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.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1889. No. 34.

J. HERMAN IRELAND,

KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GRAIN!

COAL, FERTILIZERS

—and all kinds of—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

A full line of CARRIAGES, DAYTONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, the celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAVER BUCKEYE CORN and COB MILLS, MARSEILLES ADAMS POWER SHELLERS.

Wanted: Corn, Either on Cob or Shelled

IN ANY QUANTITY.

Having removed from Locust Grove, I thank my friends for their patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. J. HERMAN IRELAND,
d7-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

Established 1876.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE, MARYLAND.

New CORN Wanted

EITHER ON COB OR SHELLED,

in any quantity, delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct for the manufacturer, I can PAY MORE FOR GRAIN than those who buy on the market. Nov. 23, 1889.

WANTED.

100,000 BUSHELS of NEW CORN

—AND—

25,000 BUSHELS of WHEAT,

delivered at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay and Queen Anne's Railroads.
Telephone call 15.
n17-tf. B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown, Md.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS,

No. 8 W. Baltimore St., near Charles,

—DEALERS IN—

CARPETS, CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

Mattings, Rugs, &c.

HAVING ENLARGED THEIR STORE ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE FINEST LINES OF GOODS

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. 8 W. Balto. St., near Charles, Baltimore.
Oct. 19, 1889—3m.

ELECTION NOTICE!

FOR THE WOMEN!

NOW that the two great parties have had their election, to settle very important questions, they are going to stand back now and see every woman in Kent County cast her vote for the superiority of our line of goods. Their ticket will be a sample sack of KENT'S FAVORITE FLOUR, WHITE TABLE, YELLOW TABLE MEAL, CHOICE PEARL HOMINY, CRACKED CORN—sifted or unsifted—SOL. CORN CHOP, MIXED CORN CHOP, HOMINY OFFAL, BRAN, MIDDLINGS and WHEAT TAILINGS. The above is kept by the leading dealers in town and the villages of this county.

Ask your dealer for any of the above, and if he has not got it, ask him to get it for you; if he will not get it, send us your order by mail or wagon and we will deliver it at your door under very short notice. Don't be deceived with short weight and inferior goods, but insist that it must come from the URIEVILLE ROLLER MILL. KENT'S FAVORITE is strictly a straight grade flour, and is made from the choicest wheat. And while we do not claim it to be quite as white as the Best Patent Flour, (we do not ask so much for it) we do claim that it is white enough, and if handled properly, it will make a nice, white, sweet and soft loaf, such as every man delights to see come on the table. And it will hold its moisture from one to three days longer than patent flour.

Our Corn Goods is made from the Best Corn that is raised in the county. Our PEARL HOMINY is made from Genuine Hominy Corn, and is far superior to city hominy. Our Wheat Feed is pure and always reliable, and is much lower than city prices. Try them and be convinced. There are many reasons why we can give better results and offer our customers greater inducements than any other mill in the county, which you will see. We will soon enter our twelfth year in our business here. Does not that show that we came to stay? We have, by close attention to business, and strict business integrity, increased our business three-fold. Does not that prove that we have and can still offer lower prices and better goods than can be found elsewhere?

We have made many important changes lately and have now a full roller system of making a *straight grade* flour which gives general satisfaction whenever it is given a fair trial. In conclusion, will say that we shall put forth a greater effort than ever to keep our mill and our goods fully up to the demands of the people. We will be prepared to grind Corn CORN as soon as it is in condition to grind, but must insist on it being good clean corn.

We also have our saw-mill in operation, and can saw all kinds of timber at reasonable rates. We solicit your patronage to both mills, and thanking you for your patronage in the past, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,

WM. W. McKNETT,
no9-tf. Urieville Roller Mills.

—FIRST CLASS—

Eating and Oyster Saloon

IN CHESTERTOWN AT THE

"ROCKWELL HOUSE!"

