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THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD.
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.
JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.
LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c. &c.
No. 206 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 40 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3.
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
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REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt St., Balto Md.
We refer to our present shippers among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. E. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
WM. H. RUTTER
—WITH—
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

PHILADELPHIA.
R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.
J. P. MOYER & CO.,
Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,
EGGS and POULTRY.
No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Returns sent promptly. tf.

E. C. CROW,
No. 316 N. Front St., Philadelphia,
(Old Number, 6 Vine Street).
COMMISSION MERCHANT
FOR THE SALE OF
FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.
PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

P. E. CREW & CO.,
(SUCCESSORS TO CREW & IRELAND.)
FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK
Commission Merchants,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season. Reference National Bank of Northern Liberties, Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia; or, some of the large Fruit Growers of Kent county. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

Professional Cards.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House
Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,
—GRADUATE OF—
The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,
CHESTERVILLE, MD.

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
CHESTERTOWN - - MARYLAND.
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DENTIST.
DR. C. P. GILPIN,
CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., AND CAHALL'S STORE.
Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Ellison, Jr.'s store. will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

JACOBY & MILLER,
AUCTIONEERS,
HAVING had large practice in the Auctioneering Business, we guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case. All persons wishing our services will please have JACOBY & MILLER put at the bottom of their bills and paper advertisements. In employing the two the charge will be the same as for one man. G. W. JACOBY,
WM. R. MILLER,
aug. Auctioneers, Galena, Maryland.

CANTON FLANNEL from 6c. per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

WHITE BLANKETS from $1 per pair up. J. H. SIMPERS.

IF WE GO BY THE ALMANAC

Only One Week is Left of Fall 1889.

THUS FAR the year has been noted for its unparalleled Storms, Floods, Freshets and Singular Wetness, and will pass into history as part of the record of a remarkable year. It was a strange fall. It was a Strangely Active, Good Fall for Us. Standing on the edge of Winter, the Holidays ahead of us, we are inclined to believe that we will have an Immense Winter Trade. Never did we have a

FINER STOCK of CLOTHING!

or Lower Prices to Offer.

You can find Bargains in every department. As money is scarce we know you will require double duty for every dollar expended, and in every case we will give you full value for your money. We have a good, durable Suit for $5 00, a good Cassimere or Wool Suit for $10 00, a good, substantial Overcoat for $3 50, a better Overcoat for $5 50, a Fine Dress Overcoat for $8 50. A full line of Men's and Boys' Kersey Suits, at Bottom Prices. Pants, Pants, Pants—We have the Greatest Bargains in Pants ever offered in Chestertown, from $1 00 up to $5 00. Boys' and Children's Suits—We have a Fine Assortment, price from $1 25 up to $7 00 per suit. Storm, Storm, Storm—Storm Overcoats in all the leading shades. Fine Dress Suits in Prince Alberts, French Wide Wales, Cutaway Frock and Cutaway Sack Suits, Satin-Lined, Corded-Edge Chinchilla Overcoats, in Blue, Black and Brown; Fur Beavers, Meltons, French Wide Wales and English Kersey Overcoats, in all shades, a luxury, nicely trimmed and made in the finest style, at lowest prices, and that guaranteed 20 per cent. lower than any other house.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Nov. 23, 1889. *The Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Chestertown, Maryland.*

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

RICHARD HYNSON,
late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of May, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under our hands this 16th day of November, 1889.

CAROLENE L. HYNSON,
RICHARD D. HYNSON.
Nov. 16, 1889—4t. Executors.

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

JAMES H. KENDALL,
late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of May, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 15th day of November, 1889.

STEPHEN KINDALL.
Nov. 16, 1889—4t. Administrator.

—FIRST CLASS—
Eating and Oyster Saloon
IN CHESTERTOWN AT THE
"ROCKWELL HOUSE!"
THE undersigned respectfully notifies his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to serve at all hours Oysters in every style. Raw Box a specialty. Also, on Tuesdays, a FIRST CLASS DINNER for my country friends. Ladies not accompanied by their husbands will find accommodations at my house under the care of my wife. The Ladies' Parlor will be open at all hours, where bundles can be sent and taken care of. Horses fed and cared for. Hoping for a generous patronage, as I will leave nothing undone to please all,
I am, respectfully,
Oct. 19—3m. A. I. DUGAN.

