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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND. *Office in the Masonic Hall.*

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries ne-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Read and Remember!

☞To the Farmers and Horse Jockies of Kent and Adjoining Counties.

I WOULD have you to know that I am Still on Burchinal's Corner, in the *HARNESS BUSINESS,* and am selling Goods in my Line Cheaper than Ever,

To the Horse Jockeys I would say that I have the man to work for me that formerly worked at Middletown, and made the Harness that were exhibited and took the First Premium at the Delaware State Fair. Many who looked at them said they could not be beat, and I am prepared to make the same kind, as I have the man to put them up.

☞LIGHT TROTTING HARNESS made to order.

TRACK HARNESS and anything that can be made in a Harness Shop, made in the Latest Styles, and of the Best Moffett Leather.

I have COLLARS, BRIDLES, MARTINGALES, HORSE BOOTS, REINS, Round and Flat, and Everything that is generally kept in Harness Shops, Cheaper than can be purchased elsewhere.

☞REPAIRING done very cheap.

WM. W. COPPER.

May 12, 1877—y.

HARNESS STORE!

HARNESS TO SUIT ALL at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

JOHN F. HOWARD

COURT ST., CHESTERTOWN,

Is prepared to furnish those in need with Harness, Saddles, &c., of all kinds.

NEW PLOW BRIDLES,

at very low prices; also, New Plough and Draught Collars.

All kinds STRAP WORK for Harness.

Every part of Harness can be always had at my store. A good stock of RIDING SADDLES on hand, which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞All kinds of harness made to order. Whips, Bitts, Horse Boots, Bone Rattlers, Back Bands, Riding Bridles, Martingales, Cruppers, Single and Double Reins, and a full assortment of everything connected with the business at City Prices.

☞REPAIRING ☜ of all kinds, done at the shortest notice and at reduced prices.

JOHN F. HOWARD, Court Street.

y.

C. F. STAM

Begs an examination of his LARGE STOCK OF GOODS suitable for Old and Young.

FANCY ARTICLES.

BOHEMIA VASES, TOILET SETS, beautifully decorated with Gold and Silver Flowers, Boquet Holders, Card Receivers, Cigar Cases, Japanese Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Caba's Ladies' Companions, Satchels, Pocket Books, Albums and Gold Pens and Pencils, the finest display ever saw in Chestertown.

Books! Books! Books!

The Gems of ENGLISH and AMERICAN LITERATURE. Scott, Bulwer Dickens, Moore, Byron, Bobby Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow and the venerable but majestic Bryant.

Juvenile Books,

Chatterbox, Wide Awake, Peep Show, Little Boy Blue, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, Santa Claus, Camptown Races, Mulligan Guards, and Mother Goose's Rhymes and Chimes and Jingles.

RELIGIOUS.

Hymnals, Prayer Books, Bibles, Methodist Hymn Books, Gospel Hymns, Moody and Sankey, Changed Cross and Shadow of the Rock.

GAMES! GAMES!

Parcheesi, Checkers, Chess, Picture Puzzles, Acrobat Shows, Ambuscade, Toy Soldiers, and others too numerous to mention.

STATIONERY! STATIONERY!

The Largest and most Complete Stock in Town, embracing all the novelties of the season.

Foolscap, Letter and Note Papers, by the Quire and Ream. Envelopes, by the Pack and Thousand.

A Full Assortment of Choice **PERFUMERIES,** Lubin Extracts, French, German, English and American Cologne Waters. Also, Soap, Tooth Brushes, Hair and Cloth Brushes and Combs.

Cigars! Cigars!

would call the attention of the Gentlemen to my Stock of Cigars, which is composed of the FINEST BRANDS, both Foreign and Domestic.

☞*An examination of our Stock will well repay you.*

COLIN F. STAM,

CHESTERTOWN.

Dec. 22, 1877.

REMOVED.

Main St., opp. Kent Nat'l Bank.

FOR SALE:

Cranberries, Apples, Sweet Cider, Hominy, Buckwheat, Beans, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Powder and Shot.

d15-tf. ALONZO MING.

BARBER SHOP.

THE undersigned has again taken the Barber Shop in the shed room attached to the Masonic Hall building in Chestertown. It is neatly fitted up, with new Chairs, and everything nice and clean. Gentlemen desiring a good shave can get it here.

HAIR CUTTING done in the latest style and neatest manner.

Custom respectfully solicited.

mh3-tf. R. M. WOOLFORD.

