THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,

☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

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

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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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.
CALL and examine our celebrated RIVETED SHOE, in Congress, Lace and Button, all sizes. ja4. THOS. G. WROTH.

Kent News.

Vol. 51. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890. No. 10.

LOWEST

MEN'S FINE CLOTHING.

We sell the best-fitting, the best-wearing and the most reliable clothing in the United States; we carry double the stock of any store in the South, and our prices we guarantee to be from 20 to 25 per cent. below the market. Our FIVE DOLLAR SUITS sell for seven and eight everywhere, our EIGHT and TEN DOLLAR SUITS cannot be matched for a couple of dollars more by any store in the State; and our TWELVE, FIFTEEN and EIGHTEEN DOLLAR SUITS are the equal of made-to-order suits that cost double. No matter what you want in the line of clothing, it's dollars and cents to buy it here.

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PRICES

Premeditated Resolution!

AN IRREVOKABLE DECISION!

I HAVE too many Goods; we are getting too little money cash; cash is a mighty lever; I am going to make a clearing sale; the knife is ground sharp; cutting is being done; Down, Down Go Prices.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, CARPETS, MATTINGS, &c., any stock and all of Our Stock Must Move. I am going to offer Unprecedented Bargains, one of which is Thirty Dozen Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs, ranging from 4c. to 15c. each, many of them worth actually 25c. each. Another, a genuine German Linen Table Damask, at 52½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A lady's Corset at 25c. worth 35c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 60c.; five dozen Percale Shirts that cost 8, 9, 10, 50 and 12 dollars per dozen, any of them at 62½c. each; Dress Ginghams, from 7½c. per yard up; other Dress Goods at Reduced Prices.

Shoes, Slippers! Shoes, Slippers!

Ladies' Shoes, Misses Shoes, Men's Shoes, Children's Shoes and Slippers at the CLOSEST CASH PRICES. I defy competition. Give us a call, it is to your interest.

R. F. PARKS,
May 17, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

BARGAINS in SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!

WM. R. ALDRIDGE,
(STORE NEXT DOOR TO J. K. ALDRIDGE'S HARDWARE STORE.)

WE HAVE A COMPLETE and well selected Stock of Dry Goods, including Challies, Satteens, Percals, Ginghams, Outing Cloths and all kinds of Dry Goods. A very large and fine line of White, Plaid and Striped Muslins, Hamburg Edging and Insertings, Flouncing for Ladies' dresses. Straw Mattings in White and Colored, 12½c. to 40c.; Straw Hats for Men, Boys and Children, 10c. to $2.00. We will continue to keep a full line of Shoes for Boys, Girls, Men and Women, ranging in prices from 50c. to $3.50. We have a lot of Ladies and Misses Shoes and Slippers which we will sell very cheap. A nice line of FLANNEL SHIRTS from 50c. to $2.50. Neckwear, Hosiery, etc.

I will be glad to welcome my old friends and the public generally.

May 17, 1890. **WILLIAM R. ALDRIDGE.**

Under New Management!

I HAVE BOUGHT OUT the Stock of GOODS formerly belonging to M. T. Goslee and purpose keeping a GOOD STOCK of FIRST-CLASS GOODS, at the LOWEST NO-PEACHES PRICES.

For the Next Sixty Days!

I will offer all broken lots from 20 to 75 per cent. lower than price asked by Mr. Goslee so as to make room for stock. We have just received a full line of H. Fayter's goods, among which is the CELEBRATED RIVETED SHOE, formerly sold by Mr. Goslee. Boy's $2.65, Men's $3. Also his hand-made shoes. Measures to order. We keep a SHOE STORE exclusively.

NEW GOODS, NOW ARRIVING,

suitable for Boys, Girls, Men and Women. Call in and examine my stock. I will be glad to see my old friends and the public generally.

THOS. G. WROTH,
May 10, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

N. C. CROW

Is Still on the Corner of Kent and High Streets, Up Town,

Where you can at all times find a seasonable line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Gentlemen, Ladies and Children's Shoes

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

We keep the WM. LEA & SONS' FLOUR for sale by he barrel or sack, we think as cheap as you can get from the city, and we think their flour has no superior. Come and see us and be convinced that our goods are good and cheap. Country produce wanted

m7. N. C. CROW, Up Town.

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

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. WM. H. FORD,

Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

A Large Invoice of

CYPRESS FENCING!

