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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. H. 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.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address

Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-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.

Harrison W. Vickers. J. Thomas Rowley.

VICKERS & ROWLEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
ap29y.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned hereby offers his services to the public.

Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Esq., (Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md.,) will be promptly attended to. Can be seen in Chestertown on Saturday afternoons, or

Address COMEGYS BROWN,
s20-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DENTISTRY.

Talk is Cheap When it is not Backed Up.

IF you want any Dentistry done, teeth Filled, Inserted or Extracted (with or without Gas,) call and see me and if I don't give you as good a job as any Dentist in the United States, I will return your money. J. T. TWILLEY,
Nov. 11-3m. Chestertown.

The New Year! 1883!
AT
WHEATLEY'S
UP TOWN!
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
MINCE MEAT, APPLE BUTTER,
PRESERVED DAMSONS,
CRANBERRIES, &c., &c.
—AT—
WHEATLEY BROS',
UP TOWN.
Jan. 6, 1883.

New Goods! New Goods!
For a Full Stock of
Fresh Seasonable Goods
CALL AT
N. C. CROW'S, UP TOWN.

I have just opened a full line of
Dry Goods, Notions,
Groceries, &c.
Fine lot of Fruits, dried and fresh,
Provisions, Tobacco and Cigars, Crockeryware, Glass-ware, Wood and Willow-ware.

SHOES! SHOES!

I make a specialty of SHOES for Ladies and Gentlemen, and sell at lowest prices.

My stock is all new, and bought at bottom cash prices.

Respect'y, N. C. CROW,
Up Town,
Adjoining Mrs. Gruber's bakery.

Cash or trade in exchange for all kinds of Produce. d3.

Wm. J. McFeely & Son

Desire to call attention to their very large line of
CHOICE GROCERIES
And Confectionery
especially suited to the present season. Buckwheat, Hominy, Beans, CANNED GOODS of all kinds in Meats, Vegetables and Fruits; PLUM PUDDING, &c.

Also, a splendid variety of Candy, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Nuts in variety; MINCE MEAT Preserves, Cheese, Seasoning Extracts, Spices, &c.

Call and see the largest Grocery Store on the Shore.
WM. J. McFEELY & SON,
d16. Chestertown.

The Desponding Ones

Who could not be supplied on account of the Rush last Christmas at
Hudgins' Bakery,
will be glad to hear that
We have moved into our New Building and Engaged
Extra Clerks,
but to escape the crowd call early and get BARGAINS. We will try and supply every one who calls if it takes all the year.
HUDGINS' NEW BAKERY.
Try our Family Mince Meat.
Dec. 16, 1882—3t.

A CARD.

IT having been rumored that I intend to discontinue the Coal business, I take this plan to inform my customers, and the public generally, that such a report is without any foundation, whatever, but have secured the services of J. B. McIntyre, who will attend promptly to all my business connected with the coal trade. I will keep constantly on hand at my yard, at the Chester River Steamboat Wharf, Chestertown, a full supply of the best quality of White Ash Coal of various sizes; also, Soft Coal for Engines and blacksmiths. Orders for Coal direct from the vessel a specialty, and respectfully solicited. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to business and by selling an article that is good, to continue a share of public patronage. Respectfully,
THOS. DEC. RUTH.
N. B.—J. B. Intyre will receipt for all bills due for Coal. Parties owing me will please settle at once. I need the money. T. DEC. R.
Aug. 15-tf.

THE largest and best assortment of Pocket and Table Cutlery in Kent county. Scissors, Razors, Razor Straps, &c. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

NEW DRY GOODS and NOTIONS at LAMBERT'S.

If You Want
BARGAINS
Go to the NEW STORE,
The "NEW IDEA."
Everything Marked Way Down!

I will give you a few of my prices:
Ladies' and Gents' Striped Hose, 8, 10, 12c. and up.
Children's Hose, 6, 8, 10c., and up.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, 15c. and up.
Handkerchiefs 4, 6, 8c. and up.
Ladies' and Children's Lace Collars of the newest styles 8c. and up.
Gents' and Boys' white and col'd Shirts, 40c. and up.
Ladies' Silk and Lace Ties 12c. and up.
Ladies' Skirts of all kinds, 40c. and up.
Ladies', Gents' and Chil's Under Shirts, 15, 20, 25c. and up.
Corsets, all makes and kinds, 25, 30, 40c. and up.
Ladies' and Chil's Hats, newest shapes.
Feathers, Flowers, Satins, Ribbons, Velvets, all shades and widths, ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.
Ladies', Gents' and Children's GLOVES of all kinds.

I CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION
To Our Manufacture of
Ladies' and Children's FURS,
which we will sell very low. Furs altered and repaired.
SKINS of all kinds bought; the highest market price paid.
I hope you will give me an early call and be convinced of our low prices.
Our motto is "quick sales and small profits." Respectfully,
J. CANTORWITZ,
Opposite Post Office, Chestertown.
Oct. 7, 1882.

THOMPSON, Up Town!

RAISINS CURRANTS,
CITRON, PRUNES,
APPLE BUTTER,
MINCE MEAT
and NUTS of all kinds, at
THOMPSON'S, up town.

Hecker's Self-raising and New York and Penna. Buckwheat by the lb. or bag, at Thompson's, up town.

Cheap and Good Brown Sugar. Pulv., Standard A, Granulated and Cut Loaf Sugars, at Thompson's, up town.

Who'd have thought it? A pound of Splendid Green or Roasted Coffee 12½c. and a pair of 21 in. Leg Boots with thick heavy soles, for $2.50! and an Undershirt or pair of Drawers for 25c., at Thompson's, up town.

Protect Yourselves!—A full plated 7 Shot Revolver for only $1.00 at Thompson's, up town.

Gum Boots and Shoes—for the little and big, at Thompson's, up town.

Hominy, Beans, Dried Fruit; Canned Goods & Jelly, at Thompson's, up town.

C. A. Gambrill and Wm. Lea & Sons. brands of Flour always on hand by the barrel or pound, at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.
Dec. 16, 1882.

HOLIDAY GOODS!
AT
C. M. LUCAS'.

Gold Watches,
Solid Gold Jewelry,
WEDDING RINGS,
Rogers' Silverware,
&c., &c., &c.
GIVE ME A CALL. d9.

NEW GOODS
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS'
CHESTERTOWN.

DRY GOODS—Kerseys, Cassimeres, Sacking, Wool Flannels, Canton Flannels, Prints, Muslins, Tickings, 5-4 and 10-4 Sheeting, Dress Goods, &c.

NOTIONS—Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' red & white Knit Underwear, Ladies' and Misses, Merino Vests, Shawls, Nubias, Skirts, silk and linen Handk'fs Soaps, Perfumery, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES
A SPECIALTY.

Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, all grades and prices; Ladies', Misses' and Children's goat Button Shoes, Laced Morocco, grain and calf Shoes, Gents' and Boys' Congress Gaiters, English Ties, &c. Rubber Over Shoes. A Large Stock at prices that will not fail to please.

HATS and CAPS
Latest Fall and Winter Styles for Men and Boys.
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.
Queensware, Glassware and Groceries.

Our stock is very full in all branches; our prices are at rock bottom.
Butter, Eggs, Lard, &c., taken in exchange for goods.
J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 14, 1882.

NOTICE.

J. W. IVENS has opened a
NEW DRUG STORE
AT WORTON STATION,
and will keep on hand a full line of Fresh Drugs. I have secured an experienced Druggist, and Prescriptions will be carefully compounded.
Dr. J. B. MERRITT will be at my store Mondays and Thursdays from 2 to 5 P. M., to attend to any business in his line.
apr22-tf. J. W. IVENS.

1883 1883
New Year!
THE PRETTIEST! THE LARGEST! THE BEST! THE CHEAPEST!

SPARKS!
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
Has just arrived from the cities with his Stock of
Goods for the Season!
which includes the Largest Variety—the Prettiest—the Best—and the Cheapest—ever opened in his establishment, and he flatters himself that he has not been out done heretofore in this line by any dealer in Kent County.

In the CONFECTIONERY line
he has everything you can desire in the way of Candies, Fruits, &c., and in Toys you can find hundreds of Doll Babies from 5c. to $5! Also a beautiful line of PRESENTS for old and young.

COME AND SEE! And you will find that it is not necessary to go to the city for Christmas goods.

We are determined to please if it be possible to do so by keeping a large stock and selling at low prices.
Don't forget the place—
SPARKS'.
Jan. 6, 1883. Opp. Court House.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

W. H. LAMBERT
DEALER IN
Family Groceries Specially,
Has just opened a large stock of RAISINS, PRUNES, CITRON, Currants, Dates, Candies and Nuts, and a large variety of Fancy Cakes
FOR THE NEW YEAR!
All kinds of CANNED GOODS, Plum Puddings, Potted Meats, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Jellies, Preserves, Mince Meat, &c., constantly on hand.
FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO a specialty, at lowest prices.
Give me a call.
jan6. W. H. LAMBERT.