CASSIMERE *Over-Shirts*, all styles and grades, from 75c. up, at

Dec. 1. S. MERRITT & CO'S.

The UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

Is still continued, and I hope by *personal* ATTENTION and supervision, added to practical experience, to give *entire* satisfaction to those who favor me with any business in this line.

Also, Broken or Defaced Furniture will be repaired, cleaned or varnished at short notice.

My charges for all work will be as low as possible, and I solicit a liberal share of patronage. My best reference will be with those who have employed me in the past. Respectfully,

jan13-3m* JOHN N. DODD.

THOS. W. WICKES,

DEALER IN

DRUGS and MEDICINES, NOTIONS, &c.

STANDARD And ILLUSTRATED WORKS, embracing all the Novelties of the season.

Large and Elegant assortment of

English BOOKS,

In FINE and CLOTH BINDINGS.

Family Bibles, Small Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and the Favorite "CHATTER BOX," an excellent Present for Children.

WALL POCKETS, Photograph Albums, Backgammon Boards, Games, Toilet Sets, Diaries for 1878, Card Cases.

The universal Favorite CLARITA CIGAR, for 5 cents, and other choice brands; Cigar Cases, Holders, and many other articles.

☞Be sure and call at WICKES' DRUG STORE before making your purchases.

d15-4t. THOS. W. WICKES.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between S. Merritt and Wm. J. McFeeley, under the name and style of S. MERRITT & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The books and papers belonging to the said firm are placed in the hands of C. H. BAKER, Esq., for settlement.

S. MERRITT, WM. J. McFEELEY.

Chestertown, Jan. 1, 1878.

☞S. MERRITT, successor of S. Merritt & Co., will continue at the same place in the Clothing business, where he will be pleased to see all of his friends. He has on hand a large assortment of Men and Boys' goods, which he is selling at low prices.

Jan. 12, 1878—4t.

Great Slaughter

IN

DRY GOODS!

Having taken the Store formerly occupied by CHAS. ROLPH & CO.,

BORDLEY'S CORNER,

We are now prepared to

SELL CHEAPER

THAN

Any other House in Town!

As we buy strictly for cash, and consequently defy competition.

We shall also add to our stock of DRY GOODS a FULL LINE OF

LADIES', MENS and CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.

☞CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK☜ before purchasing elsewhere, as we are confident

WE CAN SAVE YOU

25 Per Cent.

IN BUYING YOUR GOODS OF US, the *LEADER OF LOW PRICES,*

At the Cheap Corner!

We will enumerate a few articles:

LADIES' HDKF'S 5c. worth 15.
" CUFFS and COLLARS 15c. worth 35c.
TOWELS 5c., worth 10c.
CALICO 5c., worth 8c.
CANTON FLANNEL 7c., worth 10c.
Ladies' and Gents' HOSE, 4 pair 25c., worth 50c.
2 Papers PINS 5c., worth 15c.
CLARK'S COTTON 6c., worth 7c.
200 Yards SPOOL COTTON 5c. worth 8.
The BEST BALMORALS 50c., worth 75.
2 BLANKETS $1.25, worth $1.75.
TABLE LINENS VERY CHEAP, and many other articles too numerous to mention, at

No. 1 CHEAP CORNER.

JOSEPH ROSE,

Proprietor.

BRANCH OF 54 Hanover, Baltimore.

A CARD.—To my friends and acquaintances I will state that I have associated myself with the above at the CHEAP CORNER, No. 1, where I will be pleased to see them all, and endeavor to give them satisfaction. Call and be convinced.

CLARENCE DYOTT, Adj. T. S. Bordley's Clothing Store.

New Store and New Goods

OPEN TO-DAY!

JAMES A. SHAW

HAS fitted up the store room on Court Street, adjoining the shoe shop, and just returned from the city with a large stock of Goods. Among the numerous varieties we name:

FURNITURE, Shoe Findings Groceries, Confectionery,

FLOUR by the lb. or bbl.; TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c., &c.

The upper story of the building will be used exclusively as

Furniture Ware-rooms

and my stock will include a general variety of everything in this line, which I can and will sell as cheap as the same kinds can be purchased in the city.

My purchases have been made for cash exclusively, and I am determined to sell goods as low as anybody else, as I expect thus to successfully compete with others and secure patronage.

☞My friends and the public are solicited to call and see if we don't know how to keep a store!

JAMES A. SHAW, Court Street.

