# Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1889. No. 36.

**The Kent News**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

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

WILLIAM PARR'S

NEW HARNESS STORE

I have just opened a nice line of

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Saddles, Bridles, all Kinds of Harness,

which I am selling very low. I also have in stock everything that is kept in a First-Class Harness Store, from a 10-cent Hame Strap to a Set of Fine Harness.

Encourage me by buying your Harness Goods where you can have them neatly and promptly repaired. Thantful for past patronage I remain yours respectfully,

WILLIAM PARR,
STILL POND, MD.

no3-1y.

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. B. F. 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.

## Legal Notices.

### RATIFICATION NOTICE.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent County,
*versus*
John W. Holden and Emma K. Holden, his wife.

*In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity*
*December* 17, 1888.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of John W. Holden and Emma K. Holden, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, Attorney, under the power contained in the mortgages from John W. Holden and Emma K. Holden his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent County, the one dated Oct. 26, A. D. 1883, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B. No. 4, Folio 656, &c., the other dated February 13, 1885, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 375, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of February next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $660.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Dec. 22, 1888—4t.

### RATIFICATION NOTICE.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent County,
*versus*
William F. Shriver and Helen M. Shriver, his wife.

*In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity,*
*December* 17, 1888.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate of William J. Shriver and Helen M. Shriver, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, Attorney, under the power in a mortgage from William J. Shriver and Helen M. Shriver, his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent County, dated December 3, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B., Ne. 8, Folio 407, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of February next;—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $435.25.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Dec. 22, 1888—2t.

### RATIFICATION NOTICE.

John D. Urie,
*versus*
Isaac B. Worrell and Martha J. Worrell.

*In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.*

ORDERED, this 13th day of December, 1888, that the saie of tbe Real Estate of Isaac B. Worrell and Martha J. Worrell, made and reported by JOHN D. URIE, mortgagee, under and by virtue of power contained in a mortgage from the said Worrell and wife to the said John D. Urie, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of February next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Dec 15, 1888—4t.

### RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Henry W. Archer, of Robert,
*versus*
Daniel H. Kent, and wife.

*In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity.*

ORDERED, this 10th day of December, 1888, that the sales of property mentioned in the second report in the proceedings in the above case made and reported by JAMES J. ARCHER, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of February next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Dec. 15, 1888—4t.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

W. G. PHELPS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 28th day of June, 1889, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 27th day of December, 1888.

E. W. GAYLORD,
Executor.

Dec. 29, 1888—4t.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

EMMA A. KENDALL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 28th day of June, 1889, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under my hand this 27th day of December, 1888.

JAMES E. BLACKISTON,
Administrator.

Dec. 29, 1888.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

GEORGE WASHINGTON STEWARD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 25th day of June, 1889, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 18th day of December, 1889.

RICHARD D. HYNSON,
Administrator

Dec. 22, 1888—4t.

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
BALTIMORE.

Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

Mill Notice.

I HAVE just put in a NEW MILL, and I am prepared to CRUSH CORN in the ear. First-class work guaranteed for one-eighth. HOMINY made for the offal. CLEAN CORN ground for one-tenth. Our straight grade Flour, "KENT'S FAVORITE," is taking the lead. Thirty-six pounds of Flour and half-bushel of Bran given for sixty pounds of first-class wheat.

WM. W. McKNETT,
Urieville Roller Mills.

d15-3t.*

HORSE-SHOEING
Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to

HORSE-SHOEING!

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

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

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

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

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

d15.

Insurance!

FIRE, LIGHTNING AND LIFE!!

WM. H. McFEELY'S

AGENCY.

INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS

Against Fire and Lightning. Fires occur at unexpected moments, and a few dollars expended in Insurance furnishes very substantial assistance in event of loss.

INSURE YOUR LIVESTOCK

Against Lightning and Fire. Payment for same is promptly made. if killed on premises or anywhere else.

INSURE YOUR GRAIN

In the barn. The value of two bushels of wheat will protect $1,000 worth of grain for a month. Policies issued for from Two Weeks to Three Years at low rates.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

In the "New York Life," where you have the privilege of settling up your policy at the end of every five years, just as one's circumstances may demand

WM. H. McFEELY,
Gen'l Ins. Agent, Chestertown, Md.

