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.

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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 Nonpariel or less constitute a square.

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

Friedman's Great Cut Sales!

TODAY WE COMMENCE the Winter Cannonade. The sound of Bargains will be heard all along the line. What else shall be done with whatever is left of Winter Things? Profits will be lost sight of in order to turn the remainder of our Winter Clothing into cash. Within the NEXT SIXTY DAYS low prices must compel our stock to change ownership. Our prices will be so low as to be absolutely matchless.

Mens' Overcoats.
Some broken lots to be closed at $2.75, $3.00 and $4.00. All Wool Melton Overcoats, satin finished, sold by some dealers as English Kersey, reduced to $6.50, a good imitation. Our Nobby Dress Coat, nicely finished, should close in a few days at the price, $8.00, reduced from $11.00.

John Bull's Overcoats.
They are English, you know, has been reduced fully 25 per cent. English Melton's, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Fur Beavers—satin lined throughout, a luxury—now $13.00, good enough for a Vanderbilt.

Fine Storm Overcoats at Cyclone Prices.
The warm weather has not added much to their happiness—intend to meet the thermometer at freezo—former price $11.00 to $15, now $7.50 to $10.00.

Boy's Overcoats.
Overstocked—will close the majority of them at 50 cents, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, some are worth three times the price.

Men's Suits.
Former $6.00 suits reduced to $4.00; $8.50 suit now $6.00; our nobby $10.00 suits reduced to $8.00; Imported Cassimere Suits—name denotes its English birth—sold at $15.00, now $12.00.

Boys' Suits.
Have been cut twenty-five per cent.—a few left—they will be closed out at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50—some big bargains.

Underwear.
Fine Underwear at a big discount on account of the warm weather.

Remember—
We don't advertise impossibilities. Everything advertised is now in stock and at the price advertised, not simply newspaper talk, but a genuine cut price.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Jan. 11, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

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.
B. F. FLEMING,
n17-tf. Chestertown, Md.

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.

J. C. SUTTON, Jr.,
Black's - Maryland
—DEALER IN—
Grain, Coal and Wood.
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN IN ANY QUANTITY,
delivered on the Baltimore & Delaware Bay and Queen Anne's railroads, or on Chester or Sassafras rivers.
A supply of COAL, both hard and soft, also, WOOD always on hand at Black's.
j4-tf. J. C. SUTTON,
Black's, 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.

COAL and LIME!
THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
BUILDING LIME
—AND—
WHITEWASH LIME
is at J. D. BACCHUS'
Coal and Wood Yard!
Special inducements to contractors and builders. Would be pleased to quote you.
Very respect,
Mar. 30, 1888. J. D. BACCHUS.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.
WM. T. SUTTON
IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in
Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.
Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

WE STRIVE TO PLEASE!

Bargains in Store Goods!
WHERE TO GET THEM
ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT
WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S
WHO HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF
Dress Goods, Cloths,
Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres,
And all Kinds of Dry Goods.
—ALSO—
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,
Groceries, &c., &c.,
which stock will be kept complete.
FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!
☞SHOES A SPECIALTY.☜
Prices guaranteed Low!
Quality warranted as represented!
Best Prices for Trade
All cordially invited. Resply,
WROTH & ALDRIDGE.
Jan. 11, 1890.

Here we Are in Season Again!
HEATERS! RANGES!
and Cook Stoves.
WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the SPLENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. It has been sold in this section during the past six years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.
Excelsior Cook Stoves!
The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front. It is undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior kept in stock. Have plenty of other styles Cooking Stoves and Ranges.
HEATING STOVES!
In the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Right along with the same line of goods we will mention Coal Shovels, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Zinc, Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
Oct. 5, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

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.

FOR SALE!
Orchilla Guano!
A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT WITHOUT MANIPULATION.
Has stood the test for seventeen years by experienced farmers. None has proven equal to it as a permanent Improver. For Corn, Grass and PEACH PREES especially.
E. J. WATSON,
o12-6m. CHESTERTOWN.

Taxes in First District.

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.
For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays.
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. WM. H. FORD, COLLECTOR.

FROM BELFORD'S MAGAZINE.

BEYOND HELP.

