Kent News.

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

Vol. 46. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1886. No. 35.

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:

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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.

To Tax Payers.

PAY YOUR TAXES!

AS COLLECTOR of the Fourth Election District I have my tax books in hand, and bills made out against each individual tax-payer. I am prepared to receive taxes for the year.

To accommodate tax-payers I will be at the Register's office in Chestertown every SATURDAY and TUESDAY afternoon.

Prompt payments are requested, so that I may not be embarrassed and saved the unpleasant necessity of forcing collections.

GEORGE S. BIDDLE,
aug22-tf. Collector 4th District.

TO SECOND DISTRICT TAX-PAYERS.

TAXES are now all due, and I am compelled to settle with the State and individual claimants. I have no option in the matter. *I must pay* or be sued. Therefore, tax-payers must pay me or I must proceed to collect the same according to law. This is positive and will admit of no delay and those desiring to avoid unpleasant legal proceedings can do so only by immediate payment of their taxes before January 1, 1886.

On Saturday, Dec. 26, I will be at Kennedyville; Monday, 28th, at Lynch's; Tuesday, 29th, at Chestertown; Wednesday, 30th, Chesterville, and Thursday, the 31st, at Still Pond.

SAMUEL COMEGYS,
dec5-5t. Collector 2d District.

A Word to the Wise About Taxes!

THE MAN—or woman either—who pays his taxes most promptly, is the most happy. He has relieved himself of a burden that increases in weight the longer it is borne; costs and interest are added and the tax-payer feels justified in blaming everybody and everything for the results of *his own negligence*. Therefore, be wise and happy—PAY YOUR TAXES at once—out of your Wheat or Peach money and don't wait for corn or uncertain collections.

To accommodate payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday and Worton Station every Saturday afternoon.

I have my books now in hand and your bills are ready. Resp'y,

aug22-tf. JAS. S. GEMMILL.

FIFTH DISTRICT, ATTENTION!

'Come, let us Reason Together!'

AS citizens we desire to have good roads—we wish to attract visitors and strangers; as good and charitable people we want to make the poor comfortable; to secure peace and order it is needful to have efficient officers. Your boys and girls must be educated. All these things need money—it is indispensable. The Tax Books are now ready, and to facilitate the payment of your taxes I will be at

ROCK HALL at 10 A. M., GREY'S INN 12 M., and EDESVILLE at 3 P. M.,

First and Third Wednesdays in each month.

At LANKFORD and KILBURN the 2d and 4th Monday in each month

☞ I shall be pleased to meet all my friends with their pockets full of current coin of the County, State and Nation as above appointed.

JAMES THOS. LAMB, Coll'r.
aug8-tf. 5th District.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

REBECCA STRONG,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 26th day of June, 1886, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 22d day of December, 1885.

H. M. THOMAS,
d26-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES S. WILSON,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of June, 1886; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of December, 1885.

CORNELIUS J. SCOTT,
dec. 12—4t. Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

SARAH E. S. PAGE,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of June, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of December, 1885.

SAMUEL BECK,
dec12-4t. Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

THOMAS ANDERSON,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of June, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of December, 1885.

JAMES CLAYPOOLE,
dec12-4t. Adm'r. d. b. n. c. t. a.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, December 15th, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of HENRY T. JUMP, late of Kent county, dec'd, made and reported by MARGARET A. JUMP, executrix of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of February, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks prior to the 16th day of January, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $800.

W. S. WALKER,
W. A. HYLAND, } Judges.
W. STEVENS,

True copy—Attest:
T. ROMIE STRONG,
Dec. 19-4t. Register of Wills.

A Splendid Assortment of TINWARE of our own manufacture, for sale at low prices. W. A. WHEATLEY.

New Year Goods

Large Stock!
Choice Selection!
LOW PRICES!

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Fine Silverware!

—FOR—

Wedding and Birthday Presents

New Stock!
Choice Goods!
LOW PRICES!

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

NEW THINGS
At Our Store!

DRY GOODS—in Great Variety!

POPULAR PRICES!

White and Gray BLANKETS, CLOTHS and FLANNELS, Cassimeres and Shirtings, Buttons and Knit Goods, Hosiery, Gloves.

A large assortment of UNDERWEAR.

Latest Styles of FALL HATS and CAPS.

A VERY CHOICE LINE OF NECKWEAR, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

BOOTS and SHOES a Specialty!

Sugars, Pepper, Syrups, Teas, Coffee, Spices, Rice, Flavoring Extracts, Canned Goods, Tobacco and Segars.

A full assortment of Queensware, Glassware, Stoneware, Brooms, Brushes and Buckets.

We have some very PRETTY PATTERNS of CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Our stock for the Fall trade has been selected with great care and will be sold at

☞ BOTTOM PRICES! ☜

No trouble to show goods.
Give us a call.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,
Oct. 17, 1885. CHESTERTOWN.

WINTER GOODS!

At Low Prices

—AT—

J. H. SIMPERS',

CHESTERTOWN.

CANTON FLANNELS from 6 cts. per yard up. Muslins, all widths. Calicoes as low as 4 cts. per yard. Cloths, Cassimeres, Red, White and Gray Wool Blankets, Table Damask, Ginghams, Tickings, Shirting, Velveteens, Blankets, &c.

HOSIERY from low grades to fine regular made, Gloves, Corsets, Shawls, Skirts, Towels, Lace, Hamburg, Handkerchiefs of all kinds, Fine Shirts, Gent's and Boy's Underwear in great variety. Ladies and Children's Vests, Notions generally.