WANTED.
100,000 BUSHELS of NEW CORN
—AND—
25,000 BUSHELS of WHEAT,
delivered at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay and Queen Anne's Railroads.
Telephone call 15.
B. F. FLEMING,
n17-tf. Chestertown, Md.

TAKE NOTICE

Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!

THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE, the tax-book for the Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed to indulge even though I were so inclined. For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

MEN'S RED and WHITE UNDERSHIRTS, Ladies' dies' and Children's Merino Vests, all grades, at lowest price. J. H. SIMPERS.

NEW Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

25c. Will buy a Pound of Good Natural Tobacco at J. L. McFEELY'S.

ELECTION NOTICE!

FOR THE WOMEN!

NOW that the two great parties have had their election, to settle very important questions, they are going to stand back now and see every woman in Kent County cast her vote for the superiority of our line of goods. Their ticket will be a sample sack of KENT'S FAVORITE FLOUR, WHITE TABLE, YELLOW TABLE MEAL, GROCER PEARL HOMINY, CRACKED CORN—sifted or unsifted—SOL. CORN CHOP, MIXED CORN CHOP, HOMINY OFFAL, BRAN, MIDDLINGS and WHEAT TALLINGS. The above is kept by the leading dealers in town and the villages of this county.

Ask your dealer for any of the above, and if he has not got it, ask him to get it for you; if he will not get it, send us your order by mail or wagon and we will deliver it at your door under very short notice. Don't be deceived with short weight and inferior goods, but insist that it must come from the URIEVILLE ROLLER MILL. KENT'S FAVORITE is strictly a straight grade flour, and is made from the choicest wheat. And while we do not claim it to be quite as white as the best Patent Flour, we do not ask so much for it; we do claim that it is white enough, and if handled properly, it will make a nice, white, sweet and soft loaf, such as every man delights to see come on the table. And it will hold its moisture from one to three days longer than patent flour.

Our Corn Goods is made from the Best Corn that is raised in the county. Our PEARL HOMINY is made from Genuine Hominy Corn, and is far superior to city hominy. Our Wheat Feed is pure and always reliable, and is much lower than city prices. Try them and be convinced. There are many reasons why we can give better results and offer our customers greater inducements than any other mill in the county, which you will see. We will soon enter our twelfth year in our business here. Does not that show that we came to stay? We have, by close attention to business, and strict business integrity, increased our business three-fold. Does not that prove that we have and can still offer lower prices and better goods than can be found elsewhere?

We have made many important changes lately and have now a full roller system of making a straight grade flour which gives general satisfaction whenever it is given a fair trial. In conclusion, will say that we shall put forth a greater effort than ever to keep our mill and our goods fully up to the demands of the people. We will be prepared to grind Cob Corn as soon as it is in condition to grind, but must insist on it being good clean corn.

We also have our saw-mill in operation, and can saw all kinds of timber at reasonable rates. We solicit your patronage to both mills, and thanking you for your patronage in the past, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,
WM. W. McKNETT,
n09-tf. Urieville Roller Mills.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!
CARPETS!
CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS

CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 8 W. Baltimore St., near Charles,
—DEALERS IN—
CARPETS, CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
Mattings, Rugs, &c.
HAVING ENLARGED THEIR STORE ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE FINEST LINES OF GOODS
ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at LOW PRICES. Our Goods are not surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we always guarantee to more than meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere.
CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 8 W. Balto. St., near Charles, Baltimore.
Oct. 19, 1889—3m.

THE WHITE GOBBLER.

The Part it Played in a Romance and Dinner.

Major Beesley Carter was a well-known citizen of Northern Alabama. He was something of a character, proud of his lineage, though he could not trace it further back than a few hundred yards. His forefathers, he avowed, were cavaliers, and he often spoke of the great civil war in England. Indeed, one not acquaited with the history of that conflict and its "long agonies," would suppose that the Major had heard the belching of Oliver's cannons.

He cared nothing for recent political factions, regarding with contempt the Republicans and Democrats, but looked with extreme hatred upon the Roundheads. To him our civil war was a conflict between the Tory gentlemen and the Barebones. Sometimes, upon taking up a daily paper (which he knew was much inferior to the old-time-news-letter sent out out from Will's coffee house,) he would say to his wife that he wanted to see if they were still burning witches in New England.

