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

WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $1 PER ANNUM
strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 may be charged.
SIX MONTHS, 60 CENTS; THREE MONTHS, 40 CENTS
LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 53. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892. No. 34.

THIS IS THE SEASON
—FOR—
HEAVY FOOTWEAR!

Now is the time to get the best, and get it cheap from our grand new stock of popular goods, new styles, seasonable attractions and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes.

A clean fresh stock of desirable gopds at fairest figures. We show the latest novelties; keep strictly first-class goods and make the lowest prices, quality considered.

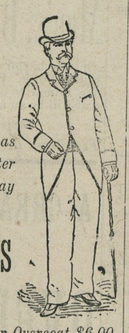
Patronize a safe, sure and reliable house, and you will get the worth of your money always.

The stove, table and chair will be given away January 1st, '93. Each pair of shoes one guess.

Stop in and have your measure taken for a nice pair of hand made shoes. Get you up any style you want. Fit guaranteed.

T. G. WROTH,
Nov. 19, 1892. The One-Price Shoeman, Under Stam's Hall.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE!



WE ARE cautious with our promises. The house as well as the individual who exaggerates is soon sized up. We enter n claim that cannot be substantiated, and we unhesitatingly say that our display of

Fall and Winter Overcoats and Suits
FOR MEN, YOUTH, BOYS and CHILDREN,

are the BEST EVER OFFERED IN CHESTERTOWN. Suit or Overcoat $6,00, $8,00, $10.00, $12,00 represents the Greatest Value to be Obtained at these Prices. At A. FRIEDMAN'S is the Place where you Always get Value for Value.

Boys' and Children's Clothing.

This department is complete in every respect. Prices from $1,25, $2.00, $3.50 $5.00, strongly made garments and have more styles than any other house can show you. Come early and examine our stock.

Respectfully,
A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,
Opposite Stam's Hall. The Leading Clothier.

WHAT KIND OF STOVES
ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS FALL?
---LOOK OUT FOR---
J. L. McFEELY & CO.'S
Stove Advertisement of a Large Assortment and Prices from the Cheapest to the Highest!
SEXTON' "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKETS.
Have your Old Fire Place Heaters REPAIRED early, before the great rush,
at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S,
Sept. 17, 1892. HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

The Greatest Leap Yet!
MAUD S. HAS BEEN BEATEN BUT
URIEVILLE MILLS
holds the lead in superior work. Giving better flour and more of it than any other mill in the County. Over 7,000 bushels of custom work alone booked in three months. How much better proof of our superior workmanship do you want?

CORN GOODS.
Our work in that line needs nothing more than a pleasant reminder that we are still keeping pace with the times.

SEED WHEAT.
Convince yourself that you will get your money back by looking over your field where you sowed wheat, CLEANED BY OUR IMPROVED PROCESS.

I am thankful for past patronage and ask for th same in the future.
I remain yours respectfully,
WM. W. McKNETT.

At Private Sale!
ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST PRODUCTIVE FARMS IN KENT COUNTY.
ALL that finely located farm, in the Second Election District, known as "BUCKINHAM," on Chester River, with steamboat landing on the place, in Morgan Creek Neck.
For particulars apply to
WILLIAM ROBERTSON,
a6-6m.* Chestertown, Md.

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., Sundays excepted.

Established 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
—DEALER IN—
GRAIN!
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WANTED: 50,000 Bush. New Corn
FOR NOVEMBER DELIVERY, AND
20,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT!
Delivered to either Railroad or Water. Farmers, please let me make an offer for your grain before you sell. E. T. COMEGYS.
Nov. 5, 1892.

Farm Implements!
ONCE MORE WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES WITH
PLOWS,
Rope and Chain Traces,
BACKBANDS, FARM BELLS, GRUB HOES, VISES, FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, GRINDSTONES, AXES,
FARM and GARDEN BARROWS, WAGON HAMES, PLOW HAMES, HATCHETS, GATE HINGES, &C.
ROOFING and SPOUTING a Specialty!
NORTHERN EARLY ROSE SEED POTATOES, " BEAUTY OF HEBRON SEED POTATOES.
Don't buy FENCE WIRE until you get ou prices.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
a12m. Chestertown, Md.

