THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Sx lines Nonpareil. or space equivalent thereto, constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

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

BROKEN LOTS
—IN—
MEN'S, YOUTHS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

WE HAVE had a good trade right along this season, no room to complain, and consequently we naturally conclude that Honest, Well-made Garments, at Fair and Square Prices, are appreciated every time. Now, as trade commenced early with us, necessarily leaves a good many Broken Lots, 36x40 of one kind, 35x37 of another, &c., which we can afford to close at a Small Margin Above First Cost, as no middleman gets a slice of our stock; they come direct from the manufacturer to us. We have sold a great many suits and the broken assortments we have bunched together and marked them down.

IN OVERCOATS

our trade has been correspondingly large and the remnants will be closed at the same reductions. Having a nice line of these goods, all new this season (as we carry no goods over) and not expecting margins to be made in sixty days, we can and will put a price on them that they must go. We have been selling goods in Chestertown so long now that the trade is fully aware of our full assortment without enumerating kinds, and the close price at which we sell these goods has never been more fully appreciated than this season. We can please you in style, quality and price.

Nice Line of Furnishing Goods as Usual

BOOTS and SHOES!

What we have left in Boots we will close at Cost, for instance: A Man's First Quality Kip Boot for $2.00, Good Solid one for $1.65; 22-inch Leg, Double Upper, Three Sole Oyster Boot $2.25; Boys' and Youths' in like proportion. We can save you 20 per cent. on these goods as we don't intend to carry one single pair over. In Men's Fine Shoes we are selling a great many and carry the Most Complete Line in Town. We are also getting up a nice trade on Custom Goods. Make any style to measure and guarantee a job in every case. Men's Rivited $2.75, Boys' Rivited $2.50. Embrace the opportunity is the invitation extended by

A. FRIEDMAN,
Opposite Stam's Hall. *Chestertown's Leading Clothier.*

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.

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 12c. 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 7¾c. 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.

Something New in the Stove Line!

Gauze Door Cook Stoves
AND RANGES.

BAKING Bread in the above will not mould, and Meats cooked are rich and juicy. Call and see the above stoves at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

COAL HODS, SHOVELS, &c.
Coal Hods, Shovels, Pokers, Zinc, Stove Boards, Pipe, Elbows, Dampers, Collars, a large stock of all kinds of goods kept in a first-class Hardware and Stove Store, at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

ROOFING, SPOUTING, &c.
Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Tin and Iron Work, and Repairing Heaters, Cook and Coal Stoves, at short notice. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

SPORTING GOODS, &c.
Sporting Goods at old prices, purchased last year for cash, and no advance on last year's prices. Single and Double Breech-Loading Guns, Single and Double-Barrel Muzzle-Loading Guns, Shot and Powder Flasks, Gunning Water-Proof Coats, Leggins, Caps, Covers and Cases, Bags, Implement Sets, Loading Boards, Cartridges, Shells, Wards, Powder, Shot, &c. Call and examine our large assortment.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.
Spear's Golden Sun and New Golden Sun, The Splendid Heater, The Washington Heater. These Stoves are used in town and country and give perfect satisfaction. Prices from $25 to $48 to heat two rooms. Rupert Heater, New Laurel Bass, Magnet Chrystal, Vulcan Egg, New Farnet, &c.

COOK STOVES and RANGES.
Excelsior Cook, Niagara, Carroll Cook, New Royal Range, Splendid Range, Victor Cook Range, Fortune Range. Would invite an examination of our Stoves and Prices
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
Nov. 1, 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 rices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 Pounds for One Ton.
Office on Cannon St., near Princess.
July 17, 1890—tf. J. T. TWILLEY.

FALL and WINTER!

WM. R. ALDRIDGE
HAS A FULL AND COMPLETE
Fall and Winter Stock
comprising same of the following lines:
STRIPED DRESS GOODS,
COL'D and BLACK HENRIETTAS,
DRESS FLANNELS,
AND OTHER LEADING STYLES,
DRESS GINGHAMS,
CHILDREN'S and MISSES' UNDERWEAR,
FLANNELS OF ALL SHADES,
LADIES' and GENTS' UNDERWEAR,
NOTIONS, GLOVES, HATS, CAPS,
QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, &c.

BOOTS & SHOES A SPECIALTY

Give me a call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Nov. 3, 1890.

Farmers' Specialties!

