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 accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

LIFE INSURANCE PAR EXCELLENCE!

Read Carefully, and Consider Well!

New Twenty-Year Distribution Plan.

The New Policy of THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK is *Life Insurance in the truest and best sense of the term*, as it not only indemnifies the family for the loss of the productive life, but also *secures the Insured himself* against possible adversity in old age. By the expenditure of a comparatively small sum annually during a portion of the active years of life, every healthy man may now make sure provision for his family in the event of his early death, and equally sure provision for himself in the event of long life. The old and selfish objection, "I must die to win," does not apply to this policy.

As those who die during the first fifteen or twenty years of insurance will secure to their estates, *without any dividend*, the return of all the premiums paid and a higher rate of compound interest than could be realized in any other legitimate investment of the sum paid annually for the insurance, it is desirable that the profits should be accumulated for the benefit of those who live long and pay most, thereby equalizing the burdens and the compensations in favor of the greatest good to the greatest number of the assured.

The longer the term for which dividends are accumulated and become payable, the greater advantage there will be to surviving investors.

To those seeking the best possible form of Life Insurance contract for the money, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York offers its Twenty-Year Distribution Policy.

Special attention is invited to its numerous privileges. At the end of the distribution period (twenty years), or at the end of any subsequent five-year period, the insured has the choice of any one or more of the following options:

1. He may draw his accumulated dividends in cash and continue his insurance for the original amount with continued participation in profit.
2. He may use the dividends to purchase a life annuity, which, as shown by experience, is more than sufficient to pay the premium forever after, thereby guaranteeing a *self-sustaining* and *dividend-paying policy*.
3. He may draw the cash value of his policy, which is guaranteed by the company to be the full reserve and the full amount of the dividends which have been accumulated at compound interest for twenty years. The policy is thus practically an ENDOWMENT at the ordinary "life rate."
4. He may convert the entire cash value of his policy and dividends into a Life Annuity, payable to one alone or to the husband and wife and children, in the order designated, and until all are dead or have reached a stipulated age. He may thus secure himself and family against every possible contingency.
5. He may exchange his policy for a Paid-up Policy and draw his accumulated dividends in cash, thereby securing both a Paid-up Whole Life Insurance and an Endowment, and reducing the total cost of his insurance below that of any other plan ever devised.
6. He may take a Paid-up Policy and use his dividends to purchase additional Paid-up Insurance.
7. He may continue his original policy in force and use his accumulated dividends to purchase Paid-up Additions, which experience has shown to be in excess of the total premiums paid, thus securing the largest possible benefit to his family in the event of his death. In this case he may use the cash value of his additions in payment of future premiums, and any unused portion will be paid with the policy as a claim.
8. He may extend the original dividend term from one five-year term to another, and obtain all the advantages of survivorship for such extended period.
9. He may use his accumulated dividends as above and draw his future dividends each year in cash, or use them to purchase annual additions to his policy.
10. He may draw the cash value of a part of his policy and accumulations, and repeat this action at the end of any subsequent five-year period, still keeping insured for the remainder and still retaining his partnership interest in the company. *Under this option a policy-holder may successfully endow, under the one contract, several distinct periods of his life.*
11. He may have the whole amount of his policy and accumulated dividends paid in annual, semi-annual or quarterly instalments, with interest, beginning at the maturity of the policy, *thus securing the beneficiary against loss through dishonest trustees or unfortunate investments.*

Finally, he may avail himself of any privilege which sound business management can confer, suited to his peculiar circumstances and in keeping with the rights of policy-holders in a strictly mutual company.

The policy contract is of extreme simplicity, the only condition contained therein being the payment of the premium.

It may be exchanged for a Paid-up Policy of definite amount any time after three years.

It is paid *immediately* at the death of the insured.

The liberality of the contract and the guaranteed cash value and dividends make it a better business security than any other form of policy now issued.

It is simple, liberal, non-forfeitable and incontestable (except for fraud), after two years. It is the best form of policy ever offered by any company, and is issued by

the Largest, Strongest, Safest and in Every Respect the Best Life Insurance Company in the World.