☞Office on Court street. jy9-tf.

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,
Up Town.

sep3-y.

The Sun
for 1889

AND FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

THE Sun believes that the campaign for the Election of a Democratic Congress in 1890 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. THE SUN will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be entrenched in the same strong position. It has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty.

Probably you know THE SUN already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in incomparably interesting shape; which chronicles facts as they occur and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the completest and most intertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy—on Sundays for cents. If you do not know THE SUN send for it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

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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,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

oc20-tf.

### Some Names and Their Meaning.

Frances is truly fair,
Bertha is truly bright,
Clara is fair to see,
Lucy is a star of light,
Felicia is happy as happy can be;
Catharine is pure,
Barbara from afar,
Mabel is very fair,
Henrietta is a star,
Margaret a pearl thrown from the sea.
Emma is sweetest myrrh,
Lizzie is sincere,
Florence is very good,
Sadie is shining here,
Mattie is a lady of honor true;
Adda is a lily,
Fannie dim of sight,
Annie a graceful willow,
Mary gives delight,
Jennie an oath, pure as morning dew,
Sophia is wisdom,
Lilie is a joy,
Eveline a princess,
Julia a jewel joy,
Rebecca is faithful as the light of day;
Constance is resolute,
Grace is favor meet,
Charlotte is nobility,
Harriet an odor sweet,
Abigail is joyful as the robin's lay.
Sarah is a lady,
Isabel is fair,
Lucinda is content.
Jemima sounds in air,
Caroline is noble spirited and brave,
Lydia is well,
Judith a song of praise;
Cornelia harmony,
Priscilla ancient of days,
Selina a nightingale where branches wave.

◆

## BOWSER'S HONEYMOON BEHAVIOR.

### Mrs. Bowser's Tender Memoranda.

The other evening Mr. Bowser looked pale and weary, and I felt it my duty to ask if he was ill and to place my hand on his forehead to see if he had a fever. He was reading and he promptly growled out:

"Mrs. Bowser, what particular object have you in pawing around after this fashion? Do you expect another dollar?"

"Don't you want me to caress you, Mr. Bowser?"

"I don't want you to act so silly. We are too old for such nonsense."

"And yet you once expressed the hope that we might never let an hour go by without a caress."

"I did, eh? I never expressed any such thing!"

"And you further said you could sit and hold my hand a whole lifetime and not be weary."

"I never did—never!"

"But I can prove it."

"If you can I'll give you $50!"

I went upstairs and got my note book. Up to the date of our marriage I preserved and filed all his letters. On our bridal tour I kept a memorandum book. Mother advised it, and I have found it to be a powerful lever on occasions when Mr. Bowser has been inclined to "act up." When I came down stairs with the note book he roared out:

"Got that old book out again, have you! That's no evidence. I brand the contents as a base forgery!"

"But they are facts for all that. Let us see. Here we start. After the ceremony was over you said to mother:

"Statement I.—'I will call you by the sacred name of mother. You have given me your only daughter. I will be a true and loving husband to her. I will guard her as I do my life. I will never, so help me heaven, speak one harsh or unkind word to her.'

"There it is, Mr. Bowser, and how have you kept that promise?"

"Never said anything of the sort—never! I don't remember of your mother being there. You probably wrote that down this very day."

"We were married at 7 A. M., Mr. Bowser, and at 8.15 we took the train for Chicago. You held my hand all the way to the depot."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you crazy? Do you want to make out to me that I was a born idiot?"

"Well, here is the proof:

"Statement II.—'As we got into the hack Mr. Bowser had tears in his eyes. He took my hand and called me his angel, and I had to wipe my nose left-handed all the way to the depot. I think the driver saw him, for I heard him chuckling and saying something about you'd get over it in about a year.'

"There it is, Mr. Bowser, in black and white. This is the very paw you held for two miles!"

"I deny it in toto, Mrs. Bowser! I have got to sit down and have a sharp talk with you."

"The other night," I continued, "you were about to put your arm around me as we stood in the hall, but on second thought you concluded not to."

"I am no hand to spoon, Mrs. Bowser—never was. Such things look silly in old married people."