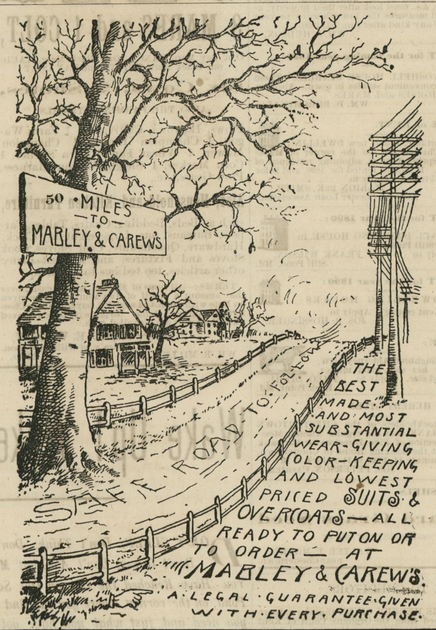
THE undersigned respectfully notifies his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to serve at all hours Oysters in every style. Raw Box a specialty. Also, on Tuesdays, a FIRST CLASS DINNER for my country friends. Ladies not accompanied by their husbands will find accommodations at my house under the care of my wife. The Ladies' Parlor will be open at all hours, where bundles can be sent and taken care of. Horses fed and cared for. Hoping for a generous patronage, as I will leave nothing undone to please all,

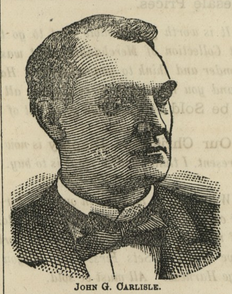
I am, respectfully,

Oct. 19—3m. A. I. DUGAN.

MEN'S RED and WHITE UNDERSHIRTS, Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, all grades, at lowest price. J. H. SIMPERS.

NEW Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.





JOHN G. CARLISLE.

The FORUM is of great value to that part of my college work which deals with practical politics and current questions. Two sets are hardly enough for daily use by students.—*Prof. ALFRED BUSHNELL HART, of Harvard.*

I consider THE FORUM as furnishing the most intelligent and sympathetic audience that a thoughtful writer can find to address in any land.—*Prof. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, of the University of Michigan.*

THE FORUM continues to hold its place as the foremost of our magazines, for the variety, the value, and the weight of its contributions.—*THE NEW YORK TIMES.*

There has come forward no problem of grave importance since THE FORUM was established that has not been discussed in its pages by masters of the subject. Announcements of forthcoming articles can seldom be made long in advance, for THE FORUM'S discussions are always of problems of present concern. Every such problem that the year 1890 will bring forward will be discussed, whether in politics, or religion, or social science, or practical affairs. The January number will contain a reply by ex-Speaker J. G. CARLISLE to Senator Cullom's recent article on "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer."

THE FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 253 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

50 Cents a Number. Subscriptions received at this office. $5.00 a Year.

The Sun

FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

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Daily, per year,	6.00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0.70
Weekly Sun, 1 year,	1.00

d14-3t. Address THE SUN, New York.

HAVE YOU READ

The Philadelphia Times

THIS MORNING?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD. THE TIMES has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all the quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a NEWSPAPER, with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS of THE TIMES are recognized as the very best printed in any daily newspaper, and, with the elegance of typography for which THE TIMES is noted, add to its popularity among all classes of readers.

THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropoliran newspaper.

SPECIMEN COPIES of any edition will be sent free to anyone sending their address.

TERMS—DAILY, $3 per annum; $1 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week; SUNDAY EDITION—sixteen large, handsome pages—128 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, $5 per annum; 50 cents per month. WEEKLY EDITION, $1 per annum.

Address all letters to

THE TIMES,
d21-3t. PHILADELPHIA.

IF WE GO BY THE ALMANAC

Only One Week is Left of 1889.

THUS FAR the year has been noted for its unparalleled Storms, Floods, Freshets and Singular Wetness, and will pass into history as part of the record of a remarkable year. It was a strange fall. It was a Strangely Active, Good Fall for Us. Standing on the edge of Winter, the Holidays ahead of us, we are inclined to believe that we will have an Immense Winter Trade. Never did we have a

FINER STOCK of CLOTHING!

or Lower Prices to Offer.

You can find Bargains in every department. As money is scarce we know you will require double duty for every dollar expended, and in every case we will give you full value for your money. We have a good, durable Suit for $5 00, a good Cassimere or Wool Suit for $10 00, a good, substantial Overcoat for $3 50, a better Overcoat for $5 50, a Fine Dress Overcoat for $8 50. A full line of Men's and Boys' Kersey Suits, at Bottom Prices. Pants, Pants, Pants—We have the Greatest Bargains in Pants ever offered in Chestertown, from $1 00 up to $5 00. Boys' and Children's Suits—We have a Fine Assortment, price from $1 25 up to $7 00 per suit. Storm, Storm, Storm—Storm Overcoats in all the leading shades. Fine Dress Suits in Prince Alberts, French Wide Wales, Cutaway Frock and Cutaway Sack Suits, Satin-Lined, Corded-Edge Chinchilla Overcoats, in Blue, Black and Brown; Fur Beavers, Meltons, French Wide Wales and English Kersey Overcoats, in all shades, a luxury, nicely trimmed and made in the finest style, at lowest prices, and that guaranteed 20 per cent. lower than any other house.