Cypress Fence Railing, 2x3 and 2x4

—SAWED—

CYPRESS SHINGLES

RIVED CYPRESS SHINGLES.

Just received direct from Roanoke River

FOR SALE at LOWEST MARKET RATES.

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ORDERS IN ANY QUANTITIES LEFT AT D. A. BACCHUS' GROCERY STORE, OR AT

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will receive prompt attention at Prices Guaranteed to be as LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Building and Whitewash Lime, Cement and Plastering Hair,
☞AT CITY PRICES.☜

☞**Anthracite and Bituminous Coal**
Delivered at any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad at Low Figures.

Come and see us before buying.

m17. J. D. BACCHUS.

CHILDREN'S, LADIES' AND GENTS' GAUZE SHIRTS. Choice Country Hams.

may31. WESTCOTT & DODD

Hilda's 4th of July.

It is war time—the spring of '64. The whole North is ablaze with excitement. Even the quiet little village of Crombie, in the heart of the New England hills, is aflame. Most of its able-bodied men are in the thick of the fight—among them, blithe, bonny Jack Dent, Hilda's sweetheart. In the beginning of the conflict, to the first call for men, Jack had responded. Just 21, he had left home and Hilda, perhaps never to see either again.

The eldest of a large family, most of the burden had fallen on his boyish shoulders, and bravely he had borne it.

At the time the war broke out the brave fellow was actually beginning to lift the heavy mortgage off the land, and the clouds which hung over his future seemed breaking a little. He had a sure hope that, some day, Hilda Dane would be his. The two had plighted their troth with the perfect understanding that they must wait for years—at least, until the farm was entirely paid for and Jack's parents were comfortable. The cruel war had postponed that hope still more indefinitely!

"But they were young, and loved each other—they would wait a life-time." So said Hilda, and her lover echoed her words.

And now, Jack gone, with so little else left in her dull empty life, no wonder the lonely girl lives on his letters.

Again and again she reads and rereads the loving lines which the sheet contains, just a few hastily-scrawled words written on the eve of battle; but they tell her Jack is well and that is all she cares to know. A hurried postscript adds the comforting tidings that he has come safe out of the conflict. She draws a long sigh of relief. Then, there being no living spectators but the hungry hens, she presses the paper to her lips.

Propped up on pillows in an easy chair by the window of the large bare chamber which she enters, is an old man, thin wizened, gray-haired—seeming to share in the general appearance of decay which pervades his domicile. This is Hilda's uncle, her only living relative.

"So you've come at last!" says the old man, in querulous tones that could never have been soft or gentle.

"I came as soon as I could," answered Hilda, patiently as ever.

"And to think, if it hadn't been for me, you would have been in the poor-house—you and your useless black woman! You had no claim upon me; your father had his share when he married and went down South to live on his wife's money."

The natural bloom on his listener's rounded cheek deepens, but she makes no reply to this diatribe.

"You may think that Miss Miranda would have taken care of you, but she has just as much as she can do to get along herself," cries the invalid, still more fretfully.

Hilda knows this to be true also, so again she does not answer, but waits on him as gently, if not so affectionately, as though her devotion was his due.

A week later, the girlish figure stands once more in the doorway, looking expectantly down the road, watching for the neighbor who always brings the mail. He is approaching, but with exasperating slowness. Generally, at sight of the waiting girl, he hastens his footsteps; today as he draws nearer, his pace seems to become still more lagging. Unable to restrain her impatience Hilda runs to meet him.

"Have you anything for me?" she asks, eagerly.

Slowly the old man shakes his head.

Usually Hilda's general interest in the war news is merged into a particular anxiety; but, when she has no letter, then the newspaper is worthy of attention.

Taking the damp sheet from the fingers that seem reluctant to part with it, she unfolds the paper and turns to the accustomed place.

Another battle! The old, old story, but this time with a difference—to Hilda, at least. Glancing down the long list of killed and wounded, she sees no familiar names until she comes to the "Missing." Then she knows why she has had no letter, for there, standing out in terrible distinctness, is Jack's name!

For one awful moment the world goes round; but the dazed girl does not move, and the paper falls unheeded to the ground.

