Kent News.

Vol. 51. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1890. No. 27.

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.

Professional Cards.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite Voshell House.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and 6 to 9 P. M., Sunday excepted.

DR. GENESE, Dental Surgeon,
OF BALTIMORE,
has arranged with DR. W. E. BARNARD to assist him in his practice. Attendance every Saturday at Betterton, Kent county, Md., for all duties pertaining to Dentistry. oc11-3m.

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

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

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

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Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s
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BENJ. B. OWENS,
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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
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jau5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAMES W. JEROME. J. HARRY VICKERS.
JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, WOOL and Country Produce Generally.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF GRAIN AND FRUITS.
20 East Camden Street, *Near Light St. Wharf,* Baltimore, Maryland.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt Street, Balto., Md.
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.

ANDREW W. WOODALL.
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
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EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
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JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
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—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE. — Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. fa29.

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G. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
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

P. E. CREW & CO.,
(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)
FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK
Commission Merchants,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sale if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

S. F. CREW,
late of J. P. Moyer & Co.
M. L. COULBOURN,
late Manager of Egg & Poultry Department of J. H. Coulbourn.
CREW & COULBOURN,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
POULTRY, EGGS, GAME, DRESSED PORK, GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, &c.,
No. 318 North Front Street, Philadelphia.
REFERENCES:—Dr. Samuel Beck, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Kent Co., Md.; Stevens Bro., 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.; Dey & Kugler, 53 Thompson Ave., N. Y.; Produce National Bank, 104 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ROCK HILL COLLEGE.
Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Situated upon the slope of one of the picturesque hills overlooking Ellicott City, Howard county, Md. Scientific, Classical and Commercial courses. Students are received as boarders or day scholars. For particulars address BROTHER DENIS, PRESIDENT.
a16-3m.

LOWEST — FOR GENTLEMEN!

Black Cheviots at $10, $12, $15 and $18, in Single and Double-Breasted Sacks and Cutaways, guaranteed to fit to perfection. Selling Imported Worsteds and Fancy Cassimere Suits, beautifully tailored, for $18, $20, $22 and $25; also, Corkscrews and Diagonals in Prince Alberts and Cutaways. To order they would cost nearly double.

Silk-Lined Overcoats as Low as $15. Very Handsome Coats with Silk Facings for $8, $8.50, $10 and $12. Strong-Wear Overcoats as Low as $6, but the better grades go faster. English Styles come under the $15 class—the finest Meltons, Kerseys and Cheviots cost only $20 to $25. Our $10, $12 and $15 qualities are decidedly popular. Extra effort put into Light-Weight Overcoats intended for dress. Doing an enormous business in Light Overcoats. Showing styles not usually found in clothing stores.

MABLEY & CAREW.

PRICES

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.

50 *FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LIFE SCHOLARSHIP*
PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE
1709 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.

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
HAVE BEEN REACHED AT
A. FRIEDMAN'S.

HAVING studied the wants of the people for the past years we feel confident that their most sanguine expectations can be gratified both in regard to Choice Line selected with great care and at a PRICE IN KEEPING WITH THE TIMES, for we know you must get your money's worth, and having bought our stock lower than ever direct from the largest manufacturers in the country, we can and will give you every dollar that belongs to you in a Suit of Clothes, for any age from 5-year-suit to the plain, substantial one of 90 summers. We have a CHOICE LINE OF YOUNG MEN'S SUITINGS in Plain and Fancy Cheviots, Double-Breasted Coat and Vest, Diagonals, Wide Wales, Corkscrews, and all the Leading Styles in Cassimeres and Worsted. A Grand Line of Nice, Plain, Neat, Serviceable patterns such as will suit the middle-aged man, and stand the test of time without a change in color. Then you can bring the Boy along; we have a Suit for him also among a line of goods manufactured especially for us in new and exclusive designs, and can fit him correctly in any grade you want.

FURNISHINGS.—We also have a Choice Line of Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear and Hats, all new and Choice Designs.

BOOTS and SHOES for MEN, YOUTHS and BOYS.

FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY.