OUR stock of Boots and Shoes is large. We have Button and Lace Shoes for Ladies, Misses and Children in all grades. Heavy and Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, and Winter Boots for Men and Boys all sizes and grades, also full line Rubber Goods, Overshoes, all at the very lowest prices.

NEW STOCK of Hats and Caps of the newest Fall and Winter Styles to suit all ages.

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS.

QUEENSWARE, Glassware, Plates, Cups and Saucers, Vegetable and Meat Dishes, Bowls, Pitchers, Goblets, Tumblers, &c.

GROCERIES, Sugars, Teas, Coffee, Spices, Soaps, Flour, Tobacco, Segars, &c., with a large general stock, bought at low prices; we offer inducements to cash buyers by selling at small profits.

BUTTER, Lard, Eggs and Poultry taken in exchange for goods at market prices.

oc17. J. H. SIMPERS.

HUDGINS'
Extraordinary ☞ Announcement!

THE arrival of our large stock of goods for the HOLIDAYS will compel us to use our GEM PARLOR as an ANNEX to our store which will give us an opportunity to make one of the finest displays of XMAS GOODS ever offered to the public.

NEW GOODS, NEW DESIGNS, CHEAP PRICES
THEY MUST BE SOLD!

We will have no use for them after the holidays. All we ask is a visit from the public to convince all that the above is no ghost story but facts. Again we assert that we have the largest Stock and Variety of Xmas Goods in town. With our Annex and large force of clerks will give us an opportunity to supply all in need of goods without crowding, which has heretofore been the case for want of room.

Visit us and see the Walking Bear, the Dancing Baby, the Steam Engine Ajax, also hear the beautiful operatic music on our New Bank Organ from Germany, all free of charge; in fact if you want to spend a Happy Holiday and enter into the New Year with kind feelings to all mankind visit us, buy your Presents and Xmas Goods, Save Money, Go Home Glad that you read our advertisement and profited thereby.

Our Stock of CANDY, NUTS, FRUITS, CAKES, will be complete as usual. Our Baby Dolls, Hobby Horses, Shoo Flies, Baby Carriages, Wagons and Tin Toys at Factory Prices. The only live original

KRIS KRINGLE

WILL ARRIVE ON THE KENT COUNTY RAILROAD, SATURDAY, 19TH INSTANT,

and will make a procession through the streets of Chestertown. He will be happy to make the acquaintance of all the children, after which he will take up his old quarters at our store to remain during the Holidays. Look out for his arrival and remember if you cannot find what you want in Our Store and Annex you will NOT FIND it in town.

P. S.—Our kind friend, WM. H. BLAKENEY, will be with us during the Holidays and will be pleased to greet all his friends. Please visit us and we will make you feel at home.

d5. WASHINGTON HUDGINS.

SALT. SALT. SALT.

Ground Alum and Turks Island.

OFFICE:—Voshell House Corner, and Coal office at the Chester River Steamboat Co. Wharf.
nov7-tf. SMITH & SMITH.

—TO—

The Little Folks!

CHILDREN!

We have just received our Annual

LETTER FROM KRIS KINGLE

and we have had it printed in order that you may know just what OLD KRIS is intending to do for you. You are well aware that our store is the place where Old Kris gets the pretty things to put in your stockings on Christmas Eve; so you must read the following letter

From Old Kris to his friend Cummings:

KRIS KINGLE CASTLE, }
Nov. 24, 1885. }

My Dear Old Friend Cummings:—As usual I address my annual letter to you. You know that only once a year I am enabled to write you for want of time, and I write you now because I must pay your beautiful town my Christmas visit for the purpose of distributing to all the children the many pretty things that I shall get at your store, for I know you always have them; and the fact is I have in the past been so well pleased with your selection that I shall not bring anything with me this season, but get all at your store. Please answer at your earliest convenience and tell me what you have in stock to select from. Of course I expect to have my old quarters at your store. I shall be down a few days before Christmas, so that I can have plenty of time to look over your stock.

Very truly, yours, KRIS KINGLE.

Reply from Cummings

CHESTERTOWN, MD., Nov. 28, 1885.

My Dear Old Friend Kris:—Your letter was duly received, and, believe me, I was delighted to hear from you, and to know that you had not forgotten us. Of course, you can have your old quarters at our store and I am glad to say that I have the largest collection for you to select from I have ever had, including all the newest and prettiest things that could be found. You have no need to bring anything with you; you will find all you want here. We have Dolls of all sizes and some of them have the prettiest faces you ever saw, also Express Wagons, Sleds, Barrows, Rocking Horses, Doll Coaches, Trimmings for Christmas Trees, Whips, Horns, Drums, Dishes, Doll Houses, all kinds of Animals, and in fact everything ever found in a toy store, and we have tons of Candy of the finest kind as well as cheap Candies, also Raisins, Figs, Dates, Oranges, Grapes, Lemons and Nuts. I can't begin to tell you half but come along and we will give you a fine reception.

n28. Yours truly, CUMMINGS & CO.

TRIBLE

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

BUY YOUR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

MIRRORS. MIRRORS.

The largest assortment of Mirrors, the lowest prices. Hand Mirrors, Triplicate Mirrors, Plush-Frame Mirrors, Bronze-Frame Mirrors. Now is your time to buy before the rush begins.

LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS. HDKF'S. HOISERY.

All new and Popular Prices.