Dec. 15—y.

WANTED,

EVERYBODY TO KNOW THAT

WM. C. A. THOMPSON

☞HAS REMOVED☜

To the CORNER STORE Up Town,

lately occupied by Mr. James Wood, where he will be glad to see his friends and the public in general. Will keep on hand as usual a full assortment of DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, NOTIONS, &c.

Which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICE for cash or trade.

Remember THOMPSON's object is to keep a LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

☞Country Produce wanted for the cash or trade.

Stop and take a look and then you can see for yourself. Respectfully,

WM. C. A. THOMPSON, Up Town.

Jan. 12, 1878.

JAMES WOOD,

UP TOWN, a few doors above former stand, Has for sale

FLOUR, MEAL,

And MILL FEED GENERALLY.

Also, GROCERIES, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and numerous other articles, all of which will be sold at the *very lowest price.*

☞COUNTRY PRODUCE, even to Rags, taken in exchange.

Thankful for past patronage, he respectfully asks an increase of the same.

JAMES WOOD, *Up Town.*

Dec. 15—3m.

The Best PIANO

IN KENT COUNTY

Will be found at Mr. Thos. A. Strong's, near Edesville;

The BEST ORGANS

in Kent will be found at the M. P. Church in Chestertown, and the M. E. Church at Rock Hall; also, at Chas. Wood's, Piney Neck. These are all the Celebrated Waters & Sons' instruments. Grand beyond description, and prices far below any other city agent or dealer. Don't buy until getting my prices and catalogues.

All orders left with Mr. HARRY RICKEY, at the Court House, Chestertown, or addressed to me will receive prompt attention. Address

WM. K. JUDEFIND, *Edesville, Kent county, Md.*

Gen'l Agent for Waters & Sons, N. Y

nov3y.

It has gained a Great Reputation!

J. F. LEARY'S

Compound Syrup

OF

Wild Cherry and Tar

COMBINED WITH GUMS AND BARKS *Obtained from Germany.*

J. F. LEARY, after much labor and expense, has succeeded in preparing a *pure medicinal compound* for promoting appetite, facilitating digestion, strengthening and building up weak and Nervous Systems, and *CURING ALL*

LUNG DISEASES!

such as *Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Asthma,* and for relief of *Consumptive patients* in advanced stages of the disease.

☞Sold by all Country Merchants and Druggists at 25c. If they have not got it get them to get it for you, and take no other until you have tried it.

J. F. LEARY, PROPRIETOR, *Rock Hall, Md.*

CANBY, GILPIN & CO., Wholesale Agents, Cor. Light & Lombard sts., *Baltimore, Md.*

Dec. 1.

Oyster Saloon.

MEALS at ALL HOURS

☞Table Board by the day or week.

☞OYSTERS in every style, at the old stand of Mr. J. Armstrong, below Bordley's Corner. ☞Ladies' saloon private.

MRS. DAVID A. BENJAMIN.

Dec. 22—3m*

TO RENT, For 1878,

HOUSE cor. Cannon and Cross sts., belonging to Chapman & Lambert; and a HOUSE on Bridge st., above Queen, Chestertown. Both good size and comfortable. C. T. WESTCOTT,

d8-tf. *Attorney.*

FOR SALE,

A DWELLING and LOT on Cross St., Chestertown; very desirable property. Terms easy.

Apply to C. H. BAKER, Att'y.

Nov. 24, 1877—tf.

BUY your *Buckwheat, Hominy, Hams, Lard, Bacon,* &c. We sell the best and sell cheap, at

n17. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

FRESH HOMINY and New York Buckwheat, at Thompson's, Up Town.

n24

"TWO'S COMPANY."

Miss Jenny B— was born for me,
And I was born for Jenny,
For any other Miss I see
I hardly care a penny.
Two turtle-doves you never saw
So fond of one another,
And yet my rapture hath a flaw—
My Jenny hath a brother!

A child of eight, or under that;
Of manners inoffensive,
You rarely find so young a brat
With knowledge so extensive.
For him two syllables are naught,
He laughs at long-division;
He says his lessons, as he ought,
With laudable precision.

Due reverence for me he shows;
He greets me as a "mister,"
The clever boy!—I know he knows
I love his pretty sister.
It may be chance—and yet I see
That more than chance is in it;
He never leaves Miss B— and me
Together for a minute.

