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.

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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.

BIG!

This is the Plain English of Our Sales this season, and the result is we have a great —many suits in—

Men's Boys' & Children's

that we have broken the assortment of, which we have marked at prices that defy competition. A LOOK AT THEM MEANS A SUIT SOLD, if you need one, and if you want a 300-pound hog to go a long way towards clothing a man and two boys well for the winter you cannot afford to pass us.

We mean just exactly what this adv. says and are ready with the goods to back it.

Nice Line of MEN'S MACINTOSH RUBBER CAPE GOODS,

Complete Line LATEST STYLE SUITS and OVERCOATS

(Just received from New York.)

Hats, Caps, Neckwear, Underwear, Gloves.

Respectfully,

MOODY & LUSBY,

Few Doors Below Postoffice.

Marked Down Prices!

BARGAINS! BARGAINS

HAVING DETERMINED TO MAKE A CHANGE IN OUR BUSINESS WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING GOODS

At Greatly Reduced Prices

DRY GOODS:

MUSLINS, CANTON FLANNELS, KERSEYS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, BLANKETS GRAY and RED FLANNELS, WHITE FLANNELS, TOWELS, &c.

MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS, LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

We want room for other lines of goods, hence the above offer.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Nov. 4, 1893. CHESTERTOWN, MD

An Acknowledged Fact!

THOMAS G. WROTH,

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE IN CHESTERTOWN HAS THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Foot-Wear

IN LEATHER AND RUBBER. EVERYTHING FROM THE HEAVIEST OYSTER BOOT TO THE FINEST KID SLIPPER.

Prices To Suit The Times,

T. G. WROTH,

Dont miss the Place. Under Stam's Hall

Extraordinary Opportunities

FOR

CASH PURCHASING

OUR immense stock—largest in the city—must be sold. Prices lower than ever.

Superior Suits and Overcoats
$10, $12, $15 and $20

Best ever sold for the money

Wanamaker & Brown

SIXTH AND MARKET STS.

PHILADELPHIA

We Pay Railroad Fare

Present your R. R. Ticket after purchasing a reasonable amount ranging from $10 to $40

MESSICK PRICE LIST.

Greatest Bargains!

NOTE OUR PRICES:

Pins, full count, 1 to 3 cents per paper; Best Needles, 1 cent per paper; Spool Silk, 3 cents; Darning Needles 5 for 1 cent; Carpet Tacks, dozen papers, 9 cents; 25 Good Envelopes, 3 cents; 120 Sheets Note Paper, 8 cents; 5 Slate Pencils, 1 cent; Shoe Strings, 2 cents per dozen; School Slates, 2 to 8 cents; Lamp Wickes, 5 for 1 cent; Watch Keys, 1 cent; Shirt Buttons, 12 dozen, 3 cents; Bone Collar Buttons, 4 cents per dozen; Safety Pins, 2 cents per dozen; 2,500 yards of Lace, 1 to 15 cents per yard; 2,000 yards of Ribbon, 6 cents per yard, worth 15; 400 Dozen Dress Buttons, 1 to 5 cents; Best Calico, 5 and 6 cents per yard; LARGE LINE OF BLANKETS, all kinds, from 75 cents up; 90 Dozen Men's and Boys' Suspenders, 7 to 49 cents; 20 Dozen Ladies' Corsets, 23 to 46 cents; P. N. Corsets, 95 cents; 50 Dozen Children's Black Hose, 8 cents; Men's Extra Heavy Hose, 6 cents; Gent's Fine Hose, 10 to 25 cents; Extra Good Spool Cotton, 2 cents; Raleigh Thread, 3 cents; Hair Pins, 12 cents per lb.; P. N. Corset Steels, 8 cents; Men's Linen Collars, 8 cents; 24 Dozen Boys' Over Shirts, 19 to 50 cents; Extra Heavy Buckskin Shirts, 50 cts.;