"But you hugged me for 280 miles."

"What?"

"From Detroit to Chicago, Mr. Bowser, on that same bridal tour."

"You must be crazy!"

"Well, here's the proof:

"Statement III.—'Left Detroit at 8.40. Mr. Bowser put his arm around me at once, and though the passengers winked and guyed us for a bridal couple, he said he didn't care a copper. Hugged me all the way to Chicago. Said he wished the ride would last a year. Said that Heaven had sent me to him. I write this in room 44, Tremont House, while Mr. Bowser is down to look after the trunk.'"

"That—that's there, is it?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Of course it is!"

"And I had my arm around you all day, giving myself dead away?"

"You did."

"I will never believe it, never. I own up to being a little soft in my bachelor days but I was no hayseed. You are drifting to a dangerous point, Mrs. Bowser, and you should pause and think a little while ere it is too late!"

"I like to go over the old times once in a while and see how you have changed."

"Changed! Changed! That's it. If a husband isn't making a fool of himself all the time his wife argues that he is growing cool and dissatisfied. Tell me how I have changed?"

"You never call me your little birdie any more."

"Oh! I don't! I suppose you've got proof that I used to call you birdie, when your front name is Sarah!"

"I have, sir! Listen while I read to you my proof:

"Statement IV.—'Mr. Bowser purchased some gumdrops of the train boy to feed his birdie, as he said, but I never liked them. He called me birdie from that to Chicago and back; said it meant more to him than the name angel!'"

"Mrs. Bowser!" he shouted as he jumped up, "is my presence in this household desired?"

"Of course it is."

"Then do not plan to drive me out of it! I see now how wives have driven husbands to desperation."

"Sit down, Mr. Bowser. We are simply living ovor old times for a brief while. I had to tease you to kiss me the other night."

"Yes, and I suppose you've got something written down about that, haven't you? I'm as loving a disposition as the next man, but how silly it does look to see a married couple billing and cooing like a couple of young idiots."

"And yet you once longed to kiss me forever."

"I never, never did! Don't drive me to the wall, Mrs. Bowser!"

"I won't, but I want to read a paragraph to you. Here it is:

"Statement V.—'Third day of our tour. I am very, very happy. Mr. Bowser has just kissed me on the chin, cheeks, nose, eyes and ears, and says he'd like to keep on kissing forever. He says he can hardly help biting me on the chin.'"

It was a minute before he could speak, and the bald spot on his head was as red as paint. He finally choked down his feelings sufficiently to shout:

"I brand that as pure malice and forgery! Mrs. Bowser, you must take that back and apologize to me."

"How can I? I read it just as it was written, and I can recall the circumstance. Don't you know, we had just returned from——"

"Never! We never returned! Nothing of the sort ever happened! I deny it on my dying bed!"

"You'll next declare you never cried in Indianapolis when I hurt my finger, and that you bound it up in a handkerchief wet with your tears."

"Declare! Of course I'll declare! I'll swear on forty Bibles that I never did!"

With that he rushed up stairs, but I followed him to the landing and said:

"Statement VI.—'Accidentally pinched my finger in the door. Mr. Bowser said it was his fault, and the first I knew he was weeping. After wiping his eyes on his handkerchief he proceeded to do up my finger in the same. He has a very tender heart.'"

I knew Mr. Bowser was listening over the banister, and so maliciously added:

"And with a little practice, will no doubt become the champion weepest of the whole world."

He uttered a snort and a groan and went off to bed without a word, but next morning he put in an extra ten minutes frolicking with the baby, and when ready to go he said to me:

"By the way, dar'l, you'd better go down and pick out a sealskin sack to-day. I was going to get it for Christmas, but I forgot."

◆

## ATHLETICS.

### Good Results of Physical Training.

We clip the following from a lengthy article in the Baltimore *Sun* of a recent date:

Young Baltimore has let the exuberance incident to his age vent itself in the gymnasium and on the ball field instead of in carousing and drinking, as was once the rule. The superiority of athletics as a spigot for drawing off these youthful spirits over the old-fashioned one of drinking and playing pranks revealed itself during this Christmas on the registers at the police stations, which show that arrests for drunkenness, brawls and rioting have decreased 50 per cent. in twenty-five years. This is a great gain for athletics. The colleges were the first to discover that this current of exuberance, if allowed to flow in the gymnasium or on the ball field, would not spend itself on the unoffending head of the freshman, who had been hitherto unmercifully hazed, or on the windows of the dormitories, which had been periodically pelted, or on the self-conscious townsman, who was regularly taught his inferiority to the gown.