A. FRIEDMAN,

Nov. 23, 1889. *The Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Chestertown, Maryland.*

TAKE NOTICE

Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!

THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE; the tax-book for the Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed to indulge even though I were so inclined. For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN.
Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

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 cent. Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents. f9-y.

CANTON FLANNEL from 6c. per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS.]

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE.

"Just wait until you see him, Nan, and if you don't fall in love with him and become Mrs. Harold Thornton in less than a year, I'll give you my diamond ring," and Amy Rose leaned over the arm of her chair and gave little Nan Mayfair a sly punch on the hand that lay soft and white in her lap.

"Nonsense, Amy. I am really surprised at you, because I did credit you with more sense. The idea that you girls should all be going on like a lot of love-sick children over *any* young man is ridiculous enough; but when he happens to be a minister, with a long, grave face, and a solemn look that makes one almost hold their breath for fear of disturbing his tranquility, its worse still. Go on, Amy; love your dear Mr. Thornton! I think you have all lost your senses. What a pretty set he must think you all, smiling and talking about him as if he were Adonis himself! Pooh! I can't stand it! Good-by, Amy, I'm going home," and Nan sprang from her chair and darting through the hall door that stood open started in a run to go home; but she had not gone far when, turning an angle in the short lane quite suddenly, she ran completely into the arms of a tall, handsome stranger—no other than the Rev. Harold Thornton himself—but unknown to Nan. This brought our impulsive little friend to quite a sudden halt, and she drew back blushingly and stammered, "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I did not see you."

"No harm at all, miss," said the stranger pleasantly, and bending forward he gathered up Nan's gloves that lay at his feet and returned them to her; then lifting his hat politely with a pleasant "good afternoon," he passed on, and Nan turned in the opposite direction and walked along very soberly.

"I wonder who he can be? Some one boarding around here from the city, I suppose," thought Nan. But in five minutes he was as much forgotten as if the event had never occurred, for Nan never dreamed of meeting the stranger again.

After Nan had gone Amy leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears glistened on the long, dark lashes of her eyes.

She was still shaking with merriment when she heard a step in the hall, and looking up beheld Mr. Thornton standing in the doorway. She arose and went forward to meet him, but as Nan's imaginary parson flashed before her, she burst into another merry peal of laughter.

"What is it that amuses you so, Miss Amy? I saw that you had been enjoying a good laugh as I came in."

"Oh, Nan Mayfair has just gone from here, and she has been delivering me a lecture. Surely you must have met her as you came in."

"The young lady with the pretty brown hair? Yes, I met her." But he did not state in what manner.

Mr. Rose came in just then, and Amy left them together to attend to some church business.

"Long, grave-faced and solemn," thought Amy, as she waltzed out into the long dining-room, where her mother sat picking over some luscious fruit for dinner, and as she began to assist her she told Mrs. Rose what Nan had said, and both enjoyed a good laugh together.

Before we proceed any further we will take a peep at Mr. Thornton. He was just from college, in fact, he had never entirely finished his education there yet. He was tall and manly in appearance and his face, though somewhat pale, had firmness and gentleness written in every line. He had a high intellectual forehead and wavy dark brown hair; his eyes were large and dark, and contained a mischievous sparkle that would flash out brightly at times, and with his fine face and many excellent qualities, he was an eloquent speaker and an earnest worker in the good cause for which he had enlisted. No wonder the girls pronounced him "just grand," and many laughingly declared they had "set their caps for him."

Not so little Nan Mayfair. When she came home from a six months' visit to her aunts and found that a handsome stranger had taken the Rev. Henry Prescott's place, she was indignant. Mr. Prescott had always been a great friend of little Nan's, although he indulged in the unpleasant habit of taking just a pinch of snuff, and it always made Nan sneeze when he came near her. But this Mr. Thornton! Oh, it was too bad! And then to think that all the girls should like him so much, who she did not doubt felt very much delighted at the good will of all. At least she would never like him; she would never fawn at his favors as the others had done, and she had quite decided to hate him.