HO! FOR
THE NEW YEAR!
WE HAVE MADE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS!
Want to Accommodate Everybody!
Now We are Ready for the Trade!
COME ONE, COME ALL!
WE HAVE PRESENTS IN ABUNDANCE
From OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.
OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT,
Ladies', Misses and Children's WRAP DEPARTMENT,
FUR DEPARTMENT,
CARPET AND OIL CLOTH DEPARTMENT,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND LAMP DEPARTMENT,
RUG AND HASSOCK DEPARTMENT.
You can select a useful present. Our HANDKERCHIEF DISPLAY IS SIMPLY ENORMOUS! Best Silk and Linen, from 3c. a piece up. Umbrellas, Blankets, Fur Robes, Fur Rugs, Fur Gloves, Cheap Towels, Napkins, etc. Cheap! Cheaper! Than Ever!
Come one! Come all! We greet you!
R. F. PARKS.
Dec. 17, 1892.

New Year Goods
OUR OPENING DAY WILL BE THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1892.
WE propose to have the FINEST DIPLAY of Christmas Goods ever seen in Chestertown, and we cordially extend an invitation to the good people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to visit our store on that evening. We want them to come from far and near. We will have a comfortable room for their reception. The opening day will continue from the 8th until the close of the season, but the first day we want to make our store a marvel of beauty and attraction, so do not miss coming in on that day. Our stock will embrace
BOOKS, FINE STATIONERY,
Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen,
FANCY BOXES PERFUMERY,
LAMPS for the PARLOR and DINING-ROOM,
ALBUMS,
in Plush and Wood. Fine, Beautiful Vases and articles of Ceramic Ware from England, Germany and France. These latter are the most artistic goods seen in town. In PICTURES we have some beautiful Pastels, which show the fine delicate hand of the artist. You will have to give them more than a passing glance, as they are very beautiful.
CHILDREN, the fresh little Powers who touch our hearts at the sweet Christmas time, have not been forgotten by us, as you will see when you look over the stock of goods we have selected in remembrance of them. In closing our notice we again extend you a kind invitation to be with us on our special opening day.
COLIN F. STAM,
STAM'S HALL.
Dec. 3, 1892.

GOOD CHEER!
W. R. ALDRIDGE
HAS A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF
Christmas Novelties!
HE HAS THE BIGGEST LINE OF
Neckwear in Town,
and invites the young men especially to call and examine it.
GLASS AND CHINAWARE,
all sorts and sizes of Beautiful Christmas Presents in Glass and Chinaware.
Groceries, Flannels, Dry Goods, Etc.
UMBRELLAS OF ALL STYLES AT LOW PRICES.

New Year Goods
WE ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE TIDE—THE CHRISTMAS TIDE—WITH A NEW AND THE LARGEST STOCK OF
HOLIDAY GOODS
we have ever had. Everything new and attractive. These goods will be open for inspection
Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1892,
—and invite you to see our display of—
BOOKS of every description, DAINTY BOOKLETS and various SOUVENIRS for the season, WRITING DESKS, TABLETS, MIRRORS, GOLD PENS and HOLDERS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c.
M. A. TOULSON,
DRUGGIST, CHESTERTOWN.
Dec. 3, 1892.

JERMAN & COSGRIFF,
(Successor to W. M. Bell)
MANUFACTURERS OF
Porous Drain Tile.
Egg-Shaped, 2 to 8 inches calibre. Round, with collar, 2, 2½ and 3 inches calibre.
Send for price-list and circular.
Address, JERMAN & COSGRIFF, SMYRNA, DELAWARE
or T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Agents, Chestertown, Maryland.
fe20-y.

THE NEW YEAR.

A flower unknown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

Oh, may this flower unfold to you
Visions of beauty sweet and new;
This book on golden pages trace
Your sacred joys and deeds of grace!
May all the fruit of this strange tree
Luscious and rosy tinted be;
This path through fields of knowledge go;
This house with love's content o'erflow;
This landscape glitter with the dew
Of blessed hopes and friendships true;
This fountain's living crystal cheer,
As fail the springs that once were dear;
This casket with such gems be stored
As shine in lives that love the Lord!