Zilda Carter, the Major's daughter, was declared the handsomest girl in the Limestone neighborhood. She had been liberally educated, and of course could not share her father's absurd views. She did not, however, attempt to argue with him, for she knew that the only unpleasantness that had ever come up between her parents was caused by a slight remark which her mother had made with regard to Charles the First.

Just about a year ago Zilda was permitted to visit a friend who lived in New York and, before returning home she went down into Connecticut. While in that State she and her friend (a young lady well known to the family) ate Thanksgiving dinner at a farm house.

When Zilda told her old father that she had gone into New England he frowned; but when suddenly moved by a bold impulse, she told him that she had eaten Thanksgiving dinner at a Connecticut farm house, the old fellow raved.

"You are not a true daughter!" he declared. "You know that our family has ever turned a cold countenance upon every patriarchal institution. The cold-blooded fanatic tried to destroy our Christmas, and yet you, member of the high-minded class that holds Christmas in endearment, make profession, as it were, of a flagitious error by giving countenance to a Thanksgiving Day. I am ashamed of you, and never again can I repose full confidence in you."

"Why, Major!" said Mrs. Carter, a weak but sometimes assertive little woman, "the President of our common country sets aside the day, and instead of frowning upon an observance of it I think that it is our duty not only to the Lord, but as a good citizens to the President to—".

"To do what?" the Major struck in.

"To observe the day."

"You think so?" said the Major, placing both hands on a table as though he had his wrath down and was determined to hold it "you think we ought to burn old women, don't you?"

"No, I don't think that."

"Oh, yes, Sarah, come out now and acknowledge that you do think it. Stand right up now and declare your principles. Admit that you would like to see old Sue Blackney tied out there to the horse-block and burned up. If you want to take up a contribution to raise money enough to hire somebody to tie the old woman, I'll throw in. I will not have it said that I have ever stood as an obstruction to any enterprise gotten up by my wife. Zilda, get the clothes-line ready. Yonder comes a man down the road. May be we can hire him. We can assure him that the old woman is not very strong, as she has suffered with rheumatism for a number of years. What, you don't want to burn her? Then your first lesson hasn't wholly converted you. Humph! you'd better take another."

The Major hastened out into the garden, slamming the gate after him; and Mrs. Carter, turning to Zilda, remarked: "It is said that every person is insane on some subjects. Your father is surely insane on his hobby. Ordinarily he is, as you well know, the gentlest of men; and not only that he is, aside from his hobby, a liberal-minded man."

"I don't know, and moreover don't care anything about the cavaliers," Zilda answered. "I am a thorough American, and like everything that is American. I have never enjoyed myself more than I did at that Thanksgiving dinner, and next Thanksgiving Day, which will be only two weeks from now, I am going to have a Thanksgiving dinner here at home."

"Your father will not hear to it, my child."

"But he must hear to it. If he is so avowed an Englishman why does he vote in this country? Why did he run for the Legislature year before last? He ought to known that his foolishness beat him at the polls; and by this time I should think that he ought to know that the people are not in sympathy with his silly romanticism. I don't like to speak thus of my father, but I can't help it. Why, Thanksgiving Day is quite as popular here now as it is in the East. Nearly all our neighbors observe it."

"What has caused you to change so, Zilly? Was it your visit to the East?—Hitherto you have been different with regard to the day."

"My Eastern trip, of course, has had something to do with it, but how much and in what manner I shall not say. I've got my eye on that big gobbler out there, and unless his death warrant be signed by the master of this household, I shall resort to mob violence."

"Well, there is no use in speaking to your father about it."

"I'm going to speak to him, any way."

"He will be angry."

"I can't help it; but can we not convince him of his foolishness?"

"No, I fear not."

"Is there not some way by which we may prove to him that he is insane?"

"No; he is stubborn."

"Well, but are we to be slaves to his stubbornness? I love my father, understand, but he should not expect me to embrace so silly a prejudice. I think that you have been altogether too weak. You ought to have cured him of his foolishness long ago."