We have them in stock any size, style, or width you want, and also make to measure, of the Finest Stock and Workmanship, and Guarantee a Fit in Every Case. Full line of Men's Boys' and Youths' Boots very low. Can also save you money on this line of goods. **THE RIVETED SHOE, Men's $2.75, Boy's $2.50.** Come in and get squarely dealt with.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Oct. 25, 1890. *The Leading Clothier, Opposite Stam's Hall.*

THOMAS G. WROTH,
UNDER STAM'S HALL. CHESTERTOWN, MD.
—A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF—
BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBER GOODS
for Men, Ladies and Children, in all Styles and at PRICES TO DEFY COMPETITION. We cordially invite you to inspect our stock, believing we can at all times suit you both as price and quality. We are still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE ON THE SHORE. We also handle the justly celebrated Snag Proof RUBBER BOOT. In fact we keep everything pertaining to a well regulated Shoe Store. We have also added to our stock a nice lot of UMBRELLAS, which will be handled at bottom figures.
Very respectfully, **THOS. G. WROTH,**
Sept. 20, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL

BARGAINS IN FALL AND WINTER 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.**

TWO VALUABLE FARMS
FOR SALE.
WILL be exposed at public sale at Pennington's Hotel, in Galena, Kent county, Maryland,
On TUESDAY, 13th of Nov., 1890,
AT 2½ O'CLOCK, P. M., all those
Two Desirable Farms
OR TRACTS OF LAND,
situate in the First Election District of said county, to wit:
—No. 1.—
bounded by the public road leading from Galena to Millington, by No. 2, hereafter described by lands of Richard W. Cochran, Dr. C. H. B. Massey, Andrew Woodall, and lands of others, containing
320 ACRES,
MORE OR LESS,
divided into two parcels, by the Kent county Railroad.
The IMPROVEMENTS are a
LARGE and SUBSTANTIAL
Brick Mansion House,
and KITCHEN, a FRAME STABLE nearly new, and OTHER OUTBUILDINGS. A considerable portion of this tract as in wood and timber; the cleared land is divided into four fields, in a fair state of cultivation.
—No. 2.—
lying on the public road leading from Galena to Millington, and adjoining No. 1 aforesaid, and lands of Andrew Woodall,
Containing 170 ACRES,
nearly all cleared, divided into five fields, in a fair state of cultivation.
The IMPROVEMENTS are a
COMFORTABLE
Frame Dwelling House,
KITCHEN, LARGE FRAME GRANARY, FRAME STABLE and other OUTBUILDINGS,
No. 1 is in the tenancy of Mr. James Voshell. No. 2 is in the tenancy of Mr. John Voshell. They will show the farms to persons wishing to purchase.
Terms of Sale:
The terms of sale will be liberal and will be made known on day of sale, or on application to
WM. A. COCHRAN, OWNER,
oct-ts. Middletown, Del.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
507 ACRES OF
Valuable Land
IN KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
BY VIRTUE of the power contained in a deed of trust from Henry W. Archer, of Robert, to Hope H. Barroll and Jas. J. Archer, duly recored among the land records of Kent county, Md., the undersigned, trustees, will offer at public sale at Golt's Station, Kent county, Maryland, on
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12th, 1890,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,
all the land conveyed to Henry W. Archer, of Robert, by Daniel H. Kent and wife, by deed of mortgage, dated 10th day of April, 1885, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 451, one of the Land Records of Kent county, Md., situated in and near the town of Golt's Station, on the Queen Anne's and Kent Railroad, in the First Election District of Kent county, Maryland, containing
507 ACRES,
More or less, and comprised of SEVERAL DIFFERENT TRACTS, which were conveyed to the said Daniel H. Kent, as follows:
No. 1.—ALL THAT TRACT CONveyed by Thomas G. Chance and wife by deed dated the 12th of December, 1882, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 3, containing about NINETY-FIVE ACRES.
No. 2.—ALL THAT 26 ACRES conveyed by W. R. Miller by deed dated the 19th of May, 1884, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 5, Folio 539.
No. 3.—ALSO, 60 ACRES CONveyed by Henry A. Nowland and others by deed dated 20th of March, 1884, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 5, Folio 449, excepting one-eighth of an acre conveyed to Isaac Lee and others, trustees of the colored M. E. Bethel Church, near Golt's Station,
No. 4.—ALSO, 118 ACRES CONveyed by Henry W. Archer and wife by deed dated the 9th of May, 1883, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 4, Folio 675, excepting one acre conveyed to Samuel Watts and others, trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, near Golt's Station. Much of the above tracts is heavily timbered, and the soil is naturally rich and productive.
No. 5.—ALSO, ALL THAT FARM situated at Golt's Station, on the road leading to Smyrna, conveyed by John D. Vansant and wife by deed dated 4th of January, 1882, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 3, Folio 3, containing about **223 ACRES,** one hundred and twenty-five of which are under cultivation. The land is of excellent quality, thoroughly ditched and in first-class condition. There is a PEACH ORCHARD OF 1,600 TREES on the place, 1,000 of which are three years old and very flourishing; a SMALL APPLE ORCHARD of choice fruit, and one acre and a-half in Raspberries. The Improvements consist of a **TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,** with addition; a good-sized Barn, Corn Crib and Stabling for nine head of horses, all in good condition; also, a Carriage House, Wagon Shed and Cow Stable, all nearly new.
No. 6.—ALSO, SEVERAL SUBSTANTIAL DWELLING HOUSES WITH LOTS ATTACHED. Other Buildings and Building Lots, all in the town of Golt's, above referred to, among which are Three Dwelling Houses, nearly new, on the Sassafras road, about three hundred yards from the railroad.
TERMS OF SALE: One-third of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale; one-third thereof in six months, and the balance in twelve months from the day of sale; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the notes and bonds of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustees; or these terms may be modified.
HOPE H. BARROLL,
JAMES J. ARCHER,
TRUSTEES.
JACOBY & MILLER, Auc'rs. oc18-ts.