—Lewiston Journal.

The Message of the Bells
A NEW YEAR STORY
BY EVELYN MALCOLM.
(COPYRIGHT 1892.)

IN THE chill of the October twilight the fire of twigs in the huge front fireplace at Holly farm was as welcome as a rosy face.

Deb sat before it and impatiently kicked her small, rough boots against the clawfooted andiron. Her delicate black brows above intense violet eyes met in a frown, as if she meditated mutiny. Her arms, wrapped in a gray woolen shawl, were defiantly folded upon her bosom. Napoleon surveying his army did not give a better idea of sublime, slumbering strength than little Deb as she sat there.

Poor, passionate, motherless little Deb! She was so unhappy—or she thought she was, which as far as suffering counts is quite the same thing.

"I hate myself—jest! I hate most everything! Aunt Ann sez there's nuthin wuth a cuss on this airth, but Miss Mirabel Vane has showed me it ain't so! She's goin back to the city tomorrow—back to the place she calls a theayter, where she makes believe she's somebody else, behind a row of lights. She'll forgit this old farm where her doctor sent her to drink the milk; she'll forgit me fur all she sez I'm so putty, an I guess she'll be plaguy glad to forgit Aunt Ann, with her nagging and Scripture mixed together so it's hard to tell one from t'other."

The ache of longing darkened Deb's eyes as she leaned closer, as if the blazing twigs could furnish an answer to the questions tormenting her.

"The city! How I wish I could go jest onct! Hiram sez he'll take me there on our weddin journey—but," and the pretty nose gave a scornful tilt upward, "I don't know as I'd care to see it when I'm married to Hiram! I don't know as I want to marry Hiram at all—there! He ain't like city folks no mor'n me."

As if this audacious statement even shocked the twigs! They crackled the louder and sent up fiercer orange and purple flames that transfigured the lovely, rebellious face watching them.

"AIN'T SHE LOVELY?"

The outside door closed sharply and brought Deb to her feet with a bounce in time to see a natty, feminine figure in blue serge pass the window.

"Ain't she lovely—jest?" sighed Deb, not dreaming that her own face was so much lovelier than Miss Vane's, whose coloring on cheeks, eyelashes and hair was so distinctly manufactured.

For a moment Deb stood in thought; then obeying a sudden impulse she slipped from the room, just dodging Aunt Ann at the foot of the stairs. Stealthily, as if she were committing a crime, she dropped to her knees before Miss Vane's door and took the key from beneath the mat. When she stood within the room her eyes were excited as a cat's; the pulsations of her heart ached her throat.

Oh, how sweetly the place smelled of violets! How pretty the toilet table was draped with lace and ribbons!

Deb crept to the wardrobe and cautiously opened the doors. A shimmer of silks of delicate colors met her enraptured gaze. With almost religious awe she leaned her flushed cheek against them and gave a great sigh. In all her life she had never had more than two gowns—one to work in and one for Sundays. There were fully twenty—and such gowns!

When [illegible] from its [illegible] and stood arrayed in it before the mirror, regarding her reflection with rapture, almost with veneration. It was the first time she had worn a low necked gown, and the effect of her white throat and shoulders in contrast to her little sunburned face was positively dazzling.

A smile rippled over her lips as she recalled grandiloquent phrases which she had often overheard Miss Vane reciting. She struck an attitude of hauteur and in a sepulchral whisper hissed: "Rather would I lie dead at your feet, Sir Algernon, than desecrate my father's secret mem'ry by becomin your bride! Hearest thou?"

Aunt Ann's shrill voice rose in a shriek.

"Deb! Debby! D-eb?"

But she paid no heed. She grew serious again as she gazed at this new Deb—one who acknowledged her own beauty, whose pulses leaped, whose brain teemed with chaotic, dazzling visions of an existence as yet unknown, but where women wore gowns like this and were—happy!