100 Pair of Boy's Knee Pants, 10 to 90c.;
300 Odd Coats, 75c. to $2.90; Men's Suits, $3.00 to $10;
Boys' Suits, Jackets and Knee Pants, 95c. to $5;
350 Men's and Boys' Overcoats, 95c. to $7;

100 Dozen Men's and Boys' Overalls, 39 to 63 cents; a Large Line of Men's and Boys' Gloves, 25 cents to $1.23; Extra Heavy Floor Oil-Cloth, 25 cents per yard; Best Table Oil-Cloth, 19 cents per yard. TINWARE:—4 Quart Coffee Pots, 18 cents; 3 Quart, 14 cents; 2 Quart, 10 cents; ½ Gallon Tin Cups, 5 cents. HARDWARE:—Cut Nails, 2¼ cents per pounds; Man's Axes, 56 cents; Carriage Bolts, 3 and 4x5-16, 8 cts. per dozen; Padlocks, 5 to 18 cts.; Auger Bits, ¾ inch, 5 cents; 5-16 inch, 8 cents; Hand Saws, 25 cents to $1.67; Hatchets, 8 to 42 cents; Saw Handles, 8 cents; Spring Balance, 24 Pound 8 cents; Two-foot Rule, 7 cents; Half Soles, 10 cents; Headlight, 8 cents.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, all kinds;
MEN'S KNIT UNDERSHIRTS, 40 CENTS, sold everywhere for fifty;
FULL LINE OF LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR;
CHILDREN'S VESTS, 9 to 28c.; LADIES' VESTS, 25 to 46c.

MESSICK & CO.,
Millington, Maryland.
W. N. DONOVAN, Manager.

WE WILL NOT TAKE THE RISK!

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF MEN'S BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

Fine Overcoats and Suits

and are not willing to take the risk of carrying them over. Our sales have been heavy, but we still have a good many goods that must be sold, having made larger preparations than ever before for the fall trade. Times are hard and money scarce and we have commenced TODAY to MAKE GREAT REDUCTIONS in PRICES, affording an opportunity for each and every one to fit himself out handsomely at a very SMALL OUTLAY. Come one see us, and depend upon it, whatever you need in Clothing, you'll buy at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A Large Lot of MEN'S SUITS, - - - $3, $6, 8, $10 and $12.50
(Saving $1 to $3 on every purchase.)

MEN'S OVERCOATS, - - - $8, $5 $7, $10, up to the Finest.
(This is a Great Sacrifice.)

BOYS' OVERCOATS and SUITS at Prices Much Under Value.

Men's, Boys' and Children's PANTS will be sold at a Great Reduction.

We have a Large Assortment to select from. Remember, we commence TODAY to MARK DOWN and invite you to make an inspection of our large line of Goods and Prices.

A. FRIEDMAN & CO.

LARGE COLLECTION
OF VERY DESIRABLE GOODS IN FINE
JEWELRY.-.WATCHES.-.DIAMONDS.
CLOCKS, BRONZES, &c.

LOWEST PRICES!

J. S. MacDONALD,
Nos. 6 and 8 N. Charles St., Balto., Md

Will remove next door, corner Baltimore and Charles street, about June 15th.

CHAS. A. ROUSH.

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry,

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

Solid Silver and Plated Ware,

38 West Lexington St., near Liberty.

Complete Department for REPAIRING.
DIAMOND WORK TO ORDER.

SCHOOL BOOK NOTICE.

A FULL LINE OF

SCHOOL BOOKS!

TABLETS,
and every thing necessary for School Work.

OLD GEOGRAPHIES, ALGEBRAS AND GEOMETRIES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

TOULSON'S,
DRUG STORE.

WEST INDIA SPICED VINEGAR
For sale by E. W. F. SIMPERS.

NEW
Furniture Store!
Up Town, near Catholic Church.

