Kent News.

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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.

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CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE
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Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore.

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—IN—
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Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

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IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y

BRIDGE NOTICE.

The purchase and transfer of Chester Bridge from the Chester Bridge Company to the county commissioners of Kent and Queen Anne's counties have been consummated, and the bridge is now open for public travel. All persons are hereby notified that certain repairs and improvements are contemplated to be made as soon as practicable and that pending the completion of said repairs and improvements, all persons using said bridge do so at their own risk. By order of the Board.

T. WATERS RUSSELL, CLERK

July 26, 1890—tf.

H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES in Congress, Lace and Button,
j14. For sale by T. G. WR OTH.

A GOOD CIGAR 2 for 5.
WESTCOTT & DODD.

AUGUSTUS H. WOODALL,

formerly of Kent County, is now located with the well known and Reliable One Price

CLOTHING HOUSE

—OF—

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

10 and 12 E. Baltimore Street, Near Charles, Balto., Md.,

where he will be pleased to see his friends and acquaintances when visiting the city.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACURERS OF AND DEALERS IN—
HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Special Fertilizers for all Crops are claiming attention now. No one article will suit every plant. We compound formulas suitable for all crops. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula.

We Were the First House in Baltimore Who Furnished This Facility of Obtaining Either the Mixed Chemicals or the Compounding of Special Formulas.

We also offer to the Farmers Our Old and Reliable
Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate, Special Wheat Fertilizers,
Peach Tree Phosphate, Fine Ground Raw Bone,
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At Bottom Prices. We do not publish certificates, as our goods speak for themselves. Hope to receive your orders early. Correspondence by mail promptly attended to.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,
July 26, 1890. OFFICE ON HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

50 *FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LIFE SCHOLARSHIP*
PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE
1700 Chestnut St., PHILADA., PA. (Both Sexes.) Position for Graduates. Time 3 to 4 mos. Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. Circulars free if you name this paper.

1890 1890
WM. H. CACY,
MANUFACTURER of FERTILIZERS
Chestertown, Maryland.

"STANDARD!" "NEW LIFE!" "RELIANCE!"

The Above Brands of Fertilizers

have been used in this and neighboring counties for the past five years, and during that time have given general satisfaction. My facilities for manufacturing are now better than hitherto, and I guarantee to fill all orders promptly and in first-class drilling order.

If those farmers who have not yet tried any of our brands of Fertilizers, will inquire from some one who has used them, as to results obtained, I think that they will be induced to give them a trial.

WM. H. CACY,
August 2, 1890 CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

TO THE TRADE!

TRADE MARK

WE HAVE MUCH

pleasure in calling the attention of the intelligent farmer to our unprecedented facilities for supplying the trade this fall. Never did the *agriculturalist* need more for his money than he does now, and realizing this fact we watched the market carefully and bought our stock lower

THAN EVER BEFORE

and have determined to give you the advantage of it. After an experience of over fifteen years' dilligent study in our business, coupled with the best mechanical devices that could be procured, we now offer you our own brands of

A. A. BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE!

—AS WELL AS OUR—

IMPERIAL COMPOUND FERTILIZER

WHICH ARE MADE

from crude stock of our own selection and for mechanical condition and quality are unsurpassed, our goods are nothing new, and our efforts in the seasons that have passed to give the farmer a strictly honest and reliable fertilizer, have been rewarded by the knowledge of universal satisfaction and a permanent trade.

THANKING OUR

patrons for past favors we now promise to continue to exercise the same skillfull care in the manufacture of our own celebrated brands that we always have, and to keep them up to their present high standard of quality and mechanical condition.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of Fertilizing Materials,
August 2, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

The Boy Or Young Man.

What shall be done with them? Have them educated for Business and self-support by sending them to

SADLER'S BRYANT & STRATTON *Business College* And School of Rapid *Shorthand.*

During the past twenty-six years this institution has made a specialty in preparing young men and women for business. It is the oldest, the largest and the most successful school of that kind in the country. Now is the time to enter and become qualified for positions in business.
For Catalogue, Terms, etc., address
W. H. SADLER, President,
10 and 12 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

OUR BLACK RIB HOSE, in Misses and Ladies, from 5½ to 9's, we offer very cheap. at J. H. SIMPERS'.
a27. WESTCOTT & DODD.