They were to meet at Amy's to arrange for an entertainment that night, and Nan was home just in time to take her part. Accordingly just about dusk the door was thrown open and Nan landed in the middle of Mr. Rose's drawing-room, where Amy and Mr. Thornton sat.

The room was quite dusky, as no lights had been brought in yet, so Nan saw no one but Amy. She went to her and giving her an impatient little shake, said: "What are you doing, Amy, dear? Dreaming about that wonderful parson? Well, I suppose he will be here to-night, and I must see him and fall down and worship him, of course. Bah! what a little goose you are!"

"Nan Mayfair, quiet yourself for once, and allow me to introduce you to Mr. Harold Thornton, the *parson himself!* Perhaps he can enlighten your mind."

Amy enjoyed a good laugh all to herself for once. She had the best of her little willful friend. Nan felt like sinking thro' the floor; not only had he heard every word she had spoken since she had entered the room, but in the dim uncertain light she recognized him to be the stranger that she had so unceremoniously ran into the arms of on her way home. Her fair little face crimsoned with blushes as she begged his pardon for her hastily spoken words, and then excusing herself she left the room, highly indignant, to seek Mrs. Rose. The idea of his being there and hearing what she said so excited Miss Nan's dignity that she gave the rugs and hassocks vicious little kicks on her way to the dining room.

She stayed out so long that Amy came in search of her, and found her perched up in the window whistling to the canaries. Nan began to scold, but Amy marched her straight off to the drawing-room, where quite a goodly number had collected during her absence. The girls crowded around her and welcomed her back, for Nan was the acknowledged leader in all their sport.

There was no lack of young ladies around F——, and as the elder persons looked on them they laughingly wondered which would be the minister's choice out of the interesting group. Some thought it must be Flora Everett, the tall, elegant looking girl, just then laughing at some of Nan's adventures; some thought Minnie Lee, the grave, scholarly one; some Susie Weston, because she was so piquant; some Eva Baker, because her father was so rich; but no one thought of little Nan Mayfair, with her mischievous dark eyes, sweet, childish face and proud, willful little mouth.

Mr. Thornton tried several times that evening to speak to Nan, but he did not succeed, for she had such a way of slipping away when he came near her. In the coming entertainment they were to have several tableaux; one in particular was to represent different statuary. There were six young ladies in it, and they were making great preparations. Not one was to see it but the managers until the time of the entertainment. They all spent a merry evening together, and a little before they began to depart Nan slipped away so very quietly with Minnie Lee that none knew she had gone, and Amy was inquiringly anxious for her, when Mrs. Rose told her of her departure. A quiet smile passed over Mr. Thornton's lips. Minnie was obliged to go home early, but he was confident Nan had slipped away to avoid him, as he would go with the others.

The next day was bright and fair, and Mr. Thornton always enjoyed a ramble, so he started off in the afternoon for his favorite retreat, which was about half a mile from where he lived. It was a a pretty spot, a little babbling river singing merrily over a rough bed of rocks; near the bend there stood a large old tree, whose branches reached far over the little turbulent stream. The Rev. Harold Thornton always liked the spot, and would sit under the old oak and listen to the water tumbling over the rocks, the sweet singing birds and all the voices of nature; but to-day as he neared his favorite nook he caught sight of a red embroidered dress, and closer inspection showed him a young lady perched comfortably upon one of the long limbs overreaching the water. A great shaggy dog was standing in the water before his little mistress fairly begging her in his dog fashion to throw the stick which she held in her hand and flourished teasingly before his eyes.

"Now, Beppo, old fellow, can't you wait just a little?" said Nan, for she it was; but Beppo was not disposed to wait at all, and giving a leap he struck against the limb so violently that he upset his little mistress, and Nan slipped down in water which was quite shallow and would not have hurt her beyond wetting the small feet, but her right foot struck against a sharp rock and sprained her ankle badly.

All unobserved himself Mr. Thornton, "dreadful parson," as Nan called him, had been watching her, and of course he came quickly to her assistance. "Permit me to assist you, Miss Mayfair, as you are in trouble. There was no other alternative, so Nan let him assist her up the bank to firm ground again. "I think I must have sprained my foot, as it hurts me so badly," and Nan sank down on the soft grass and covered her face with her hands.