I cannot heave the tender sigh
With any satisfaction
While such an incubus is by
To mark my every action.
I cannot bend the supple knee,
And "pop" the tender question;
The very thought of Number Three
Forbids the soft suggestion.

We never meet, we never talk,
But those two eyes espy us;
We never strive to steal a walk
But Number Three is nigh us.
In such a sad and sorry plight
Perhaps it would be better
To plead my suit in black and white,
And register the letter.

Beautiful Words to a Bride.

SIGNIFICANCE OF WEDDING CARDS.

The following beautiful letter was written several years ago by a gentleman to a bride on receiving her wedding cards. It is exquisitely fresh and original, and full of poetry. Though not intended for publication, it found its way into print, and we think it too much of a gem to be lost entirely:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands, Addie! three stately pluckings from the bush of ceremony! I am gazing upon a card and a name—a name with which your gentle life began, a name with which your throbbing heart was lost. There is nothing strange about that card. The maiden sign still looks up from it, calm and customary, as it looked on many a friendly visit, as it lies in many a formal basket. I am gazing, too, upon a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will be "At Home" one day, and that is nothing new! But there is another card, whose mingling there puts a tongue of fire into this speechless pasteboard, enameling fate on commonplace. It tells us that feeling is maturing into destiny, and that these cards are but the pale heralds of a coming crisis, when a hand that has pressed friend's hands and plucked flowers, shall close down on him to whom she shall be friend and flower forever after. I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life They are the gentlest type of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted us, and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems meet to me that a past, so calm and pure as yours, should expire with a kindred sweetness about it; that flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words should consecrate the hour when a sentiment if passing into a sacrament.

"The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal, the burial. To the first we bring only weakness, for the last we have nothing but dust! But here, at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promise that arms each with the other's heart, to help on in the life struggle of care and duty. The beautiful will be there, borrowing beauty from the scene. The gay and the frivolous, they and their flounces will look solemn for once. And youth will come to gaze on its sacred thoughts pant for; and age will totter up to hear the old words repeated that to their own lives have given the charm.

"Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some will laugh over it as if it were a joke, but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their lives!

"And now can *you*, who have queened it over so many bending forms, can *you* come down at last to the frugal diet of a *single heart?*

"Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world! Now you are a watch, buried in *one* particular bosom, warming only *his* breast, marking only *his* hours, and ticking only to the beat of *his* heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all hearts are united around the Great Central heart of all.

"Hoping that calm sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature. D. C. S.

The Best Friend.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflaks on her brow, and plowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but isn't she sweetly beautiful still? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed away many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. It is true she sits waiting by the side of the grave; the sands of life have nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you, boy, than any other one upon the earth. You can never wander into a midnight in which she cannot see you, bring you back, kiss and bless you in token of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it shall paint your faults so black that scarcely a redeeming virtue can be seen, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, where she will tell you of your virtues until you will almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. The best, most faithful of friends, love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

YESTERDAY I had such a bad cold that I could not speak. I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and to-day I am as well as ever. It only cost me 25 cents.

ONLY A DRESSMAKER.

"Do you really love me, Charley?"

"Do I really live and breathe? Now, Ruth, what's the use of asking such an absurd question as that, when you know perfectly well that I don't belong to myself at all. I'm a slave—a miserable, abject captive in the chain of your sweet eyes and gentle words—and, what's more, I haven't the least desire to regain my lost freedom!"

"Nonsense, Charley!"

But Ruth Murray said "Nonsense!" in a tone that clearly meant "The very best of sense;" and Charles Trevor took advantage of the coquettish syllables accordingly.

They were sitting in the library of the fine old country house, with a bright fire blazing. Charles Trevor was tall and dark and handsome, with wavy black hair and frank features, while Ruth Murray was very small and very plump, with long brown eyelashes and lips red and ripe as strawberries, and hair like golden water stirred into fantastic ripples by summer evening winds. Only that she was wonderfully pretty and coquettish withal, as most pretty girls are apt to be. Isn't that enough?

"Charley," she said, thoughtfully, playing with one of the sparkling buttons of her jacket, "I do believe that you love me—but I'm afraid that your sentiments will undergo an alteration when you know that—that—"

"I ought to have told you before," faltered Ruth, coloring vividly, and seeming to shrink away from the ruddy shine of the fire, only—"

"Told me what, darling?"

"That I am only a dressmaker."

"You a dressmaker! And visiting at Wardley Place?"