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.**

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.

A MYSTERY.

BY S. T. BURDICK.

I was running the "Old Black Hand" on the M. C. & L. Railroad. Let me see! It was just sixteen years ago. If you ever traveled on the road in those days, no doubt you remember the "Old Black Hand."

She was a fine engine—an M. Baldwin patent—an eight-wheeled driver, and I loved her as the seaman loved his craft, or a turfman his horse that wins him the race. I had run on the road for three years and was perfectly familiar with the line from one end to the other.

About six months previous to the time of which I write, an accident had occurred on the E. Creek trestle, ten miles east of C. The trestle was 600 feet in length, and the greatest depth was near the west bank, sixty-two feet.

The station man had fallen from the trestle after the night train had passed and from appearances, when found next morning, had been instantly killed.

The next night after the accident as I was stepping on the foot board—I ran the night express—the Superintendent came to me and told me in a few hurried words that he wanted to place an old man and a young girl on my engine, and he wished me to make some pretext to stop at the E. Creek trestle and let them off without letting the conductor know they had been on the train, and at the same time he enjoined on me perfect secrecy, and positively forbade me asking any question whatever.

This strange proceeding on the part of the superintendent puzzled me greatly.

He was a man about fifty years of age, and well known as a thorough business man, and one of unspotted integrity, and by far the largest stockholder in the road.

Why he should place these parties on my engine and desire to keep it a secret from the conductor, who, like myself, was only an employe of the company, I could not for my life imagine.

There was a large crowd in the depot at the time, as is usually the case in large cities, and he passed the parties up to me without being observed.

Time was up; the bell rang, and the train moved out into the darkness.

After trying the gauges, and arranging things about the engine, I sat down opposite my two passengers and took a survey of their persons.

The man was perhaps sixty years old, hair and beard as white as snow sharp gray eyes filled with energy and an indescribable sad expression of countenance that bespoke deep sorrow. His form was slight, yet well proportioned and his movement was quick and nervous.