WINTER SEASON

STUDEBAKER FARM WAGONS, steel skein, for from one to six horses, both narrow and broad tread; ROAD CARTS, HOCKING VALLEY HAY AND FODDER CUTTERS, with patent double knuckle, rocking roller feed, direct action, up-cut and safety fly-wheel. All sizes. CORN SHELLERS, CORN and COB MILLS, SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, HAY PRESSES, Etc.

Call or Send for Our Prices.
BALTIMORE FARM IMPLEMENT CO.,
209 South Charles Street,
d6-6m. BALTIMORE, MD.

WOULD YOU LIKE
A NICE GARDEN?
If so, raise PERFECT VEGETABLES with
POWELL'S SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES
For GARDENS
Which are clean and inodorous, put up in suitable quantities for small and large gardens. No trouble to use. Not expensive. For sale by general stores, Druggists and Seedsmen. An interesting circular telling how to make a good garden, sent Free.
W. S. POWELL & CO.
Chemical Fertilizer Mfrs.
Baltimore, Md.

LADIES use the GILT EDGE SHOE POLISH, the best Shoe Polish made that contains oil. It will not crack or break the leather, and always gives a nice gloss. For sale by
n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

THE latest styles in Stiff and Soft HATS, also a nice line of CAPS. Call and see them.
n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

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

Only a Tramp.

The slouching figure of a man moved slowly along a dim prairie road. His garments were threadbare, and his general appearance presented a picture of wretchedness and want.

A cold March wind was blowing through the dry, dead grass, and patches of shadow and sunlight were chasing each other over an unbroken waste of prairie.

The man drew his thin coat more closely about him, and shivered as a keener blast than usual swept around him.

"H'it's a perty pass yer come to Jim Skinner," said the figure in the road. "Ye have been tramping all day without a bit ter eat, and if yer git anything, you goin' ter hafter beg fer it."

And he threw out his hand with a gesture of disdain, and quickened his pace, a flush of shame and humiliation mounting his thin, pale face.

"Who'd a-thought ye'd ever come ter this?" he exclaimed almost fiercely. "What did yer come West fer? Ter git land! fer almost nothin! 'Rich land'—that's what they said"—he laughed a sort of choking laugh—"cheap land—rich land—buffalo-wallers—alkaly water and ager!"

There was a look of vexation and infinite disgust pictured on his face as he strode onward.

For six months Jim Skinner had been "holding" a claim, and had battled with all the hardships and privations that fall to the lot of the poor who seek to make a home in the "Great American Desert."

He had lived in a dug-out, worked hard and half starved himself—spent all the money he had, took the ague, and lived in his hut helpless, till at last starvation had driven him forth, weak, half sick and afoot to look for some kind of work among the cattle-men to gain his daily bread.

Mile after mile he had trudged along, with no sign of habitation to break the monotony, save now and then the rude cabin or dug-out of some poor claim-holder who, like himself, was struggling with misfortunes and battling with want.

It was near the middle of the afternoon. He was now nearing that part of prairie country monopolized by the great cattlemen, called the "range."

A mile further on was a small cattle ranch. He felt weak and sick, and knew he could not continue his journey much further without rest and something to eat.

If he could not get work at the first place—he could not go further—he must have something to eat—would he be compelled to beg? He had no money—nothing to give but his clothes. A bitter smile stole over his face. There were no ragmen on the range——

He quickened his pace and hurried. A few minutes later, he paused in front of a large frame building, surrounded by numerous barb wire corrals. He stood for a moment in the road, irresolute. If he failed to get work, should he ask for a lodging and something to eat? His face flushed at the thought. Work? What could he do in his present weak condition? Nothing. He turned toward the building.

Dave Foster, the owner of the ranch, came out of the building and saw the slouching figure standing in the middle of the road.

"What are you prowling around here for?" he demanded, casting a look of distrust on the forlorn creatnre before him.

"I—I'm looking fer work," stammered Jim Skinner, hardly knowing how to answer the harsh question.

"A likely story," was the answer. "I guess you are one of those fellows that look for work in the day-time, and other people's cattle by night. Clear out! I have had enough of such as you already."

A hot flush mantled Jim Skinner's face for an instant and then disappeared, leaving him as pale as death. He tried to speak but the words stuck in his throat. He mastered his emotion with a great effort. He turned upon the speaker, his eyes flashing, his breath coming in gasps.