CHILDREN'S, LADIES' AND GENTS' GAUZE SHIRTS. Choice Country Hams.
may31. WESTCOTT & DODD.

WHITE and Colored Blankets very cheap. at J. H. SIMPERS'.

HATS and CAPS in New Fall Styles. at J. H. SIMPERS'.

LOOK at our $2.50 Oyster Boot.
J. H. SIMPERS.

BETTER VALUES

THAN EVER.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Such a line of Suits, Overcoats, Furnishings, and Men's and Boys' Requirements for top and under wardrobe, has never before been shown in Baltimore under one roof.

Sack Suits, from..... $5 to $15
Business Suits, from..... $8 to $18
Walking Suits, from..... $10 to $25
Dress Suits, from..... $10 to $25
OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Overcoats Whether the neat and dressy Top Coat for Fall and early Winter, the thicker Coat for comfort, or the Ulster or Storm King to defy the weather, our styles and prices will please you. These Overcoats include Kerseys, Meltons, Thibets, German Cloths, Beavers, Chinchillas, and all the best of Imported and American weavings.

Prices from $5 to $25.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Boys' Wear From the Shirt Waist and Kilt to the richest effects in suits for young men, we have made rare and elegant provisions. Our Juvenile Department is a treasure house of Style and Beauty in Boys' Suits at right prices.

Prices range from $2 to $20 for Suit or Overcoat.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

That Hat Department is a WELL STOCKED branch where everything useful and comfortable, attractive and unique can be found. Foreign Novelties in headwear a special feature. Our $1.49 and $4.98 qualities are wonders in style and cheapness.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Furnishings Colder days call for WARMER Underwear See our wonderful values. Neckwear, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Handkerchief, Gloves, and all other requisites of a gentleman's wardrobe, at "way down" prices.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Samples And Self-measurements sent promptly on application. The courtesies and conveniences of our Great Store always at your services when in the city.

Oehm's Acme Hall,
MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS
5 & 7 W. Baltimore Street,
Near Charles, - Baltimore, Md.
October 4, 1890.

J. H. SIMPERS.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

LARGE GENERAL STOCK!
LOWEST PRICES!

DRY GOODS — Flannels, Kerseys, Cassimeres, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Outing Cloth, Muslins, Blankets, &c.

NOTIONS — Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Corsets, and a General Notion Stock. Would call SPECIAL attention to our line of UNDERWEAR, comprising Ladies' Vests, Children's Vests, Men's and Boys Undershirts in all sizes and ranging in price from 25c. up, Men's Heavy, Dark Overshirts as low as 50c.

BOOTS and SHOES — Men's and Boys' Winter Boots, Rubber Boots and Shoes, Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Children's Shoes in medium to fine quality, at guaranteed prices. Look at our $250 Oyster Boot.

QUEENSWARE, and GLASSWARE.

HATS and CAPS of the newest Fall Styles.

Full Line of GROCERIES, TOBACCO, &c.

Examine our Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere; it will pay you to do so.

J. H. SIMPERS.
October 4, 1890. CHESTERTOWN.

COAL and WOOD!

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell Coal at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 Pounds for One Ton.

Office on Cannon St., near Princess.

J. T. TWILLEY.
July 17, 1890—tf.

Silver Powders

A SURE CURE FOR

HOG CHOLERA.

REFERENCES:—Wm. T. Nicholson, J. M. J. Byron E. J. Watson, and others.

FOR SALE AT CHESTERTOWN CREAMERY.

s20-tf. R. G. NICHOLSON.

CALLED HER 'LASSES.

FREE BOARD AND LODGING SOMETIMES COME HIGH.

It Turned Out to Be Very Costly Hospitality —Delicate Love-Making—She Could Handle a Hog with Ease and Dexterity—A Fortunate Escape.