JEWELRY. JEWELRY. JEWELRY.

In Jewelry we have all the new Styles, Bracelets, Pins, Eardrops, Chains and Hair Ornaments—Rhinestone and Gold.

BISQUE WARE. BISQUE WARE.

DOLLS AND ORNAMENTS.

BEAUTIFUL BISQUE ORNAMENTS AND JOINTED DOLLS.

ALL PRICES, ALL STYLES.

JEWELRY CASES.

Plush Work Boxes, Odor Cases, Comb and Brush Sets, Whisk Holders, Zylonite Combs, Brushes and Mirrors, Ivoroyd Brushes and Mirrors in beautiful Satin-Lined Plush Boxes, Manicure Sets, all at popular prices.

LEATHER GOODS.

Pocket-Books, Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Wallets and Leather Cases, Satchels and Purses for Coins.

Don't wait for the crowd, come now, while you can get the best attention.

JAPANESE PAPIER-MACHE GOODS.

All new decorations, made expressly for our retail sales.

TRAYS, WAITERS, MATCH SAFES CRUMB TRAYS and BRUSH, BRACKETS, BREAD TRAYS, GLOVE BOXES HDKF. BOXES, all new decorations. Our prices are right, and we ask you to come now before the rush begins.

PICTURE FRAMES, EASELS AND ALBUMS.—We show a large assortment of PICTURE FRAMES, some in brass and new, at 17 cents; beautiful PLUSH FRAMES at 25 cents, and better goods if you want them. ALBUMS are selling well.

INKSTANDS, SCHOLARS' COMPANIONS, MATCH SAFES, SHAVING SETS, TOILET CASES AND COLGATE'S & CO.'S and LUNDBURG'S PERFUMERY. Now is your time to buy. You can get the best attention.

FANS.

Fans in beautiful paintings, Feather, Satin, Silk, and some beauties with Pearl Handle.

WHISK BROOMS.

WHISK BROOM HOLDERS.

These goods are sold in large quantities for the holidays and this season we shall show beautiful goods at low prices, and a full assortment of Clocks which keep excellent time.

32 AND 34 NORTH CHARLES ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD. n21-y.

WANTED:

100,000 Bus. New Corn

FOR WHICH THE

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

WILL BE PAID

On delivery at any of the Stations of the Kent Co. Railroad,

[Now called the Baltimore & Del. Bay Railroad.]

☞ Can be found at the Express office or at residence on High St.

V. HENDRICKSON,
n28-tf. CHESTERTOWN.

AT BETTERTON!

Can be found a full assortment

—OF—

LUMBER.

for building purposes.

Also, Lime & Cement,

BRICKS and HAIR,

FINE SALT, G. A. SALT,
ROCK SALT, FODDER YARN,
HARD & SOFT COAL,
GAMBRILL'S FLOUR.

☞ GRAIN bought or sold. Give us a call.

TURNER BROS.,
Oct. 15, 1885. BETTERTON.

CARPETS and OILCLOTHS at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

☞ SHINGLES!

A cargo of Strictly No. 1. HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES just received direct from the Swamps

oc17. by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

THE SUN.

A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

THE SUN IS NATIONAL, INDEPENDENT, CONSERVATIVE, and DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

THE SUN from the first day of its foundation has been in the front rank of progressive journalism, and its circulation and influence have become national. It may be said with entire truth that there is no newspaper upon which more pains are taken than upon THE SUN to secure accuracy of statement in the news it contains and the opinions it expresses. The intelligence it presents to its readers from all quarters of the globe is therefore looked for with the peculiar interest which its reliability inspires.

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SUN IRON BUILDING,
d26-3t. BALTIMORE, MD.

Splendid Assortment

OF

COOK STOVES

Heaters, Double Heaters, Ranges, &c.

The Farmer Girl, the Glove, the Virginia, the Orion and the Charm Cook Stoves are all first-class and guaranteed. Our Crowd, Truly Yours, Cyclone, Derby and Duplex Double Heaters, cannot be excelled. The Alliance, Clifton, Derby, Argand, Edison, Aaron, Regal & Prince, Portland, Hope & Polaris Heating Stoves have been thoroughly tested and give satisfaction. Call and examine our stock and prices.

W. A. WHEATLEY.

STOVES Repaired at short notice.

Guns, Guns, Guns.

Breech and Muzzle-Loading Guns as low as can be bought in city. Also, Powder, Shot, Wads, Shells, Belts, Game Bags, &c. Call and examine our fine stock of Breech-Loading Guns.

W. A. WHEATLEY,
oc12. adj. Bank.

LUMBER!

A SPECIALTY!

We have JUST LANDED and are selling on CLOSE MARGINS for CASH only—

1 car load 21,000 ft. ⅞x6¼ Wh. Pine Siding,
4 " " 60,000 " 1x12 do. Barn Boards;
1 " " 15,000 " 1 Edge Fin'g Lumber,
1 " " 18,000 " double Dressed Picks and Selects.
1 " " White Hemlock Studding;
1 vessel load Cypress Fencing & Shingles,
1 " " 60,000 ft. 1x12 16 ft. N. Carolina.

En route and due here in a week another lot of 4x6, 5x5, 6x6 and 6x8 Georgia Timber up to 40 feet in length. Odd sizes resawed.

The above added to our large assortment of VIRGINIA PINE BILL STUFF, Joists, Scantling, etc., offers to purchasers of Lumber for Houses or other Buildings, opportunity unsurpassed in the State.