BARGAINS IN
CHAMBER SUITS, SINGLE PIECES,
Tables, Stands, Buffets, &c.,
Anything in the FURNITURE Line,
CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS,
WALL PAPER and WINDOW SHADES,
at Prices LOWER than has ever been touched by anybody in this town,

VISIT BARTLEY'S
Furniture, Carpet and Wall Paper Store
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Hay! Hay! Hay!
ALL KINDS
Timothy, Clover and Mixed Hay!
MIDDLINGS, BRAN, OATS,
CORN, SCREENINGS, &c.

LARGEST STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!

Send for Price List.
C. B. WATKINS,
n18-6m. 721 South Charles Street, Balto., Md

VANDEGRIFT'S
ERADICATOR
—FOR—
For Cleansing Grease Spots from Clothing

FOR the cash FIVE POUNDS OF PURE BLACK PEPPER for $1.
WESTCOTT & DODD.

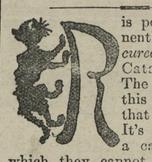
Light and Happiness Come to You

—if you're a suffering woman. The messenger in this case is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Maidenhood, Womanhood, Wifehood, Motherhood, —all need the best of care, proper regard for hygiene and —the "Prescription."

It's a tonic and nervine, a remedy prescribed by an eminent physician and specialist for all the peculiar ills and ailments of women.

Some dispositions are sunny even in pain. But, it was not meant that women should suffer so. She need not, while there's a remedy that regulates and promotes all the proper functions, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep and restores health and vigor. In the "complaints," weaknesses, and irregularities of womanhood, it's the *only guaranteed remedy.*

If it fails to benefit or cure, you get your money back.



R is perfectly, permanently and positively *cured* by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer. It's $500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. By all dealers in medicines; 50 cents.

New Jewelry Store

A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF
GOLD and SILVERWARE

I have opened my NEW JEWELRY STORE in Chestertown, and give each and every person in town and the surrounding country a special invitation to come in and see the

PRETTIEST and LARGEST STOCK OF LADIES' —and GENTLEMEN'S—

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
CHAINS, CHARMS, LOCKETS,
Gold Cuff and Collar Buttons, Scarf Pins, Lace Pins, Ear Rings, Necklaces, Gold Hearts, Gold and Silver Thimbles. An immense line of Fine Gold Set Rings for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children. and Plain Gold Wedding Rings.

SOLID SILVER and PLATED WARE
suitable for Wedding, Birthday and Christmas Presents,
SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES to suit all eyes.
CLOCKS OF ALL KINDS,
and hundreds of other pretty novelties of the Jeweler's art. Come in and look through the immense stock, whether you wish to buy or not. Each and every article guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded.

I shall make Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry REPAIRING a SPECIALTY, and guarantee all Repairs for one year.

Give me a call, I claim I can give you a BETTER SELECTION, BETTER GOODS and LOWER PRICED than can be found in this section.

J. H. SIDES,
JEWELER, ENGRAVER and OPTICIAN.

In the store-room formerly Mrs. Davis' Millinery Establishment, opposite the residence of Mr Samuel Vannort. n26.

The Hard Times

NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE PURCHASES —FROM—

A TO RE FULL

—OF ALL KINDS OF—

Goods for Winter Trade

—AT—

J. H. SIMPERS'

Chestertown, Md.

COME ONE! COME ALL! and look at our new and beautiful styles of DRY GOODS; all sorts of NOTIONS; large Stock of BOOTS and SHOES, GROCERIES, and indeed everything in my line *ALL AT PRICES TO SUIT THE HARD TIMES* Come and look. oct4.

N. C. CROW'S,

UP-TOWN GROCERY!

—FULL LINE OF—

Dry Goods and Notions.

IN STOCK, ALSO,

Groceries and Provisions,

Tobacco and Cigars.

SHOES! SHOES!

for Gents, Ladies and Children.

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

Country Produce wanted at highest pric Give us a call.
m18. N. C. CROW, Up-Tow

SEED POTATOES.—A splendid lot of home and foreign stock—Early Rose, &c.

FOR RENT for 1894:
SEVERAL DWELLINGS
at Rees' Corner, in Kent County, Maryland. Rent moderate. For terms, &c., apply to
F. B. GEMMILL, AGENT,
n18-tf. Lynch's, Md.