(*Written for The Baltimore Sunday News.*)

I had been sent out as a newspaper correspondent and was riding a lean horse through a poor country, when, one blustery evening, I came within sight of an old double-log house that seemed to cling, with a sort of toe-nail hold, to the steep side of a hill. Almost a day had passed since I had seen a human habitation. The country had the appearance of dangerous wildness, and as a fearful night threatened to come up out of the dismal valley, far below, I decided to plead for the privilege of helping the old house cling to the hill-side. Approaching nearer and coming to a small flinty inclosure where a number of hogs, so poor that they appeared to exist only in outlines, were presenting a squealing petition for something to eat, I saw a tall, guant and grizzle-bearded man standing with his bare arms resting on the top rail of the fence.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Wall," he answered, surveying me a moment and then scratching his chin, "I wuz wuss off jest atter I had been sneak bit than I am now, an' a'gin I wus better off jest atter shootin' a feller that trifled with the affections of my family than I am at the present writin'. How is it with yourself?"

I replied that my health was excellent, but that I was unfortunate in being compelled to travel during such weather; 'and' I added, "you can do me a great favor by letting me stay over night at your house."

"Well, it ain't my habit to fake in strangers, but if you will promise me one thing you may light an' put your nag in the stable."

"All right; name the promise."

"Oh! no; I don't want to name it. Rather you'd do that. I never wuz much of a han' to name things. Wife she wanted me to name our last baby. but I jest told her that sich wan't in my line, so she had to name it herself."

"I mean what is the promise."

"Oh. Wall, it's jest this: You musn't ax me how much I charge an' you musn't offer me no pay."

"Your conditions are not only easy but generous," said I, dismounting; "and I shall be grateful for your kindness."

"That's all right, fur I'm a man among men. You'll meet many a feller a-w'arin' of a shirt that has been b'iled in cream that will jolt yo' pocket ever' chance he gits; an' then ag'in you may come across a man that never had no shirt b'iled in nurthin' that would ruther give you a dime than to take one away frum you. The last-named gentleman is me. Jest lead yo' hoss aroun' thisser way, please."

When the horse had been cared for we went into the house, a tumble-down affair, and sat down to await the coming, as my host expressed it, of "mur and Sis." I took no particular notice of "mur" when she and "Sis" came. It was Sis that took my eye. She must have been six feet tall. The smoke from the chimney had made her eyes bleary, and the long green tobacco that she constantly chewed had drawn her mouth to one side. She wore an old boot and a brogan shoe, also a sort of blouse made of cotton bagging.

When we had sat down to supper, or rather when we had gathered about a board on which there were placed corn bread and a dish pan holding a miniature sea of grease which floated a fleet of bacon barges, the host said:

"Sis is the greatest gal in all this here country, ain't you, Sis?"

"Now, pap, whut do you wanter talk thater way, fur?" she replied, sticking a great finger in her crooked mouth. "You know I ain't never did nuthin'."

"Oh, yes you have, Sis. Didn't you ketch Lem Sawyer by the back of the neck and the looseness of the britches an' fling him through the winder, thar?"

"I done that, pap, but that wan't much to do."

"Wall, I calls it a good deal fur a young an' delicate critter. An' say, Sis, can't you milk old Red whunther she wants to be milked or not? Didn't you ketch holt of her hin' leg day befo' yistidy an' jist nachully skeer the milk right down? Hah?"

"I never did nuthin', pap."

"Yes, suh, I done that."

"Wall, that's whut I calls great. W'y I know wimmin that couldn't hold a cat. Look at her thar, stranger. Look at her p'ints. Don't you think she's immense, as the feller 'lowed?"

I certainly thought she was immense and I told my host that I heartily agreed with him, at which he appeared to be delighted.

A heavy rain fell during the night and the next morning my host informed me that the creek down in the valley had been swelled to such an extent that to cross it would be impossible. "Now," said he "you must stay right here with us. Itain't costin' you a cent, you understand."

I decided to remain until the creek should run lower. Shortly after breafast the "land-lord" came to me and said: "Now, as yo' board ain't costin' you nuthin an' as you peer to be a 'commerdatin' feller, would you mind goin' right up thar on the hill with Sis an' helpin' her dig the potatoes? I am monstrous anxious to git 'em dug to-day.'

As he had been so kind—as he had given me shelter without charge—I could not refuse; so, with Sis, I went up the hillside.

"I bet I kin dig faster than you," she said, as she stuck her ten-pound hoe into the ground.

"I shouldn't be surprised. I am not much of a digger."

"Whut air you best at?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"I bet you air a mighty han' to make love to the gals."

"No, I am not much of a success in that line."

"Mebby you ain't been tryin' right hard."

She stood closer to me. "Come," said I, "let us get to work."