Our stock of FLOORING and SIDING is worked out of Seasoned Boards and kept seasoning for months after working before delivering to our customers.

Having spared no expense on my

YARD, MACHINERY and VESSELS

To COMPETE for the LUMBER TRADE,

in this and Queen Anne's counties, we think we are entitled to a call from you before deciding your place of purchase.

We can now make it your interest, convenience and pleasure to enter your orders with

JOSEPH TURNER.

SCOTT'S POINT, Nov. 14, 1885.

Times Hard! Money Scarce!
Quick Sales! Small Profits!

FOR BARGAINS GO TO

GREEN POINT!

—ON HAND—

LUMBER, FLOUR, GUM BOOTS,
COAL, SALT, GUM COATS,
LIME, BACON, OIL SUITS,
HARDWARE, GROCERIES, TIMOTHY SEED,
ROCK SALT, COAL OIL, SALT FISH,
ROPE YARN, &c., &c., &c.

☞ If we have not on hand what you want we can get it for you.

oc24. WM. B. TURNER.

Selling Out to Close Business!

SMITH & SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in TOBACCO, CIGARS, PIPES, SNUFF, &c.

MUST BE SOLD by Dec. 31st!

Our 50c. Chewing Tobacco cannot be beaten. Our Cigars, made to order, a Big Bargain. Come and see for yourself and that will prove it. nov7-tf.

WANTED!—Everybody to Know that

SMITH & SMITH

are Proprietors of the PEOPLE'S COAL and WOODYARD. Give us a trial. 2240 lbs. to everybody. Farmers come and see

GUNS, Breech and Muzzle Loaders, Single and Double Barrels, Shot, Caps, Wads, Shells and all the Fixtures for Breech Loading Guns for sale
by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

From Tennyson's New Volume.

EARLY SPRING.

Once the Heavenly Power makes all things new,
And domes the red-plowed hills
With loving blue;
The throstles, too.

Opens a door in Heaven. From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass;
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower, and burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods.
The stars are from their hands
Flung through the woods.

The woods with living airs how softly fanned,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood, the season's lure.
O heart look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus bud,
Like snowdrops pure.

Past, future, glimpse and fade through some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies how frail
In sound and smell.

Till at the chuckled note, thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And lightly stirred,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the heavenly power makes all things new
And thaws the cold and fills
The flower with dew.
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets, too.

LOVE WITHOUT HOPE.

He might have been very comfortable sitting there by the window. The sunlight had slipped away, leaving only a mild reflection, and the sea breeze came swelling up with pleasant salty odor.

He might have been very comfortable but for one thing—an uneasy conscience. The afternoon light fired the great diamond of his finger-ring, and this diverted his thoughts for a moment. Then they flew back to the subject of his uneasiness. If only he had not come to this place!

And yet he had vastly enjoyed resting here on the peaceful coast, in the old sea-captain's house, He had enjoyed the air, the bay, the sailing and the fishing with line and reel. How many splendid fish he had landed! Antoinette, too—ah, his conscience was troubled again. He stood up restlessly and looked at himself in the glass. He was growing stronger every day; the long illness, from which he had come here to recuperate, was fading from recollection. His friends—which was to say his mother and Elinor and others — would be delighted at the transformation.

It was Elinor's last letter that had brought him to his senses, reminded him of his obligations—namely, to get away from this place at once and join his mother and his betrothed at a fashionable summer resort.

He took his hat and went down into the piazza. Antoinette was sitting there, slim and pretty in her white afternoon dress. It seemed to him she flushed at his approach. And he felt still guiltier.

He sat down on the step at her feet and sighed faintly. She stopped the motion of her rocking chair and asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered; "only I feel sad at going away."

"Going away?" she repeated slowly. "Are you going sooner than you thought?"

"I am afraid I shall have to, I've heard from my mother, and—and I really think I shall have to go tomorrow."

Antoinette began rocking again, and did not speak for some moments. Then she said quietly:

"We shall miss you very much — mother and I."

"You have both been very good to me."

"Perhaps we shall hear from you sometimes?" she suggested. "You won't forget us quite."

There was always a plaintive note in her voice—a voice that one might more easily become enamored of than its possessor. For she was not a beauty, this Antoinette. She was too brown, too agile, too sparrow-like.

"Indeed, I shall never forget you," he answered gravely; "I have written much about you to my mother and Miss Hastings."

"Miss Hastings?"

"Yes." For the moment he almost hated himself, but he was determined to brave it out. "Miss Elinor Hastings. We are to be married in the autumn."

Then neither spoke. Glancing up in her face he found it passive, perhaps also a trifle pale. Maybe it was only his fancy; maybe she did not care for him. He hoped so. And now he rose up again, too restless to remain seated.

"I am going to row out to the 'Ledge,'" he said.

But Antoinette made no offer to accompany him, and so he turned away and left her there.

"It is done," he said to himself; "well, I hope she doesn't mind. Poor little girl! How fond one might be of her! One thing is certain no more boarding with a widow and young lady daughter. I only hope she won't think me too contemptible. I haven't meant to flirt—only a few soft speeches, a pressure of the hand at times—wrong, of course."

The tide was out and the boat clung to the sand. He pushed it slowly into deeper water. He had been at the Ledge many a time ere this, but always Antoinette had gone with him to recall to him when they must leave the rocks. Today he must remember for himself; there was no plaintive voice to remind him:

"The rocks are covered at high water."