Zilda said nothing more with regard to the subject. Two days before Thanksgiving while Zilda and her mother were sitting in the "big room," as the negroes termed it, the Major entered. He had been hunting and placing his gun in a corner, he took up one of Scott's novels and was soon following the nodding plumes of the "Black Knight." Zilda took up the gun and went to the window. She was acquainted with the use of fire-arms. She placed the gun on the window sill and sat looking out into the yard.

"Don't cock that gun," said the Major, "It might go off."

Again he was following the nodding plumes of the "Black Knight." He had begun to smack his lips, as though he were eating a venison pasty with Friar Tuck, when bang went the gun. Mrs. Carter sprang to her feet and said:

"Gracious alive, child, you have killed the white gobbler!"

The Major threw down the book. "I told you not to cock that gun," said he. "Now look what you have done—killed the finest turkey in the State. I could have gotten $5 for him any time."

"Major, you know that accidents have a habit of happening," Mrs. Carter answered. "Well, we'll have to eat him."

The next day at dinner the Major said: "Thought you were going to eat that turkey?"

"We are," Zilda answered; "but turkeys are not good, you know, until they have been dressed a day or two."

"Well, then, when may we expect the feast?"

"Let me see, mother, do you think that tomorrow will be time enough?"

"I think so."

"Well, we will have him tomorrow."

The next morning the Major went to the village, a short dirtance away, and when he returned he was "snorting mad."

"This is a fine trick you have played me," he exclaimed.

"Why, what is the matter?" Zilda asked, with pretended innocence.

"You know what the matter is. You and your mother, too, know well enough. You are trying to trap me into this Thanksgiving foolishness, that's what you are trying to do; but it will not work, I can tell you that."

"But, Major, the white gobbler is done now," said his wife.

"It makes no difference, I will not eat a bite of it. I won't come to the table. I won't have anything to do with it. Won't give it countenance. I'll take a piece of bread and a piece of hog meat and go off down into the woods. If you and Zilda want to make Roundheads of yourselves all right."

He sat down with a thump and began to mumble over Ivanhoe. The ladies, paying no attention to him, proceeded with their preparations for dinner. As the weather was very good the table was set on the long gallery. When everything was ready—when the great turkey had been placed on the table—the Major, putting his book aside, stretched himself yawningly and remarked:

"Sarah, have you any bacon?"

"No, I didn't cook any."

"You have beef, haven't you?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, hang it! what sort of meat have you?"

"Turkey."

"But I told you I wouldn't eat any of it."

"Well, you needn't."

"But what am I going to take down into the woods with me?"

"There's some corn bread and cold biscuits in the boiler."

"Do you reckon I want to eat bread and nothing else?"

"There's some dried venison in the smoke house."

"I hate dried venison."

"Well, I believe there is a small piece of sausage in the loft."

"I despise sausage. Cut me off a slice or two of that turkey and let me take it along."

"No; if you want any you must sit down to the table and eat it."

"Look here, Sarah, what do you mean by dictating to me this way?"

"I mean just what I say. You said that you were not going to have anything to do with this turkey and you shall not unless you surrender completely."

"I'll show you about that."

He sat down on the steps of the gallery. Zilda stood at the gate looking down the road.

"Who is she looking for?" the Major asked.

"I don't know exactly. Yonder comes some one."

A young man rode up and dismounted at the gate. He shook hands with Zilda, and then she, taking his arm, conducted him to the house. A mischievous light shone in her eyes.

"Mr. Howard," said the girl, "let me present you to my father and mother."

When they had shaken hands, Mrs. Carter remarked: "You are just in time, Mr. Howard, for dinner is ready. Major, please take a seat at the turkey end of the table. Mr. Howard, you sit over here."

The Major, after hesitating a momenf, sat down and began to carve the white gobbler.

"You have quite a pretty place here," said the young man.

"Yes," the Major answered. "You are a stranger here, I presume; and, by the way, I do not wish to be impertinent, but will you please tell me where you became acquainted with my daughter?"

"I am a stranger, having never been in this neighborhood until today, but for some time I have owned the blast furnace and rolling mills over at Bolton and—"

"What!" the Major exclaimed, dropping his knife and fork, "you are not Howard, the millionaire?"

"Well, I am sometimes referred to in that way. I met your daughter at a big Thanksgiving dinner in Connecticut last year and since that time we have been corresponding with each other."