1882 —AND— 1883
NEW STOCK!
S. R. STEPHENS & SON
MAMMOTH STORE,
At MASSEYS, Kent Co., Md.

ALL KINDS OF GOODS for LADIES GENTLEMEN and CHILDREN
AT CITY PRICES!
1500 Yards CARPETINGS,
consisting of Brussels, all wool and half wool Ingrains, Hemp, Cottage and Stair Carpets from 20 to 85c. per yard.
Fine CASHMERES and all kinds of LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
SILK TRIMMINGS,
Fine Col'd and Black Silk Gloves,
New Style Ladies' Collars;
Ladies' and Gents' Water-proof Gossimer Coats,
Ladies' Fine City Made Gaiters,
Ladies' Latest Style Hats,
A large stock of Men's and Boys' First Class CLOTHING, ready made or to order.
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Blankets and Comfortables from 1 to $4.50
Clocks, Looking Glasses, &c.
Notions, Hardware, Tinware, and all goods can be had at very low prices. Our friends and the public will please call and see our stock.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods
Agents for Wanamaker & Brown.
Agents for Lucas' Paint.
S. R. STEPHENS & SON
Sept. 30—6m.

J. W. Shallcross,
KENNEDYVILLE,
Dealer in GROCERIES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,
Also, keeps COAL on hand at the depot to supply the wants of the community, at the lowest prices. je3.

BOOTS and SHOES
—AT—
LOW PRICES.

A GENERAL INVITATION is extended to visit the BOOT and SHOE STORE OF
James A. Shaw,
COURT ST., CHESTERTOWN,
Where can be found a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys. He is anxious to sell them at low prices and will guarantee that the same quality of goods cannot be bought for less money either here or anywhere else in the State.
He will also have a large lot of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.
Fine Boots and Shoes MADE TO ORDER, and a fit guaranteed.
aug12. J. A. SHAW.

FOR THE KENT NEWS.

Our Life Work.

BY ALICE.

When the hour of darkness and death shall come
To call our world-worn spirits away,
And the jewel of soul—God's fairest gift—
Shall bid adieu to its prison of clay;
Will it leave it as pure and free from stain
As when in its beauty God gave it birth?
Or will it be tarnished from life's rough chain,
And sullied with stains it has caught from earth?

Will it wing its flight to the judgment seat,
With the record of life's work purely done?
Or the frayed out ends of wasted years,
That have slipped from us idly, one by one?
Will it stand before the bar of God,
To find an approving smile on His face?
Or will we wake in His presence, to bear
The pain we will merit for sin's disgrace?

Our lives are God-given—a casket to be
For the richest of jewels, the soul;—
Will we yield it to Him at the close of life's day
Unsullied by our control?
Or will it, by sin, be defiled and disgraced?
Unfit for the All-seeing Eye!
Its beauty of innocence dimmed by sin's scars—
Till we tremble to think we must die.

In the battle of life will we stand with the just?
Will we enter the conflict in youth—
And fight with the bravest who stand in the field
To struggle for right and for truth?
Or will we resist the chosen of God
To stand with the demons of sin?
'Till we hear the decree—oh, woe to the soul!—
"Ye cannot enter in!"

Our lives are as ripples on Time's great sea!
Scarcely seen ere vanished and gone!
Let us try when the night of death closes in
To retain the light of the morn.
Ere too late let us look o'er the pages we've turned,
By penance erase every stain,
And record there a vow—that the *trace* of a sin
Ne'er sully its fairness again.

Oh! when the Father, who loves us so well;
Shall bring these records to light;
May He find the lines of life's good deeds
Only rendering the page more white!
'Twill be joy to hear, at the close of this life,
When our measure of years has been given;
The happy summons: "Ye have worked full well;
Enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

A Beautiful Story.

THE BEGINNING OF BETTER DAYS;
OR,
JACK'S QUAIL TRAPS.

Jack had just heard of Christmas for the first time. Ten years old and never knew about Christmas before! Jack's mother was a weary overworked woman, and had no heart to tell the children about merry times and beautiful things in which they could have no share.

His parents were very poor. When I tell you that they lived in a log house you might think so, although some people live very comfortably in log houses. But when I say that the snow drifted through the cracks in the roof until the chamber floor was fit to go sleighing on, and that it was so cold down stairs that the gravy froze on the children's plates while they were eating breakfast, and that the little girl had no shoes but cloth ones, which their mother sewed to their stockings, you will see that they were poor indeed.