Many fathers, to whom athletic training is a novelty, and who bitterly opposed its introduction, have probably often asked their sons what good this athletic training has done. If the sons are in need of an argument to support their cause they might refer to the improvement in the police force of Baltimore, effected by the gymnasiums which have been arranged in every station-house. He might point to the thorough discipline of the German army. In training that vast body of men gymnastic exercises is as much a part of its course as is drills and its fall maneuvers in the field. Because a man does not need to be trained to be a policeman or a soldier in practice it does not follow that he does not to be theoretically like either, strong, robust, healthy, and possessed of strength and endurance that will successfully meet any ordinary test. When a man is an athlete he is a temperate man. On the street, in the ball-room or on the public platform he presents a presence that at once commands respect.

Just as athletic training is transforming Young Baltimore into a strong and vigorous manhood, it is ushering his sister into a straight, full-developed and imposing womanhood. Tennis is doing for its female devotees what base-ball and lacrosse have effected for the men in the last quarter of a century. Base-ball has the start, but tennis is now a fully-established game, and a perfect womanhood is rapidly becoming an assured fact.

◆

IT HAPPENED IN ARKANSAS.—An Arkansas girl broke off a front tooth at the root while she was preparing to attend a wedding, but the accident did not keep her at home. She fastened the tooth in with beeswax, and thought nothing more about the operation until she swallowed the tooth at the wedding supper.

◆

ELEMENTARY MATHEMATICS.—Teacher: Tommy, what is half of eight?

Pupil: Side ways or top?

Teacher: What do you mean?

Pupil: Why, half from the top of 8 is 0 and half ways is 3.

## TOM GLADDEN'S WIFE.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

Traveling at night in Northwest Arkansaw, in the winter time, when the rain falls in unceasing cloudbursts, it is an exercise that tests a man's physical endurance and courage. I had ridden all day, and when darkness came it was solid black—above, below, all around, all was dense, impenetrable. Striving nobly up a ravine, down which the water rushed with a deafening noise, my horse brought me to level ground, which, after going some distance, I judged to be a treeless plain. Ahead I saw a flickering light—a wavering spark of life on the broad expanse of nothingness about me. Approaching, I heard the sound of music; and as I stopped to listen I recognized the air called "Billy in the Low Grounds," executed with rasping vigor on a creaking violin. As I was about to give the sesame, "Hello!" which opens all doors in that section, the door of the log shanty opened and a girl's face appeared. It was plainly visible in the glare of the pine-knot fire. Nuns should not, I take it, be beautiful, but many of them are; I once fell in love with one's face—big, black eyes, quivering lips, a complexion clear, deep and as white as Parian marble and features like Charlotte Corday, evoking both pity and passion. This face at the door was that nun's picture. I spoke. It instantly disappeared, the door closed, the music stopped. Presently another head—a man's—appeared, cautiously peeping into the darkness. It said:

"Who's thar?"

"A stranger," I replied, "who has lost his way, and would like to have shelter from the rain."

"I hain't fixed for strangers, but I reck'n I kin take yer in outer sich weather ez this; fur it is mighty bad ter be funterin' erround in, shore. Say, let down them bars thar right whar yer standin' an' turn yer hoss inter the lot. Fetch yer saddle and things in here."

I did as bidden, and, seated on the bench before the fire, was soon "at home" with the man of the house.

The girl was not present, and as I supposed she might be preparing supper for me, I said: "I have a lunch here, so I won't put your folks to any trouble of fixing anything for me."

"All right, mister," he replied; "'tis er little late at night ter cook vittuls—but say," he broke off, "don't yer say grace afore yer eat?"

"I hardly—"

"I know yer do," he interrupted, reaching under the bed and bringing out a bottle, which he having taken a corn-cob stopper from it's mouth; "tech that ez heavy ez yer can, an' it'll make yer feel ez rich ez Jay Gould!"