Years ago, long before Hilda was born, old Squire Dane died, dividing his property between his two sons, so that the elder had the real estate and the younger—Hilda's father—stocks and bonds. The latter married a Southern woman and went South, where his wife soon died after the birth of her child. Through mismanagement he lost everything and died suddenly, leaving his little daughter in charge of old black Mirah, her nurse. The faithful woman, having minute directions, for finding the child's uncle, started North.

The elder son lived in Crombie, practising law in the village for miles around, and becoming rich and miserly as he grew older. Had it not been for a remnant of family pride, he would have allowed his orphan niece to go to the poorhouse. Willingly he consented to Miss Miranda Larkin's offer to "raise" the child. But, when she was old enough to be of use, he was glad of her services.

The one bright spot in the girl's sad life had been Jack and his love. Now, if that were gone!

"Missing! Missing! Missing!" The word rings in Hilda's ears, imprints itself on her brain, suggesting every horrible dread—sickness, imprisonment, and death! Just enough uncertainty to feed hope so as to keep it alive!

After awhile the natural craving for human sympathy asserts itself and Hilda seeks the house. It is of no use to go to her uncle, but Aunt Mirah will sympathize with her.

Fast asleep over the pan of potatoes she has been paring sits the old woman, so Hilda does not venture to disturb her. She must speak to some one, however; and, snatching up her hat, she hurries toward the village. Just on its outskirts, in a tiny cottage, lives Miss Miranda.

Few people are abroad at this time of day; so, to her great relief, Hilda does not meet anyone. A hasty knock at the spinster's door brings forth a prompt "Come in," and, in response to the invitation, Hilda enters.

"What is the matter, child?" she asks in her mildest tone. For answer, Hilda holds out the fatal newspaper.

"Poor child!" she says, gently.

That is all; but the kind sympathizing words open the fountain of Hilda's grief, and for the first time since the blow, tears came to her relief.

"Child," she says solemnly, "don't worry Jack Dent's too much needed here to be lost altogether. If he's only missing, you are all right. Wait patiently. God'll bring him back some day."

Not quite uncomforted by the homely sympathy, Hilda returns to her duties again and tries hard to follow Miss Miranda's wise counsel.

Another week and still another without tidings of Jack. How slow time crawls!

April blossoms into May, May deepens into June, and still no news.

Hilda, engaged in her usual morning task, sees her neighbor approaching the house. She hurries to meet him, speechless from mingling hope and fear. He hands her a letter—it is in Jack's handwriting! One little cry and Hilda clasps it close.

"He is alive, at least!" she murmurs, and with trembling fingers, manages at last to break the seal.

"Dearest," the letter runs, "I am safe, but ill in a Washington hospital. I am just able to scrawl you these few lines. The doctor was unwilling to allow me to do even this, but I told him I must let you know. How I long for a sight of your sweet face! YOUR OWN JACK."

Ill in a Washington hospital. And she not able to go to him—powerless to help him; Oh, if only she could get some money!

Everybody in the village and the surrounding country is interested in Jack Dent, and Hilda finds their sympathy very hard to bear. Miss Miranda's, being the most silent, is the easiest to bear.

* * * * * *

Another letter from Jack! Hilda opens it and reads the tender lines written with such difficulty, but straight from the faithful loving heart longing for her. Poor Hilda! It is but sorry comfort they give her after all. He is getting better, but oh! so slowly; and the doctor fears, he has overheard him say, that he may never get his strength entirely back—never be quite strong again.

Going over to the farm to see Mrs. Dent, Hilda receives painful confirmation of her letter. Not only has Jack written to his mother, but the physician also has deemed it advisable to let her know of the precarious state of her son's health; not that Jack will die, but he may always be an invalid.

* * * * * *

The Fourth dawns just such a morning as its predecessor, save that the air seems even heavier—more laden with moisture. A long, lonely day for Hilda, watching at her uncle's side or creeping downstairs to find some sort of comfort in the presence of old Aunt Mirah, bent with rheumatism so that she can scarcely get through her daily tasks.

The house is gloomy and silent—oppressively silent; her uncle scarcely speaks, and even Aunt Mirah's sympathy is dumb. In the darkened room, Hilda sits thinking of Jack, anxiety waking anew in her heart, for she has not heard from him lately, and all sorts of nameless fears start up like phantoms in the shadows and silence—the shadows, the poor child is sure, of approaching death.

Once again she says:

"Is there no one I can send for—no one you will see?"