Mrs. Boyd, Jack's mother, generally went about her work with a shawl tied around her, and a comforter over her ears, on account of the ear-ache; and on the coldest days she kept Jack's little sisters wrapped up from head to foot and perched on chairs near the stove so they wouldn't freeze. No; she didn't feel much like telling them about Christmas, when she didn't know but they would freeze to death, or may be starve, before that time. But Jack found out. He was going to school that winter, and one learns so much at school! He comes home one night brimful of the news that Christmas would be here in three weeks, and that Santa Claus would come down chimneys and say, "I wish you merry Christmas!" and then put lots of nice things in all the stockings.

Mrs. Boyd heard him talking, and was glad the children were enjoying themselves, but hoped from her heart that they wouldn't expect anything, only to be bitterly disappointed.

For a week Jack wondered, mused within himself, how he could get something for Christmas presents for his little sisters. He couldn't make anything at home without their seeing it, nor at school without the teacher's seeing it, or else the big boys plagueing him about it. Besides he would rather buy something pretty, such as they had never seen before—china dolls in pink dresses, or something of that kind.

One morning, however, Jack discovered some quail tracks in the snow near the straw stack, and he no longer wondered about ways and means, but in a moment was awake to the importance of this discovery. That very evening he made a wooden trap, and the next morning early set it near the track, and laid an inviting train of wheat quite up to it, and scattered a little inside. He told his sisters, Mary and Jane, about the trap, but not about what he meant to do with the quails when he caught them. That afternoon Jack went to his trap, and to his unbounded joy found an imprisoned quail, frozen quite stiff. He quickly set the trap again, and ran to the house with his bird. All that evening he worked at quail traps and made three more.

It was so much warmer that their mother let the children stay up a little later than usual, and Mary ventured to bring out her playthings and Janey's.

"Does Santa Claus bring dolls?" asked Mary, suddenly, of Jack.

"Oh, yes; dolls with pretty dresses on; and little bonnets and pink shoes; and little cupboards to keep their clothes in, and chairs and everything," said Jack, enthusiastically.

"Oh, my!" sighed Mary, as she looked dolefully at their poor little heap of toys.

Reader, their dolls were cobs, with square pieces of calico tied around them for dresses; and after hearing what Jack said, it wasn't so much fun playing, and the little girls soon went to bed. After they were asleep, Mrs. Boyd said reproachfully:

"Jack, I wish you wouldn't say anything more about Christmas to the children."

"Why, is it bad?" asked Jack, so astonished that he stopped whittling.

"No, of course not; but you're getting their heads full of notions about fine things they never can have."

Jack's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, but you don't understand, mother," said he; "may be Santa Claus will come this year."

His mother shook her head.

"You know I caught one quail today?" whispered Jack.

"Well!" said his mother.

"Well, I'm going to save 'em all the week, and Saturday take 'em to the meat man in the village, I guess he'll buy 'em. I heard that quails were fetching two cents apiece, and I am going to get enough money to buy the girls something nice, and you must make 'em hang up their stockings, mother, and then we'll put the things in after they get asleep."

His mother smiled cheerfully. "Well," said she, "do the best you can."

Their father was away that evening. He was generally away evenings, because most of the neighbors had cosier firesides than his, besides apples, and sometimes cider, and so he passed many a pleasant hour in gossip and farm talk, while his own little family shivered gloomily at home.

By Saturday morning Jack had ten quails.—The four traps had not been as faithful as they ought to have been perhaps, but this was doing very well, and he trudged joyfully to town with his game hanging on a stick over his shoulder. The meat man did indeed give two cents apiece for quails, and he invited Jack to bring as many more as he could get.

The next Saturday was only two days before Christmas and how beautiful were all the stores on the village street! Even the groceries had Christmas toys and Christmas trees. A good many boys and girls stood around the store windows pointing out the things they most admired, and wondering what Santa Claus would bring them. Jack had fifteen quails, which brought him thirty cents; so he was now the owner of half a dollar, which was more money than he had ever possessed in all his life before. But when two dolls were bought, and they weren't very fine dolls either, there were only twenty cents left.

Jack did mean to buy something for his mother, too, but he had to give that up, and after looking over the bright-colored toy-books in the showcase, he selected two little primers, one with a pink cover and one with a blue one, and with a big ache in his throat, parted with his last ten cents for candy. How very, very little he was buying after all, and not one thing for his dear mother, who sat up till two o'clock the night before, mending his ragged clothes for him.

Jack's heart was very heavy as he walked out of the gay store with such a little package, but it sank still lower when his father's tall form loomed up suddenly before him right in front of the door.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, sternly.

"Been buying a few things," said Jack.

"Let me see 'em," said his father.

Jack tremblingly opened his package.