She kept close beside me and talked ceaselessly of love. "Ef the right sort of a man wuz to love me right hard, do you want to know whut I'd do?" she asked.

"What would you do?"

"I'd call him lasses all the time. Wouldn't that be sweet?"

"Yes, rather."

"Whut would you do ef a woman loved you right hard?"

"I don't know."

"You'd call her 'lasses, wouldn't you?"

"I might."

"Wall, is I 'lasses?"

"I suppose so," I answered, with a desire to pay her a compliment. She smiled upon me, and then hastily stepping to one side she seized a hog that had got into the potato patch and tossed him over the fence. Just then the dinner horn blew.

"Now," said the host when we had sat down to the table, "here is a b'iled rooster. We've had him a long time, but fur a month or mo' lately I didn't think he wuz goin' to live. He tuck suthin' the matter with his throat an' you mout have hearn him cough half a mile, but we doctored him up till he wuz about fitten to eat and then killed him."

I had no appetite. The girl, after stripping the meat off the wish-bone, held up the horse-shoe-looking thing and told me to pull. I pulled and Sis jumped up and left the table, but soon returned and took her place beside me. After dinner my host said that as the creek had not run down I would greatly oblige him by continuing to help Sis dig potatoes. "I would come up an' dig, too," he added, "but I have got a power of fiddin' about to do."

I wanted to risk the creek and told him so, but he would not hear to it. "W'y bless yo' life," said he, "you'd git drowned sho. To-morror mornin' will be time enough, an' in the meantime you will be doin' of me a great favor by helpin git the potatoes in. Ricolleck that I don't charge you nothin' fur stayin' here, an' bein' a upright man you oughter return one favor fur another."

How I did long for night to come. The hard work was scarcely less wearying than the sickening talk of the girl. Once I told her that I should be compelled to go, but she shook her head gravely and said: "That would make pap awful mad. I forget to tell you, but you musn't make pap mad. I have know'd him to foller a man fur a wee' that had made him mad. An he mighty nigh allus ketches up with a man he follers."

I was asleep by the time I touched the bed that night, and having been too tired to think just before lying down, I dreamed of what a fool I had been in accepting any terms offered by the old man. On the following day I announced my firmly-fixed intention of leaving. The old man professed great astonishment. "What!" said he, "trifle with the affections of my family an' then leave us in the lurch."

I could only grasp in astonishment.

"W'y, you promised to marry Sis," said he.

This staggered me. "Promised to marry her!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, fur right out thar in the tater patch you 'lowed that you wanted her."

"I did not, sir," I almost yelled.

"Didn't you? Wall, I reckon you did. You lowed she wuz 'lasses, an' ef that ain't axin' in this country nobody don't know whut is; an' agin you pulled the wish-bone of the old rooster that you mout at one time have hearn cough a hilf a mile. An' don't you ricolleck when she got up from the table? Wall, she put her piece of the bone up in the fork of a saplin' an' you walked under it an' that put the law on you. Don't caper, now, son, fur I don't want to hurt you. An' another thing, my son, don't try to run away an' leave us atter triflin' with our affections. I've got a whole host of kinfolks nigh here an' they will be might'ly pleased to know that Sis, thar, is going to marry a feller that is sich a hand to dig taters. I reckon you better work along with me to-day. I want to mark some hogs an' then I want to dig stumps outen the new ground. Let's eat as nack now an' go ahead fur I want to hump ourselves to-day."

I saw him tuck a pistol in his jeans trousers before we went to work. I saw more than that; I saw that I should have to run for my life. I knew that argument would be without avail, so, with shrewd strategy, I pretended to be reconciled. What an awful day's work! I was almost dead when night came. I went to bed early, and when the moon had risen, I slipped downstairs. The old man was snoring. I would soon be free. The stable was not far away I would soon be on my horse. Shortly afterward I stood in a cold perspiration. The horse was gone. A dog barked. I ran down toward the valley through which flowed the creek that had caused all my trouble. The valley was there, but where was the creek? The old fellow had lied to me. I treveled all night and until noon the next day before coming to a house. What a thrill I experienced when a railway station arose into view.