But her uncle shakes his head impatiently.

Her lips frame the word:

"Minister?"

Old Mr. Dane looks into the pure young face.

"I want no one better than you near me, child." And she is touched by this unwonted tenderness.

"There will be a storm before morning," she murmurs, drawing a breath of relief at the thought.

"Hilda!" says her uncle, and his voice sounds strangely clear. The young girl draws in her head and turns gently toward him, an indefinable awe gathering in her heart. The last rays of the fast-sinking sun light up the wrinkled brow and scant white locks with a touch almost of glory. "You have been very good to me," he is saying, "as good as a daughter could have been." The listener's lips tremble; a pity, yearning almost into solemn tenderness, rushes into her heart. "Years ago, before you came here"—his voice seems to grow weaker—"I made my will, and I left everything to charity; I could not bear that my money should go to the State, and I knew of no kith or kin near me." The room is growing dusky now, the white face is in shadow. "I meant to make a new will, child, when you proved yourself so faithful; but somehow"—his voice quivers a little—"I couldn't bear to; I loved it so—I loved it so—I could not bring myself, as I grew older, to think of the time when I must leave it to some one else—to spend."

"It does not matter now," she murmurs, a little choking in her throat; but, even as she speaks, visions of Jack and a home rise before her tired eyes.

"To-morrow morning I shall make a new one," he says, "don't be afraid."

For a moment, there is silence; then, bending toward him, Hilda sees that he is asleep.

With a quick longing for some other companionship than her own thoughts, she slips down to the kitchen.

"How is he?" asks Aunt Mirah, softly.

"Asleep," answers the other, as quickly as if the echoes of their voices could pass up the stairs to the sleeper's room.

Almost in silence the two side by side until it is quite dark, the young girl's tears dropping slowly on the black hand that grasps hers. Then Hilda suggests that they return to the sick room.

Lamp in hand, they enter the quiet chamber; old Aunt Mirah goes first, and bends over her sleeping master.

"Him will nebber wake up no mo' chile," she says, gently; then she forces the half fainting girl on an old settee near, and adds: "Ye's worn out, honey: he still."

Five minutes later, Hilda falls into the deep sleep of exhaustion, while the black woman, in her chair, slumbers as heavily.

Meanwhile the boys have selected a deserted spot back of the lonely Dane mansion as a favorable place for their Fourth of July celebration; they feel sure that there they will not be molested. Just as the inmates of the house have fallen into a sleep which for one of them is endless, the two youngsters stretch themselves flat on the ground, regardless of the fact that they have persuaded their mothers to dress them in their best clothes, and eagerly await the racket so dear to their hearts. Their cannon does not make as much noise as they expected, but they have enough fire-crackers to remedy that defect.

Within, the sleepers, who are on the other side of the house, do not even hear the last and loudest explosion, after which the boys take their departure.

Suddenly, however, Hilda wakens, grasps for breath, rises—the room is full of smoke. Horrows! What can this mean? A strange light, that is not the dawn, surely, fills the room; then she sees the flames licking the open casement, and she knows what is the matter.

"Aunt Mirah! Aunt Miarh!" she cries, seizing the sleeping woman by the shoulders and startling her into consciousness of the scene, "the house is on fire! Help me, quick!" she goes on, hurriedly, slipping her arms under the shoulders of the motionless from on the bed.

Between them, by an exertion of almost superhuman strength, they manage to urge the lifeless burden out of the room, through the smoke-filling hall, down the steep staircase, and into the open air at last.

"Dey'se seen de fire, bress de Lawd! Dey'se sendin' help!" cried Aunt Mirah, looking eagerly in the direction of the village.

But Hilda does not hear her, does not heed the great crash of thunder which seems to shake the ground, nor feel the splash of the raindrops pouring in a sudden torrent from the sky.

"The will! The will!" is her low exclamation; and, before the old woman perceives what she is going to do, she turns quickly and re-enters the house.

Through the choking blinding smoke that is rapidly filling the entire dwelling, she forces her way, while outside all the hoses in the village unite with the streams of heaven to conquer the flames. On she struggles toward her uncle's room, but is beaten back by the fiery flood, and, filling, is caught in the firm clasp of a pair of strong arms—caught in a clasp that is strangely familiar.

"Dearest, a well-known voice whispers in her ear, and then she realizes nothing more, as she is born a tottering figure out of the deadly element into safety.