When Caleb Brideway went to Minnesota several years before the war, to locate a homestead and grow up with the country, he had been greatly aided by a loan of a few hundred dollars from his friend Horace Mayzie. Horace was repaid within a few years, for Caleb was one of those clear-sighted, energetic fellows who succeed at almost everything they undertake; indeed he was so "forehanded," three years after the loan was made, as to send with his final payment a handsome set of silver to the lady who, Horace had written, was about to become Mrs. Mayzie. After the wedding, letters between the two were exchanged at long intervals, and when by chance they both, travelling, met one day in Chicago, it flashed upon the Westerner that his old friend, who, as usual, was exquisitely dressed, was somewhat ashamed of the roughly clad, loud-spoken speculator and banker.

Caleb went home with a sore spot in his heart; he wrote no more letters, for Horace was still his debtor in this respect. Yet he remained bravely loyal in spirit to the man whose service to him had been so great, and he never met a New Yorker without asking about Horace Mayzie; that he got information from only about one man in fifty did not discourage him in the least, but his heart sank a little, as the years went on, to find fewer and fewer men who knew his old friend.

Meanwhile Caleb prospered mightily; he not only grew with his State, but ahead of it, until he became a millionaire by courtesy, and apparently merited his title. Money was scarce in his State, but certainly he owned much property. He married a woman who taught him to look the equal of his position, and finally, partly to please his wife and partly to further a little job of his own, he consented to run for Congress from a district in which no one dare oppose him.

Before going to Washington, however, he went to New York, hoping to resume the old friendly relations with Mayzie. He had become worldly wise enough to admit that, after all, perhaps, Horace, who always had attached great importance to dress and address, was not entirely to be blamed for gently snubbing a man who never then wore polished shoes and clean-shaven cheeks except on Sundays. Now things would be different; Caleb dressed in as good taste as any business man in the East, and his wife had given him some practical instructions in carriage and manners for which he was profoundly grateful, though they were very like some he had ignored when offered by his mother, thirty years before. Besides, there was his newly engraved card, with the letters "M. C." under his name. Horace had never been to Congress, or Caleb would have known of it. When they were boys together, Horace had always longed to become acquainted with men of prominence. How many men could be more prominent than a Congressman? Caleb did not wish his old friend any humiliation, but he could not repress a gentle chuckle as he imagined how Horace would look on reading that card.

With the air of a man whose foot was once more on his native health, Caleb no sooner reached New York than he hurried through the well-remembered streets to the district dominated by th leather-trade, of which Horace and his father had been members. A strange name was over the door of the old building, which otherwise was unchanged.

"Where have Mayzie & Son moved to?" Caleb asked of a rotund gentleman in the office.

The gentleman looked astonished, then thoughtful, replied:

"To heaven, I hope."

"What?" exclaimed Caleb, loosing his hold of the "M. C." card, which had been in his fingers, hidden by his overcoat pocket, for ten minutes; "as bad as that?"

"Bad! What better place could you ask for them, my friend?" inquired the proprietor.

"True," murmured Caleb. "I didn't mean it in that light. They were old friends of mine—or the son was—and I supposed him still alive."

"H'm—too bad. Horace was my friend too. Good fellow—no better man made. Always ready to oblige a friend; at last he obliged one too many, and down he came and the firm came down with him. Never got up again."

"Why, confound him!" exclaimed Caleb, "why didn't he say something? He knew where to get money."

"Indeed?" responded the merchant.

"He could have called on me for anything he wanted," continued Caleb, fumbling in his pocket for a card—this time it was one inscribed "President of the Bridgeway National Bank."

"Won't you walk in, sir?" asked the leather-dealer, after looking at the proffered card.

"Thank you, I guess not. I'm afraid I should see ghosts. Poor Horace! Why didn't he write to me of the fix he was in? I owed my start in business to him, and he knew how grateful I was. Did he leave his family well fixed?"

"I'm afraid not," sighed the merchant. "Put it off when he had money, I suppose. They moved, and moved, until their old friends lost sight of them."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Caleb. "I must find those people."

"Let's look in the directory," said the dealer. "Mayzie is not a very common name. Where is it?—L—M—here it is—only one of the name—Harriet Mayzie, widow, 439 East—th Street. Ah!—about as I expected; the poorest end of a rather poor street."

"I'll—be—there within an hour," said Caleb, pencilling the address on the back of a letter. "Good-day."