While walking up and down the platform, expecting every moment to see my host and his many kinsmen, I saw a man sitting on the end of a cross-tie. He got up on seeing me, and advancing said: "I bet I've had the boss experience of any feller you ever saw. I came round here several days ago to sell fruit trees, but if I ever get out alive I'll join a church and devote the the rest of my life to charity. The other day I stopped at a hill-side house way over yander, and the fellow wouldn't charge me anything, but he pretended that I couldn't get across the creek and made me work for him and the first thing I knew he said that I called his girl 'lasses and had to marry her. He got three days of mighty hard work out of me—but I reckon I had better be shoving on into the woods. I am afraid he'll find me here."

OPIE P. READ.

SUMMERING ON A FARM.

I'm living in the country now, upon a quiet farm.
Where I am free from city noise and safe from urban harm;
And 'stead of horrid cantaloups and early summer meats,
I feed upon the cool crisp squash and blood-red winter beets.

I have a room with slanting roof; no wearisome design
Upon the wall is there to greet these tired eyes of mine.
But honest, coarse, sand-paper walls are those about my head.
'Pon which I rub that fevered spot where mosquitoes have fed.

No narrow bath-tub have I here to lave myself within,
But one large basin on the floor, a dipper made of tin.
Oh, how the cooling waters plash, and o'er my shoulders flow,
Despite their leaking through the floor, assuaging all my woe!

And, as I've said, no city noise doth break upon the ear—
Naught save the cooing of the frog, the bleat of chanticleer,
The crowing of the Durham cow, the lowing of the hen;
These are the sole disturbances in this my rural den.

And oh, the habits that this life, this country life inspires!
The breakfast set at five A. M.—ah! how my soul admires
To rise at four, and ere the sun has started on its way,
To don my duds and enter on the duties of the day!

Instead of working at my desk in hot seer-sucker coat,
To seek the fields and toss the hay, to feed the bounding goat,
To dine three times a day on pie, wash down by berry wine,
And when the sun has set at last retiring at nine.

This is a noble life to lead: from care and strife so free;
It tans the cheek, the muscles gain, it fills the soul with glee
But when next summer comes this way, I fear I can't afford
To swap the sweat of brow and brawn for rural bed and board.

—*Henry Herbert Harkins in Harper's Bazar.*

A Walking Pestilence.

The man who speaks his mind always and everywhere little realizes how thankful many of his hearers are that they have not such an uncomfortable, unhappy, malodorous mind clamoring for expression, as is evidenced by the unkind judgments and uncharitable words which are usually on the lips of this frank person. For have you never noticed that this quality is rarely claimed and insisted upon other than apologetically? The *Home Magazine* says:

"Have you ever met the man who prides himself on the fact that he always says just what he thinks? You have? Then will you agree with me that he is a good deal of a walking, talking pestilence. There is no truer saying than this, that speech was given to disguise one's thoughts. The refinements of civilized life melt away before the man or the woman who says what he or she thinks. Mortals of all kind do not even observe the good old rule about thinking several times before speaking. No. But, ignoring such a thing as tact, which is the fair offspring of thoughtful speech, they betray the fact that they speak what they have no business to think in a way that makes everyone about them dismally uncomfortable and ready to vow that the man who thinks and speaks not is incomparable preferable to the fellow who thinks and speaks simultaneously. Those who work their chins and their brains synchronously, those who blurt out their thoughts, and pride themselves on so doing, may be well-meaning persons, but they are none the less unbearable. They grossly abuse the one gift which lifts them above the plane of animals—the gift of speech—when they 'say just what they think.'"

Bogue---A Hero.

BY OSCAR K. DAVIS.

"It's curious," said the Doctor, "how the friendships of our boyhood occasionally come back to us in later years."

We were sitting in his office enjoying a quiet little chat over the old college days. Something in his manner told me that he had a good story, so I answer with a tentative "Yes? What suggested that to you?"

"Oh! the queer ending one of mine has just had. I'll tell you all about it.

"I was a boy when my father first came to this town. As boys will, I soon made my friends and enemies—more enemies than friends, perhaps; but among the friends was one of the best natured little fellows you ever saw. Somewhere he had picked up the oddest nickname I had ever heard. Everybody in town knew him as 'Bogue.' Why, nobody could tell. His real name was John Sanderson, and he lived with his widowed mother, who kept the country postoffices.

