.—"Well, promises are cheap. And as long as nothing is put down in black and white, nobody is bound?"

John Vanderbruggen chuckled. He was a true chip of the old block.

"Do you s'pose I don't know that?" said he.

The week before the proposed wedding, however, poor old Mr. Clipper died, quietly sitting in his rocking-chair, and the ceremony was postponed. And one day Marian took courage and went over to the squire's house.

"John," said she, "I'm sorry if it's any disappointment to you; but I've been thinking it over—and I can't marry you. I don't love you as a wife should love her husband. It was the money I was thinking of—not you. Here is the ring and the presents you have given me. And now good-by!"

John Vanderbruggen turned purple with rage.

"It's Gil West you're going to marry!" said he, in a choked voice.

"Yes," said Marian, valiantly, "it is. For I love him, and I don't love you!"

So she repulsed the tempation that had so nearly overpowered her better nature, and followed the dictates of her own heart.

"But I can't marry you yet, Gilbert," said she, "I must wait until I have earned some money."

And then she told him the story of her vow.

"Mother says," she added smiling, "that a foolish promise is better broken than kept; but I don't feel so. It's very real to me."

"And you are right," said Gilbert. "But we will work together, Marian. What I can save shall be added to your store, and all the while I shall be working for you."

The tears came into Marian's eyes. How thankful she was that she had not married John Vanderbruggen, when Gilbert Weston loved her like this!

Scarcely a week had elapsed, when Gilbert came to the old farm-house with a radiant face.

"I can claim you now, Marian," said he. "Sweetheart, I have sold my farm to a company who are manufacturing silex. They have found a ledge of the very quarts they needed, up in the sheep pasture, and the old Racket Falls will supply the water power. Ten thousand dollars is to be the price. That will take up the mortgage and fit up this place neater than any pink, and leave us a nice sum to begin house-keeping with. And we will live here. To a young man like me it don't matter much where I am, so that my heart's dearest is with me; but your mother will like to live under the shadow of roof that has sheltered her so long, I know."

The Vanderbruggens were not pleased. Phebe and Louisa declared that the whole thing from beginning to end was ridicululous and fantastic, especially since their mother had made a will, leaving the place to Marian alone. But Marian was happy. Had she not kept her vow?—*Saturday Night.*

### Cold Weather Rules.

A recent issue of the Sanitarian contains the following cold weather rules:

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other disease.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

When hoarse, is little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

A CITY missionary, on her way to visit a poor family where a sickly child was dying from lack of sufficient nourishment, was detained at a crossing by a blockade of carriages. On the seat of one elegant turnout, by the seat of my lady, sat a pug dog, a string of silver bells around his neck, gold bangles on his paws, and over his sleek coat a daintily embroidered blanket, whose pockets bulged with lumps of sugar. "How much some children miss by not being born pet dogs!" dryly remarked the missionary, threading her way among the vehicles.

"MISS JOLLIBUD," asked Featherly, "do you sing?"

"No."

"Play the piano?"

"No."

"Cook?"

"No."

"Paint sunflowers on plaques?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Well, I wanted to know, because I—well—ah—Miss Jollibud, will you be my wife?"—*Bazar.*

## MARRIAGE ISN'T A FAILURE.

They were sitting on the deck, near the stern, of an Albany and New York day-boat, headed down the river. He was rather small and weak looking; she was large and decided: and there was a cold glance in her eye, and the corners of her mouth turned downward slightly.

"What are you readin, 'Abner?" she demanded when they were just this side of Yonkers.

"Jess an old noospaper that feller with the cape on his coat dropped here."

"Be you reading them lottery advertisements ag'in, Abner?" she asked in metallic accents.

"Naw, I ain't—do you think I'm a fool, Hanner?"

"I think you was once, and there ain't no guarantee you be n't ag'in. What are you readin'?"

"A little piece here about a debate they're havin' somewheres, 'bout 'Is Marriage a Failure?' Blamed if this feller don't kinder think it is."

"He ought to be ashamed of hisself, that's all I've got to say 'bout him. Abner, what do you think about it?"

"It might be a failure in some cases," he answered meekly.

"It might, might it?"

"Yes, it might."

"Has it been in your case?"

"I dunno."

"You do know, Abner! Has it?"

"Yes, it has."

"Abner, I never thought to hear you talk that way to me. It has been a failure, has it? I'll learn you to be ungrateful, you wretch? Haven't I al'ays been a good wife to you? Have I ever scolded you or acted cross? Haint I al'ays borne with all your failin's, and never said a word?—and you know yourself you've got more'n a millyun. Hain't I had more patience with you a thousand times than I orter? Who nussed you up when the sor'l hoss kicked yo, and never said a word hardly 'bout your bein' a durn fool for goin' behind the critter? Who took care of you when the red calf butted you though the fence, and only mentioned to you a few times that she had told you to keep away from the calf? Who had more patience than a saint, when you went and lost $2 in that lottery, and never throwed it up to you hardly at all? I knowed you was the biggest fool in four counties to go into that lottery, but I ain't never kep' tellin' you of it every five minutes, and you know it. You know yourself that you was a fool to go and lose that $2 in the lottery, and you've admitted it to me I'll bet a hundred times, but I don't keep talkin' 'bout it all the while. 'Taint my way to keep dingin' 'bout a thing all the time. You know too, or you would know it, if you knowed anything, but you don't and you know you don't. I knowed I was jess throwin' myself away when I married you and ev'rybody said so then, and have ever since, but I hain't al'ays kep' puttin' you in mind of it every day. You've admitted to me more'n twenty thousan' times that I might of done better and was awful glad to get me and now here you go to sayin' your marriage has been a failure. Goodness gracious, Peter, if I ever seen the beat of it—and jess after losin them $2 in the lottery too, and my not twittin' you 'bout it! Let 'Zeke Williams go and squander $2 in a miserable wicked lottery and Mis' Williams wouldn't never let him hear the end of it, and you know it, but here I keep still and grin and bear it. Here I've been standing your meanness and decent and foolishness for thirty years and seein' you lose money that you admit yourself was over two-thirds mine in a lottery and never sayin' a word, and then to have you talkin' 'bout thinkin' marriage is a failure! This is my reward for my patience, is it? Abner Walkner, don't you dare to tell me that again! Look up here—don't be actin, sneakin'—is marriage a failure?"

"No, Hanner, I don't think it is."

"Hah, you don't? You think so, but you dasn't say it, that's the trouble."

"No, Hanner, no:—I—I wouldn't be 'fraid to say so if I thought it, but after thinkin' more 'bout it, I have altered my mind."

"Have, have you? Well, you better keep it altered, that's all I've got to say. It might do for some men that had got some kind of wives to whine 'bout marriage bein' a failure, but for a man that is li'ble to lose money in a lottery ev'ry day he lives 'less his wife looks after him, it don't sound very well. Now git them bundles and the two satchels together, 'cause we'll be to York in 'bout five minutes, and don't lose any of them, and don't be gawkin' 'round when you land, lookin' for signs of more lottery off'ces."

### An Enterprising Crow.

*From the Atlanta Journal.*

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I'll tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' your'n, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it'd work."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; thar was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, given 'em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and dinged ef they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."

A SURE SIGN.—"What an intellectual couple Mr. and Mrs. Cranque are?"

"Intellectual? What makes you think that?"

"Why, Mrs. Cranque cuts her hair short, and Mr. Cranque lets his grow long."

"Ah!"


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