Assets Jan. 1st., $126,082,153 56

AS FACTS are better than estimates—as we judge of the probabilities of the future by the actual results of the past, *and as the introduction of the survivorship dividend feature into the new policies may reasonably be expected to more than counterbalance any probable depression in modern rates of interest*, the following pro-rata illustration of results actually accomplished are arranged and submitted for inspection, in the confident expectation that these results will be fully equalled, and in all probability exceeded, in the form of policy here presented, viz:

ORDINARY LIFE TWENTY-YEAR DISTRIBUTION.

AGE 35 YEARS. POLICY NO. 16,429.

PRO-RATA FOR $10,000.

Premiums paid in 20 years	$5,374
1st Option, Cash Value of Dividends	4,271
2d Option, Life Annuity |Purchasable by Dividends	378
3d Option, Cash Value of Policy	7,219
4th Option, Annuity purchasable by Value of Policy	639
5th Option, Net Paid-up Policy (dividends $4,271, being drawn in cash)	4,760
6th Option, Gross Paid-up Policy (dividends being converted into Paid-up Insurance)	$12,870
7th Option, Policy with Paid-up Additions Purchased by Dividends	18,110

NOTE.—The figures here given show the actual condition of the above policy at the end of twenty years from the date of issue. The options are some of the privileges granted in the new contracts.

Besides the above, the OLD MUTUAL issues Every Desirable Form of Policie, including Endowment, Return Premium and Limited Payment (a most excellent policy), the new distribution feature applicable to all, with five, ten, fifteen or twenty year distribution periods.

Ask for an illustration of a 20-*Payment* 20-*Year Distribution Policy*.

For rates, illustrations and full explanation of any form of Insurance, call on or address

L. B. RUSSELL, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

OFFICE—Three doors above Express Office.

Legal Notices.

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,

SAMUEL A. J. WICKES,

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 27th day of August, 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 19th day of February, 1889.

SAMUEL J. WICKES, Executor.

Feb. 23, 1889—4t.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

George B. Westcott, use W. W. Tschudy,
versus
Marie L. Turner, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity.

ORDERED, this 9th day of February, 1889, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by CHARLES T. Weercorr, trustee, appointed by a decree in this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of April 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 18th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $6,700.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Feb. 16, 1888—4t.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

JOHN D. URIE, ASSIGNEE,
versus
JAMES A. SKIRVEN, EMMA SKIRVEN.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 15th day of February, 1889, that the sale of the real estate of Emma Skirven, made and reported by JOHN D. URIE, under the power contained in a mortgage from James A. Skirven and Emma, his wife, dated the 28th day of November, 1881, and recorded among the land records of Kent county in Liber S. B., No. 2, folios 496, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of April 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 18th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $550.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Feb 16, 1888—4t.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

DENTIST.
DR. C. P. GILPIN,
CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.
Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House
Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store.
will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

Feed and Provision Store!

EDWARD J. WATSON

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has opened a new store on High Street, next to the Express Office, in Chestertown, and will keep on hand a

GENERAL STOCK OF

Groceries and Provisions!

FEED, HAY,
CORN, CHOP STUFF,
OATS, MEAL, FLOUR, &c.,
will be furnished at short notice at lowest prices.
GROCERIES of all kinds; Vegetables, &c.,

I shall endeavor to keep a General Feed and Produce Store, and respectfully ask a share of the public patronage. E. J. WATSON.
Feb. 2, 1889.

Snow Hill Nurseries.