"Kate Wardley and I were school companions, Charley—and she is very kind—and she promised to tell nobody, lest people should be cold to me."

"Stop a minute, Ruth," said Mr. Trevor. "I didn't ask the question because the fact made one whit difference in our relations toward one another; only I was taken a little by surprise, as it were. A dressmaker, are you? Well, Ruth, I shouldn't care if you were a crossing-sweeper. I love you—and that's enough for me."

"But Charley I am poor and obscure."

"What of that? I'm not rich by any means; but I am fully capable of working for both of us; and as for being obscure, why we'll try and see if we cannot make for ourselves a name in the world, Ruth."

"But you are not obscure, Charles.—The Trevors stand high in the circles of fashion. I know that, humble little dressmaker though I am."

"What then?"

"Why, the world will say that you have made a misalliance."

"And what care I for the world's verdict as long as I am happy in your love? Little Ruth, what sort of a mercenary renegade do you take me for? I love you and I'm going to marry you." There was a glitter suspiciously like tears on the long eyelashes, and Ruth felt Charles Trevor's loving glance resting on her face, and the little hand stole softly into his, and with an unconsciously confiding movement.

"Charley," said Ruth, in a soft, stifled voice, "I will try to be a good wife to you."

And then—oh, strange, inscrutable heart of woman—Ruth Murray cried just because she was so very happy.

And the next day the gay country house coterie broke up, all the guests going several ways, and owning, one to another, that they had had a delightful time," and the next chapter in their book of fashionable dissipation commenced—while Ruth Murray went home to a house with a shop where a plate bore the words, "Miss Makenzie, Dressmaker."

* * * * * *

The bright January sunshine was turning the crusted snow to diamonds and making Miss Makenzie's shabby carpet look half a dozen degrees shabbier than ever. The clock had just struck eleven, and Ruth Murray, in a blue delaine dress and a trim linen collar, was tacking together the breadths of a gold colored glace silk, with her rosy mouth full of pins. Miss Makenzie stood watching her with a skirt lining depending from her bony arm.

"Ruth," said the old maid, dubiously, "I don't understand you at all."

"Don't you, Hetty? Well, that's not at all strange, for half the time I don't understand myself."

"No; but—Ruth, this arrangement seems to me unsatisfactory—so unsuitable—"

"Don't my work give satisfaction?"

"I never had an apprentice learn half so quickly. Those little white fingers of yours seem gifted by magic."

"Thank you," said Ruth, bowing demurely. "The yellow silk, please. Didn't you tell me that Miss Trevor was coming here at eleven to try on her dress?"

"So she said—and there is the carriage dashing up to the door. It's a fine thing to be rich. Are you sure the dress is ready, Ruth?"

"Quite."

Perhaps Ruth Murray's cheek was a trifle pinker than usual as Miss Trevor rustled loftily into the room; but otherwise there was no shade of difference in her manner or demeanor.

"I'm afraid I'm a little behind time," began the imperious young lady, throwing off her costly ermine cape; but—Why, Ruth Murray, surely this cannot be you."

"It is I, Miss Trevor."

Mary Trevor started.

"Oh, you've come to have a dress fit. Miss Makenzie has such success."

"No," said Ruth, quietly, "I am Miss Makenzie's assistant."

"A dressmaker!" almost shrieked Miss Trevor.

"Yes; a dressmaker."

Maria drew herself up haughtily.

"This is very strange," she said, frigidly; "nay it is quite unaccountable. I thought you were a visitor at Wardley Place."

"I was."

"And did Kate Wardley know—"

"Who I was? Perfectly."

Maria tossed her head.

"Upon—my—Word! This was really a gratuitous insult to her other guests.—Kate Wardley shall know my opinion of her conduct."

Ruth had grown pale and then red; but the next moment a score of laughing dimples broke out around her mouth.

"It was dreadful to admit a dressmaker into the circle of her aristocratic friends—and it was unheard of audacity in the dressmaker to venture within the charmed limits. Will you allow me to try on your dress, Miss Trevor?"

Maria stood haughtily silent in the middle of the room, while Ruth, mounted on a stool to bring her nearer to Miss Trevor's height, put in pins here and there, and basted refractory seams.

"She is pretty," thought Maria, as the sunlight glanced athwart Ruth's golden hair, and showed the exquisitely fine texture of her rose-leaf skin. "No pearl powder there! I wonder if there is any truth in the report that Charles fancied her! The idea of our brother flirting with a dressmaker—of course it was nothing but a flirtation."