Blinded, half fainting, Jack stumbles forward, while waiting hands receive his unconscious burden, and strong arms give him support.

A little while afterward Hilda is lying on the bed in Miss Miranda's cottage, her hand clasped tight in Jack's.

"All the perishable part of the house—the worm-eaten wood-work, the moth-eaten furniture—is gone," Miss Miranda is saying in answer to the questioning in the girl's eager eyes; "but the solid portion is left. The boys were having their Fourth of July celebration, and they must have dropped a smouldering cracker among the brushwood and rubbish at the back of the house."

"And the will?" Hilda manages to ask.

"That is gone, too," says Miss Miranda, with her grim smile.

"Are you sure?" Hilda reiterates, faintly.

"Everything in the room was burnt to ashes. Thank heaven, now you can have your rights," is the reply.

"But—"

"My child," says the old lady more gently, "it is yours justly. He surely must have meant you to have it."

"He did," murmurs Hilda, and she tells them of his last words.

"Thank God that the best intentions he ever had were fulfilled," Miss Miranda answers solemnly.

Generous Compensation.

The Rev. Smith Baker, of Lowell, Mass., formerly of Maine, while in Saco last week told of an experience he once had while holding a pastorate near Bangor. There was a well-to-do farmer who lived on the opposite bank of the Penobscot from Mr. Baker's residence, who one spring, when the ice on the river was breaking up, lost a daughter. Mr. Baker was asked to officiate at the funeral, which he did, being obliged to hire a horse and carriage to make the journey, the nearest bridge being some distance up the river. Nothing was said about paying him, either for his services or expenses. A little while afterward another death occurred in the family. Mr. Baker was again asked to conduct the services, which he did, this time hiring a man to row him across the river, and again with no mention of compensation. The next spring the farmer's mother passed away. Mr. Baker was obliged to make the journey as he did the first time, by carriage. This time the farmer went to Mr. Baker and said: "Mr. Baker, you have been very kind to come over here to conduct these funerals at such an expense to you, and I feel that it is asking altogether too much. I want to pay you something. So next fall when the apples are ripe, you drive around and you can help yourself from my orchard."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A Ginger Bread Barometer.

It is nothing more or less than the figure of a general made of ginger bread which Clavette buys every year at the Place du Trone. When he gets home he hangs his purchase on a nail. You know the effect of the atmosphere on ginger bread. The slightest moisture renders it soft; in dry weather, on the contrary, it grows hard and tough. Every morning on going out Clavette asks his servant:

"What does the general say?"

The man forthwith applies his thumb to the figure and replies:

"The general feels flabby about the chest you'd better take your umbrella."

On the other hand, when the symptoms are "hard and unyielding" our worthy colleague sallies forth in his new hat.

HARPER'S BAZAR prints this "composition" of George Washington, the work of a 9-year old boy: "George Washington was the father of his country one day he went to his fathers yard and cut down a tree. What are you doing asked his father I am trying to tell a lie and cannot when he grew up he was president and was killed by a man named getto who was jellish of him and the no 9 engine house was draped in black.

FAIR HAIR BECOMING EXTINCT.

It Appears to be Doomed, and Must be Replaced by That of Darker Hue.