"'Tain't no use! I might wish my heart out, and it wouldn't make a bit o' diff'rence! I'll only be Deborah Tompkins all my life, and not in no ways like beautiful Miss Vane."

The abrupt opening of the door broke in upon her suppressed, tempestuous sobbing, and a horrified scream, with the sharp fall of a broom handle across the threshold, had the effect of a thunderclap.

"Le' me set down!" shrieked Aunt Ann, her gaunt and grenadierlike proportions looming in the doorway, iron gray curls bobbing like wire springs, eyelids fluttering, upraised hands quivering in horror. "Le' me set down or I'll faint! Le' me set down, I say!" and although no one prevented she continued to flutter on the threshold, emitting weak screams.

Deb, absolutely colorless, leaned against the mantel, her thick soled, ugly shoes protruding with pathetic incongruity from beneath the shimmering, silken skirt. But she began to tremble, while defiance and pride grew in her eyes, as a footstep so heavy that only a

"LOOK AT HER, HIRAM."

cowhide boot could make it sounded on the stairs.

"What in thunder's the row?" cried a hearty nasal voice, and Deb was confronted by her lover.

"Look at her, Hiram!" yelled Aunt Ann, holding her skirt back, as if even at a few yards' distance Deb might contaminate her. "Look at that exposure of pusson; at that ungodly disclosure—oh, vanity—vanity! Heaven forbid that my dead sister should look down on this 'ere sad sight—her own offspring gone over to the washup of Baal. Deborah, Deborah—you air a lost soul! Worm of the dust, whar will that vain heart of yourn land you?"

"Lordy!" was all Hiram could say as he stood dazed, but full to the lips with admiration, suffering from a sudden consciousness of her loveliness and his own uncouth ugliness.

"Deb"—he commenced, but the girl, stung to open revolt, threw up her little head and stamped her foot.

"Don't you commence preachin, Hiram Pond. I won't stand it from you. What ef I did put on one of Miss Vane's dresses! Guess it's no affair of yourn! I love 'em! I love Miss Vane. I wish I was her—I wish I never seen you—nor Aunt Ann—nor this old, stupid place!"

She broke into wild sobbing and flung herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, how I wish I was dead!" she cried in heartfelt bitterness.

There is a look that death brings to the human face—there is a look that love brings—and neither can be counterfeited. It was this look of love that flashed over Hiram's rugged face, giving it for a moment a pathetic beauty absolutely real while it lasted.

Deb's words went through him like a knife. Unable to speak he went slowly from the room to shut out the sight of that sobbing, kneeling figure, to forget her words, if possible.

But he could not forget. As he strode blindly along the road he saw the truth so plainly—Deb was growing cold to him—she was changed.

"Deb—Deb—that look on your face tonight stabbed me! 'Tain't like as ef I wuz alive quite. I'd rather you'd killed me, Deb—killed me with those dear little hands—than look at me ag'in as you did tonight!"

A sob broke in his throat. He stopped at a familiar stile on the edge of the red October woods, and covering his face with his old soft hat prayed that it might not be true—this awful thing—that Deb no longer loved him.

It was the cold gray and blue twilight of the next day when Hiram again went hesitatingly up the path to Holly farm. In the interval his generous heart had argued out Deb's cause, and he had forgiven her absolutely.

"'Twas jest a longing for fine clo'es and things like that sech as makes gals frackious at times that made her say what she did to me. P'raps tonight, arter she's hed her cry out, she'll say ag'in she loves me—dear, sweet, little Deb!"

Aunt Ann met him in the doorway. She was as pale as a piece of bleached linen, and she looked at Hiram with eyes that chilled him to the core of his heart.

"Aunt Ann! What is it?" he gasped.

"Oh, Hiram, don't blame me! I warn't to blame!" she groaned, holding out shivering, appealing hands. "I was mad, I allow, and I told Miss Vane to git out; that I might 'a' known a curse would come from rentin my room to a play acting, godless critter who could wear sech clo'es, but"——

"But Deb?" interrupted Hiram fiercely. "What about her?" and he fairly shook Aunt Ann until her false teeth rattled.

"She's gone with that Vane woman! Deb's gone!"