And Miss Maria unconsciously gave herself such a jerk that two pins flew half across the room, and Ruth arched her eyebrows.

"Dear me, Miss Trevor, I shall never get your dress fitted if you don't stand still."

"Home," said Maria Trevor imperatively to the coachman, as she folded the gay afghan over her silken skirts.

Mrs. Trevor was dreaming over a bit of embroidery by the fire, and Chas. Trevor, standing in the bay window, was glancing up and down the columns of the morning paper as Miss Maria entered. It was a magnificent drawing room, with ceiling of fresco and gold, and carpets soft and rich as finest moss, white, plate glass windows, hung with massive satin draperies, let in a softened light; and rich pictures glimmered on the walls. The Trevors were not rich, but they were very worldly, and knew exactly how to make appearances their tool.

"Mamma, what do you think?" exclaimed Maria, breathless and eager, "that Ruth Murray, whom we met at Wardley Place—the pretty blonde I told you of—"

"What of her?" asked Mrs. Trevor, as Maria stopped for breath, and Charles looked quickly up with a deep flush on his cheek.

"She's nothing but a dressmaker."

"Nonsense, Maria. You must certainly be mistaken."

"But I am not mistaken, mamma! I saw her this very morning at Miss Makenzie's, and she tried my dress on with her own hands."

"Surely, my love, Kate Wardley would not invite a young person in that social condition—"

"But, mamma, the Wardley's are so odd, you never know what freaks they may be guilty of. The idea of a common dressmaker presuming to associate with those so far above her."

"Stop a moment, Maria," said Charles Trevor, advancing into the room. "I have yet to learn in what respect Miss Murray is at all inferior to any of the guests at Wardley Place. In my estimation her beauty, grace and intellect place her above any young lady there."

"There, mamma, I told you how it was!" said Maria, turning to her mother. "Charles has been just foolish enough to become infatuated with her baby face.—I wish we had never gone to Wardley Place."

"My dear boy," urged Mrs. Trevor, "you surely cannot be in earnest."

"Mother," said Charles quietly, "I am so deeply and thoroughly in earnest that I shall ask you within a few days to welcome Ruth Murray as your son's wife."

"Charles!" gasped the mother, "are you insane?"

"Will you receive her as a second daughter, mother?"

"Never."

"And I will never, never recognize her as one of the family," exclaimed Maria, actually pale with anger. "Charlie, how dare you so degrade us?"

"It is an honor, Maria," returned her brother, calmly. "Ruth is a jewel of the first water—more's the pity that you are blind to its sparkle."

"But, Charles, my son," pleaded the mother, "we have so depended on you making a wealthy alliance."

"Mother, I am sick of this scheming and manoeuvreing," passionately broke out the young man. "Depend upon it I shall never become a hanger on to a rich wife. I have too much respect for myself ever to be bought in the matrimonial market. I love Ruth Murray and I shall marry her!"

And from this position no storm of tears, reproaches or upbraidings could induce him to swerve one hair's breadth."

"And when will you be my wife, Ruth?"

"Only wait until February, Charles," pleaded the blue-eyed little damsel. "I have but one relation in the world—my uncle—and he is coming home from abroad. I should like him to be present at my marriage."

So Charles waited, much against his will, however.

Maria Trevor came into the drawing room one evening fully charged with the fashionable on dit of the day.

"Mamma, everybody is talking about this Sir William Murray, who has arrived from India. Mr. Lacy says he was commander-in-chief there, and is immensely rich; moreover that he is a bachelor, and has a niece who is to be his sole heiress. Couldn't we contrive to make their acquaintance? Oh, if Charles was not such an infatuated madman about this dressmaking girl."

"It's the same name," mused Mrs. Trevor; "surely they can't be connected."

Maria laughed contemptuously.

"General Murray connected with a dressmaker! That looks very likely, don't it?"

And Mrs. Trevor owned to herself that the idea had been a visionary one.

The wedding was to be very quiet—Ruth had insisted upon this—and as she walked to the church dressed in a neat, gray travelling suit, leaning confidingly upon the arm of her future husband, a sudden memory flashed across Charles' brain.

"I thought you expected an uncle, Ruth."

"Yes, he will meet us at the church, Charles."

"And you've never even told me his name."

"His name? Oh, it is General Sir William Murray?"

"What! Not the General Sir William Murray?"