"Bogue was a jolly youngster. He was bright, shrewd and happy; always ready to do a friend a good turn, and continually occupied with one of a thousand schemes he had for making a few cents, or in spending those previously earned. He had two brothers, no more like him in nature and disposition than a rainy day is like the sunshine. They were both sober young fellows, working hard at their trades, and never having any time or money to spend for pleasure.

"But Bogue was their exact opposite, Volatile and free, he had no thought for the day or the morrow. He made the best he could of his life, and had no complaint because existence was not a bed of thornless roses. His bright, winsome ways made him scores of friends. Men preoccupied with business cares would go out of their way to do him a kindness, for there was a phase of his life which the brave little fellow never mentioned, but which half the town knew and pitied. Favorite that he was elsewhere, at home he was disliked. To the mother, so careful of the other boys, so watchful of their lives, he was unwelcome.

"The sweet, sunny nature, so much in need of the tender care of a mother's love, was hurt and darkened at the beginning of its development; left to warp and grow crooked if it would; left to turn into paths the mother-love should carefully guard.

"Is it strange there should have been dark days in his life? The strange thing is that the happy nature was not forever ruined, and that the native manhood within him triumphed.

"Well, we boys lived and grew together. At school he was the brightest and the and the worst of the lot. What mischief he could not devise was not worth attempting; what plans for bothering his teachers he could not formulate were beyond the rest of us. But with all his dare deviltry and mischief, that reckless, merry-hearted boy carried in his manly bosom the very soul of honor. Generous to a fault, he would willingly take the blame of any prank if thereby his companions should escape. But there were some things neither persuasion nor force could induce him to do. And one day the master called on him for one of them.

"There had been a prank of more than usual magnitude played on the master's desk had been opened and his textbooks hidden. There was an ominous gleam in his gray eyes that morning as he called out: 'Sanderson, did you have anything to do with this?'

"'Yes, sir,' answered the boy.

"'Come up here.'

"Bogue stepped forward, never dreaming but that a good thrashing would settle the whole trouble; but he was mistaken.

"'Who was with you?' asked the master.

"'The boy's big eyes grew round with astonishment and flashed with anger as he answered: 'Do you think I will tell you that? You don't know me.'

"'My dear fellow, where have you been?'

"'Oh! I don't know. Nobody does; nobody cares. I'm a tramp. Have been a tramp three years; but what's the difference? Nobody cares.'

"'But I care,' I replied.

"He shook his head sadly. 'Nobody has ever cared anything about me. I never even had a home. I just grew as I could. I used to wonder what a home would be like if a fellow had one of his own. Maybe if somebody had cared a rap whether I went right or wrong it would have been different.'

"He was hungry, dirty, cold, and had no money. I took him to my rooms, gave him a bath, got him some clothes and took him down to dinner with me. Something nad sobered him wonderfully. After dinner he went back to the office; and he told me his story.

"There wasn't much to tell, When he left our town he had gone to a big railroad centre and found work. He got the opportunity and learned telegraphy. He had been gone 14 years and was grown to manhood, when he was given a country station. There the old, old story was told again. He fell in love with the daughter of a business man, and became engaged to her.

"'It was queer,' he went on, 'how the old longing for a home of my own came back over me. How we planned and arranged! Everything was ready, and the wedding day was almost come. I never dreamed of trouble; but, Dave—the day we were to have been married—she ran away with another fellow. He had seemed a good friend of mine, and had been helping me with the arrangements.

"'That night I was wild. For the first time in my life I got drunk. I don't know how it was, but when I got her note I seemed as if I was on fire. I went down to the office drunk. The boys were astonished to see me so, but they had heard the story and understood. But, as if it were not enough to have the dream of my life ruined, I made a mistake in taking a train order, and the train was wrecked, a man killed, and a woman crippled for life. That night I went away. I started out to walk, and I have walked ever since. That was almost three years ago.

"'And here I am. You're the first man in all time who has had a good word for me. I went to see the boys—my brothers, when I got here. You know how it used to be with us. They would not speak to me. No, there's no use of my trying to brace up. I've tried it till I'm sick, and it's no go, so I guess I had better move on.'

"But I stopped him and made him stay with me. That was about a year ago. He stayed six weeks, and gradually got back into something like his old self. But I could see that his heart was gone, and that it was a strained effort that he was making. In those six weeks his brothers never spoke to him once. Some of the old friends who were still here were really glad to see him; but he was very reticent, and spent all the time with me.