"Deb!" came in a heart broken, quivering cry from Hiram's white lips, and he clasped his great, strong arms hard across his breast, as if longing to shut her close within that shelter.

Echoes of the strife and sin of great cities had stolen to the green solitude where his life had been spent, and it was to New York, that faroff place of glitter and pain, that little Deb had gone. Suddenly his eyes narrowed and flashed.

"I'm goin to git Deb and bring her back!" he said.

"Ef you can, Hiram—oh, ef it ain't too late. And tell her I won't never

"I'M THE HIRAM WHOSE HEART WOULD BREAK."

preach again," wailed the old woman as she clung to his hand; "we air all worms of the dust, but I'll never call her thet. Deb never useter like to be called a worm!"

"I'll git her—or die myself!" and Hiram was gone.

* * * * * *

Half past 11 o'clock. The bell that gave the one beat had a mournful sound.

The old year was dying, snowflakes pattering in icy kisses upon its old, scarred face.

The great noisy pantomime at the Crystal opera house had been played for the last time, and at the narrow, dark stage door a group of discharged chorus girls stood shivering.

They disappeared in twos and threes until only one was left. It was Deb—but how changed! Something hard and reckless had come to her young face, the lips and eyes still smirched with the grease paint, her brows bent.

As she waited there a coupe drew up at the curb, and a man much older than herself and very fashionably attired went toward her.

"Dear little girl, have I kept you long?" he asked in a drawling tone. "Tell me—are you discharged?"

"Yes," came in a hard, bitter sigh from Deb's lips. "Yes—there's nothin but starvation now or goin home to be—pitied," and the last word came with indescribable bitterness.

Her companion drew her close to him and looked into her face.

"There's something else—there's my love! Say the word I'm longing to hear and I'll take you far away. Say it!"

"No, no!" she whispered, her face paling under the rouge. "Oh, I couldn't!"

"It would kill Aunt Ann! And—and—Hiram—it would break his heart."

"Nonsense, dear. You'll just disappear and they need never know"——

Then something heavenly poured in a misty ray from little Deb's eyes.

"And even if they never knew I would know—I, myself," she whispered.

The snow muffled the footsteps of passersby, and she did not hear the man who had approached and who stood very quiet in the shadowy angle of a porch. He only waited to hear her last words; then he sprang forward and caught her to him, looking the fashionable stranger in the face.

"I'm the Hiram whose heart would break—got anything to say to me?" he asked in a voice of fury.

No, there was nothing to say. Retreat was best. In a moment Deb was alone with Hiram, the snow falling around them like a veil.

"Oh, Deb, I be'n lookin for you everywhar!" he whispered, framing the shamed little face in his big, tender hands and hungrily kissing the pleading mouth. "At last tonight, when I'd most given up, I reckernized you as you marched around in that yaller jacket. Oh, Deb, I love you yet! Do you love me? Will you come home this very night?"

Deb nestled closer, but shook her head.

"I'm not worth your love, Hiram! I be'n so bad—to run away like that."

"You're worth my love—ef I love you!" said Hiram conclusively, and that seemed to settle the matter.

Over the wind swept, snowy street the music of the New Year chimes came stealing so sweet they made Deb cry. But they were happy tears, and she drew Hiram's face down and kissed it.

"I'll allus love bells," said Hiram. "Hark! Sounds 's ef they war sayin, 'She's yourn—yourn—yourn—forever!'"

MEANING OF THE MONTHS.

How They Came to Be Named—Evolution of the Present Calendar.

January begins the year and looks both ways—toward the year just past and that just coming. It was therefore named by the Romans for their god of war, Janus. He had two faces, and was therefore called Janus Bifrons, which may be freely translated "Holy Two-front." Originally this was only the eleventh month, and the four preceding were named from Septem, Octo, Novem and Decem, as they then were the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months. It would take a small volume to explain how, as a quaint old almanac says, such sixes and such sevens the months were knocked to that ten became translated into Octo. Suffice it to say, January begins the year now, and the other months are to be explained in their turn.