"I think there is but one General Sir William Murray," said Ruth, smiling at his astonishment.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Charles, stopping short and staring down into the blue eyes, "and are you the heiress that half the world is gossiping about?"

"I believe so, Charley."

Charles Trevor never spoke another word until the marriage ceremony required his voice, and hardly knew if he was awake or dreaming, when his little wife introduced him to the tall, white haired old gentleman who had given her away as "Uncle William."

"Young man," said the general, "my neice tells me she has married under false pretences; do you regret the bargain?"

"Not a bit of it," said Charley, heartily. "I don't care whether she's dressmaker or heiress, so long as she is my own little Ruth."

"It was her own caprice," said the veteran, laughing. The fact is Ruth was so afraid of becoming a victim to some devouring fortune hunter—"

"That she turned dressmaker in self-defence," said Ruth, finishing her uncle's sentence for him. "Kate Wardley and Miss Makenzie—who had once been my mother's maid—were alone cognizant of my secret; and they have kept it well. Now it is no longer a secret. Oh, Charley, how I trembled that night at Wardley Place, lest you should withdraw your love when—when I told you that I was only a dressmaker."

"I loved you, Ruth," said honest Charley, all unconscious that any other explanation was possible.

And Ruth looked triumphantly at her uncle with eyes that said: "Have I not won a prize?"

Uncle William wiped his spectacles and smiled, and said nothing. To him Ruth was the dearest thing in all the world, and he could fully sympathize with Mr. Charles Trevor.

Mrs. Ruth welcomed her mother and sister-in-law to her palace home with a sweet frankness and cordial welcome that almost persuaded Maria into the belief that she had entirely forgotten that little episode in Miss Makenzie's room; and Maria loves dearly to talk to her fashionable friends about "darling little sister Ruth—the heiress, you know, that Charley married!"

HOME.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best. —LONGFELLOW.

Dress at Home.

There are ladies who seem to think that it makes little difference what is worn at home when only members of their own family are present. They are willing to spend hours over their toilet when going out, or expecting company; but when only husband and children are to see them, any old castoff garment, no matter how soiled or torn, answers every purpose. For them they have no time. The hair is given a twist in the morning, and night time too often finds it in the same condition. Thus, from morning until night, the wife and mother works around, a sorry sight to be sure. If a caller happens in, excuses must be made, and these are sometimes founded upon truth and sometimes upon falsehood.

Some will argue.—"I cannot look as I should like to, with all the labor I have to perform. I must dress according to my work. If I change my dress in the afternoon, there is supper to get, milk to strain and skim, dishes to be wasked, and preparations for to-morrow's breakfast to be made, so what is the use of soiling another dress? It makes little difference to the folks at home what I wear, and ten chances to one if I *did* "fix up" husband would not notice it."

My belief is that a woman must necessarily lose her self-respect, and the respect of her husband and children, if she allows hereself to become slack and untidy in her person. Now, would whole, clean clothes, a neat collar and pin, with smooth, becomingly dressed hair hinder you in your labors one whit? Would one half hour each morning devoted to arranging your dress, be wasted? I think not, and my advice to married ladies, is to be less matter of fact, more willing to take trouble for their dear ones, caring less for outsiders and more for their husbands, children and homes.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Four Millionaires.

The New York World copies from the Whitehill Review, an English magazine, the following tables of the incomes of the four richest individuals in the world:

If money be power, what a force is J. W. Mackey, who thirty years since was a penniless boy in Ireland. Twenty years ago he traveled through the United States as a speculative salesman and sixteen years ago he was bankrupt. To-day, at the age of forty-five, Mr. Mackey owns three-eighths of the Great Bonanza, the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered, and draws out of Nevada a yearly income of £2,750,000, which is the interest at 5 per cent. on a capital of £55,000,000. Though comparisons are odious it is curious to note the difference in the incomes of the four richest men on earth:

	Duke of Westminster	Senator Jones of Nevada.
Capital	£16,000,000	£20,000,000
Per year	800,000	1,000,000
Per month	60,000	80,000
Per day	2,000	3,000
Per hour	90	120
Per minute	1 10	2
	Rothschild	Mackey.
Capital	£40,000,000	£55,000,000
Per year	2,000,000	2,750,000
Per month	170,000	200,000
Per day	5,000	7,000
Per hour	200	300
Per minute	4	5

Mr. Mackey's fortune increases £5 over $20, every minute. The question is:—What will he do with it? Or perhaps it would be more cautious to ask: What will it do with him? Fortunes in the Far West often vanish as rapidly as they are acquired.