The girl was perhaps seventeen years of age, with eyes as black as night and a well-poised head covered with shining coils of hair of the same sable hue. She resembled the old man in the general contour of form and feature, and no doubt they stood in the relation of parent and child, and as her face partook of the same sad expression, it was to be presumed she was a sharer of his sorrows, whatever they might have been.

As ten miles on an express train, running at full speed, is a short ride, and I knew we were nearing the E. Creek trestle, I rose to my feet and placed my hand on the lever of the throttle valve.

My companion seemed to understand the movement perfectly. The old man cast a sharp glance at me and then at the girl, adjusted his cloak, and peered out into the darkness.

I then shut off the steam with one shove of the lever, whistled "down brakes," and then commenced a series of short, sharp toots as though to frighten some animal off the track.

The train slowed up, and in a moment more stood still.

The conductor jumped off at one side of the train, and came forward with his lantern, and my passengers got off at the other.

I assisted the girl to alight, and as her warm hand rested one moment in mine a thrill like that caused by an electric machine ran through my veins.

She pressed my hands and left in my grasp a small card, which I hastily thrust into my pocket.

The old man wrung my hand and then the two hurried out into the darkness.

I ran forward on the track; in a moment turned and came back; met the conductor just ahead of the engine, told him I thought I saw something on the track, but that all seemed right.

This satisfied him, and in a moment more the train was on its way.

We passed slowly over the trestle; then I let on steam and brought the train under such speed that we could make the time at L., thirty miles ahead; then took the card from my pocket, and on it was penciled in a small, delicate hand: "Mention this to no one, and I will be your friend."

I turned the card over and over, but that was all, and I could do nothing but wonder and surmise with regard to the matter.

I pictured in my mind all sorts of stories and trains of circumstances that could have brought such an event about, but all to no purpose.

On returning to C. the next night I met the Superintendent on the platform. He looked at me in an anxious, inquiring manner. I knew his meaning and nodded that all was well and passed into the office.

The next week I was surprised at receiving almost double pay, which wages continued as long as I remained on the road.

Time went on for about six months, and I could get no clew to the mystery, but I invariably kept a sharp lookout as I neared the E. Creek trestle—for what reason I could not tell, as I certainly could not expect to see my two former passengers at that point again, but still some unknown attraction compelled me to look.

It was now in the early part of the winter of 1857. The night was exceedingly dark and stormy, and it had been sleeting all day, and everything was covered with ice. We left C. five minutes late, being delayed by the storm, and were running unusually fast to gain time.

For once I did not think of the E. creek trestle until the headlight flashed on the icy roof of the small station house situated about 300 yards from the creek.

In a moment I was on my feet looking ahead. I had unconsciously shut off the steam and had my hand upon the whistle cord.

Did I see something on the track or was it imagination?

In a moment I had whistled "down brakes," and not an instant too soon, for the glare of the headlight revealed a broken lantern, and a few feet further on a female form lying prostrate across the railroad track.

I sprang to the reverse lever, and throwing my whole force into the movement, reversed the action of the engine, and then let the steam on with a jerk.

A sharp, hissing sound ensued, and in a moment the wheels were spinning around in an opposite direction amid 1,000,000 sparks that lit the scene with a brilliant glare.

In a moment I had passed along the running board and was now on the "cow-catcher," one foot firmly planted on the farthest bar, my left hand grasping one of the strong iron ribs, and my body forward with an arm extended toward the inanimate form we were so rapidly approaching.

The wheels crushed the lantern into a thousand atoms, and were within a foot of the white, upturned face. I lowered my hand nearly to the ground and braced myself for the shock.

What if I should miss my hold? I set my teeth and threw my whole energy in the movement.

A sudden clutch—a terrible strain on the muscles—and the prostrate form was beside me on the pilot. Then everything seemed to whirl around for an instant, and all was oblivion.

When I came to myself I found myself on a lounge in a small, neat room, and an old man and a young woman bending over me, whom I at once recognized as my two passengers of six months previous.

In attempting to move I found I was seriously injured, and the old man directed me to keep perfectly quiet, telling me my arm was broken and I was otherwise badly injured, but I had, nevertheless, saved the life of his daughter, for which he tendered me the most ardent thanks.