February was an unfortunate month from the start. The Romans did not at first intend to have any such month, but finding the year all askew they added some days at the last of it, and designated them as the days "to purify" ("februare" in old Latin). Finding they had set the time too early they put the new month after January and measured it by the moon. When they began to "purify" for the coming summer they ate beans instead of meat, and therefore named the season Lent ("lentes"—beans). By miscounting the days, however, their year soon got two months behind, and Julius Cæsar overhauled it again.

March is a name of war. The Romans named it for Mars, their war god, perhaps because winter and spring contend for the month. We owe the Romans one for making this the third month, for this laid the basis for some of our finest old crusted jokes, such as "March forth!" addressed to the retiring president, and the chestnutty minstrel command to the stage soldiers, "January, February, March!" Let us remember the Romans, even for this little. On second thought, let us remember them all the more as they were not in a general way a humorous people.

April is supposed to be so called because things open about that time (Latin "aperire"). It is the aperient month, so to speak. Having no mythology the month is in this latitude sacred to catarrh. When the new humanity does away with all old superstition and reestablishes a pure Saxon language, as it promises to do, this will probably be called Springchickenmonth or Kucheinmonath or Sneezereezer or some tender little name of that instructive sort.

May is by common consent the synonym for flowers and poetry, women and children, music and moonlight—everything sweet and soft. As a matter of fact the popular poetry for the month would suit the last half of it and the first half of June much better. The Romans named it from Maia, daughter of Atlas and mother of Mercury. The Romans seldom got married in May, as the festival of the dead was celebrated early in the month. It is a bad omen to be taken sick in this month—especially for farmers and gardeners.

Juno was the wife of Jupiter in classic mythology and made it hot for him—hence June. Some say, however, that it was so called because it was the month for young men (juniores). Juno was the great goddess of motherhood and growing nature, and so the Romans honored this month with her name. She was also subject to sudden storms of wrath and jealousy and was very vindictive, which led Virgil to ask—

In heavenly minds can such resentments dwell?

August, with its thirty-one days, is a perpetual reminder of how Augustus Cæsar (Octavius) slipped up on his uncle Julius. He insisted on having a big month named for himself also, and so pulled the whole calendar around so as to bring two thirty-one day months together in midsummer, as in midwinter, at the same time changing the name from Sextilis, or the Sixth (which it then was), to Augustus. "Dog days" prevail in this month, because the sun is in Canis Major, and Sirius rises about the same time as the sun—at least so the ancients thought—but it is now known that the heliacal rising of Sirius is peculiarly indeterminate, and therefore every dog now has his day.

September is the month, and the 14th the particular day, on which the creation of the world was completed, according to the old rabbins. The Russian priests added that man was created in this month, because more fruit ripens in it than in any other. That was when they had no ideas of south latitude and had never heard of the equator. In the Roman calendar it was the seventh month, and so they named it from septem—"seven."

October was the Romans' eighth month originally, and therefore named from octo—"eight." In the old legends it was set down as the month in which Adam and Eve were expelled from paradise.

This was ninth (novem) month to the Romans. It has long been a notable month for signs and omens, as well as religious dates, though no one can show why. The Saxons called it "blood month," because they slaughtered cattle and salted away all their winter's beef in this month. The old Romans had many important religious observances in this month, and the Christians have adopted some of them. It closes most appropriately with a general thanksgiving for the fruits of the season past.

The tenth (decem) month in the old Roman calendar, but now the twelfth, is the month of holy memories in all Christian lands. The yule log and the Christmas tree, Kris Kringle and Santa Claus, the vacation, the home coming, the gifts and the holidays—these are of December. Christmas has conquered all classes. The old Puritans fought against it in vain. So by the triumph of faith and civilization combined the season of cold and often of sleet and rain, the time of shortest days and longest nights, is turned into the season of greatest cheer and hilarity. J. H. BEADLE.

"WHAT IS IT?" HE GASPED.

Odd Custom in Brazil.

A woman lately returned from Brazil tells of the curious nomenclature of the streets of Para. They are Biblical or commemorative of some event in the Brazilian history. It seemed to her quite irreverent to be told that a desirable location was "at the corner of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist streets." She went with her uncle, who was on business, to dine at the house of a wealthy merchant.