PEACH and APPLES

STOCKED WITH BEST VARIETIES—WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

FOR the coming fall will have 500,000 One-Year-Old Peach Trees, and about 500,000 June Budded Peach Trees, comprising all the leading orchard lists. Special prices per car load for Peach Trees. 150,000 Apple Trees of leading varieties; also a select list of popular Southern keeping Apples.
PEARS—all the standard varieties.
CHERRY and PLUM trees of the leading kinds.
SHADE TREES—Best Stock.
Excellent Stock of Hardy Native GRAPES.
ASPARAGUS—Conover's Colossal, from one to two years old.
3,000,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS, from new beds—planted last spring—never fruited—strictly pure. Special prices on large lots.
Small fruits and every kind of plant in endless variety. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Descriptive catalogue free on application. Our trees are all grown from Natural Virginia Pits. The public is requested to come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Reference by permission to John A. Groves, Pomona, Kent county, Md.
Address WM. M. PETERS & SONS,
o13-y. Wesley Station, Worcester county, Md.

NURSERY STOCK, &c.

The following stock can be found at

Little Grove Nurseries,
Near Chestertown, Md.,
AT REASONABLE PRICES!

PEACH TREES,
APPLE TREES,
SHADE TREES,
PEAR TREES, Standard and Dwarf,
Asparagus Crowns, Evergreens,
Gooseberries, Hedge Plants,
Grapes, &c.

Also, TWO HORSES, and 300 Bushels Silver Hull Buckwheat.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Address,
ROB'T G. NICHOLSON,
oc27-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

TO MOTHERS.

Every babe should have a bottle of DR FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphine Mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell it; 25 cents. Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents. f9-y.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at J. D. BACCHUS' Coal and Woodyard. mh5-tf.

REMEMBER THIS!

Goods Well Bought Are Half Sold!

EVEN though we do not deal exclusively in Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and Shoes, or Carpets and Oil-cloths, they are our leading specialties, and having purchased them this fall for CASH, at the closest cash prices, we are able to meet any legitimate competition.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!

Our stock of Dry Goods, one of the main features of which is OUR BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DRESS GOODS, embracing Henrietta Cloths, Sabastapools, Broadcloths, etc., is now being made replete. All wool Henriettas at 50 and 55 cents, the Best Black Henrietta at $1.00 per yard, on this or other market.

Notions, Underwear!

Our Notion Stock is second to none! The cheapest and best line of underwear for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children in town. A Child's Vest as low as 15 cents.

BOOTS and SHOES!

Our Boot and Shoe Stock is better than usual. The best $2 00, $2 50 and $2 75 Man's Boot on the market. Then our Old Reliable $4 00, Double Upper, Hand Bottomed Boot, that has stood the test for years, we still guarantee. A line of Ladies' and Misses Hand-Made Shoes second to none. Gum Boots and Shoes, all sizes. We are still handling a Man's Gum Boot that we guarantee in every case, NOT TO CRACK.

Carpets, Oil-Cloths!

In Carpets and Oil-Cloths we lead. The best All Wool Ingrain at 75 cents per yard, Wool Fillings down to 66 cents per yard, Union Filling at 50 cents, Rag Carpets from 35 to 60 cents per yard.

We now have a nice line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's COATS. Just arrived.

Give us a call. Very truly yours, &c.,
R. F. PARKS.

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 pieces, 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.

HORSE-SHOEING

Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to HORSE-SHOEING!

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

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

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

My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.

Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.

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

TAX NOTICE.

THE Tax-Payers of the Fourth Election District are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for the year 1888. The levies will be due on the first day of January, 1889, and the taxes must be paid on or before that date in order to meet them. The necessity for prompt payment is therefore obvious to all.

I may be found at the hardware Store of Wm. A. Wheatley, adjoining the Chestertown National Bank, from 10 o'clock A. M. until 3 o'clock P. M. on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

H. M. STUART, COLLECTOR,
Dec. 22-tf. Chestertown.

THE NEW

{HIGH-ARM}

SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 9.

Decided to Be the Best in the World. The Tension Perfectly Automatic, Perfection of Seam, Simplicity, Durability,

and the Only Machine in the world that makes a Lock Stich without the use of a Shuttle. Those who wish a Sewing Machine embodying all the best results of inventive skill and construction, to do the service of a lifetime, should not fail to examine our

No. 9, Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.

OVER 100 IN USE IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Thanking the public for past favors I solicit a share in the future. Give me a call. Address

CHAS. J. REICHE,
Feb. 2, 1889. Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.