"Where'd you get the money?"

"With quails," said Jack, meekly.

His father fumbled over the things with his big, mittened hand, and said, quite gently, "For the girls, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack, beginning to feel relieved.

"Well, run along home."

Jack was only too happy to do so. There wasn't much sympathy between him and his father, nor indeed, between his father and any of the family—that is, there didn't seem to be; but I guess the stream of life was frozen over, and only needed a few gleams of sunshine to make it bubble on, laughing and gurgling as in the best of hearts.

Jack related his adventures to his mother in whispers, and hid the Christmas articles in the wash-boiler, until such time as they should be wanted for certain small stockings. He told his mother how sorry he was not to have a present for her, and that little speech went a long way towards making her happy. That night she sat up—I wouldn't dare tell you how late—making cookies—something that hadn't been in the house before that winter. She cut them out in all manner of shapes that feminine ingenuity and a caseknife could compass, not forgetting a bird for Janey, with a remarkably plump bill, and a little girl for Mary, with the toes turned out.—She also made some balls of brown sugar (the Boyds never thought of such a luxury as white sugar,) to make believe candy, for she didn't know Jack had bought any candy.

Now, I am going to tell what Mr. Boyd did after he met Jack by the toy store. He had gone to the village to have a good time. That didn't mean, as it does with some men, to get tipsy, but it meant he was going to Munger's grocery, where he could meet people and talk and joke, and keep warm.

Mr. Boyd had been chopping wood for a farmer and had received his pay; but instead of going dutifully home and consulting with his wife about what he should buy, he was going to look around and see what Munger had. He was touched at the sight of Jack's poor little package of gifts; but I doubt if it would have made much impression on his mind if somebody hadn't walked into Munger's and asked, in a brisk, loud voice, "Got any Brazil nuts, Munger?"

The man with the brisk voice bought I don't know how many quarts of Brazil nuts, and walnuts, and filberts, and almonds, with all the loungers looking on, very much interested in the spectacle. Then he bought raisins, and candy, and oranges, Mr. Munger growing more smiling every minute.

"Going to keep Christmas, I guess," said he, rubbing his hands together.

"That I am; 'Christmas comes but once a year,' and there are little folks up at our house who have been looking for it with all their eyes for a fortnight."

Then he bought a bushel of apples, and, filling a peck measure, with them, passed them around among the men who sat and stood about the stove.

"Take em home to your little folks if you don't want 'em," he said, when any one hesitated.

There were three or four apples apiece, and Mr. Boyd put all of his in his pockets, with a slight feeling of Christmas warmth beginning to thaw his heart.

After this purchaser had gone, some one asked: "who is that chap?"

"He's the new superintendent of the Orphan Asylum," answered Mr. Munger, rubbing his hands again, "and a mighty nice man he is, too. Pays for them things out of his own pocket. Very fond of children. Always likes to see 'em happy."

There were two or three men around that stove who hung their heads, and Mr. Boyd was one of them. He hung his head the lowest, perhaps, because he had the longest neck. I don't know what the other men did—something good and pleasant, I hope—but Mr. Boyd thought and thought. First he thought how the "Orphans" were going to have a brighter and merrier Christmas than his own children, who had both father and mother. Then he thought about sweet, patient Janey, and quiet Mary, and generous Jack, who had taken so much pains to give pleasure to his sisters, and a great rush of shame filled his heart.

Now, when Mr. Boyd was once thoroughly aroused, he was alive through the whole of his frame. He thumped his knee with his fist, then arose and walked to the counter, where he dealt rapid orders to the astonished grocer for nuts, candies and oranges; not in such large quantities, to be sure, as the "orphans'" friend had done, but generous enough for three children. And he bought a calico dress for his wife, a pair of shoes for each of the little girls, and a cap for Jack. The store contained everything from grindstones to slate pencils, and from whale oil to peppermint drops.

These purchases, together with some needed groceries, took all Mr. Boyd's money, except a few pennies, but a Christmas don't-care feeling pervaded his whole being, and he borrowed a bag into which he stowed his goods, and set out for home.

It was a pretty heavy bagful, but its heaviness only made Mr. Boyd's heart the lighter. When he reached home, he stood the bag up in one corner, as if it held turnips, and said, "Don't meddle with that, children." Then he went out and spent the rest of the short day in chopping wood, which was very cheering to his wife. So many Sundays had dawned with just wood enough to cook breakfast, that Mrs. Boyd began to dread that day particularly, for her husband was almost sure to go right away after breakfast and spend the whole day at the neighbor's house while his own family shivered around a half-empty stove.