Then he hurried out, but returned to remark: "Will you be good enough to say, any time you hear Horace mentioned, that he might have had all the money he needed if he'd only said the word? I mean it."

"I believe you," said the merchant.

Within the hour Caleb was far uptown, and looking at the numbers on some dingy wooden houses which had once been pretty cottages. His pull at the bell was answered by a slattern, who in reply to his request for Mrs. Mayzie snapped out, "Upstairs," and disappeared. Reaching the second floor, Caleb knocked at one door after another. How he longed for a card bearing only his name? At length a door opened and a middle-aged woman looked at him inquiringly.

"Mrs. Mayzie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Horace Mayzie's widow?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Bridgeway, of Minnesota. I am an old friend of your husband.

"Oh, Mr. Bridgeway! I remember your name very well. Do come in."

Yet the door seemed held against him a few seconds, and he heard a rustle of dresses inside. When at last he was admitted he and Mr. Mayzie were alone.

"I've not been in New York before in thirty years," said Caleb, "and I've made it my first business to look up my dearest friend. I hadn't heard—and I'm awfully sorry."

Mrs. Mayzie's kerchief found its way to her eyes. Caleb could think of nothing appropriate to say, so he looked about him. The room was neat and by no means bare, but the carpet was worn, and the furniture while sightly, was old. Evidently the family was not suffering, but nothing looked as Horace would have had it in old times.

The silence was becoming awkward when a young woman—quite a pretty girl—entered from an adjoining room.

"Agnes, dear," said Mrs. Mayzie, "this is your father's old friend Mr. Bridgeway, of Minnesota. You must remember having heard us talk of them."

"Oh, indeed, yes," said the young woman effusively, and with a pleasant smile, as she offered the visitor her hand.

Meanwhile two other young women entered, whom Mrs. Mayzie addressed as Cora and Helen.

"Well, Mrs. Mayzie," said Caleb, bluntly after looking at the three girls a moment, "dear old Horace left you a great deal to be proud of."

"Yes," sighed the widow, as the girls looked pleased, "whatever else I lack, no woman has three better daughters."

"Mamma!" protested the girls in chorus.

"No use to deny it, ladies," said Caleb, gallantly, "to ayone who knew your father.

Then he began to talk of Horace, rightly supposing the subject interesting, and rapidly told one story after another to his friend's credit. In the meantime he was carefully studying the family, and talking against time while he was forming conclusions. Time flew rapidly; the gas lighted and still the visitor remined. Incidentally he learned that the eldest daughter, who looked tired, taught school, and that the others did nothing in particular. Later in the evening a young man called, and Caleb suddenly realized that it was night and that he had kept the family from their supper, so he departed abruptly, first asking permission to call on Mrs. Mayzie next day, for a talk about her late husband's affairs and intentions.

No sooner was he out of the house than Caleb, after the manner of men who have lived much in sparsely settled countries, began muttering rapidly to himself.

"Poor as poverty!—that's plain enough to see. They're all of them living, I suppose, on the earnings of that daughter who teaches. Poor thing, how tired she looked! She doesn't get much pay, either, unless teachers are better treated in New York than elsewhere. Living on one floor of a house! That was considered the bottom notch in New York, even when I was a young fellow! Splendid girls, too—dressed as plain as could be, but a good deal of natural style about them—just like Horace.

The young men at Bridgeway would go wild over them. Wonder if they called that chap a man who came in while I was there?—he looked as if he lived on his self-conceit and one meal a day. The idea of a fellow like that making up to one of Horace's—*my* Horace's—daughters. Something must be done for that family, Caleb Bridgeway, and you're the man to do it."

The new Congressman spent the greater part of the night in formulating a plan for bettering the condition of his friend's family. To offer anything having the appearance of charity would be an insult to Horace's memory, but he flattered himself he was enough to avoid that. When, finally, he retired he murmured to himself.

"It's bound to work. And how happy they all will be! It will be worth all that it will cost, just to see that widow's face brighten when she takes it all in. She's a superior woman—couldn't be otherwise, if dear old Horace found her the right girl for him to marry. Can't hide the marks that poverty has made on her face, though! Thank God, those are marks that can be rubbed out of any face, by proper treatment."