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the Major.

"And," said Zilda, "we had agreed to eat Thanksgiving dinner together this year."

"I may add," said Mr. Howard, "that your daughter and I are engaged to be married."

That afternoon the Major, after a long silence, during which he seemed to be struggling with some deep conviction, looked up and said:

"It's all right, I reckon. The romance of the affair takes away its fanaticism. We will have another white gobbler this time next year."

AFRAID OF MICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS BY E. D. S.

"What a stormy night it is, Charlie," Nellie Martin remarked as she glanced up from the dainty lace which she was knitting, to her brother, who was engaged with the evening paper. They were all alone this evening; this brother and sister, their father and mother having gone away on a visit, to be gone a week.

Charley laid down his paper before replying, walked to the window and looked out,—

"Yes; it is as dark as proverbial Egypt, and pouring rain. What a night to be out in!" he said as he again took his seat in front of the gloomy fire. "How cozy it looks inside tonight," he continued, "I tell you, Nellie, these nights more than any other makes one appreciate a pleasant home. Let's have a piece of cake; you have some, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Nellie, laying aside her knitting to comply with her brother's request.

Going to the cupboard she opened the door but immediately sprang back screaming "Oh! Oh," as a mouse leaped out past her. It ran about the room trying to find a place of exit. Nellie sprang upon a chair crying, "Oh Charlie do kill it!"

"What a goose you are to be afraid of a little mouse," exclaimed the young man laughing contemptuously; but good naturedly went to the kitchen door and called a large, gray cat which soon made quick work of the poor little mouse.

When kitty was contentedly crunching the bones of its victim, Nellie got down from the chair and with mock anger said, "You must get your own cake as a punishment for laughing at me."

"Very well," was the answer, "I shall get an extra portion for killing the bugbear. If you are so afraid of a mouse what would you do if a burglar were to get in the house?" he asked teasingly.

"Oh, don't talk of burglars!" exclaimed Nellie shivering.

"I'll bet you look under your bed and into your closets before you retire, that is, if you can pluck up the courage after your fright," said the young man banteringly, as he helped himself to cake also offering it to his sister.

They laughed and talked merrily as they ate their cake and soon the mouse and the fright which it had caused was forgotten. Both were fine singers and going to the piano Charlie asked his sister to play and an hour or more was spent in this way. At ten o'clock they retired. Alone in her room, Nellie felt an unaccountable feeling as of some presence besides her own in the room. She had an almost irrepressible desire to look under the bed and in her closet, but remembering her brother's teasing she laughed at her fears and resolutely began preparing for bed. Feeling a slight headache, she took up a large bottle of camphor which stood on the bureau and bathed her head, setting the bottle on a chair beside the bed so that she might inhale the camphor should her headache prove troublesome. She turned the light down very dimly and went to bed and soon fell fast asleep.

She was awakened by some one rumaging in the bureau drawers. She could scarcely suppress a scream which arose to her lips as she saw the form of a man standing at the bureau on which lay a gleaming pistol.

The burglar, for such it was, had gained an entrance into Nellie's room by climbing the back porch. He had appropriated the watch and other jewelry which he found in a small case on the bureau. When hearing footsteps, he hastily concealed himself just as Nellie entered the room. He was now looking for money. Hearing a slight noise, he quickly turned his head in the direction of the bed to meet the bright eyes of its occupant distended with terror gazing upon him.

"Not a sound," he hissed, "or it will be the last of you!"

Nellie raised herself as if to jump from bed, but the man sprung towards her and grabbed her throat, exclaiming "I'll choke you."

Nellie tried in vain to wrench his hands from her throat, when thinking of the camphor bottle beside her she caught it up and struck the man over the head; the frail glass broke into pieces and the liquid ran over his head nearly suffocating him, and with a yell of pain as the camphor burning into his eyes blinded him, he released his his hold and began stamping around the room in a paroxism of pain.

The noise awoke Charlie Martin who at once ran to his sister's room to see what was the matter. It was some minutes before he took in the situation, for his sister, now that help had come, fainted from fright. Charlie took up the pistol which the thief had left on the bureau and seeing the empty jewel case and disordered bureau he commanded the man to give up the stolen property which he did, when he was marched down stairs and securely locked up until morning.