I was accustomed to such "tech," and drank his health.

"Will you play a tune while I eat? The whisky gave me an appetite; maybe your tnne will make this ham taste like angel's food."

He stared sternly at me; his sharp, red nose, yellow eyes and carrotty hair looked like threatening interrogation points. But I met his gaze calmly, and he concluded I was not making sport of him. He took up the violin, and humping himself into "half-moon" shape as he sat on the bench beside me, commenced to turn the scale to find the key that pleased him best—which, with all "musician" like him, I have discovered is invariably "A."

"That tune you were playing awhile ago," I spoke as he struck a chord that was leading to "Jennie, Put the Kettle On," "reminds me of old times. Play it again."

He rattled away as I ate, and when he ceased, suddenly asked:

"What mought yer name be?"

"Tom Gladden."

"Whenever you feel sleppy, jess tumble inter that bed, thar. I'll go an' feed yer hoss an' come back arter while."

When I awoke in the early morning, the rain had given way to snow. I looked toward the fire-place and saw the girl, stooped down and blowing the coals to light "kindlin'" she had placed upon them. She was prettier than the man; and as she "pursed" her lips they looked like the heart of a red rose, while her eyes shown bright and seemed to be looking far away at something beyond the present occupation. The blaze came, as it did so I involuntarily exclaimed:

"You thought of your sweetheart then!"

She rose. I gussed her age to be twenty; she was dressed in striped kersey, wore russet shoes, and her form had evidently never known the pressure of a corset. She was tall, too; and, as she looked at me, she seemed to rise higher, while I shrank to a corresponding littleness. She replied:

"I never had a sweetheart. I never saw a man worth my thoughts."

"I beg your—"

"I ain't offended. Air you a drummer?"

"I am."

"They don't b'lieve it."

"Who are they?"

"Uncle Jarvis an' the rest of 'em."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean they're moonshiners, who kilt the depperty marshal last week. They think you're one."

"But don't they take my word for what I am. I can prove it by my papers."

"'Twon't do no good."

"My horse—"

"He's gone—Uncle Jarvis tuck him; he tuck your pistol, too."

"What shall I do?" I whined, for I was paralyzed with fear, and as weak as a convalescent.

"Git up an' dress, take this pistol an' climb up in the loft. They're in sight now."

She left the room, and I mechanically "went aloft. There were three moonshiners—"Uncle Jarvis" and two others.

"Terbithy, wher's ther drummer?" asked Jarvis.

"Yes" said the others, "we wanter see 'im an' read 'im a few lines frum ther Tester-mint."

"I dunno," she replied, standing with her back against the opposite door, her hands behind her. I could see her from my concealment.

"Hain't yer seed 'im this mornin'?" demanded Jarvis.

"No!" she answered.

"That's strange," he said, and his voice betokened that he half suspected her.

"Wall, we'll look fur 'im. Boys, go up in ther loft an' see ef he's thar. He ain't dain jus; I tuck his shootin'-iron when he waz ersleep."

Two heads appeared in the loft-hold, two pistol shots were heard, and two men fell to the floor.

"Uncle Jervis," said the girl, pointing a pistol at him, "ef you don't want me to murder you, drop your pistol."

He dropped it. I came down.

"You've kilt two uv ther best men that ever made whisky by moonlight, an' I don't keer ter live er minit longer. Thar never wuz ez much mean work done in ez short er time. Terbithy, you've ruint yer ole uncle."

"I couldn't help it, uncle. I knowed it wuz er comin'. Killin' that depperty marshal turnt me ergin yer all. But fur the sin uv it I'd shoot you dead whar yer stan', an' it 'ud be er God's blessin' ter do it."

He turned and walked out of the house. She looked at me and fell fainting to the floor. I lifted her upon the bed and bathed her face in snow. When she revived she put her arms around my neck and kissed me—or I kissed her, which was the same thing. "You're the dream I had last night," she said.

"I found "Uncle Javis" suspended by the nect in the stable. He had hanged himself with the halter of my horse's bridle.