Everything was very gorgeous and lavish in South American style, but on leaving she was amazed to have her hospitable host say to her, "If you have any washing send it here." It is a custom there, it seems, for wealthy households to take in laundry work as an employment for their large retinues of servants.—Cor. Utica Herald.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

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

THE NEW YEAR.

O'er the mountains wild comes a little child,
And all the untrodden ways
Are blooming bright 'neath his steps of light,
And the valleys ring with his praise,
And the morning glints on his brow and tints
His cheek with its rosy rays.

His bright eyes beam and his tresses gleam—
Shot with the sunshine's darts
That mark his way through the gates of day—
As the dying year departs,
And the vacant throne is now his own,
And his kingdom is human hearts.

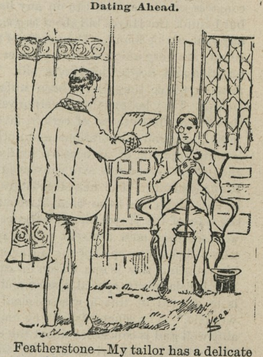
The songs he sings and the joy he brings
Are wonderful, sweet and rare,
And the future glows like a fragrant rose
'Neath the wand that he waves in air,
And with kisses sweet, and with smiles, we greet
The beautiful, glad New Year,

And cover the head of the Old Year, dead,
With a cold, cold shroud of snow.
Life is sweet, but time is fleet,
And the years must come and go—
The beautiful years, with their smiles and tears,
The years that we all love so.

Kisses and tears for its joys and its cares—
The year whose steps have passed
Into silence sweet, where no fall of feet
Is heard in the Dim and Vast.
o the Old—his due; but we love the New—
The sweetest rose is the last!

—Frank L. Stanton in Ladies' Home Journal.

Dating Ahead.



Featherstone—My tailor has a delicate sense of humor.

Ringway—Why, what has he done now?

Featherstone—He has sent me a calendar for 1894.

When the New Year Begins.

Among most oriental peoples the year is lunar and begins with the first full moon of December. In England, from the Fourteenth century to the change of calendar in 1752, the legal year began on March 25, and after the change was made much confusion in dates resulted before the matter was fully understood. Even yet a historical issue is sometimes clouded by the difference in modes of reckoning, and it is thus made uncertain whether an event took place in the year named or in that following.

The present beginning of the year on Jan. 1, in the middle of winter, is not a natural but an entirely artificial starting point. The Greek year originally began with the winter solstice, as did the year of most northern nations. Among the Latin Christian countries there were seven different dates for beginning the new year. March 1, Jan. 1, Dec. 25, March 25, used in two ways—first, by beginning the year nine months sooner than at present; second, by beginning it three months later—at Easter and on the feast of ascension.

The usage of the same country has also varied at different times.

In France under the Merovingians the year began on March 1; the Cerlovingians began their year on Dec. 25, and the Capetians at Easter. The Romans, till Cæsar's time, began the year on March 1, and an illustration of the reluctance to change names is seen in the fact that, although the names September, October, November and December originally denoted the number of the month, they are now grossly inapplicable.

The Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phœnicians and Carthaginians began their year in the autumn, as did the Jews their civil year.

Some Definitions.

During the recitation of a class in reading in one of the pieces read the word "merchant" appeared.

"What is a merchant?" the teacher inquired after one of the children had read the word.

"A merchant is a tailor," answered one.

"A merchant is a man who keeps dry goods stores," said another.

"A merchant is a man what buys cheap and kin sell dear," remarked a third.

At last a little boy with a triumphant air cried out, "A merchant is a man what sells goods."

The teacher corrected none of these mistakes in language.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Forum.

Helping Him Out.

Young Tutter—Miss Clara, I have just got a diary to begin the new year with, and do you know what I would like the first entry to be?

Miss Pinkerly—No, Mr. Tutter; I haven't the faintest idea.

Young Tutter—Something about—er—a kiss.

Miss Pinkerly—You might put down the fact that you tried to kiss a girl and miserably failed.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_2_1-0425.jpg