"Natural History of the Oyster."

The Baltimore *Sun* states that the Rev. Dr. J. G. Webster lectured on "The Natural History of the Oyster" at the Second English Lutheran Church, on Thursday night of last week, before a large audience. The subject had been chosen for him, but there could not have been a more luscious and juicy one, nor one more full of interest. A great deal had been said, written and practiced about it—indeed there was a vast oyster practice in Baltimore every day—but most people know little of the life and habits of the oyster. It was out of the way of ordinary lecture subjects of the present day, most of which were as dry as "punk".—There were curious and laughable things about an oyster, but there was much more than that in the subject. There was its immense financial importance in a mercantile view. Thousands of men, women and children were given employment here in the oyster trade who would otherwise have no work in the winter season. $4,000,000 were invested in it in New York city, and probably a great deal more than that in Maryland.

The oyster was well known to the ancients thousands of years ago, though it is not mentioned in the Bible, unless under the general classes of shell fish and mollusks, but the profane writers are loud in their praises. No dinner could be complete without oysters. Here in Maryland there is full evidence of their antiquity. Vast beds of shells ten feet thick are found at great distances from the shores of the bay, showing that the inhabitants in old times had carried the bivalves away to feast on them. The heaps were now covered with other soil.

It is not known who was the first man to eat an oyster, but he was a very brave man to put such a looking animal in his mouth and swallow it without knowing whether it was good to eat or not. Tradition has it that long and long ago a man walking by the bay shore saw a curious, ugly object, half covered in the weeds. He gave it a kick, when the oyster opened its mouth and he saw the white pearly object within. The man pried curiously at it and put a finger in the shell, which was instantly clamped down. Jerking out his finger he placed it in his mouth to ease the pain. Getting a taste of the juice he found it good, and breaking open the shell he ate the whole oyster. This discoverer told his friends, and oysters quickly became known as delicacies.

Everybody eats oysters. To a few the taste is not natural, but the appetite is soon trained, and these become the greatest eaters of it. Men of old days ate oysters all day long, and it was true now that men could eat just as many raw ones as they could find room for in the capacity of—well, call it what you choose.—Cooked oysters would surfeit. The raw oyster was so easily digestible, because it was firstly composed of seven-eights water, slightly gelatinized, and a small quantity of nutritive matter; secondly, its liver—the black part of the oyster—was larger in proportion than in man, and secreted a great deal of bile. This, with the fluids of the stomach, make two factors of digestion, and the oyster partly digests itself.

The oyster is one of the few animals eaten alive, for it is not exactly killed when swallowed, unless you cut in pieces first. Its natural history commences with the shell, which is no part of the animal at all, but only a house. It is composed of carbonate of line. The two black marks inside are where the adstrictor muscle adhered to it. This muscle is called the heart, but is not the heart at all. It keeps the shell shut, and when it relaxes the shell opens of itself from the pressure of the animal inside.

The oyster hatches its eggs inside the shell, and there is no male or female sex—every oyster being capable of producing young. One oyster will produce about 2,000,000 young at a time. They are about the size of a pin head, and float around until a small tentacle with which they are provided, adheres to some substance under the water. There the oyster lives and dies, for it has no power of locomotion at all.

At three years old they are edible, but are better at four years and over. Inside the body is covered with a thin white mantle. This has the power to assimilate carbonate of lime from the sea water, which it deposits in layers, forming the shell. The lecturer gave an interesting account of the inner structure of the oyster, and of its manner of taking food, which consists of the smallest animalcule. Pearls were gravel or some foreign substance which had gotton into the shell and were covered by the animal with calcareous matter.

The oyster has lungs, heart, liver and blood—the latter white, not red,—and nerves and stomach, but no brain and no eyes. Its enemies were, after man, the borer, the drum fish and the star fish.—These destroy great numbers. If allowed to produce unmolested they would soon fill the Chesapeake bay and drive all the water out. The manner of taking oysters, both by dredges and tongs, was described. The oyster crab was not a baby crab, but a distinct animal. He did not believe that oysters were capable of feeling pain. They had no voice and made no fuss, though they often got into broils and stews. No doubt of that.

A POWERFUL TEACHER.—On one of the islands off the coast of Maine is a gigantic schoolmistress, seven feet high, weighing three hundred pounds, strong in proportion, and very handsome. Once she was sent to reduce to order a school of