AGENT WANTED in Centreville. Address above.

"HOME AGAIN!"

THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE

OLD STAND

ON COURT STREET., CHESTERTOWN,

and examine the FRESH and NEW STOCK of GOODS just bought for cash by

JAMES A. SHAW,

which consists of Leather

BOOTS AND SHOES

TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.

Gum Boots and Shoes, Body Boots, Hip and Short Boots, and Boots for Men, Women and Children.

GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Soapine, Soda, Rumford's Yeast Powder, Lamp Chimneys and Burners, Coal Oil, Salt and many other things. All of which can be bought of me as cheap as at any place on the shore. Give us a call and we will try to please you.

Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.

JAMES A. SHAW,
j12. Court Street, Chestertown.

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

STRAW WANTED!

HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.

MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON.

The Ring My Mother Wore.

It is not set with precious gem,
'Tis but a quaint and simple thing,
Yet more than jeweled diadem
I prize this dear old-fashioned ring.
She laid it in my trembling hand
And bade me wear it evermore;
There's magic in its narrow band—
The wedding-ring my mother wore.

Two names in letters old and dim,
That time and use have worn away,
Are graven in its narrow rim,
The records of a vanished day.
These names are writ on marble now,
The parted twain have met once more;
This ring records each solemn vow—
The wedding-ring my mother wore.

Dear patient hand that lies at rest!
Dear ring that binds my soul to her,
Be this my future holy quest
To see in it, God's messenger,
My passport to the city fair,
When this fantastic scene is o'er,
Dear emblem of our circle there—
The wedding-ring my mother wore.

—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne.*

PARDON'S GOOD LUCK.

Philosophers say that there is no such thing as luck. Asa Darwin thought differently.

"My luck exactly," said he despairingly. "I might have known just exactly how it would be."

He sat on the old stone porch, staring out toward the sunset, his chair tipped back on its two hind legs, his hands thrust aimlessly into his trousers pockets.

It was cold enough to justify the fire of beech logs that was blazing on the hearth in the room inside, where Pardon was tacking up the red moreen curtains that she had just sponged and mended neatly; but it was not an easy thing for Mr. Darwin to relinquish the habit of out-door lounging that had clung to him all the summer through.

"What is it, father?" said Pardon, coming briskly to the door, with a tack hammer in one hand and a paper of tacks in the other.

"Jones has just gone by," said Mr. Darwin. "He says the old cow has got out on the railroad track again."

Pardon bit her red under lip.

"I told you she would, father," said she, "if you didn't have those bars repaired."

"And she's got run over," dolefully added Darwin. "I'm sure I don't know what we are to do without a cow. We've always put a lot of dependence on our milk. But I might have expected it. Luck has been sheer against me ever since John James died. A man with a house full of gals can not expect to make any headway in the world."

Pardon colored up.

"You didn't expect your girls to mend the bars, did you, father?" asked she, a little bitterly.

"I was calculatin' to speak to Tim Parsons about gettin' a new pair o' posts put up," sighed the farmer.

"Wouldn't it have been a safer way to put them up yourself, father?"

"I ain't as young as I used to be," said Darwin, evasively. "And the rheumatics is twisting me powerful these first cool days."

"Then," said Pardon, with a certain touch of daughterly authority in her voice, "you should come into the house, and not sit there, getting chilled through, and then find fault with your luck!"

Mr. Darwin slowly rose and shuffled into the bright little keeping room, where Pardon had spread a neatly braided rag rug before the fire and placed a broken spouted pitcher of yellow golden rod on the table.

She looked after him with a sigh, half of impatience, half regret.

"I wish John James had lived!" said Mr. Darwin, feebly.

"So do I," assented Pardon.

"Ain't supper most ready?" said the farmer, looking discontentedly around.

"It will be in a minute," said Pardon. "I had to split the kindlings myself for the kitchen fire, and Fanny has run to Mrs. Merritt's for a little meal to make some hot corn bread."