A Mountain Ride.

"It was a good many years ago," said the judge. "I was in Tennessee then, practicing law. I had a case in which I wanted very badly a mountaineer. I wrote to him, but he would not come. Finally he sent word that I might come up and see him. He specified particularly the day I was to arrive and the exact time I was to begin the ascent of the mountains. On the afternoon named my horse was tugging bravely up the rough road along the mountain side, when a boy not over 17 years old slouched down into the road. A rifle was slung over his shoulders in such a way that it could be swung into instant use. He made no attempt to get out of my way and I was obliged to pull up my horse.

"Are you Judge N.? he drawled.

"'I'm the man,' I said.

"'All right, I'll go along with you,' he replied.

"'Thank you,' I answered, 'but who are you?'

"'I'm Bill Johnson's boy.'

"'Did he send you down to meet me?'

"'Yes.'

"'Why?'

"'So you'd get there alive,' he said sententiously. 'You're a stranger.

"'Won't you get in?' I asked.

"'No,' he said dryly,' I'll walk. It's safer for you.'

"'A mile or so farther on another man dropped suddenly into the road. He, too, had a rifle slung on his shoulder.

"'Hello, Jim,' he said, is this the Judge?'

"'Yes,' said Jim.

"'All right,' said the other, and he swung along on the other side of my wagon.

"'Who is that?' I asked Jim, when I got a chance.

"'My brother,' said Jim. 'You're a stranger, you know. He's come to help, take care of you.'

"'Soon another young man appeared in the same mystrious way and joined my bodyguard. He was another of Bill Johnson's boys.

"At a later turn in the road an old man, stoop shouldered, gray haired, wrinkled and bent, but keen eyed and alert, stepped silently before us. He, like the rest, was armed.

"'Is this the judge?' he asked his boys.

"It was the judge, and he climed into my wagon. Protected in this way, I drove to his home. My business finished, I drove back the same way my guard melting away, until I finally said goodby to the youngest boy. Strangers in the moonshine regions of Tennessee go that way or they go in a coffin."

"Strangely enough," said the railroad man "I, too, have a story to tell about moonshiners and strangers. I was building a railroad down in Georgia in my younger days. I am a Georgian, you know. Once following our surveys I saw a chance to ride across the mountains, and thence to my hoe to visit my father. It was early in the afternoon when I started on my long ride. The moon was shining high in the heavens when I began to climb. I was jogging peacefully up the incline, when from a shaddow a horse and rider came out from the side of the road and fell in at my side.

"'Good evening, stranger,' said the man politely.

"'Good evening, sir,' I said, glad of even unknown company.

"'Which way you going?' asked my new companion.

"'Over the mountains,' I answered.

"'Recken I'm going that way, too,' he said, and then I had an opportunity to look at my friend's face. It was a strange face. Smooth shaven, young and yet old. It was calm and placid, as expressionless as stone, and yet there was a certain set about the jaws that kept me uneasy. And no matter bow often I looked at him, how quickly I turned my glance on his face, his deepest eyes were always watching me. I felt even when I did not look at him that he was watching me like a cat. We rode for hours, talking as one does with that class of people, until at nearly daylight we had crossed the mountains and were making our way along the comparatively level road. When we came to a river which we had to ford, my friend reined up.

"'This is as far as I go,' he said.

"'I'm sorry to lose you,' I replied civilly.

"'Stranger,, he said, when my horse's forelegs were in the rivrr, 'where are you from?'

"'Georgia,' I answered; 'this is my State?'

"'Who's boy are you?'

"'Judge S's.'

"'Is that so?' he said in a calm voice. 'Why' do you know what I took you for? Revesue! Yes, sir, and I came near shooting you, sir. Half a dozen times on the ride I made up my mind you were revenue, sir, and each time I was just ready to do it. But I hated to do it, sir, you looked so square, I'm glad I didn't.'