Caleb was so delighted with his new plan that he lay awake half the night to think of it, and he awoke early—for a man in New York—with the fear that he had overslept the appointed hour. He dressed with more than usual care; his best suit, made to order in Chicago for use in Washington, he thought none too good to wear when he was calling upon the widow of his best friend. He reached the house several moments ahead of time—just early enough to overhear the end of a conversation, on the upper floor, between Mrs. Mayzie and a landlord's agent; the lady was begging a few days' delay and the man was surly.

"Let me settle this bill for you, Mrs. Mayzie," said Caleb, hurrying up the stairs; "you know I owe you a lot of money."

Then he took the man to the front door, paid the sum demanded, and solemnly promised the fellow, if he would come West to either teach him how to be mannerly to a lady or to drown him in the nearest creek.

"So sorry you had to overhear an affair of that kind," murmured Mrs. Mayzie, when Caleb rejoined her; then she sank into a chair and averted a distressed face.

"Don't mention it, my dear madam," said Caleb; "there's nobody alive, I suppose, who hasn't been annoyed by a collector once in a while. Besides, it gives me an opportunity—breaks the ice, so to speak, so I can tell you what I've been thinking about, in connection with my dear old friend's family. First, let me ask you a few pointed questions; I know you'll forgive me when you know my purpose. Did Horace leave you comfortably provided for?

"Ah, Mr. Bridgeway," sighed the widow "if he had done so you would not have heard the humiliating conversation with that—"

"Just so," interrupted Caleb, "but I didn't know but there might have been some property which isn't productive just now."

"Nothing remains," said the widow, "but what is under this humble roof."

"Um—no expectations, from either side of the family?"

"None whatever."

"One question more—I know you'll pardon me for it, for your husband and I were dear friends. Are any of your daughters engaged?"

"Not one; the dear girls have not had proper social advantages since their father died. Dear Cora was just entering society then, but she has been too busy with her school-duties, for some years, to keep up her old acquaintances. Besides, as you see, we are not so circumstanced as to return any courtesies of our old friends. The little society we have now comes entirely through our church connections; the dear girls do not lack admirers, but none are such as could make them happy."

"Then, Mrs. Mayzie," said Caleb, "let me explain my reason for asking these questions. I should like to take you and your entire family to Minnesota."

"Oh, Mr. Bridgeway!" Caleb, whose eyes where looking carefully for the effect of his words, could not determine whether the lady was vexed or pleased, so he said quickly:

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I don't suggest it as a charity, but an entirely business-like operation. I want to give the family a start, just as your dear husband gave me. We are going to have a first-class private school in our town" (Caleb had mentally organized this educational institution only the night before); "I, as president of the Board of Trustees, will have the naming of three teachers and their salaries. It will be a thousand dollars a year to your family, and I assure you, Mrs. Mayzie, that a thousand dollars in our town goes as far as two or three times as much in New York."

"It is very kind of you to think of us, I am sure—very kind," said Mrs. Mayzie, but her face was still a puzzle to the visitor.

What could the trouble be? Was it pride? Perhaps Mrs. Mayzie herself might be thinking of changing her name. Or, could it be that she disliked the thought of all her daughters becoming teachers?

"Of one thing I can assure you, my dear madam," said the astute Caleb, "and that is that your daughters would not be teachers very long unless they insisted upon remaining single. Our country is full of fine young men, who know good blood when they see it. Your charming daughters would have no end of offers."

"So kind of you to think so, I am sure," said Mrs. Mayzie. Then she looked thoughtful a moment and continued:

"Minnesota is a great way from New York."

"Not now, my dear madam—not now. I came through in about forty-eight hours." A new view of the case came to him suddenly, and he went on: "As to the cost of getting there, and of transporting all your belongings, I have influence enough to get railway passes to cover all." ("I hope," he continued to himself, "that she doesn't know about the Interstate Commerce Act.")

Mrs. Mayzie mused, and Caleb wondered what could be preventing her replying with—well, with the heartiness which he thought such an offer ought to elicit, no matter who might make it.

"Oh!" he exclaimed; "stupid of me not to think of mentioning it—you'll have no house-rent to trouble you for a year or two. I'm putting up a new street of houses, and 'twill be money in my pocket to have such a family occupy the best building of the row rent-free; that's the way we boom a new street in the West, you know—offer a house rent-free to a first-class family to set the fashion. It not only fills all the other houses, but enables a fellow to charge a good deal more rent for them. Shrewd trick, isn't it?" Then he said to himself, "I think I got around that point very neatly, considering how short a time I had to think it over in."