The British Medical Journal says: "In forming opinions as to whether fair-haired persons are less numerous in a particular locality now than formerly, the element of age has to be considered. A person who has spent his childhood in a fair-haired district, and visits it again after a lapse of years, may easily imagine that the number of fair-haired persons is fewer than formerly, merely on account of the class of persons from whom he draws the inference being more adult than those of whom he has recollections formerly. Upon the rate at which hair darkens from childhood to adult age we have some valuable observations, which show that the hair of light-complexioned male children darkens from 55 per cent. during the first five years of life to 33 per cent. at forty-five years, and dark hair with light eyes is found to increase in about the same ration. Darkening of the female hair and eyes with age takes place to a much less extent than among males. It would appear, therefore, that in estimating the increase or diminution of fair-haired persons in a particular district, observations on females are much more trustworthy than on males, from the fact that they are much less liable to variations; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the color of a woman's hair is more liable to alter according to the tint which is considered the most fashionable at a particular time. Besides the blending of fair-haired races with the dark stocks, there are other elements which Dr. Bodoe has shown may account for the diminution of fair hair in England, and these should not be overlooked. He considers that the xanthous temperment is less liable to withstand the insanitary conditions existing in the crowded populations of our great cities than the melnotic, and that in this way the law of natural selection operates against its increase. Again, as a large majority of women live and die unmarried, and childless, it is probable, in his opinion, that the physical qualities of the race may be, to a small extent, moulded by the action of conjugal as well of natural selection. In support of this he has given statistics showing that of 737 women only 55.5 per cent. of those with fair hair were married, against 79 per cent. with black hair, while 37 per cent. with fair hair were unmarried against 18 per cent. with black. On classifying those with red, fair and brown hair, as "blonde," and those with dark brown and black hair as "dark," we have 859 of the former and 361 of the latter. Of the blondes he found 60 per cent. were married to 70.5 of the dark, and 32 per cent of the former were unmarried to 21.05 of the latter. If during several generations this preference among the male sex for wives with dark hair should continue it is reasonable to suppose it would exert an influence decidedly adverse to the increase of fair-haired persons being maintained. On various grounds, therefore, it would seem as if the fair hair so much beloved by poets and artists is doomed to be encroached upon, and even replaced by that of darker hue. The rate at which this is taking place is probably very slow, from the fact that nature is most conservative in her changes."

A TITLED MILLINER.

The Little Shop in London Where Lady Granville Gordon Makes Bonnets.

From the Pittsburg Despatch.

Between Mayfair and Oxford streets is a pretty shop window with sweet lace curtains and three of the smartest bonnots in London. This shop, with the sign "Mme. Lierre," is kept by Lady Granville Gordon! Think of it—a titled lady making bonnets!

I called there with my wife, and she found she could buy a bonnet for $8, and it was shown by the lady herself. Of course, there were other bonnets, running up to $16. I have not seen a bonnet in London that could not be bought for $20. In New York bonnets get up to $40 and $50. When I asked Lady Gordon if it was not disagreeable to her to show bonnets to every one, and if it did not change her social position, she said:

"Yes: but I am a philosopher withal. Of course, being in trade, I cannot go to court without a special permit from the Lord Chamberlain."

"Could you go to Court if you should give up business?"

"Certainly. Mme. Elise, who used to keep a shop, retired, married the rich Mr. Isaacson, and is now welcomed at court. My little girl, when she grows up, can be presented, but not by me, unless I shall have retired on a fortune."

"Do you mind telling me how you happened to go into business?" I asked.

"I needed money. I started with $500, but have prospered, and now I have more than a thousand customers. I used to go to drawing-rooms before I became a bread-winner, but a good bank account is better than a queen's drawing-room to me."

"Did your lady friends all stand by you?"

"Not all; but only three deserted me."

"Of course, you have many curious experiences?" I suggested.

"Oh, yeas. One day an overdressed woman came in, and I attended to her personally. She was irritable and hard to suit and finally said: "'I want you to send me the forewoman. I don't want to be annoyed by a shop-girl who gives herself airs.' On leaving the shop she asked whether "Lady Gordon ever came there herself."

"That was her Ladyship who attended you first," said the attendant.

"Oh, dear, she said, and to think I came here on purpose to see her, and then sent her away!"

"On another occasion," said Lady Gordon, "a rich tradesman's wife made a bet that she would bring a titled lady to her house on business. Well, she wrote a note requesting that Mme. Lierre would wait upon her in person, about a bonnet. I fell into the trap, and she had the pleasure of introducing Lady Granville Gordon to numerous friends. We all chatted quite freely, but before I left she called me aside and said:

"You have such sweet taste! Do send me tomorrow the best bonnet you can make—no matter what price. She won the bet cleverly, and I never knew it till months afterwards."

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GRAND FINAL ROUND-UP.

Six Thousand Head of Cattle Massed on the Western Plains.

The last general round-up ever to be on Indian lands was made on Thursday, June 26, at Cedarvale, Kansas. E. M. Hewins, president of the Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association, rounded his herd of six thousand cattle in the Osage Nation, which was the only large herd in the Indian country then remaining. The round-up will be remembered as the end of cattle grazing, not only in the Osage country, but in all the territory heretofore leased by the Indians to cattle men.

The spring round-ups began May 15 on the western edge of the "Cherokee Strip." The rounders worked from pasture to pasture eastward until Thursday, when the Osage Nation was reached and the end had come.