"Ye dare ter say that ter me!"—he spoke with a great effort. "Sometime—I'll—make you repent this——"

The words died on his lips.

"Move on!" commanded the cattle-man, gruffly; "and mind how you threaten me, or I may put a bullet thro' you now."

Jim Skinner turned away, sick and dizzy—tumult of anger and mortification surging through his breast.

"And this is the way I'm treated, is it?" he muttered. "A tramp—an outcast—branded as a thief!"

His eyes flashed—his bosom heaved—his breathing became heavy and labored. He shut his hands tightly, and trudged on.

Dave Foster stood for several moments watching the figure of the stranger moving down the road.

"Blast me," he stammered, "if I don't believe I made a mistake in that fellow, after all. He looks seedy enough, though, for anything; and how's a fellow to tell the genuine from the bogus? I've had so many cattle stolen of late that I'v begun to suspect every stranger I see."

He turned and re-entered the house.

Nearly a mile further on, Jim Skinner came to a small frame house. He felt that he could not go much further. He must stop somewhere soon, or fall by the roadside. He would make one more effort—one more trial—and if he failed——

His face paled—a look of despair came into his eyes. He approached the door of the house and knocked. A man came to the door with a book in his hand.

"I am weak and hungry," he faltered. "I must stop somewhere. I have no money——"

"This is a school house," answered the man at the door, shortly, and then closed the door in Jim's face. He turned away, a look of despair on his thin, white face. All the world seemed to grow dark about him. Where would he go next? He hardly knew. He stood in the road, the cold March wind blowing about him, fluttering his tattered garments and sweeping through the long grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

He turned and walked slowly down the road, just as a score of children, released from school, issued from the school house door and scattered, going in different directions to their homes, where bright smiles await them.

Why should he struggle against fate? What did the world do for him? Nothing! Why not die by the road side, and be done with it! No one would miss him——

A sound of hurrying feet behind him interrupted his reverie.

He turned, and saw a little girl, with a cloud of sunny hair and a bright sweet face out of which looked a pair of large blue eyes, running after him.

"Please wait, won't you?" she cried, almost out of breath. "I heard you say you were hungry, and—and" she paused and looked at him timidly—"if you'll take this"—opening a tin pail which she carried in her hand—"some slices of bread and a piece of cake. I wanted one of the girls to come with me, but she said you was an old tramp, and would hurt me. You won't though, will you?"

He gazed at her a moment unable to speak.

"Hurt you! Heaven bless you my dear child!" he exclaimed. "Who would hurt an angel!"

His voice trembled. Tears came into his eyes. He sank down in the grass by the road-side, and covered his face with his hands and wept.

She stood looking at him, wonder and sympathy pictured in her large, beautiful eyes. She approached, and laid her hand gently on his shoulder, and put the pieces of bread and cake in his lap.

"I'm sorry if I made you cry," she said, a touch of tenderness in her voice.

She bent down quickly and kissed the man.

"There!" she said. "I'm not afraid of you, am I?"

The next moment she was gone, and hurrying up the road to overtake her school companions.

He sat there for sometime trying to eat the pieces of bread and cake she had dropped in his lap, but despair had deprived him of any desire for food.

He walked on slowly hardly knowing or caring what he did.

The wind was increasing in its fury, and sweeping through the long grass with a weird, dismal sound. Banks of tawny, purple clouds lay along the rim of the horizon, out of which shone a mass of flaming yellow light from the sinking sun beyond. Presently a veil of smoke swept over his head, and a shower of black cinders commenced to fall about him, while the air, all of a sudden, was laden with fumes of burning vegetation. He turned. An awful sight met his gaze.

The prairie was on fire.

Great columns of black smoke were rolling across the prairie; and the red flames, leaping and roaring in the gale, were rushing down toward where he stood, not a quarter of a mile away!

Several school children came running down the road, and passed, crying with fright as they ran.

Far behind them, her hat off, her long yellow hair flying in the wind, came the little girl who had left him a few moments before, the roaring flames rapidly gaining upon her.

He uttered a groan, and ran toward her as fast as his weak and tottering limbs could carry him.

Every breath of wind was now laden with dense clouds of smoke and heat, and black with flying cinders. He saw her stagger as she ran—then turn partly round and sink down in the road, just as he reached her side.