Mrs. Mayzie remained reticent, and her well-wisher was sorely puzzled. Could there possibly be any impropriety in his offer—an offer from a man who had loved her husband dearly?

"I ought to say further, Mrs. Mayzie," Caleb continued, "that my wife fully approves my plan. She is my partner in all matters, and knew, before I left home, of my intentions. I may also say, without undue pride, that there is no one in the State who could make you acquainted with more pleasant people. She is a woman whom I am sure you and your daughters would like."

"I am very sure we would, Mr. Bridgeway," said Mrs. Mayzie. "My dear husband used to say that you deserved to marry very well, and he was sure you were shrewd enough to do it."

"Did Horace say that?" exclaimed Caleb with manifest delight. "I declare my wife shall give his daughters the finest party that our town and county ever knew. By the way, my dear madam"—for here another suggestion came to Caleb's mind—"perhaps I've been asking you to rely too much on my unsupported word. I may say, though, in proof of my ability to do all I say"—here the speaker took some cards from his pocket—"that I am President of the National Bank of our town, and Member of Congress from our district."

"Oh, Mr. Bridgeway!" exclaimed the widow; "of course, I need no assurance of your—why, here are the girls."

As she spoke, Agnes and Helen entered the room. Caleb arose, greeted them, and said, with the conviction that he was saying something quite pretty:

"When those roses bloom in the pure air of my adopted State——"

"Mr. Bridgeway has been making a very kind proposition, my dear girls," said the mother, noting the astonishment which the visitor's speech was causing. "He wants us all to go to Minnesota to live."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Helen.

"Dear me!" murmured Agnes.

"Mr. Bridgeway has thought of everything, resumed Mrs. Mayzie, in a tone which seemed to the visitor to be apologetic. "He proposes to give you all places as teachers, so that you would earn a thousand a year between you, give us a new house, rent-free, for a year, and provide railway passes for all of us. He also assures me that we shall have the *entree* of the best society, and that young men are numerous and admirable out there. And do you know, my dear girls, that your father's old friend is a bank president and a Member of Congress?"

"But Minnesota!" gasped Agnes.

"Hundreds of miles even from Chicago," said Helen.

"Distances do seem great to Eastern people," said Caleb. "I remember how I used to think of them myself. But now it only takes a couple of days to run back and see old friends."

"But Minnesota!" exclaimed Agnes. "Don't you remember what Mr. Barnes told us, that there were scarcely any sidewalks in the West, and that nearly all the houses are lighted with lamps and candles, mamma?"

"And that ladies actually had to carry home their own marketing and groceries," added Helen.

The visitor began to look surprised—almost stern. Then Agnes said.

"And Mr. Barns told me there was absolutely no place to go of evenings."

"That is a mistake," said Bridgeway, with considerable dignity, "so far as our town is concerned. Our literary circle meets every week, and it has some very intelligent members. Did it never occur to you to wonder what became of all the young people educated in the East? Last winter we had five concerts, one by a company from this very city of New York, and there was a theatrical performance once in a while, of which our local paper spoke very highly.

"You must excuse the dear girls, Mr. Bridgeway," said the widow, who seemed ill at ease. "They never have been outside of the city, except to run into the country for a day or two in summer, so they cannot help looking at everything from a New York standpoint."

"Quite naturally," said Caleb, regaining command of his temper, "but—excuse me if I ask plain questions. I was Horace's friend, you know. I merely wish to ask what good is everything in New York if one hasn't the means to enjoy it? I know how it used to be with me when I was a young man here, with more taste than money; all that I liked and couldn't enjoy was a constant source of irritation."

"But we can enjoy a great deal," said Agnes, with much spirit. "It costs nothing for us to go to all the spring and fall openings; we read in the newspapers everything about the theatres and operas, and the doings of society out of town in summer."

"Yes," said Helen, "and we often are begged to go to concerts, simply to fill the seats. And how perfectly lovely some of the singers are!" Miss Helen could not express her appreciation in words, so she gracefully spread her shapely hands, and assumed an expression of countenance which Caleb thought simply ecstatic.