His daughter testified her gratitude in a glance far more eloquent than words. Ere I had recovered from my illness the old man had related to me the story of his eventful life.

Some years before he had been a wealthy merchant in a neighboring city, where Mr. R., the present superintendent of the railroad, was also engaged in business.

In the financial crash of 18—Mr. R. became embarrassed and was on the verge of ruin. Mr. Collins—that being the old man's name—assisted him out of his financial difficulty.

In time he removed to C., became a heavy stockholder in the road, and finally became superintendent of the road.

Meanwhile, by one of those inexplicable revulsions in the tide of fortune, Mr. Collins had experienced the most severe reverses, and his fortune had literally taken to itself wings and had flown away; and added to the loss of fortune was the still greater one of the death of a dearly beloved wife.

In his extremity he came to C. and called upon his former friend. Mr. R. received him cordially, and made him many offers, even proposing to advance him a sufficient sum to set him up in business.

All these offers the old man refused, and finally accepted the position as station man at the trestle work, which position had been made vacant by the accident first alluded to.

The duties were light, mainly consisting in passing over the bridge after the passage of each train.

In connection with the station was a small, neat cottage, which the station man occupied, and where, removed from the cares of business life, the broken merchant made his home in contentment and peace.

The conductor of the train of which I was engineer had at one time been very intimate in Mr. Collins' family, and he and the daughter were engaged to be married. At this time he was supposed to be quite wealthy and moved in the best circles of society; but when reverses visited the family of his betrothed, instead of coming forward manfully, as a devoted lover, his visits to the house ceased and the engagement was at once broken off.

And not only that, but when bantered by his companions he declared his intentions had never been serious, and that he had only flirted with the young lady to kill time, and looked much higher in his selection of a wife.

Amanda, for this was my heroine's name, was of a sensitive nature, and felt the matter keenly, and bitterly resented the gross injustice done her.

When, in company with her father, she was about to step on the train on the night of our first meeting, she observed with terrible trepidition that the conductor was none other than her former suitor, and desiring to avoid contact with him, the arrangement was perfected of which the reader has already been made acquainted.

On the evening of the storm Mr. Collins was ill, and his daughter had volunteered to take his place and cross the bridge. While returning she missed her footing and fell, striking her forehead against the rail and rendering her quite insensible.

The light reflected from the engine on the broken lantern, which she had dropped in her fall, had first caught my attention, and was fortunately the providential means of saving her life.

In lifting her from the track, which I had succeeded in doing not a moment too soon, I had fractured my arm near the shoulder, and the pain of the occasion had caused me to faint dead away.

My fireman shut off steam, and rescued us from our perilous situation, and carried us into the cottage where we had been properly cared for.

Fortunately a passenger on the train was a good engineer and took charge of my engine until I was able to resume the care of it myself.

Of course before my convalescence I had fallen desperately in love with my fair nurse, and if the reader were to visit our little cottage today, he would hear her say, as she bends over me with our little boy in her arms:

"My dear, why don't you cross your t's and dot your i's?"

And I look up to the eyes of my gentle wife and say:

"Never mind, my love; the printer will fix it all right even if he does scold a little."

THE best helper in trouble, the best guide to the erring, is not one who is utterly unnerved by the distress which his sympathy causes him. Like the skillful surgeon, his head must be clear and his hand steady if he is to probe to the seat of the trouble and administer efficient relief.

AN AMATEUR IN AGRICULTURE.

I have had considerable experience as an agricultural editor, but, fortunately, it was condensed into a very brief period of my life. Shortly after leaving college I bought out a small paper in a country town, and I launched myself upon what I called the carreer of a "journalist."

My "Agriculture Department" was the pride of my heart, and to it I brought all the ripe culture and experience of the recent college graduate. It held the place of honor in my columns, and I am sure that I honestly endeavored to raise the standard of agriculture in the section over-shadowed by my editorial tripod. I had been running this department for about three months, when one day a subscriber came in—a farmer of the old school and a man of considerable prominence in the community. He tossed his hat over the ink bottle on my table, to a seat and remarked:

See here, Mr. Editor, if this ere paper of yourn dosen't brace up pretty quick I'm a-goin to stop it, too.