He lifted her hurriedly in his arms, desperation giving him strength, and turned and ran with her as fast as he could, staggering as he went.

"O God, if I should lose my life," he gasped, "help me to save her!"

A dense cloud of smoke enveloped his form; the heat grew intense; great tongues of crimson flame leaped high in the air, and roared behind him and mingled their sound with the rushing wind.

* * * * *

Dave Foster, the cattle-man, stood near one of the corrals, engaged in conversation with some cowboys who had just ridden up.

"We've rode all day," one of the cowboys was saying, "but can't git sight uv any uv the pesky cattle thieves."

"A suspicious character passed here 'bout an hour ago, and I wouldn't be sure but he may be one of them," remarked Dave.

"I guess it won't be healthy for him if we run across him," said one of the cowboys.

"You bet it won't," sanctioned another one.

"Guess we'd rope him inter a leetle partnership with a tree," replied the other with a harsh laugh.

"What's that smoke coming from?" asked Dave, pointing toward the school house.

"A fire—a fire!" he exclaimed. "My God, boys! the prairie is on fire! and my little Annie—my child! She will be burnt—Heaven help her!"

He half dragged one of the cowboys off his horse as he spoke, and springing into the saddle, dashed away in the direction of the fire, followed by half a dozen cowboys.

Every moment the fire was spreading, and great tongues of red flame were leaping wildly against a sable background of rolling smoke.

"Heaven help her!—my child!" moaned the father, as he spurred on his horse.

A line of fire was burning slowly against the wind. Onward they swept toward this, their horses rearing wildly as they approached, then leaped through it, and dashed into the black, smoking track of the fire that was sweeping onward with the wind.

The school house was in flames, but no one near it. They galloped wildly about, hardly knowing what course to take.

"Here!" called out Dave; "they have gone for the patch of newly broken sod yonder. I see some one there now."

They all dashed off in the direction of the strip of sod that lay a little way to the north. They reached the place and found a little squad of school children, who had made their escape to the place.

"Where is my child!" the father screamed, hoarsely. But no one knew.

"She was coming down the road over there, where we passed her," answered one of the children.

"My God! she is dead—dead!" moaned the grief-stricken father, and galloped back over the road he had just traversed.

On every side lay a black, desolate waste of smoking, ash-strewn prairie.

Suddenly one of the cowboys uttered a shout, and they all hurried to the spot.

In a little ravine by the roadside lay the form of a man, and near him, on a patch of hard sand, stood little Annie, unharmed.

"Thank God! my child is alive!" exclaimed Dave Foster, leaping from his horse and clasping her in his arms. Her hair was burnt, her face blackened with flying cinders and ashes, but otherwise she was unharmed.

The cowboys were bending over the prostrate man near by.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's dying," said one of them, in a low voice.

Little Annie began to cry. "Oh, papa," she sobbed, "don't let him die—he was so good; when they had all left me where I fell down in the road, he came and carried me here." And then she told how he had run with her, while she was only half conscious, to the little ravine, and then taken off his coat and wet it in a pool of water and placed it over her; how he had stood between her and the flames as they swept down upon them, battling with them till it was over, then sunk down by her side.

Water had been brought and the parched face and hands were bathed.

He seemed to revive, and made an effort to speak.

Dave Foster knelt by his side, and raised his head upon his lap, and held his ear close to the dying man's lips.

"Is she safe?" he whispered, faintly.

"Yes," answered Foster, his voice husky with emotion. "Heaven bless your noble soul!" Then he looked at the face of the stranger closer, and started back. "Oh, my God! my God!" he exclaimed; "it is the man I drove from my door today—as a thief—God help me! He must not die—he shall not die!"

He threw his arms about the dying man, and wept bitterly.

"Speak to me!" he cried, chokingly, "tell me that—that—oh, Heaven! he is dead!"

The cowboys stood about with uncovered heads, their cheeks wet with tears.

He was dead.

Strong hands lifted him tenderly, and bore him across the black waste of desolate prairie. Eyes, which a short time before looked upon him with distrust, now filled with tears as they beheld his calm, still face.

"So death disarms all malice—makes the slave
To look more worthy in his master's eye,
And gives to the still hands across the breast
A power that envious life to them denied."

THE OLD HYMN.

Today, with quiet heart, I heard
The prayer, the anthem, and the psalm.
And gently on my spirits fell
The sweetness of the Sunday calm,
Till at the reading of the hymn,
With sudden tears my eyes were dim.