At the same moment Fanny returned—a slight, overgrown girl of 14—breathless with the haste she had made.

"Mrs. Merritt is very sorry, but she has not any corn meal in the house," said she.

"That's enough!" said Pardon, glowing scarlet to the roots of her hair. "I don't blame her for getting tired of lending things to us!"

"But," added Fanny, "she sends a pail of Graham's flour to make gems. Indeed, indeed. Pardon, she's as kind as kind can be!"

Pardon laughed hysterically.

"I'm getting as hard and bitter as a sour persimmon," said she. "Yes, I'm very glad of the Graham flour. Father can't make out his supper without something hot for a relish. Perhaps some day we can return Mrs. Merritt's kindnesses. But, oh, Fanny have you heard? The red cow got out of the pasture this afternoon and is killed on the railroad track."

Fanny burst into tears.

"Old Pinky!" she exclaimed. "Is there no end to our bad luck?"

Pardon stamped her pretty, ill shod foot impatiently on the floor.

"Luck!" she repeated. "Don't use that dreadful word! I believe father would be a better and happier man to-day if it wasn't in the dictionary at all. There isn't any such thing as luck. It's all bad management, shiftlessness—the habit of putting everything off until the last moment."

And then she cried, too, poor little overburdened Pardon.

She was tall and slender with large glittering hazel eyes, red brown hair, and one of those delicate complexions where the sun lays its touch in the shape of here and there a cluster of freckles.

Fanny was dark, with Spanish eyes, fringed with long lashes, and hair as black and lustrous as jet. Whatever else fate had denied the Darwin girls, it had been generous to them in the matter of personal attributes.

They made their frugal supper of Graham gems, a very little butter, the weakest brewing of tea, and no milk at all, and then Pardon built up the fire, got her father the last week's newspaper, which good Mrs. Merritt had sent over with the Graham flour, and then sat down in the back kitchen with Fanny to slice up a few late peaches for drying.

"For we have got to look after things very close this winter," said she. "Father seems to have no energy at all since John James died. I'm afraid it will end in the farm being sold to clear off the mortgage."

Fanny opened her big, black eyes.

"But we must live somewhere, Pardon," said she.

"You and I can go out to service," said Pardon. "As for father, there is the poorhouse."

Fanny uttered a wail of despair.

"No, no dear; don't look so distressed," said the elder sister, repenting the rashness of her speech. "I don't really mean it. I'm cross, that is all. It's hard doing the work of hired man, servant girl and housekeeper all in one. I shall feel better to-morrow after I've had a night's sleep. I haven't got to get up early and milk poor old Pinky any more."

And once again the sisters mingled their tears.

"If father had only mended those bars," said Fanny. "It was so unlucky"—

But Pardon put her hand over her sister's lips.

"Not that word, Fanny," said she, "remember, it's forbidden."

The two girls were washing up the breakfast dishes the next day in the temporary absence of Mr. Darwin, who had strolled off toward the postoffice to see if the mail was in, when Squire Etting crossed the threshold.

"Father ain't to hum, eh?" said he. "Well, I reckon I can talk things over just as well with you, Pardon."

"What things," said Pardon, very distrustfully.

"That there skating rink down by the lake," said Mr. Etting, "that John James built. It's going to be a good hard winter if there's any truth in signs, and I've a good notion to buy the concern, just as it stands, and run the rink myself. The land belonged to your mother's estate, and I suppose you and the gal here have the right to sell it."

"Yes," said Pardon, her eyes fixed calmly on the squire's wooden visage, "what will you give for it?"

"Wal, it ain't wuth so dreadful much," said the squire, evasively. "Say a hundred dollars for the building and two acres of land."

Pardon shook her head.

"I won't sell it for that," said she, decidedly.

"I dunno what you want to keep it for," said the squire, irritably. "Your father, he ain't got the go to run a skating rink."

"I don't know that," said Pardon, firmly, "but I don't intend to be swindled, all the same."

The squire stamped out of the room in a rage.