Charlie then went to his sister who had recovered and was sitting up in bed.

"Oh! Charlie, where is he?" were her first words.

"He is safe, my poor little sister. How he must have frightened you!"

After hearing an account of it, he exclaimed with admiration, "How lucky it was that you thought of the camphor! I'll never tease you about being afraid of mice again."

His Animal Group.

"How do I judge character?" said Marshall P. Wilder; "why, I always study a man's face for that. I fix his features indelibly in my memory by placing it in my animal group."

"Your animal group? What is that?"

"Oh, some men I liken to the fox—they are sly; the bear, growlers; the cat, treacherous; the horse, noble; the dog, faithful; the puppy, despicable; the terrier, snappy and snarling. Some faces are like rays of sunshine to me, and some are like black and ugly clouds. The only thing I can suggest to a man with a bad face is not to keep a hotel."

Preparing for Another Possibility.

"Mamma, I'm sorry I dis'beyed you!"

"I'm glad to know it, Flossie."

"Mamma, I'm drefful sorry."

"Yes, little dear."

"Mamma, I'm just so sorry as I can be."

"That's enough of 'sorry,' dear. You needn't heap it up."

"Well, mamma, maybe some of it will do for next time I dis'bey."

DECEPTION.

The year lades, as the West wind sighs
And droops in many colored ways,
But your soft presence never dies
From out the pathway of my days.

The spring is where you are; but still
You, far away, to me can bring
Sweet flowers and dreams enough to fill
A thousand empty worlds with spring.

I walk the wet and leafless woods,
Your spirit ever floats before.
And lights its russet solitudes
With blossoms summer never wore.

I sit beside my lonely fire,
The shadows almost bring your face,
And light with memory and desire
My dull and somber dwelling place.

Among my books I feel your hand
That turns the page just past my sight;
Sometimes behind my chair you stand
And read the foolish rhymes I write.

The old piano keys I press
In random chorus—until I hear
Your voice, your rustling silken dress,
And smell the violets you wear.

I do not weep now any more,
I think I hardly ever sigh,
I would not let you think I bore
The kind of wound of which men die.

Believe that smooth content has grown
Over the ghastly grave of pain;
Content! O lips that were my own,
That I shall never kiss again!

It Ends Well.

A country minister was visited by one of his flock, a well-to-do farmer, who told him that he came on a very unhappy mission; the fact was that he and his wife had had trouble and he wanted the minister's advice.

"What's the matter?" asked the minister. "Can't you agree?"

"Oh, I can agree, you see, parson, but Matildy Jane, she can't agree."

"Well," said the minister, smiling, "if there is one of you that can agree, you ought to be able to get along."

"Wal," said the farmer, "if Matildy Jane'd git along, I think there'd be peace in the family."

"But it takes two to make a quarrel, Farmer Jones."

"Two? Well, all I c'n say is, parson, that you don't know Matildy Jane. If that 'ere woman can't git up a quarrel all by herself, I miss my guess!"

"She must be a very capable woman, Mr. Jones," said the minister, smiling a little.

"Capable? If you've got anything in your catalogue that she aint capable of, I sh'd like to know what it is."

"Come, come, Mr. Jones! You have already shown yourself sufficiently sharp tongued. I will warrant there is another side to the story."

"That's just what's the matter," said the farmer. "When I hear Matildy Jane's story I make up my mind that my side haint got no story at all. She's a drefful smart woman Matildy Jane is."

"Too valuable a woman, Mr. Jones, for you to quarrel with, I'll be bound."

"Wal, parson," said the farmer, reflectively "I don't know but what you're more'n had right. I guess I'll go home and see what Matildy Jane's got for supper. Something good, I'll warrant ye. She's a powerful good cook. Puts in a leetle too much pepper but it's pretty good cooking."

And so Farmer Jones started contentedly home, reconciled by the thought of Matildy Jane's cookery.