On Thursday all the cowboys on the Hewins ranche were in the saddle at four o'clock, and by eleven o'clock the 65,000-acre pasture had been thoroughly surrounded, and the cattle were gradually moving toward the centre of the grange, where the round-up was to take place. By nine o'clock nearly 7,000 cattle, including strays, had been gathered into a radius of about three miles square. Then began the careful work of closing in without causing a stampede. Slowly the cattle were brought up over a raise, the summit of which overlooked Alum Creek Valley, about ten miles south of the northern territorial boundary. Beyond the summit was a basin forming a huge circle, comprising an area containing about 4,000 acres, and in that the round-up was to take place.

A moment later and a stampede seemed inevitable. The steers had sighted the grove of shade trees and the daring and skillful riders were scarcely seen and nothing heeded as the mad rush was made towards the grove. Those of the spectators who had seen such sights before knew at once what the result would be, and they immediately apprised the others that it would be wise for every one to make hurried arrangements to climb the nearest trees. And this was done barely in time, for on came the herd, running madly, heeding nothing until fully half of it had dashed across and beyond the stream, raising a cloud of dust that for a time obscured all the surroundings and laying waste all that was in their way. After another hour's hard riding the entire herd was again surrounded and forced into submission down in the lowland.

When this was accomplished the picture became intensely interesting. The outsiders were indeed masters of the situation as they patrolled the rear line of the herd's onward march. A hundred expert horsemen were then in sight forming a ring on the outside of the herd that was meant to be and did prove to be impassible. Each horseman led from two to three horses, changing from time to time to a fresh steed. All this time the "cutout" experts leading these extra horses came up leisurely in the rear. At eleven o'clock the round-up had been made and the majority of the rounders galloped away towards the "chuck" wagon for dinner, while a few of their number kept the herd from spreading. The cattle were at this time thoroughly massed and standing side by side.

As they stood they covered an area of from twenty to twenty-five acres. As they moved slowly and restlessly among each other, they had the appearance of a great swarm of bees. Presently they began a concerted slow movement called "milling," and soon the dust became so dense that the whole scene was enveloped, and not even the daring cowboys could be discerned. This was kept up for about fifteen minutes, when a passing gust of wind bore the clouds of dust away and revealed the herd once more quieted and the cowboys in command.

DISTILLING PERFUMES.

The Way the Delicate Odors Are Obtained.

Those dainty, delicate perfumes, which the superfine and the vulgar alike enjoy, are obtained in a very prosaic way. They are produced in a land where the flowers are perennial, but the processes of manufacture include not only distillation and fermentation, but even boiling in fat. Consul Harris, writing from Nice, where the manufacture is carried on extensively, describes the processes. In distillation the flowers are boiled in an hermetically-sealed copper vessel. The steam, as it condenses in its passage through a spiral coil, exudes the volatile essence drop by drop, and it is collected in a small glass vessel. The water in the copper retains a small portion of the scent and becomes the rose water or orange-flower water of trade. All flowers are not susceptible of this treatment, and those that are produce but a minute quantity, and the orange flower, for instance, giving but one gramme of essence for one kilo of flowers, or but one-thousandth part. The volatile essences thus obtained, combined and mixed together with a certain quantity of alcohol, are used in the preparation, and as the basis of eau de Cologne, toilet vinegar, lavender water, &c. The perfume from flowers which do not contain the volatile essences are extracted by two processes. In the first or cold process, cassie, jessamine, jonquils, tuberoses, violets, and some other flowers, freshly gathered, are placed upon a layer of pure lard a quarter of an inch in thickness, spread over glass trays. The flowers are changed every twelve, eighteen or twenty-four hours, according to circumstances, until the lard is sufficiently changed with perfume. Jessamine and tuberose are changed as often as fifty times, and the other flowers from twenty to thirty times. When the hot process is resorted to grease is placed in a copper vessel, together with the flowers, and the compound is boiled. Additional flowers are added from time to time until the fat has absorbed the requisite amount of perfume. By another process the perfumes are extracted from the fats and, by blending these with the different essences the numerous scents are obtained. Certain perfumes which are of great use in the manufacture of scents can only be obtained by the fermentation of fruits, flowers and roots.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A WISCONSIN WONAN gave away to a tramp a coat in which there were $50. But just see how unlucky some folks are; it was all counterfeit.

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