Mr. Boyd said never a word about the bag, and the unsuspecting household thought it contained corn or some other uninteresting vegetable and paid little attention to it. It also stood there all the next day, and the children grew quite used to the sight of it. Sunday went by quietly, and, to the surprise of all, Mr. Boyd stayed at home, making it his especial business to hold Janey on his lap and keep the stove well-filled with wood. Janey wasn't feeling well that day, and his unusual attention to her made the family very kindly disposed toward their father, whom of late they had come to regard as an alien.

Jack whose shoes were not yet worn out, went to Sunday school, and after his return the winter day was soon gone. Then he began to fidget, and was very desirous that his mother should put the little girls to bed, while strange to say his father was desirous that the whole family should go to bed, except himself. In course of time the little girls were asleep in their little trundle bed, with their little red stockings hanging behind the door. Mr. Boyd sat with his back to the door, so Jack slipped in his presents without his father seeing him, and went to his cold bed up stairs.

"Ain't you going to hang up your stocking, mother?" asked Mr. Boyd, after Jack had gone.

Mrs. Boyd looked startled.

"Why, no," she answered, hesitatingly, not knowing whether the question was asked in irony or in earnest.

"You better," said Mr. Boyd, going to the bag in the corner, and beginning to untie the strings.

He laid out package after package on the floor. His wife knelt down by them in a maze of astonishment. Then, with a great deal of enjoyment. Mr. Boyd untied them one by one, showing candy, nuts, oranges, shoes, and all the rest, except the calico dress, which he kept out of sight.

Aladdin felt very fine when he found the cave full of precious stones, but I don't believe he was much happier than Mrs. Boyd. Her eyes were so full of tears that there seemed to be about eight pairs of shoes, ten bags, and half a dozen Mr. Boyds; but she managed to lay hands on the real one, and him she embraced fervently. Then she brought out the cookies and sugar balls she had made, and said to her husband in a very shame-faced way:

"See my poor present! I didn't know the children would have anything nice, and I made these. I guess I won't put 'em in their stockings, though now."

But Mr. Boyd insisted on their going in with the other things, and I think they were prized by the children a little more dearly, if such a thing could be possible, than those which they called their "boughten" presents.

Now, I can't begin to describe the joyful time they had the next morning, and particularly, the utter astonishment of Jack, who didn't expect a thing, and hadn't even hung up a stocking.—When that devoted boy recognized one of his own gray socks crammed full of knobs and bunches, with a beautiful plush cap on top, he was almost out of his wits. Likewise, Mrs. Boyd's surprise was great at the discovery of her new dress. The little girls were too happy that day to do much else but count and arrange and rearrange their delightful Christmas presents.

Mr. Boyd killed a chicken, and Jack contributed four quails, which he had caught since market day, and the festival of Christmas was kept with much hilarity by the Boyd family.

The neighbors, one by one, were surprised that Mr. Boyd hadn't dropped in, as he usually did on Sundays and holidays. But Mr. Boyd was engaged elsewhere. And this was only the beginning of good days for that family, for somehow, the Christmas feeling seemed to last through all the year with Mr. Boyd, and through many other years; and the little ball set rolling by Jack with his quail-traps grew to be a mighty globe of happiness for the whole family.

It's Vera Weel!

It's vera weel throughout the day,
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway
Wi'oot a wifey.

But it's anither thing, at night,
To sit alone by can'le light,
Or gang till rest, when sharp winds bite,
Wi'oot a wifey.

It's vera weel when claes are new,
To think they'll always last just so,
And look as well as they do noo,
Wi'oot a wifey.

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the warl's a man to do
Wi'oot a wifey?

I's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lasses dear,
To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—
Wi'oot a wifey.

But clouds will come the skies athwart,
Lasses will marry, frien's maun part;
Wha' then can cheer your saddened heart
Like a dear wifey?

It's vera weel when young and hale—
But when ye're auld, and crazed, and frail,
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,
Ye'll want a wifey.

But mayhap then the lasses dear
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer,
Because ye're cranky, gray, and sere,
Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon;
Rise up and seek about the toon,
And get Heaven's greatest earthly boon—
A wee bit wifey.

A GREAT German defined the difference between Socialism and Christianity in a very clever epigram: Socialism says, "What is thine is mine." Christianity says, "What is mine is thine;" the difference is infinite.

To heal cut fingers with rapidity wrap them in a cloth saturated with water.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MISS JENNIE ALDEN.