"'So am I,' I answered, with a false, jerky laugh, for that emotionless man gave me the chills, and I sent my horse across the ford.

"'Goodby,' I cried, from the other side.

"'Goodby, sir,' he replied. Then his horse carried him off in the gray light, and I felt a sudden sense of relief."—*Exchange.*

Shot Himself to Win a Bet.

Thomas Murray, a young machinist of New York, on Friday won one of the most foolhardy bets ever made. He deleberately fired two shots into his head from a 32-calibre revolver to prove that the weapon would not project a cartridge with sufficient force to pierce his skull. Surgeons at the Roosevelt Hospital extracted both balls, which, by glancing, had not penetrated his head far enough to cause death.

Murray and a friend named Joseph Mulvaney were drinking together in a saloon. Mulvaney pulled from his pocket a 32-calibre revolver and began playing with it.

"That's only a toy," remarked Murray. "Why don't you carry something that could be of some use to you?"

"It's good enough to kill a man with," replied Mulvaney.

"I'll bet you drinks that it won't send a ball through my skull," said Murray

"I take the bet" was Mulvaney's answer. The revolver was handed to Murray. He placed the muzzle against his right temple and fired. Before the others could reach him he had fired a second shot into his left temple.

Instead of falling dead or fatally wounded Murray walked around the saloon demanding the payment of his bet. The wounds in his head bled freely, and finally becoming frightened, he went to the Thirty-Seventh West Street station and asked for medical attention. The sergeant at the desk sent him as a prisoner to Roosevelt Hospital. There the surgeons found and extracted both balls. Murray could not have been deemed badly hurt for he was then taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court and held for examination as to his sanity.

A COMMON TALE.

Scene—Railway Station. He, to railway official:—"What time does the train for W. leave here to-night?"

"Nine o'clock, sir."

He to her, looking at his watch:—

"Only half an hour, my darling, for us to be together."

"Just half an hour too long. If there's anything I detest, it's waiting."

"If you cared for me as I care for you you would wish that this time the waiting would last a year. I do."

"I wonder if my baggage is all right?"

"I have seen to all that for you, dear. Now, you will be sure and write to me as soon as you arrive, will you not? You know how impatient I shall be to hear from you."

"As soon as I arrive? Oh, I can't promise that, you know. I shall be desperately hungry and want to get something to eat; besides it will take a little time to look around in order to be able to have some news to send you."

"Write about yourself. That's enough news for me. All I want."

She laughs.

"Be sure and take care of yourself, and if ever you should need a friend, you know where to find one. Oh, why should we be obliged to part thus?"

"Have you no common sense? By the way you talk, one would think some one was forcing me away against my will. We are parting simply because we want to part."

"Don't say 'we.' If I could have my wish you would always be with me."

"What a terrible fate for me! My! I do wish that train would come in. I beg your pardon if I seem rude, but waiting around a station gives one such an unsettled feeling."

"I suppose you'll get married out there and forget all about me?"

"Perhaps."

"After all that has passed between us?" sullenly.

She laughs as she answers,—

"After all that has passed between us."

Here the conductor breaks in with the announcement,—

"Train for W. is now in. Waits here ten minutes."

"I have never loved any one but you. I never shall," he says, as he helps her into the car.

"That's too bad. Please be careful of my valise. This is a good seat; I guess I'll keep it. So good-by."

"Good-by. Oh, my, darling, say one kind word to me now."

"Well, thank you very much, Mr. H., for the pleasure of your society for the three past months. I shall miss you, of course, until I make some new acquaintonces."

"Is that all?"

"No, it is not all. You had better get on the platform as fast as ever you can, for the train is just about to start, and if you are not careful you will find yourself in two minutes on the way to W. with me."

"I wish I could. Then, if it must be—"

"Good-by."

The train moves out in the darkness, and when out of his sight and hearing she buries her face in her hands and sobs most bitterly.