"Then drive a better bargain with somebody else, if you can," said he viciously.

"Pardon, Pardon!" whispered Fanny, close to her elbow, "call him back. A hundred dollars is a great—great sum of money for us to have."

"No, I will not call him back. Let me think!" said Pardon.

"But what will father say?"

"Father need never know, Fenny. It is as Squire Etting says, the land is all that is left of our poor mother's property. It is ours to sell or to keep, as we please. The lumber alone for that poor building cost John James nearly $100. The squire thinks he can safely cheat us, because we are only women. But he will find himself mistaken."

She put on her green gingham sun bonnet that afternoon and went over to the Merritt farm. Joel Merritt was just driving in through the big gates with a load of wood.

"I'm so sorry," said Joel, courteously lifting his cap. "Mother has gone over to a quilting bee at Mrs. Dikes'. Won't you stop in and rest?"

Pardon took off her green sun bonnet and fanned herself with it. Her cheeks were pink; her lovely hazel eyes sparkled.

"But it isn't your mother I came to see, Joel, I wanted to speak to you!" said she.

Joel jumped off the load, threw the reins on Old Sorrel's back, and came up to her, with a countenance of some surprise.

"Me?" he repeated, reddening a little.

For of all created beings he thought Pardon Darwin the most beautiful and winning.

"Yes," said Pardon, still deeply absorbed in her own plans and ideas. "How would you like, Joel, to go into partnership with me?"

"With you, Pardon?"

He caught his breath.

"Yes," frankly spoke the girl. "Of all our neighbors I think you are the most honest and reliable. I've known you ever since we were children together and"—

"Say not another word, Pardon!" joyously cried the young man, taking both her hands in his, while his whole face grew radiant. "Oh, you don't know how proud, how happy you make me! For I've loved you this long time, Pardon—only I never dared to tell you so. And mother will be so glad to call you daughter! Give me a kiss, Pardon—my little shrinking love—just one kiss, so that I may be sure I'm not dreaming!"

But to his dismay Pardon struggled to free herself and began to cry impetuously.

"I—I don't know what you mean!" said she. "Let me go, Joel Merritt!"

"But Pardon, you said yourself"—

"It was the skating rink that poor John James built on Deep Lake!" faltered Pardon on the verge of new tears. "I—I wanted you to help me fit it up and manage it this winter. I never dreamed of asking you to—to—Oh, Joel, what must you have thought of me?"

"Then you didn't mean it after all?" said Joel, dropping his arms to his sides, and standing with a blank face before her. "You don't care for me."

Pardon stood silent for a moment, twisting her apron strings, while the soft glow still burned on her cheeks.

A sudden light flashed into Joe's sunburnt face.

"My own love," he cried out, valiantly. "I'll take the skating rink, but you've got to be thrown into the bargain, too! Say you'll consent, Pardon!"

And at all events Pardon did not refuse.

"Eh!" said Asa Darwin, when the facts of the case became patent to his rather dense understanding. "Young Merritt going to finish up the rink before frost comes. And engaged to our Pardon, too? Well, I declare that is a piece of luck?"

And this time Pardon took no exceptions to the obnoxious words.

THE silent watches of the night are no good for telling the time.

MY WIFE'S LEGACY.

How She Counted Chickens That Never Hatched.

"I don't like to calculate upon such things," observed my wife; "but if Aunt Jane were to die, I should not be a bit surprised if she left us that old-fashioned set of silver, that belonged to my great-grandparents."

Out of consideration for the printer, I will omit indications of the emphasis with which she usually spoke. If the reader will kindly consider every second word printed in small caps or italics, he will have some faint idea of her manner of expressing herself.

"It is a very handsome set," I returned, glancing about our modest dining-room; "and will hardly accord with our furniture."

"It wouldn't look at all well with that side-board," returned my wife, promptly. "It is so dreadfully shabby—oh, of course, I mean the side-board, not the silver; don't be so smart."

"I suppose, then, if such a thing were to happen, you'd have to have a new side-board."

She nodded complacently.