That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines
Had fallen on my childish ears;
My life turned back, unhindered by
The strength of intervening years.
Near me my little daughter smiled,
And yet I was again a child.

Outside the winds were fierce and rough,
The winter's chill was in the air;
But I could hear the bonny birds,
And humming insects everywhere;
And feel, in spite of frost and snow,
A summer breeze from long ago.

To find the place I took the book,
And held it in a woman's hand,
While all my soul was moved with thrills
No other soul could understand;
And quite unseen, with love divine,
My mother's fingers folded mine.

And not because the music rose
Exultingly, I held my breath,
Lest I should lose its sweet delight—
Upon her lips that hush of death
For years has lain!—and yet I heard
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,
Yet sometimes a look or tone,
With short relenting, will the past
One moment give us back our own.
O happy pain! Too quickly done,
As swiftly ended as begun.

HOW TO TALK WELL.

Learn to listen well, and very soon you will find yourself speaking the word in season and surprising yourself, as well as others, by the quickness with which your thoughts will be well expressed.

Read the words of a great writer, think them over and conclude in what way you differ from them. The woman who talks well must have opinions—decided ones—but she must have them well in hand, as nothing is so disagreeable as an aggressive talker. Say what you have to say pleasantly and sweetly; remember always that the best thing in life, dear, sweet love, has often been won by that delightful thing—a low voice.

Do not be too critical; remember that every blow given to another woman is a boomerang which will return and hit you with double force. Take this into consideration—it is never worth while making a malicious remark, no matter how clever it may be.

Worth what while? Worth, my dear girl, the while here, which is after all, so short, and the while hereafter, which is after all so long and sweet. It seems to me that when you and I stand before the good God it will be the little gossip, the petty talks about others, of which we will be most ashamed.

Never forget that mere idle talk is quite as bad as gossip, for nobody is gaining any good from it, and, as no vacuum exists in nature, none can in every day life. Not to be a good talker, not to be an interesting woman, quick in your sympathy and ready to give the word of gladness to those in joy, or speak your tender thought to one who is in affliction, is to be that most unpleasant of people—an unfeminine woman.—*Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.*

An Aid to Digestion.

Irregular feeding of animals is extremely prevalent and the results may seem to call for some simple condiment to repair the injury thus caused. But in the common condition powders there are some drugs which are used less, and some that are worse. A very good homemade mixture which will serve all purposes and is free from any objectionable quality, is thus prepared; one pound of linseed meal, eight ounces of salt, two ounces of ground ginger, and eight ounces of fine hickory-wood ashes. A handful of this given twice a week will do no harm under any circumstances and will relieve any ill results of simple indigestion of the food.

THE USUAL THING.—Banker—I never wear the same pair of trousers for two days without change. Hill—Neither do I. I always take mine off at night.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SHE (at the baseball ground)—Why does that fielder out there keep his mouth open all the while?

He—To catch flies.

HOW I LOST HER.

I was a bachelor, not wealthy, but contented and happy. I am still a bachelor, but not happy. This is the difference between Thos. Growler of a month ago and the same person to-day. But one short month ago I thought nothing of matrimony. I smoked my pipe in comfort at my lodging (in the city of Canterburg) or sewed refractory buttons on my clothing without a thought of any female to take that employment out of my hands.

But I was one day seated in the beautiful grounds of the Dane John, watching the children drinking at the fountain, when a shadow fell upon the path. It might have been the shadow of coming events, but upon looking around I perceived that the substance was a very beautiful young lady, with roguish blue eyes that might have been the headquarters of fun and good-humor, looking at me from a frame of golden ringlets.

Now, you must not imagine that I a sober gentleman of forty, was in love with a girl. Nothing of the kind. She was at least thirty; a ragged little boy who stood near whose tongue I loosened with a piece of silver, told me that she was a widow, who owned a small farm outside the town, and that her name was Mrs. Faber. He also informed me that her brother lived with her and managed the property.

Upon the following morning I greatly surprised my friend, Harry Powers, by praising the Widow Faber and requesting an introduction. He gazed at me a moment in speechless astonishment, and I think that he really thought of knocking me down with Webster's Dictionary and calling for assistance. But Harry was engaged himself and soon comprehended the state of affairs. So he dropped the book upon the table and invited me to a picnic which was to take place in the woods in a few days, where I should meet the lady and be introduced.