A Beautiful Father.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes all the care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter, but there isn't any work this Winter, so he's doing laboring till Spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home, when he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jackknife. You ought too see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, Autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing the evening meal for his motherlesss boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man whose graceful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robes in a costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to put their shoulder to the burdens of life, rather than to become burdens to others in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE OATH THAT MORMONS TAKE.—In the investigation of the attitude of the Mormon Church toward the United States government Henry W. Lawrence, president of the Chamber of Commerce and one of the most prominent business men in Utah, testified at Salt Lake City a few days ago that in the endowment house ritual persons going through always took the following oath: "You, each and all of you, agree to avenge the blood of the prophets Joseph and Hiram, who have sealed their testimony with their blood, and that you will teach this to your children and children's children to the third and fourth generation. This you do in the presence of God and the ministering angels."

The witness said there was another covenant to obey the priesthood in all things, and the penalty of death was attached to the violation of the covenant and for revealing the secrets of the house. In the time of Brigham Young the priesthood was supreme, and be controlled the people in all things. The church was in opposition to the government, and the feelings of the people were being alienated more and more.

THEIR BABY.

How a Burglar's Reformation Began When He Had Planned a Robbery.

Over on the west side is a house in which lives a man who passes many sleepless nigh. He has tried every kind of treatment without avail, and is forced to spend the weary hours in reading. Frequently he does not go to bed at all, dozing off occasionally in his armchair over a prosy passage in the book he is reading. His nervious system is so delicately organized that he is sensitive of the least noise about the house. If he were not a fearless man his midnight vigils would often be turned into horrible periods of unrest. But instead the hours of darkness have taught him much that the ordinary mortal who sleeps soundly can never know.

The other night he was aroused from a reverie over Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality" by a peculiar noise at one of the basement windows, as if somebody was trying to open it. He went softly to the window of the room above that from which the sound appeared to come and looked out. Sure enough, a burglar was attempting to raise the sash, but the window was fastened, and the intruder was about to cut the glass, so as to reach in and undo the lock. The owner of the house went to his room for a revolver, intending to fire it and frighten the thief away. Upon his return to the window he saw by the light of the street that the burglar had desisted from his purpose, at least for the time being, and was crouching down in the shadow of a bush in the little grass plot in front of the house.

Looking to see what had caused the cessation of the burglar's efforts to enter the house, he discovered on the front stoop the form of a woman, apparently not very old, who was bending over a little bundle which she had laid on the top step. The situation was interesting. The man in the window gently raised the sash without making noise enough to disturb the woman as she bent over the little package, or the burglar, as from behind the clump of bushes he furtively watched the actions of the woman on the stoop.

It did not take long to decide what was in the bundle nor what the woman intended to do. If there had been any doubt it would have been dispelled when she uncovered the face of a tiny sleeping babe and pressed her lips to the innocent little face. Then she clasped her hands, and in a voice broken with sobs and scarcely audible to the watcher on the window or to that other one behind the bush, said:

"Oh, God—here is my little baby. Jack's baby and my baby, only Jack don't know that she is baby. Jack went away, God, before baby came. And, dear God, I don't believe he would have gone away if he had known baby was coming, because—just because. She is so like him, God, he couldn't help loving her and caring for her. But Jack is gone somewhere, I don's know where, and he don't write to me or seem to care for me or baby any more, only that he don't know about baby, or else he would. And I am so poor, dear God, I can't keep baby! I can't have her live where I must! I can't see her grow up to hate her mother and to curse the day she was born! No, God, I don't believe you can ask that of me. It wouldn't be right. And now, dear God, I am going to leave my sweet little girl here to be taken care of. I know they are good people and kind in this house. I watched them today when a beggar went to the door. They were kind enough to him. So they will be kind to my little baby, because they can't help it. If they only look into her pretty blue eyes they will love her, God, just as I do. Not as much, for they can't. They will love her enough to keep her—I love her enough to give her up. And now, dear God, over baby's sweet little face, please care for her and keep her, and don't forget Jack. Jack was good to me while he was here, and I love him even now, when it seems as if everything is so black"—

The poor waman broke down completely and turned away with one last, long kiss on the babe's puckering lips.

The man in the window saw the figure by the bush start. He thrust out his hand with the revolver in it, so that he covered the thief if he should make any movement toward woman or babe. The woman slowly descended the steps and walked down the path, close to the spot where the man was hidden. Suddenly he sprang up.

"Bess!" he cried.

"Jack!"

"Bess! I heard you. Is it our baby?"

"Whose else could it be, Jack?" said the littler woman, sweetly and confusedly.

"Come, Bess, we'll take her home