"I saw such a lovely one down-town to-day—antique oak, beautifully carved. I do admire oak so much."

"But the rest of the furniture is walnut," I objected.

"Walnut is altogether out of style, especially for dining-rooms," she replied, with a disdainful glance at the chairs which we had once found very good to look at; "and after all, the sideboard is by so much the most expensive piece of furniture in a dining-room, that it doesn't cost much more to get a whole set than just that one piece. And even a walnut sideboard, new, would not look well with these chairs and this table."

I said nothing, and the tacit surrender was accepted by my wife. Thenceforth it was understood that if Aunt Jane should bequeath us that silver, we were to purchase a new set of dining-room furniture.

That next evening, as we were again at dinner, my wife remarked:

"I have been looking at carpets to-day, and saw one that just suits me—rich and subdued, you know, but not dingy."

"Carpets?" I repeated, in some surprise; "I didn't know that there was one needed this season."

"Why, stupid," rejoined my wife, petulantly (and the emphasis was all upon the petname), "did we not agree that the dining-room must be refurnished? And this carpet is so old and worn, of course it would not do at all with new furniture."

Again I acquiesced silently, and she proceeded to make plans for meeting me the next day to examine and choose the carpet and furniture to be purchased later on. Well, if my wife's relations left her handsome silver, I must of course provide things in keeping with it.

She met me according to appointment, and having inspected the articles, gave me to understand that my taste was so execrable as not to merit a moment's consideration, and announcing her own choice, suggested, coolly:

"And now let's go look at the wall-paper."

"Wall-paper?" I echoed, blankly.

"Of course, the room must be re-papered if it is re-furnished. As for the woodwork, I suppose there is no help for that—it will just have to be regrained. Can they make that natural wood finish on wood that has been painted?"

I started aghast; that silver was going to cost me a pretty sum. But I was helpless—entirely so; my wife had made up her mind.

That evening, she was much elated at the prospect of being surrounded by such things as she had that day selected. There was but one cloud on her horizon.

"The dining-room will be nicer than the parlors," she remarked, plaintively; "I am afraid that they will really look shabby."

I said nothing, hoping that if she were not contradicted she would not pursue the subject farther.

Vain hope! She had it fixed in her mind that silence gave consent, and when I came home the next evening, had assumed that the parlors were to be newly fitted up.

"Don't you think," she said, coaxingly, "that as long as the parlors and dining-rooms are to be torn up, and we are to have the painters and paper-hangers here, we might as well have the whole house done? It would be very little more trouble, and then it would all look nice together."

"It would be considerably more expensive," I remonstrated, faintly.

"You might draw the money out of the building association," she suggested, and then I knew that our savings in that institution were doomed.

Aunt Jane lingered a long time. In justice to my wife, I must admit that she had become oblivious of the fact that all these improvements depended upon a legacy, which could only be possessed after the death of her venerable relative.

A day or so after she had decided that the house was to be thoroughly renovated my wife said to me:

"I have been examing the parlor carpets, and I find that by using the best parts of both, and buying a wide border, I can get quite a new carpet for our bed-room—absolutely unworn."

"Indeed!" I remarked, with pleased surprice; there was one thing that she would not want, any how.

"Yes, and the carpet that is now on it has enough good to cover the children's room if I put the worn part under the bed. Or may-be I'd better put that on the spare room," she added, reflectively, "and give that one to the children. Theirs gets such hard wear that an old one will not last any time, hardly."

I said nothing, but felt greatly relieved.

"As long as we don't have to buy a bed-room carpet," she remarked, insinuatingly, "don't you think we could afford a new set of furniture?"

"No, I don't," I returned, savagely; whereupon she burst into tears and called me a heartless monster. To pacify her I had to promise the furniture, together with a new silk and a sealskin, that the mistress of the house might be as fine as her dwelling.

"It does seem a shame," she said, a few days afterward, "to spend so much money on this house. That's very handsome and expensive paper that we looked at, and to substitute an archway for the folding doors will cost something"—this was the first I had heard of the archway—"and then those lovely carpets cut up to fit these small rooms, too!"