I immediately purchased a new suit of clothes, a beautiful wig and a pair of tight boots, and when the morning of the festival dawned, crowded myself into the broadcloth, put on my wig, and after much preparation and strong language had been wasted, managed to squeeze my feet into the patent leathers, where they felt as if incased in red-hot iron boots.

At the picnic I received the promised introduction, and had the pleasure of escorting Agnes all day. She talked with me, and we attacked the eatables in company, investigating the interior of pigeon-pies and dissecting chickens together. I was happy all day, and when at parting she invited me to visit her, I believe the tightness of my waistcoat was all that prevented my heart from bursting its bonds. My feet prevented me from sleeping that night; but I was willing to suffer in such a cause, and I bore it without a murmur.

One day I hired a horse and gig at the livery stables and started towards the farm to carry Anges to a party at a neighboring town. She was already dressed when I drove up, and looked beautiful in a new bonnet and shawl. We were very comfortable and our conversation was very interesting. I was advancing rapidly in her good opinion and was beginning to think seriously of popping the question, when the horse stopped suddenly forward with a low bow, and my companion's lovely nose came into sharp contract with the dashboard.

I immediately jumped out to see what was the matter, but everything about the horse appeared to be all right, and I again climbed into the gig and prepared to start. But the horse obstinately refused to move. I coaxed and flattered, but he would not be persuaded. I thrashed him with the whip until my wrist ached, but he remained immovable as a statue. At last I sharpened a hedge stake, took my seat, gave the reins to my companion and gave him a tremendous blow. I hardly hoped to see him stir, but he did, and started with a leap that almost threw me on my back. I immediately seized the reins, but his determination had taken another channel, and he would not stop. I tugged at the reins and shouted, "Whoa!" but he held the bit between his teeth and rushed along the road like a runaway comet.

Agnes screamed and I roared as we dashed by the farm-houses with the speed of a locomotive. The horse's heels splintered the dashboard at every leap, and the bright shoes twinkled like small stars in dangerous proximity to our eyes. Finally the wheels struck a tree, the horse stumbled and the next moment I was lying upon my back in the road.

Feeling like an exhausted bellows I regained my breath and picked myself up after a while. But what a situation! Agnes lying upon the grass, with torn clothing and disordered hair; while her *chignan* was rolling along the pathway pursued by a terrier. The horse stood quite still and gazed calmly upon the ruins. I was without hat, covered with dust. The boys shouted boisterously, and the company, who perceived that we were uninjured, laughed. I could have jumped into the river, to hide myself, and I entered serious ideas of running away, but I thought better of it and assisted Agnes to arise.

It cost me a heavy sum for the wrecked gig. I was scratched and discouraged. Agnes had turned the cold shoulder and I was in despair, but I wrote her a letter explaining matters and begging to be again taken into favor. I was overjoyed to receive an encouraging reply. She forgave me and would not give me up, but her brother was very angry and would not permit her to see me. If I could come upon the following evening to the farm I could reach her window by means of the grape vine and we could talk the matter over.

This letter cheered me up wonderfully, and when the clock struck nine upon the following night, I walked gaily to the farm, passed around the rear, and perceived a white figure at the window. A large dog, who was fastened in a kennel, under the window, threatened to raise an alarm; but a few words from Agnes quieted him. I clambered up the vine, and was soon at her side. I was so happy, that the grape vine might have been the ladder to paradise. Agnes was forgiving and lovely, and we conversed for half an hour without a thought of the lower world.

I was calmly gazing at the farm which would soon be my own, when I heard the door open. Upon turning I saw the obnoxious brother standing in the doorway, with a very suspicious whip in his hand. He looked angry, and I immediately comprehended his purpose. It was not in human nature to remain quiet; and when he sprang towards me with an angry howl, I answered with a yell, and springing through the window began slipping down the vine.

I would no doubt have made a masterly retreat, but I was but a few feet from the top when the brother cut the fastenings with his knife, and the vine and myself fell together. Unfortunately I dropped upon the roof of the kennel; the roof not being able to hold showers of fallen humanity, gave way, and I tumbled directly into the jaws of the bull-dog. The jaws, with a howl, fastened upon my leg, and for a moment there was a terrible battle between us. At last the dog unfastened to take a fresh bite; and I took advantage for the moment to get away; but my enemy again fastened upon my coat-tails, and as I could not drag dog and kennel over the fence, I was unable to move.