"Why, what's the matter? I exclaimed in consternation. I flattered myself that I was getting out the best paper in the State, especially for farmers.

That's just where the shoe pinches, replied my visitor frankly. What you have to say about farmin' young man, is rediklus, simply rediklus. Now look at this editorial on cows, he continued, pulling a frayed paper from his pocket. Listen to this sentence: The sooner a cow is killed for beef the less milk she will be likely to give.

Well, what is the matter with that? I demanded. Can you deny this is a fact?

Thunderation, that ain't the p'int! yelled the granger, removing his boots from my fancy stationary and pounding the table with his fist. Of course it's a fact, but ain't it a fact that two and two is four? And did you ever know of anybody's kick-against that? What's the use of telling us what any blamed fool knows before he is weaned?

A shadow gathered on my handsome brow, and I looked thoughtfully out the window.

And here's something else, continued the granger, running his finger down the column. Speaking of hens, you say, "The reason why old hens soldem have teeth is because, as soon as hen's teeth begin to get loose, they are washed down her throat by her persistent habit of gargling whenever she drinks. If hens could only be taught to lap their drink as sheep do, their constitution would be saved from the wear and tear of digesting so many hard teeth."

Well, what is there against that? I asked, anxiously, don't you believe it yourself?

Believe it! screamed the granger, as he sprang to his feet and pranced around the office with his face the color of a boiled lobster. Believe it! do you take me for an ass? Don't you suppose I know where my hair begins? Believe it! why heaven and 'arth, I hope I ain't a lunatic yet, nor any of my folks. Blast your gall! You may stop my paper today. I won't have such nonsense in the house.

So saying, my indignant visitor swooped up his hat, distributing, as he did so, a pint of aniline ink over the table and floor, and disappeared from the sanctum, leaving me in humiliated astonishment, twirling my moustache and trying to recollect whether hens had gums on one jaw and teeth on the other, or only just plain gums on both jaws.

Two weeks later, finding that my subscription list was falling off alarmingly, I sold out my paper and began life anew as a book agent.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Where She Lived.

It is strange how difficult some persons find it to answer a simple question directly. Even the fact that time, other people's time, is valuable does not disturb their enjoyment in chattering of various things which have no bearing on the two or three words which their interlocutors wait more or less patiently to hear. The following conversation took place not long ago in a busy savings bank.

Said the cashier. "Where do you live, madam?"

"Well, I just came up from the Cape. My sister's just been married, and her husband has a fine place down there. He's doing well, is Amelia's husband, and I'm glad of it. They say"—

"Excuse me, madam," interrupted the cashier, "I wish to fill in this blank with residence."

"Well, I was going to tell you. She wanted me to go down and visit her at the Cape. So I've been down there a month. She wouldn't hardly let me come up today. She said I must stay a week longer, anyway. But I thought"—

Again the official protested, "What is your address now?"

"As I was saying. I am going to look for a boarding place. I don't know yet where I'll stay. I want a place to suit me for winter. And I can't decide." She paused a minute for breath, and seemed rather surprised to be asked sternly:

"Where have you been staying? That address will do."

"Why, at my sister's, down on the Cape. I never make long visits, but I've been there more than a month, she being just married and thinking a sight of me."

"Yes; where does your sister live?"

"Down on the Cape"——

"Whereabouts on the Cape? What town?"

"Athensville."

And the cashier and four customers who had been waiting breathed a sigh of relief as she turned away murmuring that Athensville wasn't really a town, but that her married sister liked living there very well.—*Youth's Companion.*

Have You Enemies?

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of spite.

A man who has no enemies is not apt to succeed in the battle of life; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it.

A sterling character—one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks—is sure to have bitter enemies and warm friends; both are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active.

A celebrated man who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, die out of themselves." If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk.

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DYING USUALLY PAINLESS.

The sign of impending death, says the *Medical Journal*, are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases.