Antoinette had sat looking after him as he went down the road.

"The end of it all," she said to herself hopelessly. "The end of it all."

And when he was out of sight she went into the house and up to her own chamber, where she threw herself down by the bed and buried her face in her hands. She did not sob or shed a tear.

"I might have known!" she moaned; "I might have known! What am I that he should care for me? Oh, Richard, Richard!"

Meanwhile, Richard Lester, out upon the Ledge, could breathe more easily, since the "murder was out." He fastened the rope of the boat around a rock and went a little higher. He sat down where it was quite dry and contemplated his future. He presumed he should be happy as Elinor's husband. Elinor was called handsome; she was educated, refined, accomplished; she dressed well and moved in the best society. His mother worshiped her. Elinor was twenty-three years old—six years his junior. Poor little Antoinette couldn't be more than eighteen, he supposed. Poor little brown bird! Then his thoughts took a wider range. He forgot where he was; he grew utterly oblivious to fading sunlight or water rising slowly about the rocks. The lapping, limpid, lingering water, musical and incessant. There was no Antoinette present to remind him:

"The rocks are covered at high water."

Antoinette had been kneeling by her bed for a long, long time—hours, she thought—when she heard her mother calling.

"Coming directly," she answered, and went down to the sitting-room. There were no tear-marks on her face—only a new pallor.

"Where is Mr. Lester, Antoinette?"

"I don't know, mother. Is it near supper-time?"

"Yes, it is getting late. I thought sure you would know where he is."

The words hurt Antoinette, innocently as they were spoken, but she only answered quietly:

"He went away a long time ago. He was going out to the Ledge."

"Then he has returned before this; the tide is coming in."

Antoinette felt a sudden inexplicable fear. She turned and went out of the house and off in the direction of the beach. Perhaps it was habit; she had grown accustomed to think of him as in need of looking after. Richard Lester had finally come to his senses. He remembered now that he must return. The tide was coming in and rowing would be delightful and easy. But to his unspeakable dismay the boat was nowhere to be seen.

"Gone!" he said, in a faint, confused tone. "What shall I do?"

He looked shoreward and fancied he saw the boat empty, tossing and drifting on the waters that had wooed it. He kept on looking until his eyes were dim. There was no one to see or hear him. And still water rose above the rocks. He had not tried to swim since his illness. It was a long distance, and he had never been a strong swimmer. He still looked vainly landward. And still the water rose about the rocks.

Then he covered his face.

"A punishment," he groaned; "a just punishment for my actions!"

He wished he could only see Antoinette once more and ask her to forgive him. Perhaps she had cared. Perhaps she would be sorry. He would never see her again, or any other living creature. For he could never reach the land.

He would wait until the last moment; then attempt to swim it. But he had no hope.

It was getting on towards dusk. The water rising would soon have covered the rocks. He tried to think calmly. He wondered if Elinor would grieve. His mother—something choked him as he thought of his mother.

"Oh, heaven!" he cried with a sob.

Then—then what was that?

The sound of oars?

He turned swiftly, uncovering his face.

A boat! Thank God! A boat was creeping against the tide, and something white glimmered through the twilight. And all at once he felt it must be she.

"Antoinette!" he cried out her name as if it were his dearest hope.

And then her clear sweet voice rang back to him:

"Yes. It is I. I must pull carefully just here;" and slowly she drew close to the rocks.

"Now," she said. And he dropped lightly in the boat.

"You have saved me!" he said, and his voice shook.

"You could not have managed to swim it," she answered.

"I suppose not. But I should have tried."

She shivered.

"Thank heaven, I remembered where you were," she said.

He took the oars from her hands.

"I will pull ashore," he said.

In silence she gave him her seat and took the rope to steer.

She was thankful for the dusk, perhaps, since it hid her pallor.

"Antoinette, I owe you my life."

She was looking out intently for the point at which to steer.

"I am glad I knew," she said.

He waited a little, then spoke awkwardly:

"What can I do to repay you?"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, half impatiently. "It was nothing."

"It was life or death to me," he said in a serious voice

"I meant my coming out was nothing."

"I thought of you," he went on, "and of my mother."

"And of Miss Hastings?" she suggested without emotion.

"My mother would have missed me most," he returned. "Elinor would have cared, I suppose; but she is still young, and young people recover from such things."

"Do they?" asked Antoinette sharply. "I do not think I could, if—if anyone I cared for were lost."

She puzzled him now. Perhaps he had been utterly mistaken. Perhaps she had a lover whom she loved.

"There is someone that you care for, dear child?" he said softly.

She started.

"Yes," she said defiantly.

Her answer brought him vast relief.

"I am so glad," he said earnestly. "I would like to plan the happiest future for you. I suppose I shall be happy myself. My mother is suited, and Miss Hastings is very amiable."

They were close to the landing, and Antoinette seemed wholly occupied with the boat.

Resting on his oars, he spoke with a sudden impulse:

"Tell me, are you very happy in this love of yours?"

"Very happy," she answered, laughing wildly. "I would not change places with anyone on earth."

"I am so glad," he said once more. "I feared—you won't be angry, Antoinette? I want to tell you the truth, I think so much of you, dear child. I was afraid you might think I was trying to—to trifle with you myself. God knows I had no thought of it. You won't be angry, Antoinette?"

"No," she answered softly; "I am not angry. I never thought of you as—a trifler."

"And we shall always be friends?"

"Always."