"We have seen no less than seven swell weddings in church this season," said Agnes," "and, really, 'twas almost as pleasant as being invited guests. To be sure we could not attend the receptions afterward, but we saw all the people in the church, and just what they wore, and the floral decorations, and ——"

"And in less than a month," interrupted Helen, "we shall see all the churches while they are dressed for Christmas. Oh, it will be simply lovely!" Again Miss Helen looked ecstatic.

Caleb was about to ask another question, when Cora, the oldest daughter, returned from her day of duty at school, and dropped into a chair, as if utterly exhausted.

"Cora," asked Helen, with dancing eyes and a mischievous look, "how would you like to go to Minnesota to live?"

The weary expression in the teacher's face changed quickly to one of resolution as she replied: "If it is necessary for me to be buried alive, I'd rather the interment should be made near at home."

"Daughter!" exclaimed the mother, who was becoming very uncomfortable, "how can you be so rude? But you don't know—you havn't heard. I must tell you that Mr. Bridgeway, your father's old friend, who has most delicately done us a great service today, has kindly devised us a plan by which we may all be prosperous and independent if we will go to Minnesota."

"That is very kind of Mr. Bridgeway, I am sure," murmured the eldest daughter, quickly regaining command of her manners. "I am sure he is the first of dear father's friends—isn't he mama? to take any practical interest in us. But, seriously, how could we keep from dying if we were out West?"

"Keep from dying?" echoed Caleb, before Cora had finished. "Keep fram dying? Excuse me, my dear young woman, as your father's friend and debtor, for suggesting that you havn't yet begun to live. Life doesn't amount to much unless one's heart is in it. Don't be frightened; I'm not going to preach a sermon, but it isn't money or opportunity or locality that makes life; it is the personal sense of living. Old though I am, hard though I work, new though my State may be, I believe I enjoy life more than anyone in this city, in which I was born. The pure air I breathe at home, the feeling that neither I nor any other intelligent person need regard anyone as a social superior, the opportunity to be everything I believe myself fitted for, the comfort of knowing that no one in my land of plenty can be suffering from hunger, the absence of the vicious class that must be feared, and the rich do nothing class which is quite as dangerous in another way, make me feel that ——"

Caleb's remarks, thus far, had been part of an address which he had delivered at a county fair a year or two before, and which he had been mentally revising since his election to Congress, for use at Washington as a patriotic outburst to lighten a speech which otherwise would be strictly business. But he had not yet composed a new finale, the old one would not be appropriate in present circumstances, so he hesitated a moment. The oldest daughter finished the sentence by suggesting—

"That Minnesota is the place for everyone who has not plenty of money in New York. The sentiment does you credit, Mr. Bridgeway, but as for us—we would rather starve in the city than be well-to-do in the country. Wouldn't we, girls?"

"Far rather," exclaimed Agnes.

"Indeed, yes," murmured Helen.

"You must excuse the dear girls, Mr. Bridgeway; were they a few years younger with their tastes still unformed, I assure you I would think it my duty to——"

"To bury yourself in discomfort and exile—for our sakes—mother, dear!" sobbed Cora, while the two younger sisters fell on their knees beside their mother.

"Mr. Bridgeway," resumed the teacher sister, "I'm afraid we've acted very rudely. Your offer is very generous and thoughtful. But so sudden. Do try to put yourself in our places for a moment, and tell us what the West has in it to compensate us for what we would leave?"

Caleb looked at the worn furniture, the frayed carpets, and recalling the incident with the landlord's agent, replied:

"I'm sure I can't see, if you can't, ladies, for I'm not the party in interest, as they say in law. I'm afraid I've put my foot in it, and beg you will accept my apologies. By the way, I ought to have been back to my hotel before this. Good-by; God bless you all—dear old Horace's family, you know."

Caleb seized his hat and made his adieus. As he hurried to the train he drew his hat over his eyes and muttered:

"Beyond help!"

Young Ladies' Protective Society.

Man is Full of Deception.

The thriving and enterprising town of Plymouth, Pa., has a novel society in its midst. It is known as the Young Ladies' Protective Association, and its primary object is the protection of the matrimonial interests of the young women of the place. Girls between the ages of 17 and 30 are eligible. No woman can be admitted over the age of thirty. Just why they can't is explained by a clause in the by-laws of the society, as follows:

SECTION 15. No woman over the age of 30 shall be eligible to membership in this society, because members of that age would have nothing in common with younger members, and therefore these persons would be a detriment to the organization.