Shakespeare, who observed everything else, observed and recorded some of the premonitory signs of death also. In the account of the death of Falstaff the sharpness of the nose, the coldness of the feet, gradually extending upward, the picking at the bedclothes, are accurately described.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart looses its power to propel the blood to the extremities, which consequently become cold, a clammy moisture oozes the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or poping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

In death at old age there is a gradual dulling of all the bodily senses and many of the mental faculties, memory fails, judgment wavers, imagination goes out like a candle. The muscles and tendons get stiff, the voice breaks, the cords of the tabernacle are loosening. Small noises irritate, sight becomes dim, nutrition goes on feebly, digestion is impaired, the secretion are insufficient, or vitiated, or cease, capiliary circulation is clogged. Finally the central organ of the circulation come to a stop, and this stoppage means a dissolution. This is the death of old age which few attain to.

Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is a more painful process than birth. It is because, in a certain proportion of cases, dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that the idea exists, but it is nearly as certain as anything can be that distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many instances, too, a comatose or semi-comotose state supervenes, and it is altogether probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails. We have, too, abundant evidence of people who have been nearly drowned and resuscitated, and they all agree in the statement that after a few moments of painful struggling, fear and anxiety pass away, and a state of tranquility succeeds. They see the visions of green fields and in some cases hear pleasing music, and so far from being miserable, their sensations are delightful. But where attempts at resuscitation are succesful, the resuscitated persons almost invariably protests being brought back to life, and declare that resuscitation is accompanied by physical pain and acute mental misery.

Death is a fact which every man must personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest, and as facts are facts, the wiser course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessity is coal-black and death keeps no calendar.

He Wasn't Quite Ready.

During a revival the minister noticing that a young man named Hank Boyd had begun to sink down under apparent conviction, approached him and asked, "How do you feel?"

"Oh, middlin'."

"Don't you feel that your life has been sinful, and that it is time to turn from the certain destruction that awaits you?"

"Yas, middlin'."

"Well, won't you come up now and kneel down at the altar?"

"No, I don't believe I will right now."

"But now is the accepted time. How much danger do you suppose your soul in this very minute?"

"Middlin' danger, I reckon."

"Come with me," the preacher urged, taking hold of his arm.

"No, not right now—I'll see you after awhile."

"Don't you know that it is dangerous to wait?"

"Yes—reckon thar's middlin' lot of danger in it."

"Then for heaven's sake come."

"No, I kain't till I do one thing. I've got ter whup Abe Bender befo' I kere to profess religion. After that's done I'll be on the Lord's side."

"Oh, you must not think of whipping him."

"Kain't help it when he has done me so mean."

"What did he do?"

"Wall, I war away from home tuther day—off on the country road ten miles from a house, and I wanted a chaw terbacker wusn't a hound pup ever wanted a hunk of liver, and I war powerful nigh dead and war a slobbering like a hoss eating white clover. Just then I met Abe. I axed him for a chaw, and he grinned at me, a'chewin' a mouthful of long green, but 'lowed he wouldn't give me none. I war too weak to whup him then, but I'm peerter now, an' I think I kin fetch him, and after I have tried why I'd come into your flock."

"My son," said the preacher, as he bit off a chew of long green, "I don't blame you, and more than that, I'll help you to whale him."

No Assistance Needed.

He had just mashed his thumb with a hammer and was looking in silence at the bruised member.

"I judge" said the sympathizing neighbor, who was leaning against the line fence and looking over at him, "that there are reasons why you cannot express yourself as freely as you would like. Blank the billy-be-dashed luck to dingnation. Double dash the——"

"Sir!" interrupted the proud Kentuckian, laying down the hammer, pushing his hat back, and inflating his lungs, "I consider myself fully competent to attend to this case, begad. I was only waiting to get a good ready."

And for the next eleven minutes he occupied the exclusive attention of the recording angel.

NEVER tell anybody an unpalatable truth when it can answer no good purpose. This sort of unnecessary candor is sometimes prompted by malice, sometimes by a mere looseness of tongue. If you have a taste for sharp repartee, restrain it. It is better to lose a jest then a friend—to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing," than to make an enemy.

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