The old pathetic ring was in her voice. They landed and walked slowly homeward. At the gate he paused, and with a sudden movement drew from his finger the ring that had sparkled there.

"Wear this for my sake, dear Antoinette," he said.

She snatched her hand away with a sharp cry:

"No—oh, no! Not that!"

But he, insisting, slipped it on. Then she broke away from him and ran in, up to her own room.

"He does not dream," she sobbed, flinging herself down as once before that day. "Thank heaven, he does not dream! And I love him. Oh, I love him! But he will be happy; that is the most I care. Oh, yes, he will be happy!"

On the morrow Richard Lester departed for his own home—his mother and his betrothed. Elinor, the betrothed, met him coldly, yet anxiously. She had been faithless in his absence and loved another. She knew not how to break the intelligence to her betrothed, but she was a true woman, and said:

"I fear you will be very angry with me, yet I feel it my duty to tell you the truth. I do not believe we can be happy together. The conviction is forced upon me by my love for another."

"Is that true?" said Richard, and a strange feeling took possession of him as of hope that what she said was indeed true.

"Yes, it is true. And I have waited patiently for the moment to tell you, fearing the consequences. I am ready to fulfill the contract if you demand it."

"No, no. I am too glad to be free!" exclaimed the valiant lover, and receiving the ring from his intended, he was off for another and to him now a far sweeter voice.

Elinor was astounded at the manner in which her betrothed heard her words and for a time stood as one transfixed. But she was soon consoled by her new love.

* * * * * * *

Antoinette sat in her cosy little chamber meditating—dreaming of the happy days just passed. Her heart seemed breaking at the thought that all the bliss she hoped for was irretrievably lost.

She was aroused by a light tap upon the door and her mother's voice called:

"Mr. Lester is here and wants to see you, Antoinette."

"What! Mr. Lester here!" she exclaimed to herself. "What can he mean to come back so soon?" She hastily composed herself and appeared in the parlor, where Richard met her with these words first:

"Antoinette, I have a thought, and it fills me with joy at its bare possibility, that I was the one to whom you referred in our last interview?"

"And what matters it?" she said, her voice trembling with mingled indignation and surprise. "Did you not go from here to your betrothed?"

"Yes, to one who was false, and I have found it so. I come to you to offer my life—to the one who saved it!"

"But is it because I rescued you from the water that you would thus reward me?"

"No, oh, no. I loved you before that, but was tied to another. That chain is now broken, and no mortal can be happier than I if my little Antoinette will be my bride!"

The curtain must here drop upon a scene of bliss known only to those similarly circumstanced.

A Horse on Skates.

The latest is a horse on roller skates. This was one of the attractions at the Manhattan Roller Skating Rink, New York, on Saturday night. The animal's name is Dolly and she is unusually intelligent. After doing a lot of balancing feats, skates were put on, and the horse commenced to skate in the most matter-of-fact sort of way. Dolly seems to understand how it is done, and swings around the circle in the most approved manner, and evidently enjoys the pastime as well as the audience. The skates are made to clamp on the iron shoe, and have four wheels. Prof. Stone says that it took nearly a year to train the horse to skate, but that now she is not happy if she cannot go to the rink every night.

THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE.

From the Philadelphia Times.

An intelligent Philadelphia lady who gives her name and address with her communication, submits the following inquiry to the *Times*:

To the Editor of the *Times*:

I have a darling son who has contracted the vile habit of smoking cigarettes. I have tried everything possible that a good mother could conceive to correct him of such a filthy habit, but have been unsuccessful. Will you kindly advise me what to do in the matter? My child is twelve years of age.

Yours appealingly, M. H. MCC.

There are several often practicable methods which, we apprehend, the fond mother has not yet tried on her "darling son." One is, refusing him money. He must buy, beg or steal the cigarettes, and it is most probable that he buys them with the money his mother gives him. If not, is he a beggar or a thief? If reasonably well trained, his pride would revolt at either begging or stealing, and if he were refused money to buy the poisonous cigarettes, it is more than probable that he could be restrained.

Nine-tenths of the evils which impair the foundations of manhood in children, are the logical result of giving children money that they do not earn. They are not only brought up in idleness, which is the fruitful parent of vice, but they are given money freely, without knowing its value, to tempt them into any of the countless ways of wasting health by indolence. If boys were taught to earn money before they spent it, they would not be likely to waste it and their health together by indulgence in what is now one of the most dangerous indulgences of boys—the smoking of cigarettes. No boy will ever reach vigorous physical or intellectual manhood who saps the strength of childhood by cigarettes.

Another often practicable method has most likely never been tried by the mother on her "darling son," and that is flogging. As a rule it is not a good method of correcting children, but when parental affection and influence fail to control, and disobedience and vicious habits are practiced, they who spare the rod do not love the child. A ten or twelve-year-old boy who will receive money from his parents and waste it in indulgences which are certain to impair his physical and mental strength, and in disobedience of parental authority, needs heroic treatment. Sparing meals, early to bed and plenty to do, would be a very good skirmish line to adopt in such a case, and when skirmishing fails, at least one vigorous application of the rod should be tried as an experiment. It may fail; but if all other methods of persuasion or authority have failed, the failure can be little or no worse by the application of the rod.