"I cannot go home; what shall I do?" moaned Nan. A short distance away lived Susie Weston, and as the pain became more severe Nan was obliged to let Mr. Thornton almost carry her there.

She was very pale, and nothing but her strong little will kept the dark eyes from closing in unconsciousness. Nan was a very interesting invalid, and so Mr. Thornton must have thought, for he dropped in each day to inquire for her; but the ungracious little beauty was as reserved as could be, and avoided him on every possible occasion.

One day Amy gave her a good scolding for her hard treatment of her favorite, but it only served to make Nan worse, so Amy gave it up in despair. If Mr. Thornton would drop in and read to the young ladies for a time, Nan would always turn her gaze out the window, and often pretend to be asleep. Whatever Mr. Thornton chose to like or admire, Nan always disliked. So the time flew by and merry little Nan discovered a secret that she was loth to confess even to herself. The truth was she liked Mr. Thornton very much. "He is different from what I thought, and he must hate me for I am so cross and ugly to him; how I wish he could like me a little, because, because —— I love him." Could Mr. Thornton only have seen the deep flush that rested on Nan's pale cheek just then he would have thought that he had surely won the willful little maiden.

Mr. Thornton had been amused at Nan, first, her evident dislike for him, and careful avoidance were both noted by him. She was quite different from the other young ladies in and around F——, for they were only too eager to smile upon him, and accept his favors. But Nan's waywardness and evident disregard puzzled him not a little. He saw how every one loved her, and indeed he had been drawn to her by some unforseen power from the first evening he had met her, although he found out that he was thinking a great deal about little Nan, if she did dislike him. So the autum days flew by, bringing little change, except to make Nan more quiet and reserved, and her girl friends wondered what it was that had taken away her merry, mischevious disposition. The time was now come for the entertainment, every one knew their parts to perfection. It had all been a grand success, and now they were preparing for the last tableau, that of the statuary.

The curtain rose slowly and beautiful lights were thrown upon them. The audience was spell-bound with delight. There were six girls in it, all were beautiful, but Nan excelled the others, as she did in everything. She was a sea-nymph, and was arrayed in beautiful shimmering white, with large, white water lilies resting on the fair brow like a crown, and trailing over her. She was bending slightly forward, in one hand she held a long white staff, in the other a single lily, larger and more perfect than the rest.

She looked so lovely that Mr. Thornton never moved his eyes from her face, but stood gazing at the slender, white-robbed figure, unmindful of the others. He did not wish to be inattentive, but had anyone questioned him he could not have told what the others had taken, for he only saw little Nan with her large, dark eyes looking down into his with a new light in their clear depths. The entertainment was a grand success and all were well pleased.

The young clergyman awaited the appearance of the would-be actors, and as they passed out congratulated them on the perfectness with which they had acted throughout. Nan was still on the stage, waiting for her aunt to go home. Presently she came down, went over to one of the large, deep windows, and stood gazing out on the silent church-yard.

Why was it, she wondered, she was so lonely, and why did two large tears come into her eyes, and roll slowly down the little, white cheeks. Nan never knew, yet they did, and then she was where Mr. Thornton must have seen them, for he came beside her so suddenly she had not time to brush them away.

"I wish to compliment you on your part tonight, little one, but I scarcely know how to begin. As it will be some time before your aunt is ready, allow me to see you home."

Nan obeyed, let him draw the soft, warm wraps close about her, take her arm in his and lead her out into the soft, radient light, which flooded the earth. Where now was all her pride and self-will; they alike had flown and left Nan Mayfair a gentle, loving girl.

Neither spoke until they came to the favorite spot, and then he drew Nan into the shadow of the great, wide-spreading oak.

"Oh! Nan, I have brought you here to tell you a secret, you must not hate me so, little one, for I love you. What have I done that you will always avoid me so, and until tonight I never received a kind glance from you, but your eyes told me something tonight, Nan, when they looked down into mine, and, oh, my little love, can't you learn to like me a little?"

Nan dared not raise her eyes to his face, for he would surely have seen the joy that sprang into them and caused them to grow large and bright.

"Nan, you do not answer me, have I offended you? I thought, perhaps, you might learn to love me."