"Yes, it is a shame," I replied, hardly crediting my senses. Not all had been lost, although much had been in danger.

"I am so glad that you think so," returned my wife, brisky; "I was sure that you would agree with me that it would be wiser for us to find a house that suits us better, and buy right away. Real estate is cheap now, they say—there's so much in the market."

She tried to put on a knowing look; if she had known half as much about that subject as about managing me, I should have felt impressed. As it was, I weakly objected:

"My dear, I don't know where in the world I could get the money to buy a larger and better house—any house at all, in fact."

"You could sell this," she replied, nothing daunted.

"But if real estate is a drug on the market, I do not want to sell," I retorted, thinking cunningly to turn her own weapon upon herself.

"There are those shares of stock, then."

"But that stock is going up daily; if I wait six months, I can get double what it would bring now; or hold it, and draw big interest on my investment."

"Well, what else are you going to do? You said yourself that we must have a larger and better house."

Thereupon I mentally bade a regretful farewell to the stock and the money which I had expected to make by holding it. My wife occupied her leisure time for the next three weeks in looking for a residence which should be in all respects suitable for the furniture we were going to buy. What she would desire next I could not guess, unless she should become thoroughly dissatisfied with me.

At the end of the period mentioned I came home one evening to find her in tears.

"Aunt Jane's dead," she sobbed; "the poor old lady died this morning. I have just come from her house."

As Aunt Jane had been at the point of death for the past six months, I was hardly surprised to hear this bit of news. I did my best to comfort my wife, however, and comported myself like a dutiful nephew-in-law at the mournful ceremonies following the death.

When I returned home the day after the funeral, my wife met me at the door, her face flushed, her eyes blazing.

"What do you suppose that old crank has done?" she demanded.

"What old crank?" I inquired, wonderingly.

"Why, Aunt Jane, of course."

"I'm sure I don't know," I returned, mildly; "but you should remember, my dear, that—"

"Oh, I know she's dead. She wouldn't give her things away under any other circumstances. She's left me a hundred dollars in cash, and that dear old silver to my second cousin, John Scott. He'll sell it and spend every cent on liquor and cigars and horses, I know he will."

Then the blaze in her eyes was quenched by a flood of tears. I did my best to soothe her, but my efforts were useless. I assured her that if her cousin sold the silver, we would buy it.

"I don't want it," she declared; "I won't have it"—very vehemently—"and I won't get a single new thing in the house, or a new dress, or that sealskin, anything. I'll just stay here with things as they are, and John Scott can keep his silver, and you can keep your building association money and stock, too. So there, now."

After that, I did not try to assuage her grief; I was afraid that consolation might be costly.—*Miriam K. Davis, in Good Housekeeping.*

Courting a Widow.

He gazed around the cheerful and comfortable looking apartment, then addressing the widow, he said:

"Your husband's been dead over a year now?"

"Yes," she answered, with a sigh, "over a year."

"I remember reading his obituary," he said, "and I thought it contained a misstatement of facts."

"A misstatement of facts?"

"Yes, it said that he had gone to a better home. In my opinion it would be impossible for him to find a more cheerful, more comfortable, and, with you in it, a more charming and desirable home than this."

The widow smiled sweetly, then he was accepted.

A NOVEL WEDDING in colored society at Richmond, Va., recently took place at the church of the Rev. John Jasper, the famous author of "De Sun Do Move" theory. The bride waited at the pulpit, while ten virgins with their lamps burning went down the aisle to meet the groom, who stood at the door. As they walked the lamps of five foolish virgins went out, whereupon they were summarily expelled from the building and were forced to stand on the pavement outside during the entire ceremony. This was, of course, according to program. Then the five wise virgins, whose lamps were burning brightly, escorted the groom up the aisle, where he was met by the bride, while the choir sang, "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh."

PETER JOHNSON, a colored resident of Cairo, was going to swallow ten fishhooks in public on a wager of $5, but the law stepped