As he saunters towards his home he indulges in this soliloquy:—

"So Ella has gone. A week ago I thought I should have a hard task to get free from her, but the little thing has left me herself as coolly and calmly as if we were strangers. I used to think she loved me with that inconvenient kind of love that has no end. But it seems she is like the rest of her sex—changeable. On the whole, I'm glad of it; but at the same time I'm disappointed in her. Women should not hold their love vows so lightly if they care for the esteem of our sex. I suppose she has some one out there. Well, thank goodness, I'm free at last to call on Miss Amy."

Alone, yet not alone, in the train, Ella also soliloquizes:

"I've done it—left him for good and saved myself the pain and humiliation of seeing him love another. But how can I bear the lonely life before me, for I love him, and there never can be any one else like him for me. I kept a stiff upper lip, as poor old Dad used to say, through it all didn't I? And he thinks now that I do not care for him any more. Oh, why can not men be true and faithful to one love, and why should women have to break their own hearts."

A Child's Philosophy.

"Spell toes," said the mother, who was teaching her little daughter, 7 years old, to spell.

"T-o-z-e," answered the child.

"No, dear, that's not right. T-o e-s spells toes."

"But it sounds like t-o-z e."

"I know it, but you cannot go by the sound."

Then in order to enforce this proposition the mother called on her daughter to spell froze.

"F-r-o-e-s," said the child.

"No, you are wrong again. This time we do use the letter z and spell the word f-r-o-z-e."

"Huh!" grunted the child.

"Now spell rose," said the mother.

The child hesitated. Finally she said: "I don't know whether to say r-o-z-e or r-o-e-s, and, really, I don't know that either way would be right."

"Spell it r-o-s-e," said the mother, "tho' there is another word pronounced just like it that's spelled r-o-e-s. That word is the name of the spawn of fishes."

The poor little child looked very miserable.

"Just one more word," said the mother. "Tell me how you spell blows."

"Well," said the child, who had quite enough nonsense, as she vexed it, from her mother, and had suddenly made up her mind to pay back in kind, "I spell it three ways. I spell it b-l-o-s-e for breakfast, b-l-o-e-s for dinner, and b-l-o-z-e for my supper."

"I spell it b-l-o-w-s all the time," said the mother.

The child said nothing for a minute. Then looking up, she solemnly remarked.

"I think, ma, that the English language was made for persons very, very well educated."—*N. Y. Times.*

Love In Marriage.

Don't marry a man simply because you're in love with him. If he does't care quite as much for you, you had better break your heart grieving over what you have not got than wear your heart out in sorrow because you are bound to a man whose indifference is perpetually before your eyes. The idea of teaching a man to love you is a most mistaken one. A woman is much more likely to learn to love her husband after marriage than the man to learn to love the wife, and the reason for this is evident: The woman in the quiet of her home has her thoughts constantly directed toward the husband. The man in the whirl of business has a thousand things to distract his attention, and the woman who can win from his business thoughts the harrassed man possesses rare attractions.

FROM FAR-OFF LANDS.

An Interesting Story of Adventure and Curious Incident.

At Provoska, in snowy Siberia, I found a native born American who had been there for 10 years, he said, living a wretched life amid the Russian exiles. He was not in any way an offender against the Russian government, and he had voluntarily banished himself to that miserable existence, shut himself off from the world, doomed himself to a living death. But, strangest of all, he seemed to care very little for the great events that had happened in the world since his self inflicted isolation began. He was not on friendly terms with those about him, or if friendly, was not familiar at least.

I felt certain the man had a story, and I resolved to draw it from his lips, if possible. Although I was a countryman of his, he received me rather coldly, as if he cared no more to look upon the face of an American than he did to gaze at the unfortunate beings who had been exiled by their government to that lonely Siberian village. For some time he did not even condescend to give me his name, but during my stay in Provoska I used to go over every afternoon and smoke with him, and I gradually broke down the barrier of his taciturnity.

One day, as we sat smoking in the single room of the poor hut that served him as home, he asked:

"Well, what do you think of me?"