The little, mischevious one could not resist the temptation to tease him just a little, he looked so noble and handsome standing there before her, so she raised the dark eyes to his and said:

"No, no, Harold, I could never *learn* to love you," and then as she saw how her words pained him she came a step nearer and continued, "I could never learn to love you Harold, because I learned to do that long ago."

The words were said, and she buried her burning face in her hands, but only for an instant for Harold soon took the little hands away.

So willful, little Nan Mayfair was the Rev. Harold Thornton's choice, the little tease who began by hating him ended by loving him very much.

"There Nan," said Amy Rose a few days later, "I guess I'll keep my diamond ring, you remember my wager the day after you came home? Well, well, you always were a dear little goose," and Amy kissed Nan heartily and congratulated her. Harold Thornton never regretted his choice. Nan became a gentle little woman though she was always merry and a great tease. They live happily and are so well united to each other, that people have long since ceased to wonder at the minister's choice.

A GREWSOME ROMANCE.

An Episode in Real Life That is More Thrilling Than Many in Fiction.

A case of mistaken identity involving elements of dramatic interest sufficient to make the fortune of a sensational novel, has just occurred in Switzerland, says the Pall Mall *Gazette*. A young couple named Favre, belonging to the working class, had lived happily together for some years at Neufchatel, when the husband, a working mason, began to give way to habits of drinking. Efforts were made to reclaim him, and he became an abstainer for some time. Some months ago, however, he broke out again and left his home. His wife had heard nothing of him for three months, when one night she was awakened by a voice calling her repeatedly from the street outside, and which she felt sure was that of her husband. She rose, dressed and went into the street, but found no one. A few days afterwards she read an account in the newspapers of a man who had committed suicide on the railway at a small village near Basle. From the description of him she suspected it might be her missing husband, and became full of the idea that the voice she had heard was a communication from him at the moment of death. She was corroborated in her belief by learning, as the result of inquiries, that he had made application for work at a neighboring quarry, but, being in liquor at the time, had been roughly refused by the foreman. The body for some time now had been interred, but in order to put an end to her suspense the poor woman, having got together a little money, started off with the determination to have the body disinterred. She reached the village, and after some delay secured permission to open the grave. With two or three men as assistants she set to work. When the coffin was opened the effluvium was so terrible that her companions ran and left her alone with her dead. For twenty minutes unaided she pursued her ghostly task. The body had been decapitated by the train, and the head, horribly mutilated, was wrapped by itself in a cloth. She uncovered it and recognized it by the teeth. One of the stockings also she knew again from having mended it with a particular kind of worsted. Her worst fears thus confirmed, she returned home in the depths of sorrow. The aged mother of the man was informed of the identification, and mourning was being prepared for the whole family when the crowning act of the drama was furnished by a letter which was received from Favre himself, announcing that he was at Winterhur, alive and well. The wife had, after all, identified the wrong man. Who it is that actually lies in that lonely grave no one knows. What would not Wilkie Collins have made out of that midnight voice, the grave-yard vigil and the extraordinary denouement!

JARED PERKINS' RELIC.

Josiah Allen's Wife Gives Her Some Sound Advice.

One of the ralations on my own side came here a visitin' week before last. She that was Arvilly Smith, or as she calls herself how, "the relic of Jared Perkins."

She staid twelve days and thirteen nights.

She had a young child with her—Lucilla Augusta Perkins.

And if Arvilly said "Lucilla Augusta, don't," if she said that once durin' them twelve days and thirteen nights, she said it five hundred times. And I haint a settin' it too high.

Why, good land! I have sometimes thought I had seen a mouse-hole watched close by a cat. But no place of any description was ever watched as that mother watched that child.

If Lucilla bit a apple on one side, it was:

"Lucilla, don't! Don't bite it in so far, you'll break off your little teeth."

If she drinked a glass of water, it was:

"Lucilla, don't swaller such big mouthfuls of water, you'll get your little throat too full."

Or, "Lucilla, swaller faster, or the water will run all over your little chin."

If she sat down by the fire, it was:

"Lucilla Augusta, don't sit so near the fire, or you'll burn your little face!"

And if she sat away from it, it was:

"Lucilla, don't set away from the far so far, you'll chill your little veins."

And so it went on. If she talked with me and Josiah, it was:

"Don't talk so much, Lucilla, you'll wear out Cousin Josiah and Cousin Samantha."