* * * *

Yes, Tabitha is my wife. Her grammer is as imperfect and her vernacular as marked as when she kept house for her moonshine uncle; but she is beautiful and pure, and I did not marry her to please society but to please myself, and as she loves me and I love her, we are as happy as people get to be this side of Heaven. We never quarrel, except over one thing—a slight difference of opinion. I assert that our boy-baby favors its mother, and she stoutly insists it is the exact counterpart of Tom Gladden. But we never fight over it, and always end the quarrel with a kiss.

◆

### When Men Cross Their Legs.

Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds. You will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will never cross his legs, neither will a man who is writing an article, or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actually engaged. When at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained his limbs uncross quick as a flash, he bends towards his neighbor and begins to use his hands. That is a phase that I believe you will always observe.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings, because they go there to listen, or to be entertained; they are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known to them, namely, leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man always crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper. He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation to him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation. When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast, his legs are always crossed, but as soon as the breakfast is brought to him he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs and goes to work, that is, begins to eat, his mind now turning on the duties before him.

◆

### A Horse's Age.

To tell the age of any horse,
Inspect the lower jaw, of course;
The sixth front tooth the tale will tell,
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold
Before the colt is two weeks old.
Before eight weeks two more will come;
Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside groves will disappear
From middle two in just one year.
In two years from the second pair;
In three the corners, too, are bare.

At two the middle "nipper" drop;
At three the second pair can't stop;
When four years old the third pair goes;
At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two.
The second pair at seven years;
At eight the spot "corner" clears.

From middle "dipper," upper jaw,
At nine the black spots will withdraw.
The second pair at ten are white;
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on, the horsemen know,
The oval teeth three-sided grow;
They longer get, project before
Till twenty, when we know no more.

—*Exchange.*

◆

### The Beggar-Boy and the Flowers.

"Go away, you beggar-boy! You've no right to be looking at our flowers!" shouted a little fellow from the garden where he was standing.

The poor boy's face reddened with anger at the rude words and he was about to answer defiantly, when a little girl sprang out from an arbor near, and looking at both, said to her brother:

"How could you speak so, Herbert? I'm sure his looking at the flowers won't hurt us." And then to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, said, "Little boy, I'll pick you some flowers, if you will wait a moment;" and she immediately gathered a beautiful bouquet, and handed it through the fence. His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence, the girl had grown to be a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden, when she observed a young man in a workman's dress, leaning over the fence, and looking attentively at her and the flowers. Approaching him, she said:

"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some:"

The young workman looked into her face and said:

"Twelve years ago I stood here, a ragged beggar boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers and your pleasant words made a new boy out of me; and they made a man of me too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in many dark hours of life; and now, thank God, though that boy is still an humble, hard-working man, he is an honest and grateful one."

## THE MAMMA WHO SLEPT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

"O dear! dear!" sighed Mamma Graham, "what a dreadful noise. I'm glad Christmas doesn't come any oftener."

No wonder the poor mamma said this, for Harry was standing close by the bed beating his new drum, and Charlie was just behind him blowing his new red trumpet, d the baby sat up in bed sucking a stick of candy and pounding his mamma over the head with a tin rattle. Alice, the eldest of these little folks, was trying the cry in her new dolly, and was begging the boys just to stop their noise a minute and hear what a beautiful cry it had. Altogether, it was a very good time to catch a comfortable morning nap, although Mamma Graham was just as tired as she could be. Bridget had left the day before, leaving her everything to do and the Christmas dinner to get. Presently papa, who had entirely given up trying to sleep, finished dressing and said he would take the children down stairs so that mamma could have a good rest.

"I wish I could sleep about fifteen years," said she, as she turned over and tucked the pillow snuggly under her head.

Was ever anything more unlucky? She entirely forgot that it was Christmas morning and that Santa Claus was abroad and as full of mad pranks as a Christmas pudding is full of plums. Papa and the children were away down stairs, with the doors all shut between. Nobody was there to hinder, for mamma herself was in a doze. So what should Santa Claus do but whisk Mamma Graham away through the roof after the manner of fairies and putting her into his fairy sleigh drove off with her into the famous Sleepy Hollow in the White Cotton Night-Cap Country.