As a rule, the cause of the vicious or destructive habits of boys whose parents are in comfortable or affluent circumstances is a fundamental one. The primary and painfully fruitful error is the common teaching in such families, either by precept or example, or both, that industry is discreditable. Boys are not trained or taught the necessity of usefulness; they are trained or taught only to enjoy the luxury of idleness, and vices come as natural as night succeeds the day. Such boys, if they happen to worry through the cigarettes and other enervating indulgences to manhood, are ever distanced in the race for honor and usefulness by the alley boys or the mountain boys whose physical vigor is not destroyed by luxury and indulgence. They are taught not only in theory but in practice, that "hardiness ever of hardiness is mother" and they bring the highest physicial vigor to the development of their mental powers. They force to the front while the city cigarette boy must be supported by his friends or lag in the rear of the race for a livelihood if dependent upon his own efforts.

If our families of affluence would put their boys to trades, and thereby mingle industrial education with their high school or college cultivation, they would be inspired with higher aims than dwarfing themselves mentally and physically by cigarettes and the like indulgences of idleness. Thistles will not bear figs, nor can men be grown in the foul hot-bed of affluent indolence, and the mother who writes for instruction about her "darling son," would do well to look to the fountain of her parental training, and inquire whether the boy is not logically illustrating the evils of her home educational system.

BURIED IN A CASK OF RUM.

A Curious Story Concerning a Millionaire.

A dispatch dated Chicago, Ill., Dec. 25, says: Two weeks ago the widow of Walter L. Newberry died in Paris, leaving a large fortune, over $3,000,000 of which, by Mr. Newberry's will, goes to the establishment of a public library in Chicago. Mr. Newberry died at sea in 1867. Today is published a story which has caused a sensation among the late millionaire's friends and acquaintances, as the secret, if it is truly told, has been perfectly kept up to this time. In November, 1867, Mr. Newberry sailed for Havre to join his family, who were in Paris. The friendly intercourse usual among ocean travelers was not at all to his taste. He was always austere and taciturn on shore, and he chose to remain so at sea, repelling every offer of friendship or even of acquaintanceship. He was recognized by a gentleman from New York who knew him by reputation, and did not care, under such unpromising circumstances, to force his acquaintance further.

In such surroundings, an alien in the midst of his own people, Mr. Newberry sickened and died. He escaped the usual burial of those dying at sea by the interference of the New York man who knew him, and who assured the captain that the dead man's relatives would meet any expense incurred in keeping the body. A cask of Medford rum that formed part of the cargo was brought into requisition. Mr. Newberry's body was placed in the cask and, of course, was preserved in the alcoholic liquid. When the cargo was discharged the cask was rebilled by the New York man to Mr. Newberry's friends in Chicago.

Mrs. Newberry was then in Paris, a fact of which the gentleman referred to was ignorant. The cask left for America on the next steamer, and in due time arrived at Chicago on a freight train over the Michigan Central railroad. The friends who had been notified by the New York man of the shipment of the body took charge of the cask on its arrival and had it carted to Graceland Cemetery on a dray. A grave was dug, and the cask, still containing Mr. Newberry's body, was put into it and covered.

Mr. E. I. Tinkham, a well-known citizen who died some years ago, was one of the participants in this affair, and stated the facts before his death. The body of the millionaire still lies in the cask in Graceland Cemetery.

HOW TO SELECT A BOY.

A gentleman advertised for a boy and nearly fifty apprentices presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to the lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his hat when he came in and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it on the table; and he waited quietly for his turn instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me." Little things show character, and frequently determine a boy's whole career. It is the boy who does the kind, polite and thoughtful acts unconsciously that wins his way to employment and success. Success does not mean wealth or fame. True success means the development of a character that is worthy of example—a character that is honest to every duty, faithful to every trust, and that is unselfish enough to find time for kindly acts that are not forced, but the simple expression of a warm and generous principle. True success is fidelity to every relation in life.

ELIJAH:—"Say, Zeke, I heah yo' brudder married a rich heiress; am dat so?" Zeke:—"Yes; she's wuth 'bout 5' million." Elijah (surprised):—"So much as dat?" Zeke:—"It's 5' million or 5' hundred, I dunno which, but I know it's 'normous 'mount."

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Job-Printing.

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILLHEADS, &c., &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

A WONDERFUL NEW DRUG.

The Use of Cocaine as an Anæsthetic—History of Its Discovery—Used on Gen. Grant—What Leading Doctors Think of Its Effects.

The excitement which prevailed in the medical world a year or so ago at the announcement from Heidelberg by Dr. Henry D. Noyes that a new and powerful anæsthetic had been discovered in Europe is being revived again. The honor of the discovery was given to a young student at Vienna who has since become famous as Dr. Koller. He sent a vial of his newly-discovered extract to a well-known physician of Trieste, to be used experimentally before the opthalmological congress, Heidelberg, where it proved to be a most wonderful success. Soon after the communication reached America experiments were tried here by Dr. Charles R. Agnew and several of his assistants with similar success. This new anæsthetic is cocaine. It was used very successfully in the sickness of General Grant, and in that way it was brought before the notice of the public. The people caught up the cry of a universal panacea and cure-all, and the demand for the drug was enormous. It fortunately, however, was very expensive, and could be afforded only by the rich. Since then the price has been very much reduced, and the use of cocaine is now said to be very extensive.