The dog pulled one way, and I the other; and for a while the issue was very doubtful but I caught a glimpse of one of the farm laborers advancing with a pitchfork and gave a desperate jerk. It was too much for the strongest of cloth; and, leaving the torn portion in the dog's possession, I bounded away towards the barnyard fence. But I discovered in time that I was charging upon the couched pitchfork of the servant, and turning quickly to the right, took a flying leap over the garden wall. Unluckily I attempted to fly without wings; my feet caught in the stones and I turned a somersault into the garden.

Instead of falling upon the grass I dived dead foremost into a straw beehive. The beehive went over on the ground and I followed; but the bees were the first to pick themselves up, and when I arose upon my feet there was a whole colony ready to settle upon me.

They swarmed in my clothing until I was frantic. The more I stamped and beat, and raved, the more they stung me. At last, I gave a stamp of tremendous force; my tight patent leathers burst, and just as my feet protruded at the sides, I stepped in the overturned hive. I might as well stepped in the fire; the little tormentors stung my feet, and I danced like a bear upon hot plates, and for the same reason.

I was still wildly beating the air, when I perceived all the farm-servants, whom my shouts had aroused, charging in a body. They shouted "Thief," and flourished their weapons and I began to think of leaving that neighborhood in a hurry. But I was determined upon revenge. I could not be stung any worse than I was; so I grasped the hive that stood upon the bench, and hurled it into the crowd. I had the pleasure of seeing it drop upon the brother's head like a huge pate; and to see the individual throw it off and roll upon the ground in anguish. I never derived so much pleasure from hearing a person swear before.

I could hear my pursuers breathing hard near me, and expected every moment to feel the spikes of the pitchfork behind, when I stumbled over a stone and fell headlong into the river. The men behind unable to check themselves, followed, and the next moment we were all struggling in the water.

It was not deep, and was the best accident that could have happened to me, as it rid me of the bees. I soon arose and scrambled up the steep banks where I stood to look around. In one place a head appeared above the water; in another, a pair of feet kicked in the air, without any visible owner. Hats, pitchforks and men were mixed in confused heap, while all plunged and puffed like a shoal of porpoise. Although I was smarting with pain, the scene was too ludicrous to be gazed upon with a sober countenance, and I laughed until I could roar no longer.

But when I reached my rooms I did not feel so well. I knew that I had lost Agnes forever, beside the heavy sum for the gig and the new suit. My face was swelled for many days, and I could not leave the house. To be sure, some of the neighbors had witnessed the battle, and when it was shown how I had punished them, I was quite a hero among my friends. Praise, however, did not replace the missing money, and Agnes would not speak to me in the street. So I was wretched.

I am now a confirmed bachelor, and I look with a thankful heart upon the chaos of boot-jacks and boots in my room without the least desire to change my condition. I look upon all widows as attractive destroyers, and my experience has been such as to confirm my hatred of the sex. Of course, all who think different are welcome to be fettered; but if I was to choose between hanging and winning a widow, I would select the least of the evils and patronize the executioner. Agnes is still a widow: and her brother is married, and I hear, with grim satisfaction, that he is henpecked.

Why Not?

About ten miles beyond St. Thomas the locomotive whistled an alarm, slackened a bit, and then put on full steam and we felt a bump clear back in the last coach. As soon as the train could be checked and backed up to the highway crossing we all piled out to ascertain the trouble. A woman about 40 years old, hat off and hair flying, was picking some parcels out of the grass and a man of about the same age sat on the ground staring about him in wonder. In his left hand he held a pipe and in his right a paper of tobacco. He had been crossing the road with his team. One horse lay dead in the ditch, and the other was limping off down the road, while the wagon was smashed to kindlings.

The woman gathered up her six parcels and started off after the limping horse never speaking a work, and by and by the husband slowly filled his pipe, hunted around for a match and lighted it, and as he got to his feet to follow his wife the conductor queried:

"Didn't you see the train coming?"

"Of course," was the quiet reply.

"Then why didn't you hold up?"

"Didn't you see me coming? O course you did. Then why in thunder didn't you hold up?"