A great, cheerful kitchen, with the snow piled up in ermine drifts against the outside of the windows and a view of grey woods wrestling against a leaden sky—a kitchen where the shoots of carmine flame wove themselves in and out of the moss-fringed logs, like so many fiery serpents at play, and the great oleander tree in the corner was putting out its clusters of pink buds in reckless defiance of the season—that was where Aunt Pandora was at work frying crullers when Uncle David Doty came in from the post-office, bringing a breath of the Arctic regions with him.

"Any letters?" said Aunt Pandora, fishing a particularly brown and savory twist out of a sea of boiling lard.

"Yes," said Uncle David, "a letter from Evelyn. And they're in trouble again. Want more money."

Aunt Pandora shook her head.

"After that thousand dollars you sent 'em last July?" said she. "I'm afraid Evelyn's husband isn't a good manager."

"Business difficulties you see," said Uncle David. "Evelyn tells me that they are living with the utmost economy, and denying themselves every luxury."

"Poor dear," said Aunt Pandora, benignantly.

"I really think we must spare 'em another thousand," said Uncle David, who had a soft spot in his heart for his niece and adopted child, Evelyn Elgin.

"A thousand dollars is a deal of money," said Aunt Pandora, solemnly.

"Yes, I know it," admitted her husband. "But the Lord has blessed us with plenty of worldly goods, and how can we better use it than in helping our little Evelyn along? We were poor folks ourselves once, Pandora, beginning the world."

"So we were," acquiesced the old lady, as she set off the pot of lard, carried her pan of fragrant crullers into the pantry and took off her striped calico cooking apron.

"And I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to do," said Mr. Doty, putting both hands on his knees, and staring hard at the blazing logs.

"What?"

"I'll go to New York myself and see the child," said Uncle David. "It may be they're actually suffering. Anyhow, I'll take my bank-book along, and do what I can for 'em."

"Well," said Aunt Pandora, "I think it would be a good plan. And you can take along some of these fresh crullers and a pair of dressed fowls, and some of the red Baldwin apples in your carpet-bag. If it wasn't for my rheumatism, I'd be glad to go along myself. Only to think that we haven't either of us seen Evelyn since she married that store-clerk and went to the city to live.

And so Uncle David Doty started off in the orange glow of the first day of all the New Year, and walked to the railway station while the sunrise was yet turning the snowy landscape to a sheet of diamonds.

It was a long and tedious ride, but what cared the old gentleman as he sat there, with the well-stuffed carpet-bag beside him, and a basket of apples beyond—such apples as little Evelyn had been wont to love as a child, when she had climbed the orchard wall, and nestled in the high grass under the trees. And when he finally reached the great depot, it seemed as if he were actually stepping into Pandemonium.

"Never was in such a noisy place in all my life before," thought Uncle David, as he made his way through the crowd. "And how the New Yorkers do stare."

For in truth and in fact, Uncle David Doty presented a sufficiently strong contrast to those around him to induce people to turn and look the second time. Six feet high, with a complexion rosy as a fall pear, a long white beard reaching nearly to his waist, and a shaggy fur overcoat, he strode along with the basket in one hand and the bag in the other, inquiring his way with a persistence which would have done credit to a second Christopher Columbus in search of a new Western continent. And it was just noon when Uncle David at last found himself in East Barron street.

"My man," said he to a policeman who was trying to keep himself warm by vigorously slapping his arms across his chest, "which is No. 99?"

"Ninety-nine?" said the policeman; "Halfway down the block—that big house with the blinds all closed."

"Can't be," said Uncle David.

"But it is," retorted the policeman.

"Look-a-here, my man," argued the old gentleman. "I'm looking for my niece, married to a store-clerk, Mrs. Elgin by name. Now is it likely they'd be livin' in a palace like *that?*"

"Don't know anything about that," said the policeman. "But it's No. 99."

And he went on slapping himself more vindictively than ever.

Uncle David stood staring at the tall house a few moments more, and then he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"It can't do no harm to inquire, anyhow," said he to himself.

A maid in a flu'ted muslin cap, trimmed with myrtle-green ribbons, and a flounced merino dress, answered the far-off tinkle of the bell.

"Does Mrs. Evelyn Elgin live here?" said Mr. Doty.

"Guess you've mistook the door, Mister," said the damsel, superciliously, glancing at the basket and bag.

"Does Mrs. Evelyn Elgin live here?" repeated Mr. Doty.

"Yes, she lives here, but she's receiving."

"Doing what?" said Uncle David.

"Ain't it New Year's day?" said the girl, with a toss of the myrtle ribbons. "Receiving calls, stupid!"

"Very well," said Uncle David, staring past the girl's head at a vista of gaslighted hall, paneled in pink and gold, and decorated with stands of flowers. "Then *I'll* call."