In speaking of the matter Dr. Douglas, who attended General Grant during his fatal illness, said yesterday: "I have used cocaine very little since its discovery, and only in weak solution. I have never used it internally or hypodermically. In the case of General Grant it was most efficacious and was entirely successful. The first time I used it was December 16, 1884, when the general came into my office and complained of his throat and the trouble he had in swallowing. He had not been able to drink a glass of water in many days. He sat down on the sofa there, and I applied a weak solution to his throat. He felt almost immediately relieved, and in a few moments was able to swallow a glass of iced water without any pain and with the greatest satisfaction. We used local applications of the drug several times again when he was suffering great pain, and always with most marked success.

"The public is greatly mistaken in thinking we used the anæsthetic constantly, for there were several weeks in the spring, when we abstained from its use entirely. We began its use again in May some time, I think, and continued applications whenever it was absolutely necessary to kill his pain, which was intense. He was never allowed, however, to treat himself, and a physician always watched by him after the anæsthetic was administered. We never dared to use a powerful solution — four per cent. was the strongest we ever used—for it was too great a case to experiment with. We confined ourselves strictly to treatment which had been verified in hundreds of cases. I have a statement in the general's own handwriting as to what he thought of cocaine, and some time, perhaps, I may publish it.

"I would not, however, like to express my opinion yet, as I hardly feel that I have tested the matter sufficiently. Cocaine is, of course, an intensely powerful drug, and when taken in excess is, like any other drug, dangerous. It is not the use but the abuse of cocaine that the papers should decry. I can only say this, whenever I have used it, it has been very successful."

Dr. Doremus, who has made a special study of cocaine and its use, could not speak too highly in its praise. "It is too bad," he said, "that the benefits which might accrue from the proper use of cocaine are very much hindered by the abuse which witless people indulge in. I have suggested to one or two medical associations that the druggists be instructed to label the drug poisonous, which has not been done before. The advent of this splendid anæsthetic is a great thing, and the drug has become invaluable. I have made very complete tabulations respecting the various symptoms of cocaine treatment, and I have yet only been able to ascertain one death, which occurred in the West. The person who died from the effects of the drug was a woman who was her own physician. She probably did not know how to treat herself."

Dr. Leonard Corning said: "I hold that cocaine is almost as wonderful and important a discovery as electricity. It is a most effective anæsthetic. Its province has been mostly confined by specialists to the eye and ear, but it has been employed in nervous diseases with the best of results. In my own particular case it has never failed. The experience of other physicians with whom I have consulted confirms my own. I am very sorry that it is gaining such a fearful notoriety by its improper use, for it can only retard medical progress by the false antipathy people get against it."—*N. Y. World.*

NOTHING COSTS NOTHING.

How a Bright Boy Turned the Laugh on the Stamp Clerk at the Postoffice.

"Ef it ain't writin' an' it ain't printin', wat kind er stamps do you put on?" queried an urchin, whose head barely reached to the window ledge, at the postoffice yesterday.

The clerk at the stamp window smiled at the youngster's question, and winked in evident enjoyment at the bystanders. Then he said:

"Sonny, I suppose you've got third-class matter?"

"I dunno," was the dubious reply.

The clerk laughed and repeated his winks at the interested spectators who had overheard the dialogue.

"Well," he said finally, and mimicking the boy's manner, "ef it ain't writin' an' it ain't printin', I guess we'll have to call it third-class matter and send it along for you pretty cheap. What does it weigh?"

"Nuthin'," said the boy, as his mouth stretched into a grin that threatened to fracture his ears.

"Nothing?" asked the clerk.

"Yum," muttered the boy, reefing his smile slightly.

"In that case, then, sonny," said the clerk, with bilarious animation, "we'll send your package through for nothing."

"Sure pop?" questioned the boy, as he edged back a little from the window.

"Sure pop," repeated the clerk. "I pledge the honor of the government. Hand over the matter that weighs nothing."

"Here it is, mister," and the boy pushed an inflated toy balloon through the window opening. "Mind yer, I'll hold the gov'ment 'sponsible—yer said so." And then the boy and the spectators did the laughing and the winking, and the clerk devoted himself to chunks of language which weighed more than the mailable four pounds allowed by law.

A Model Letter.

An old fellow who lives near Buck Snort, Ark., recently sent the following letter to the President. "I reckon you'll be sorter surprised to hear from me, 'specially as we have never had the pleasure o' meetin' each other. I voted for you, an' thurfo' think that it is my duty as a ole sitisen uv this place an' the owner uv a snatchin' team uv as good mules as you ever seed, to give you a little advice. I want you to turn them fetch-taked raskils out. They've had their fore-feet in the troff long enough. It ain't often that I send advice away from home, an' you oughter feel proud uv it. My father uster advise old Andy Jackson, he did. But givin' advice ain't all that causes me to write. I want a pardon fur makin' wild-cat whiskey. I ain't made none yit, but I wish you would write me out one an' send her down. Then ef I do make the whiskey an' git kotched up with, I can haul out the dockyment an' make the deputy marshals open their eyes. I never like to be rash about anything. I always like to be prepared before I commence to cut an' slash. Ain't that right, hah? Ain't it right? Lemme tell you what's a fack. When we git all the raskils out we'll sail like a hawk, hah? Won't we? Well, we will. Ef ever you come to my neighborhood drap in an' see me. Don't fergit the pardon."

AT the last meeting of the Conundrum Club the following was propounded: "What is the difference between woman's sphere and woman's fear?" After a long and severe struggle the conundrum was given up, and the perpetrator said: "One is a house and the other a mouse."

CALL a girl a chick, and she smiles; call a woman a hen, and she howls. Call a young woman a witch, and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch, and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat, and she will hate you. Queer sex.

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