And he jogged off down the road without another word.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"KEEP your feet always dry, and be on your guard against catching cold at this time of the year," said a New York doctor. "Nearly half of my patients are afflicted with troubles that grow out of carelessness in regard to damp feet, chilly winds and wet clothes."

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

The boy said it was a peculiar kind of tobacco, and was known as molasses tobacco, because it was sweet. The other boys did not ask how he came to know its name or where he got it—boys never ask anything that would be well for them to know—but they accepted his theory and his further statement that it was of a mildness singularly adapted to learners without misgiving. The boy was himself chewing vigously on a large quid, and launching the juice from his lips, right and left, like a grown person, and my boy took as large a bite as his benefactor bade him. He found it as sweet as he had been told it was, and he acknowledged the aptness of its name of molasses tobacco. It seems to him a golden opportunity to acquire a noble habit on easy terms.

He let the quid rest in his cheek, as he was not crushing it between his teeth, and for some moments he poled his plank up and down the canal boat with a sense of triumph that nothing marred.

Then all of a sudden he began to feel pale. The boat seemed to be going round and the sky wheeling overhead. The sun was dodging about very strangely. Drops of sweat burst from the boy's forehead; he let go his pole and said he thought he would go home. The fellow who gave him the tobacco began to laugh and the other fellows to mock, but my boy did not mind them. Somehow, he did not know how, he got out of the canal boat and started homeward, but at every step the ground rose as high as his knees before him, and then, when he got his foot high enough and began to put it down the ground was not there.

He was deathly sick as he reeled and staggered on, and when he reached home and showed himself, white and haggard, to his frightened mother, he had scarcely strength enough to gasp out a confession of his attempt to retrieve the family honor by learning to chew tobacco. In another moment nature came to his relief, and then he fell into a deep sleep which lasted the whole afternoon, so that it seemed to him the next day when he woke up, glad to find himself alive, if not so lively.

Perhaps he had swallowed some of the poisonous juice of the tobacco; perhaps it had acted upon his brain without that. His father made no very close inquiry into the facts, and he did not forbid him the use of tobacco. It was not necessary; in that one little experience he had enough for a whole life time. It shows that after all a boy is not so hard to satisfy in everything.—*Harper's Young People.*

Gems of Truth.

God is truth, and light his shadow.—*Plato*, B. C. 527.

The word spoken is like the bullet shot. It cannot be recalled.

Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.—*Quarles.*

Love can hope where reason would despair.—*Longfellow.*

Religion is not a dogma, nor an emotion, but a service.—*R. D. Hitchcock.*

It is a part of probability that many improbably things will happen.—*Aristotle.*

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week.—*Fuller.*

A man may go to heaven without friends, without honor, without wealth, but he can not go without Christ.

Life, if we look at it in Christ, is transfigured; death, if we look at it in Christ, is conquered.—*Canon Westcott.*

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—*La Bruyer.*

Life is not victory, but battle. Every battle declined, as well as every battle drawn, is a battle lost.—*Rev. R. D. Hitchcock.*

Conduct is the great profession; behavior is perpetually revealing us; what a man does tells what he is.—*F. D. Huntington.*

The wise man preserves in his own bosom the sacred flame which enlightens him though winds may blow and tempests roar without.—*Plotiness, A. D.* 235.

When thou shalt have laid aside thy body, thou shalt rise, freed from mortality and become a god of the kindly skies.—*Pythagoras, B. C.* 582.

The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues its noiseless track and everywhere leaves the effects of its beams in blessing upon the world around him.—*Luther.*

You will find the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.—*Ruskin.*

Of Interest to Girls.

There is a new way of helping your best fellow put on his overcoat. And it is a very charming way. You know how the old method was. You took hold the coat, tried to hold it opposite the back of his shoulders, made a few frantic dives at his arms and, finally became all mixed up in a labyrinth of coat tails, overcoat, collar, wildly waving arms.

The new way is like unto it, only it is neater. And this is just the way it is managed. Charley picks up the coat and hands it to you. You take it by the shoulders and holding fast to one side bravely, permit him to slip one of his arms right into the coat sleeve.

Then half, aye more than half, of the battle is over. For the rest is simple enough As quickly as one arm has found its way into the coat sleeve, Charley suddenly turns around, grasps you about the waist and, thus supported and steadied, easily slips the other arm into its own sleeve. It is all simple enough, as you can see for yourself. There is nothing confusing about it. Knowing ones say that a simple little ceremony that can be spel