"Or, if she didn't talk, it was:

"Don't keep so still, Lucilla Augusta or Cousin Samantha and Cousin Jasiah will think you have lost you r little tongue."

And so Arvilly ke' on—a deep anxious expression a-plowing into her face from day to day; and little Lucilla not dastin' to speak a word, or move, without looking to her mother. Why, I got so wore out with it that one day I up and told Arvilly what I thought on it. I argied (and it was from a deep sense of duty that I did it)—I argied that it spilt a dispositiun by keepin' it riled up all the time; it learnt her to be dependent on somebody else always. She didn't know what to do, bein' told so many different things at once; and, finally, I brung up in a deep simely I heard her Mother Smith use, and says I: "As it has been said, and well said: Watch pot never biles, which I 'spose means, if you watch a kettle too clost, and keep a movin' it back and forth, and pokin' at the coals under it, it won't bile. There is such a thing as a wise supervision, a overlookin', that don't annoy or disturb, sort of distant, and near, too like the warm watchfulness of the sunlight a bendin' over us on summer days soothin' and comfortin', and yet guiding and lighting our pathways. But this constant and open tagging after a child, or, as the poet would say: 'This taggin' and naggin' is enough to ruin any child whatsoever. It jest takes away any frankness and independence of character they may have set out with."

"Oh, that is what I want to do! I want Lucilla Augusta to lean onto me always. I don't want her ever to mover off independent of me."

And then I says to Arvilley, with a sort of a deep look onto her: "You'll have to in the end!" And then I kinder looked right through Arvilly into great things, eternal truths and consequences, and says I to her:

"No human soul can be helped only jest so fur. Lonely they come into this world lonely they'll go out of it. And all along through life the lonesome soul, though surrounded by watchfulest relatives and friends, yet in a certain sense it has got to live alone, dwell by itself in the deep places where no eye can foller it, no ear hear what it says—no one but the One who made that soul, made the deep places into which it hides itself."

"Now, that independent individual life has its rights. It must have 'em: it is a separate bein'—mothers don't want to think so, but it is. A mother may want to take the hull child, clothes and all, and put it right in the middle of her own heart; but she can't; her heart hain't big enough. Or she may want to get right out side of her child's heart, and fill it full, so full that nothin' else can get in, and she weighin' as she does over a hundred; but she can't; she is too big.

"The best love, the truest and the tenderest, has to kinder hang round on the outside; it can't get inside of the beloved heart and soul, it can't! It is a lonesome feelin' to contemplate it, but it is true. And so what remains for anybody to do is only to admit the fact. Own up that the little soul haint a part of our own life, but has a separate existence of its own—with its own duties, its own pleasures, and cares and rights. It has a right to its own little thoughts, its own little ways, and the best we can do for a child is to teach it to stand alone, and stand straight.

"No matter how much we love to have it lean on us, and O, how passin' sweet it is to have the little fingers cling to us, and the dear little form lean on us; but we must put self back on us; we must stand in front of ourself, as it were, and do right, and learn the little creeter to walk upright without our help, and once in awhile we must let go of the little dimpled hands, a leavin' 'em free to grasp holt of life for themselves.

"A tough, lesson for mothers to learn, one of the toughest and hardest sums that are ever set for one on the slate of life set 'em to work out.

"And what makes the sum more curious and difficult is that you can't seem to get no answer to it. You may add and subtract, and use up every rule in the old 'rithmetic on it, but you don't seem to get no sure result, no certainty, that the answer will be a happifying and sure one.

"But you have got to set there and figger away all the same—got to work it out the best way you can! The sum is set down in front of you, and you have got to do it—or try to, anyway.

Good land! talk about educatin' a child! Why, if the mother is a true woman and mother, the child educates her more'n she educates the child, enough sight.

"She learns a divine patience through bearin' with the childish little faults.

"Through fear of settin' a bad example in front of it, she learns to control her own temper and her tongue, and behaves herself more'n a good of the time."

"She learns a heroic courage from her love for the child that will combat all danger—smile at Satan's rage, and face a frownin' world—"

"She mounts up into the topmost height of self-abnegation and martyrdom (as I have said more previously) when she learns it to get along without her—like an old bird pushin' her young one out of the warm nest so it may learn to fly.