"One day he said he was ready to go to work again if he could get the chance. I had some influence in railroad circles, and we went down to headquarters together. He was a fine workman and thoroughly competent, so there was not much diffitulty in getting him a place. I went with him out to his station, and saw him fairly installed before I came back. The morning that I left him he gave a hearty handshake, and looking me straight in the eyes, said, with quivering lips: 'Dave, old fellow, I'll be a man now.' So I left him.

"He never wrote to me but I heard of him occasionally, and always the report was a good one. He was keeping steadily at work—lost in it, it seemed, for he never associated with the young men of the town. His secret was his own and he kept it.

"So it went until, ten days ago, I got a message from him. He had been hurt in an accident and wanted me. I went at once, but there was no hope. The poor boy was beyond all human help, and it was merely a question of time. He knew it, and was not afraid. The old strength that I had seen in his face when the master so cruelly beat him came back again. The promise of his boyhood was fulfilled.

"I sat down beside him, and he told me how it happened. 'I kept my word, Dave,' he said. 'Sometimes it was pretty hard; but it's over now. It was a little lonesome out here at times, too; but that's all right. I went up to Brady's Station the other day to see the agent there. We stood on the platform, talking, while we waited for the passengers to come. There was a through special coming ahead of the passenger. There were lots of people on the platform; but I did not notice any of them particular until, just as the special swung by the yard target, a woman screamed 'Oh! my baby!' There was a little baby girl just toddling across the track. She fell over the outer rail. I jumped and pushed her off, but somehow slipped. Jack Dolan was pulling the train. He saw it, but he couldn't stop her.'

"He paused, exhausted, then in a whisper he added, 'Dave, it was her baby. Good-by.' The soul of a hero had gone to its God."

MARRIED LIFE.

An Argument Between a Bachelor and Benedict as to its Success.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Is marriage a failure?"

"That depends."

"Quite likely; but there were many famous men who gave the strength of their opinion and example to the view that marriage was something not to be desired."

This conversation took place yesterday between two disputants at the Russell House. The bachelor continued:

"Shall I fire off my list of famous men who abhorred marriage, or who, married, were woefully unhappy?"

The married man replied: "Fire your head off if you choose. But I warn you before you begin that your argument is of no avail."

"How so?"

"Because every man is entitled to his opinion; and the opinion of a bachelor on marriage must at least be a mere matter of hearsay or the fancies of inexperience and prejudice."

"I defy you!"

"Then go ahead."

"Here they are, the famous bachelors of the world, a list of men eminent in all lines of human endeavor, collected by me at a great sacrifice of time and——"

"Bah!"

"You do not want to be convinced. You are a married man, perhaps against your will. Let us see how the world's most famous men have viewed the subject of matrimony. Are you ready for this intellectual and scientific bombshell?"

"For heaven's sake go on!"

"I will, then, as follows: Behold these distinguished bachelors—Newton, Locke, Gibbon, Hume, Adam Smith, Harvey, Leibnitz, Boyle, Hobbs, Hampden, Sir Frances Drake, Earl of Sussex, Haydn, Handel, Pitt, Michel Angelo, the three Caracci, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wolsey, Pascal, Fenelone, Pope, Whittier, Akenside, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Thompson, J. Bentham, Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Bion, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, Democritus, and Diogenes.

"Now, then," went on the bachelor, "here are other famous men who although married, were supremely miserable: Aristotle, Socrates, Pittacus, Periander, Euripides, Aristophanes, Bocaccio, Carlyle, Dante, Milton, Steele, Addision, Dryden, Moliere, Racine, Sterne, Garrick, and Bacon. Are you satisfied with this, the testimony of ages?"

And the married man sat dead in his chair.

GURLEY—A man called me a dude today; but I promptly wesented the insult.

Dolly—How?

Gurley—I looked at him weal angwy.—*Epoch.*

FIRST PEDESTRIAN—There is scarcely any water coming from that sprinkling cart.

Second Pedestrian—The driver is probably saving it for the crossings.—*New York Weekly.*

BROWNSON—Will you attend Miss Hightone's reception on her return from Europe?

Joneson—Hardly. I attended her rejection the evening she left last July.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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