"She's receiving her gentlemen friends," remonstrated the maid.

"Very well—I'm a gentlemen friend of hers."

And he pushed unceremoniously past.

"Your card, sir, if you please," said the maid, holding out her hand in some consternation.

"I haven't any card," said Uncle David.

And he walked, basket, bag, shaggy great coat and all, into an elegant suit of parlors, where the velvet carpets, mirrored walls, gilded furniture, and great, glittering chandelier, all seemed to glisten and sparkle together. In a bay window at the end of a refreshment table was a set out, with a goodly show of cut-glass decanters, silver coffee-urn, and piled-up tropical fruit, while near by, chatting gayly to a group of gentlemen, stood a lady in a trailing pink silk dress, with flowers in her hair, and jewels sparkling at her throat. Uncle David Doty could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Niece Evelyn," said he slowly, "is it possible that this is—*you?*"

Mrs. Elgin uttered a little, terrific scream, and then covered her face with her hands.

"Uncle David!" she gasped.

The old man looked dryly around him.

"Poor!" commenced he. "Very poor—utmost economy—denying yourselves every luxury. Yes, I see! I see!"

"But, Uncle David—"

"Don't trouble yourself to explain, Niece Evelyn," he interposed. "It isn't worth while. Do you see this?" holding up a narrow slip of paper. "It's a check for a thousand dollars which I was bringing you. But I see you have no need for it, I may as well destroy it."

And he tore it into strips, which he scattered on the low sea-coal fire, and then walked out of the room.

When Mr. Septimus Elgin came home at night, not much the better for the champagne which he had contrived to absorb during the day, his wife met him with a pale, scared face, which sobered him at once.

"Uncle David has been here," said she.

"How much did he give you, my dear?" quickly demanded her lord and master.

"Nothing; and he is estranged forever."

"Then," said Mr. Septimus Elgin, slapping one hand vehemently upon his knee, "we're ruined!"

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin sat looking at each other, with the faded flowers exhaling a sickly perfume around them, and the gas lights flickering overhead. Nor is it asserting too much to say that they were not happy.

It was scarcely a month afterward that Uncle David and Aunt Pandora were sitting by their blazing pine logs, with its resinous "drip, drip," bubbling down into the ashes below, when there was a low click to the latch, and a slight, veiled figure came hurrying in.

"Why!" cried Uncle David, rising to his feet in breathless amazement, "it ain't never—our Evelyn!"

She threw herself, sobbing, into Aunt Pandora's kindly arms.

"Oh, take me back, take me back," she sobbed, "for I have no other home left."

And then she explained to them that the brilliant Septimus having forged his employer's name to a check, had been compelled to flee the country, and that sheriff's officers were even then in possession of the handsome house in East Barron street.

"My dear, let bygones be bygones," said Uncle David, kindly. "We'll blot out the past, now and forever. You are our little Evelyn again—and now let's say no more about it."

And so the good old farmer forgot and forgave it all; but if Evelyn lives to the age of a feminine Methusaleh she never can forget that New Year's Day.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Seth Green, in one of his articles, says: I have made some of my most interesting studies of nature in the morning. That is the time to see the insects at their best—to see the mud wasps stinging the spiders without killing them, and packing them away where they are kept alive for weeks to be used when needed. I have seen a small green worm hanging down a web. An ant, stationed on the limb above, pulls up the web and, just as the worm comes within reach of his tiny claws, down drops Mr. Worm. The ant pulls up again and again the worm lets out another reef and goes down. This sort of thing continues until finally the ant grapples the worm and both go down together in a grand scramble, in which the worm manages to shake off the ant. This leaves the worm on the ground. His web is so strong that the other end is still fastened to the limb above. What does Mr. Ant do? Gives it up? No, sir. I have seen him go up the trunk of that tree, crawl out to the limb, and go to work again pulling up the same web. Then, after another battle, I have known the ant to get the better of the fight and the worm off to his hole, three rods.

Why talk about reasoning power! The perseverance and instinct of these little creatures are wonderful. People go out to fish. They splash around, stand up in the boat, drop their lines three feet away, and wonder because they don't catch trout. They forget that trout can see. Fish learn the tackle, and fish are, as a rule, local in their habitation. There are not as many gypsies among fish as among men. Any man who will take the pains to study fish, or will remember a tithe of what he reads about them, can catch them. They are smart, but our brains will beat them. I remember once of fishing for salmon trout for a long time and taking nothing. Finally I concluded to get down and look into the water, and so throwing my coat over