"Oh! how that old bird would love to keep it in the warm nest—how her love wants to brood over it always—how she yearns to keep it close to her own jealous, beating heart—how doubly lonesome the old nest is when the little one is gone; how happily sad, and how joyously mournful is the thought that it is a-learnin' to fly alone—that it is a-learnin' to be happy away from her, away from the old nest—that the walls of the old home can never again be the bound of its joy and content.

"No, the wide horizen has now dawned upon it, the clear, far fields of ether, and it must soar and sing, and sing its own songs, build its own nest, live its own life in its own world."

(This was an allegory.)

An' I talked in this way to Arvilly from hour to hour, and from day to day, and episoded some.

But I don't know as it done much good. Sometimes I am afraid it didn't.

You can't give advice three times a day in a little sweetened water like boneset tea or squills. No, you have to sort o' hang round and administer it the best you can, and when you can, and where you can. And then you haint sure it is swallowed.

I felt consider'ble depreted when they drove off, Josiah a-takin' 'em to the train the day they left.

For I heard Arvilly say, as she sat by the side of Josiah Allen in the democrat, and a gray permetty dress, I heard her say:

"Lucilla Augusta, don't set down on your little new gown or you will muss it all up."

And a minute arter, just as she turned round the corner into the road:

"Don't stand up, Lucilla Augusta, in the wagon or you will break off your little ankles."

I felt depreted about it, and couldn't help it.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

A Handkerchief Specialist.

The other morning, as the departing Cunard steamer was casting off its lines and swinging out into the stream, an elderly looking business man hastily embraced a lady who was one of the passengers, and rushed down the gangplank to the wharf.

Going hurriedly up to a melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight and said:

"Want to earn a dollar?"

"You bet."

"You see that lady in black on the bridge there?" said the citizen.

"Cert."

"Well, that's my wife, going to Europe. Now, of course, she'll expect me to stand here for the next twenty minutes, while the steamer is backing and filling around so as to wave my handkerchief and watch her out of sight. See?"

"I ketch on, boss."

"Well, I'm too busy to fool around here; stock to buy, biz to attend to. She's a little near-sighted; so I'll just hire you to wave the handkerchief instead. It's a big one, with a red border, and as long as she sees it, she'll think it's me. Come up to 202 Wall street when they are well off, and I'll pay you."

"Sposin' she looks through a telescope or suthin'?"

"In that case you'll have to bury your face in the handkerchief and do the great weep act."

"That'll be fifty extra."

"All right. Time is money. Look sharp now! You can kiss your hand at, say, one dime per kiss," and snapping his watch the overdriven business man rushed off.

We print this affecting little incident to call attention to the fact that the man thus employed has gone into the business regularly. He is now a professional fareweller, and business men and others can save valuable time, and yet give their departing relatives an enthusiastic send off by applying to the above specialist any steamer day. Go early to avoid the rush.—*Puck.*

Making Things Even.

"Darling," said the young man, as he tenderly raised the lovely head from the place where it had rested for an hour or more, got up, sat down again on the other side of the beautiful maiden, and once more drew the golden curls to his bosom, "you have no objection to this slight change of position, have you?" "No, Alfred," she murmured, "your heart is on this side." "Yes, my angel," responded the young man, his voice trembling with deep feeling, "and my vest will now be soiled alike on both sides."

A Brave Girl and a Mouse.

Roaring Branch has a young lady of nerve. The other evening, while enjoying a visit with some friends, a correspondent asserts a mouse came from under the sofa where she was sitting and found shelter in her skirt, where he soon made his presence known by becoming too ambitious. Did she scream or faint? No; she did nothing of the kind. Just firmly tightened her hand over a portion of her clothing and quietly left the room. When she removed her hand a dead mouse fell to the ground.

HAD BEEN DUCK SHOOTING.—Mrs. Blinks—"See here, Mr. Blinks, I thought you had been duck-shooting."

Mr. Blinks—"Yes, m' dear, been duck (hic) shooting."

"But those ducks you brought home are tame ducks."

"Y-e-s, m' dear; I tamed 'em after I (hic) shot 'em."

WE heard a darky say Saturday that he owned a pig, and one day gave it a bucket of mush. Said the darky: "He eats de whole bucketful of mush, and den I put de darn little cuss in de bucket and he didn't fill it up half full." The question for philosophers to settle is, what became of the mush?

A MICHIGAN MAN has distributed 100 tickets to as many women, and now will draw a number and marry the woman holding it.

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