The society has now a membership of 47 and is still growing. One black ball is sufficient to keep an applicant out. The regular meeting night is the first Tuesday night in the month, when the members assemble at the house of one or another of their members. Miss Lilian C. Hunter, a Sunday school teacher, is the president of the society, and Miss Mamie Vondersmith is secretary.

In explaining the workings of the society the fair secretary said recently:

"We have banded together for mutual protection. We are not clamoring for woman's suffrage or anything like that. All we want is protection of our common rights. We read in history of how woman was made a slave in olden times. Well, do you know that woman is just as much a slave to man now as she ever was? It is the knowledge of that fact that led us to start this society.

"Man is full of deception. He doesn't practice it so much on his fellow-man as he does on poor, helpless women. We had a case here in point about two years ago. A young man, who in the town was considered a model, married one of our most beautiful and accomplished young ladies. Three months after the marriage it was found that the man was not a model, but a villain. He had been living a dual life. This fact was known to several ladies, but they did not deem it their duty to inform the prospective bride until it was too late. The young wife died shortly afterwards of a broken heart.

"Now you see with our present organization there can hardly be a repetition of such a crime. We meet once a month and discuss society, love and matrimonial affairs. If a young man is paying attention to one of our members, we appoint a committee of three to find out just how the young man stands—financially, morally and otherwise. And you can depend upon it that we find out, too, for what a woman can't find out on such a mission, isn't worth finding out at all.

"At the next meeting this committe makes its report. If the lover is found to be all right the young lady in the case is notified to that effect. The good parts of the man are fully explained in the presence of all the members. If the man is bad in his every day life, his sweetheart alone is apprised of his faults. Should she continue to receive his attentions, she is warned that a continuance of the same will cause her expulsion from the society.

"What is still worse, the man is blacklisted, and every member of the society knows by this that there is a dark side to his character, though only the committee appointed to investigate his case know all his faults. If a man is poor financially and it is thought that he cannot support a wife he is marked 'church mouse.' The meaning of this is that if a girl wants to put up on 'church mouse' fare she can go ahead and do so.

"No member of the society can receive the attention of a new-comer in town until his pedigree is first obtained. The dudes and mashers are also provided against. It oftentimes happens that a young man will pay marked attention to a young lady and then suddenly leave her for another. In this way some good marriages are delayed. Under the rules of the society no member can receive the attentions of a man who is known to be making love to another member of the society.

"The only time this rule is broken is when a girl tires of the man's society. Then she sends a 'release' card to the secretary, and the man is free property again. Within the last six months there were two 'release' cases. The ladies gave their lovers up, and the latter became acquainted with other members of the society and married them. After a lady once 'releases' a man she cannot be the complainant against him in any future trouble that may arise questioning the gentleman's character.

"Each member of the society carries a little memorandum book with her and puts down how often certain young men attend church and prayer meeting during the month. These reports are filed with the secretary and at the end of six months or a year it is known to all the members just how many times a certain young man went to church, although in all probability the individual himself would not be able to tell how many times he attended divine worship. If a young man is seen going in or coming out of a saloon this fact is reported also."

The secretary says efforts will be made to establish similar societies over all the country, which will have the effect of calling a halt to the work of the bigamist.

AN Irishman once received a doctor's bill. He looked it very carefully over, and said he had no objection to paying for the medicines; but the visits he would return.

"I CAN marry any girl that I please," he said, with a self-saitisfied expression of countenance. "No doubt," she responded, sarcastically, "but what girl do you please?"

[METHODIST PROTESTANT.]

"MODERN CHAINS UPON THE PULPIT."

BY J. J. SMITH, D. D.