"If she wants to sleep fifteen years let her try it," said he, nodding his long pointed red flannel cap in a wicked sort of a way. "Those youngsters will look out for themselves, I'll be bound, and I'll make it all right with the father. And she'll have a good nap," he added, winking and rolling up his eyes and slapping his fat sides.

Bless me! How stiff Mamma Graham did feel when she awoke at last in her own bed at home. Santa Claus had faithfully brought her back at the right time. As if anybody wouldn't feel stiff who had slept fifteen years straight through. But then she didn't know, of course, what a trick that wicked old Saint Nich had played on her, and that this wasn't the very same Christmas morning on which she had gone to sleep. So she only said, as she got slowly out of bed and began to dress as fast as possible with such stiff hands and arms:

"I wonder how long I have slept. It must be very late. Poor papa must be dreadfully tired at taking care of the children, and hungry, too, waiting for his breakfast."

When she opened the dining-room door there sat papa reading the morning paper. The children must have tired him, for he certainly seemed a great deal older as he looked up and said with a smile: "Well, mamma, have you had a good nap?"

"O yes indeed," said mamma, "only you oughtn't to have let me sleep so long. I'm afraid you are all dreadful tired waiting for your breakfast, though I see you have got the table set. Where are the children?" she asked, as she walked on to the kitchen without waiting for him to answer.

How strange! There was the turkey, all stuffed and dressed, on the kitchen table, the cranberries picked and in the kettle ready to be set on the stove, and the plum-pudding all made!

The coffee for breakfast was on the stove while before it stood a tall young lady in a handsome brown merino dress and a pretty white apron, broiling a beefsteak.

Mamma began to feel rather bewildered. Was this fine young lady a new girl whom papa had engaged while she was asleep? Just then the "new girl" turned around and saw her. Throwing down the knife and fork she had in her hand, she ran to her and threw her arms around her neck.

"Why, mamma, darling, is that you? Santa Claus said this was the morning for you to wake up, and I've been getting everything ready. Do you feel rested?"

"Rested? To be sure I do," said mamma, starting at the fine young lady, who acted so queerly. "But where are the children!"

"Here's Harry," said the young lady as a tall young fellow of about 20 entered.

"Hello! if there isn't mamma," he exclaimed, going up and giving her a good hug.

"Charlie, here, say!" he called to some one outside. "Here's mamma woke up, and then another great handsome fellow, who seemed to be about 18 years old, came up and kissed her rather bashfully.

"What does all this mean? and where are the children?" asked mamma, putting her hand up to her head, and feeling ready to cry. "Where's my baby?"

"O, he's out snow-balling," said one of the boys, carelessly.

"My baby! He'll catch his death of cold," said the distracted mother, rushing to the door, where she ran against another great boy about 16 years old.

"Can you remember mamma, Frank?" asked the young lady.

"Graham, will you tell me what this means?" said mamma to her husband.

"Who are all these young people kissing me, and where are my children?"

"Well, Mary, this is Alice, 22 last month; this is Harry, just 20, in the junior class; this is Charles, 18, and a sophomore, studying like a beaver; and this is your 16 year old baby, Frank, almost through the preparatory. Aren't they a fine lot!"

Mamma started from one to the other in hopeless bewilderment.

"Paul, you will have to explain this, for I do not understand it a bit."

"My dear, don't you remember wishing to sleep fifteen years. Well, Santa Claus took you at your word, and you have been asleep in the White Cotton Night-Cap Country all this time."

"Fifteen years! children all grown up! no little girl, no dear little boys, no baby?" repeated mamma. "Oh, papa, how could you let me sleep so," she added, beginning to cry.

"Bekkus weddy, mamma," said a little voice close to the bed; "Alice an' papa dot it all by themselves."

It was little Herry, not an inch taller than when she went to sleep, sucking the last leg of a horse.

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Mamma dressed as quickly as possible. "Well, I'm glad I didn't sleep fifteen years after all," she said to herself, as she took Harry's hand to go down stairs. The door-knobs were all sticky, and there was everything in the world to do, but she did not mind it a bit. It was much better than that dreadful dream of waking up to find everything in order, her children all grown up, and not even the baby to be petted.

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### The Small Boy Again.