I was startled, but I countered with another question:

"What do you mean?"

He grunted: "I see you have been studying me ever since you came here, and I suppose you have formed an opinion. Perhaps you have taken me for a fool?"

"Not at all."

"Well, I wouldn't care if you did. You haven't tried to pry into my business, and I don't mind telling you why I am here. I am waiting for the woman who promised to become my wife."

I did not attempt to conceal my surprise, and in response to my questions he said:

"She is an exile, and she is somewhere in the valley of Algafital, or was when I last heard of her. She knows I am here, and will come to me when the term of her banishment expires."

"How much longer will that be?"

"Ten years more."

I shuddered at the thought of it. Another weary half score of years to be spent in that prison land! It was horrible! The man before me was at least 40 years of age, and the snows of the long Siberian winters had begun to sprinkle his black hair with streaks of gray.

And the woman—or girl! What must those terrible years mean to her! What a change they would bring about in her!

"What was her offense?"

"She was a sister of a man who plotted against the government."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more. I met her in St. Petersburg and fell in love with her. Singularly enough, my affection was reciprocated, and she had promised to become my wife, when without warning, the calamity was upon her. Her brother is in the silver minds of Nortschinks, and she is near him. His sentence is for life."

"If you will parden me the question, how old was she when she was banished?"

"Twenty-three."

"Then she is now 33, and in ten years more she will be 43. From the time you saw her last till you see her again she will have changed from a girl to a middle aged woman?"

He bowed "Yes," he said sadily, "and I shall have changed as well."

Finally, for the first time, he told me his own name. It was Wallace J. Carter and he claimed to be a native of Rahway, N. J. After this talk he relapsed into taciturnity once more, and I conld not draw anything from him; although I often tried. He finally grew sullen when I reverted to the subject, which was plainly distasteful to him, and at last I gave it up.

I carried a detective camera with me, and one day I obtained a fair snap shot at his face without his knowing anything of it. I preserved the plate and had it devolped when I arrived at a place where it was possible. This picture I now have in my possession, and last fall, with it tucked in the breast pocket of my coat, I set out to see if I could learn anything of Wallace J. Carter in Rahway.

I was unsuccessful. No one in the town knew anything of the man or had ever heard of him. As he hinted that he was a wealthy and influential citizen in the United States and had fallen in love with Helen Valdon while traveling over the world for pleasure, it was a singular thing no one should know anything of him in the town he claimed to hail from.

Often as I thought of the singular tale this self exiled man had told me I fancied I could deect discrepancies in it. I remembered him as he bade me good-by the day my tarantass took me out of Provoska, and I was certain a look of relief rested on his face. It seemed as if he had feared me, although why this should be I could not understand.

It came about that I took a fancy to carry his picture down to Superintendent Byrnes at police headquarters and ask him what he thought of it.

"My dear sir!" cried the superintendent the moment his eyes rested on the picture, "that is a very likeness of Nipper Mike, the slickest bank burglar who ever slipped through the fingers of the police of this country. His last job was the robbery of the B——bank in 1893 at which time he accidently killed the cashier. There is still a standing reward for his capture. That beard has altered his appearance somewhat, but I should say that it is Nipper Mike, just the same. Where did you get this?"

When I had told him, he said:

"The fellow is safe as long as he remains in this part of Siberia, but I fancy the time will come when he will sneak back to America, and I shall get my fingers on him."

He Was Conscious.

Here is a good little story told by George Tyler, of a young newspaper man who actively engaged in theatrical management.

"One of my theatrical friends," said Mr. Tyler, "was not many seasons ago doing the Romeo to a very bad Juliet in a country town in Kansas. Even that rural audience could barely stand the preformance. Dozens of the auditors hissed. At length only one man was noticed as maintaining an absolute silence. At last the man who sat by this fellow said:

"'Why don't you join in the fun?'

"'It wouldn't be fair.'

"'And why?'

"'Well, I came in on a pass, but if they don't improve darned if I don't go out and buy a ticket and begin on 'em."

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