I have just finished reading in *The Forum* of Nov., Archdeacon's Farrar's article upon this subject. And while I very much admire it as a whole, for its comprehensive grasp, its analytical character, its clear cut sentences and perspicuity, and its many important and useful suggestions to ministers of the gospel, I am impressed with his apparent want of fairness to theologians and the Christian church, in his admitting, if not directly reiterating the bitter and hostile charge of atheists, that the Christian church has ever been the greatest enemy to science. * * * But Protestant Christians have no more arrayed themselves against advanced and new scientific discovery, than have scientists themselves. Witness the clamor and ridicule that were first raised by scientists, and especially by physicians against the celebrated Jenner, when he had announced one of the greatest discoveries of the age. In the same way the wonderful discovery of the circulation of the blood by William Harvey, was at first opposed by his confreres. It is said that Galileo's persecution by the Romish Church for the scientific discoveries, was stirred up against him to a great extent by the scientists of that day through jealousy, or indisposition to change their opinions, or perhaps both. Copernicus met with a most determined opposition from scientists, when he had announced one of the greatest discoveries in astronomy of which any age can boast. They denounced his system as false and even as absurd, while they tenaciously clung to the false and absurd system of Ptolemy, and which had been held by them for more than a thousand years. Even the great scientist and astronomer, Tycho Brahe, was among the number to oppose and ridicule it. So that when Rev. Mr. Farrar charges that "whole generations of priests and religious teachers have maintained and forced views which are entirely false," we answer yes, and so have scientists, too. And while he exhorts "modern preachers to learn a little wisdom, a little modesty, a little suspension of judgment," in reference to Darwinism, might he not also have cautioned these Atheistic scientists, who have, in defiance of all modesty and wisdom, formulated the system of *evolution*, that banishes God from the universe?

Instead of opposition to science coming principally from Christian leaders in thought, it will be seen by surveying the field, that quite the reverse is true. There will be found a large number along the whole line of illustrations experimenters, observers and discovers in physical science in modern times are those who are in the fold of the Christian Church.

The celebrated Roger Bacon, who was, n his day, a celebrated scientific leader in thought, and who, by the force of his the intellect, raised himself, far above age in which he lived, and who made wonderful discoveries in several of the sciences, and contributed much toward enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, was a devout and orthodox Christian.

And so the illustrious Copernicus may be cited as another brilliant example of the same kind. This truly great man discovered the errors and blunders that scientists had all made up to this time, respecting the true motion of the heavenly bodies. With a marvelous superiority, he reconstructed the whole system, by assigning to the earth its proper position, and placing the sun in the centre of our system. This great philosopher was not only the most distinguished scientist then living, but was also a humble and devout Christian clergyman.

Who was it that more than any other man, first discovered, and then announced, and unfolded to the world those laws and methods of thought, by which, and under which alone, scientific inquiries after physical truths can be successfully prosecuted? Who by a most masterly intellectual endowment under the light of this new method of investigation, principles have been established, a sure foundation has been laid for the prosecution of scientific research, that marks a new era in the method and process of investigation. This was the renowned Lord Bacon, who was under the influence of a most devout Christian mother, and who was not ashamed to declare "that the true end of knowledge is the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

Gassendi, who was a distinguished scholar, and philosopher, who was a pioneer in scientific research, and an acknowledged leader in thought, and who numbered Galileo and Kepler as his friends and admirers, and who was pronounced by Bayle to be the greatest philosopher among scholars, and the greatest scholar among philosophers, was an orthordox parish priest, in Digne, France.

There was also Sir Isaac Newton, who, possessed of a superior intellect of a mathematical mould, rapidly rose to the highest literary position, and is regarded even today as one of the most remarkable mathematicians and philosophers of his age, or perhaps of any other age. He grasped and unfolded the law of universal gavitation; one of the most magnificent and important discoveries of the age, as it at once explained a thousand mysteries, and opened up in the scientific future a broader and a more luminous vista, and who was at the same time, a sincere Christian.

We might also speak of Kepler, and Faraday, an many others, did space permit, but we must forbear. One thing, however, is certain, that some of the grandest names known to science are those of Christian men. It is therefore unfair and unjust to charge the Christian Church, or its ministers, as being the enemies of science. In fact, as MacCauley said, swhen speaking of the best scholars of some 200 years ago, that "they were to be found exclusively among the clergy residents at the universities."

DICTIONARY OF OSCULATION.—Buss, a kiss; Pluribus, to kiss many at a time; Syllabus, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; Blunderbus, to kiss the wrong person; Omnibus, to kiss all, promiscuously; Erebus, to kiss in the dark; Incubus, to have to kiss some one you don't like; Harquebus, to kiss with a loud smack.

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