I shall never forget a stage coach ride from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Muskogee Indian Territory. I had thought that I would be the only passenger, but when a woman and a boy, and subsequently a half-Indian entered, I very naturally revised my former impressions and decided that I would have company. The half-Indian had been educated at an Eastern school, and was a very intelligent man. He was, I understood him to say, a member of the Cherokee council, and was returning home from a visit to Washington, to attend a session of that grave, if not potent, body of Indian legislators. When the boy learned that the man was an Indian he began to exhibit a restlessness which I soon discovered would result in the red man's great annoyance.

"Did you ever kill anybody?" he asked.

"Tommy," said the woman, "don't be rude."

"I think not," replied the Cherokee.

"Then what makes you an Indian?"

"I'm only a half-Indian."

"Which half?"

"Thomas," exclaimed the woman, turning him around, unbuttoning his coat and buttoning it again. He remained quiet for a few moments and then said

"Maw?"

"What, dear?"

"A half-Indian would only half-kill anybody, wouldn't he?"

"If you don't hush I will certainly put you out."

"Then I'd have to walk, wouldn't I?"

"Yes."

"And the bears might get me, mightn't they?"

"Yes, they would."

"Would you care?"

"Yes."

"Then what makes you wanter put me out. Do Indians scalp folks?" again addressing the Cherokee councilor, who exhibited the stoical side of his Indian nature, but then yielding to the white, and of course the political half replied:

"The wild ones do."

"But you are not wild, are you?"

"No."

"Why ain't you?"

"My little man, I must say that you are asking too many questions," casting a reproachful glance at the woman.

"If you don't hush I'll whip you. Do you hear me?" taking his hat from the floor and putting it on his head.

"Yessum."

He remained quiet for a few moments, but dropping his hat on the floor, he reached down, took it up and said:

"If you was a wild Indian you'd cut me with a knife when I stoop down, wouldn't you?"

The Cherokee looked far out over the lands of his fathers but made no reply.

"If I waster hit you, you'd hurt me any how, wouldn't you?"

"No," the red man replied.

"Why wouldn't you?"

"Another word out of you and I'll whip you. Never mind; I'll tell your father," said the woman.

It was impossible for him to keep quiet, and after awhile he asked:

"Have you got any boys?"

"Yes; two."

"Are they Indian boys?"

"Their mother is a white woman."

"As white as my maw?"

"Just another word out of you and I'll box you," said the woman blushing. He had evidently tested his indulgent mother on many an occasion, for after the shortest possible silence on his part, he added:

"Did you ever see any scalps?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Did they have blood on 'em?"

"No, they were dry," replied the Cherokee, plainly showing that his political readiness in answering questions had risen above his Indian stoicism.

"Do they peel them like apples when they dry 'em?"

"Hush your mouth." The Indian nature was endeavoring to assert itself.

"If you ask another question I'll whip you, you little rascal," said the woman. "Are you going to hush?"

"Yessum."

He twisted himself around, scratched the coach door with a nail which he mysteriously produced, and asked:

"Would you rather be an Indian than a white man?"

"Hold on," demanded the Cherokee, calling to the driver. "Let me ride on the outside."

"It's going to rain, I think, colonel," the driver responded.

"Makes no difference," and he got out and climbed on top of the coach. I then thought my time had come, but he was after better game; our red man of the forest was his affinity. He screwed himself around for a while, and then leaning from the coach window, he called:

"Say, does Indians scalp niggers?"

"Whoa," said the Cherokee, "let me get down."

"Want to get back inside?" the driver asked.

"No, I'm going to walk. Drive on, and if I don't overtake you, all right. D——d if I wouldn't rather be a witness in the United States court."—*O. P. Reed.*

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WHEN Edison, genius and inventor as he is, had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down on the New York elevated railroad, trying to discover what caused its noise and a cure for it, he gave up the job. Then a little woman took it. She rode on the cars three days, was denied a place to stand on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity and politely snubbed by conductors and passengers. But she discovered what caused the noise, invented a remedy, which was patented, and she was paid the sum of $10,000 and a royalty forever. Her name is Mrs. Mary Walton, and she lives in New York City.

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WOMAN is the crown of creation.