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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD,

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

*SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.*

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

# Kent News.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1890. No. 38.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

**Terms of Transient Advertising:**

One square, three insertions or less - - - $1.00

Each subsequent insertion - - - - - 25

Six lines Nonpariel or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,

BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Friedman's Great Cut Sales!

TODAY WE COMMENCE the Winter Cannonade. The sound of Bargains will be heard all along the line. What else shall be done with whatever is left of Winter Things? Profits will be lost sight of in order to turn the remainder of our Winter Clothing into cash. Within the NEXT SIXTY DAYS low prices must compel our stock to change ownership. Our prices will be so low as to be absolutely matchless.

**Mens' Overcoats.**

*Some broken lots to be closed at $2.75, $3.00 and $4.00. All Wool Melton Overcoats, satin finished, sold by some dealers as English Kersey, reduced to $6.50, a good imitation. Our Nobby Dress Coat, nicely finished, should close in a few days at the price, $8.00, reduced from $11.00.*

**John Bull's Overcoats.**

They are English, you know, has been reduced fully 25 per cent. English Melton's, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Fur Beavers—satin lined throughout, a luxury—now $13.00, good enough for a Vanderbilt.

**Fine Storm Overcoats at Cyclone Prices.**

The warm weather has not added much to their happiness—intend to meet the thermometer at freezo—former price $11.00 to $15, now $7.50 to $10.00.

**Boy's Overcoats.**

Overstocked—will close the majority of them at 50 cents, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, some are worth three times the price.

**Men's Suits.**

Former $6.00 suits reduced to $4.00; $8.50 suit now $6.00; our nobby $10.00 suits reduced to $8.00; Imported Cassimere Suits—name denotes its English birth—sold at $15.00, now $12.00.

**Boys' Suits.**

Have been cut twenty-five per cent.—a few left—they will be closed out at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50—*some big bargains.*

**Underwear.**

Fine Underwear at a big discount on account of the warm weather.

**Remember—**

We don't advertise impossibilities. Everything advertised is now in stock and at the price advertised, not simply newspaper talk, but a genuine cut price.

A. FRIEDMAN,

Jan. 11, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

J. HERMAN IRELAND,

KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GRAIN!

COAL, FERTILIZERS

—and all kinds of—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

A full line of CARRIAGES, DAYTONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, the celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAVER BUCKEYE CORN and COB MILLS, MARSEILLES ADAMS POWER SHELLERS.

**Wanted: Corn, Either on Cob or Shelled**

IN ANY QUANTITY.

Having removed from Locust Grove, I thank my friends for their patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. J. HERMAN IRELAND,

d7-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

J. C. SUTTON, Jr.,

Black's - Maryland

—DEALER IN—

Grain, Coal and Wood.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN IN ANY QUANTITY,

delivered on the Baltimore & Delaware Bay and Queen Anne's railroads, or on Chester or Sassafras rivers.

A supply of COAL, both hard and soft, also, WOOD always on hand at Black's.

j4-tf. J. C. SUTTON, Black's, Md.

Established 1876.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE, MARYLAND.

New CORN Wanted

EITHER ON COB OR SHELLED,

in any quantity, delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct for the manufacturer, I can PAY MORE FOR GRAIN than those who buy on the market. Nov. 23, 1889.

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.

COAL and LIME!

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

BUILDING LIME

—AND—

WHITEWASH LIME

is at J. D. BACCHUS'

Coal and Wood Yard!

*Special inducements to contractors and builders. Would be pleased to quote you.*

Very respect,

Mar. 30, 1888. J. D. BACCHUS.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

**Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.**

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers when ever desired.

*WE STRIVE TO PLEASE!*

Bargains in Store Goods!

WHERE TO GET THEM

ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

WHO HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

**Dress Goods, Cloths,**

**Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres,**

**And all Kinds of Dry Goods.**

—ALSO—

**Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,**

**Groceries, &c., &c.,**

which stock will be kept complete.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!

SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Prices guaranteed Low!

Quality warranted as represented!

Best Prices for Trade

All cordially invited. Resp'y.

Jan. 11, 1890. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Here we Are in Season Again!

HEATERS! RANGES!

and Cook Stoves.

WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the SPLENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. It has been sold in this section during the past six years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.

Excelsior Cook Stoves!

The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front. It is undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior kept in stock. Have plenty of other styles Cooking Stoves and Ranges.

HEATING STOVES!

*In the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Right along with the same line of goods we will mention Coal Shovels, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Zinc, Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,*

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,

Oct. 5, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

HORSE-SHOEING

Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to

HORSE-SHOEING!

I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.

My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.

My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.

My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.

Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.

SAM. HICKS, H-O-R-S-E-S-H-O-E-R,

d15. Court Street, Chestertown.

FOR SALE!

Orchilla Guano!

A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT WITHOUT MANIPULATION.

Has stood th test for seventeen years by experienced farmers. None has proven equal to it as a permanent Improver. For Corn, Grass and PEACH TREES especially.

E. J. WATSON,

o12-6m. CHESTERTOWN.

**Taxes in First District.**

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.

For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays.

Aug. 17, 1889—tf. WM. H. FORD, COLLECTOR.

## A Priceless Pearl.

"Susy?"

"Yes, Miss Pryce."

Susy Holland was feeding the birds in the great gilded aviary that formed one end of the hall. Miss Pryce sat in her own room—writing room, she called it, although not being especially literary, she never *wrote there, nor did she write anywhere* else.

Miss Pryce was one of those human flowers who blossom out late in life. Up to thirty years of age she had been a factory girl. At that time the sudden rise in the value of some suburban property, which *had belonged to her dead father, made her* a wealthy woman.

Miss Pryce had ambition and energy. She moved as far away as possible from Welling Mills, bought a palace of a house, engaged a staff of servants, headed by a butler who had the manners and appearance *of a bishop, and a housekeeper who might* have been Queen Victoria herself in disguise.

She began a course of reading, of which, as a matter of course, she soon tired; engaged a French maid, and assumed all the dignity of one born in purple robes and fine linen.

Yet she was discontented enough as she sat there in the radiant cross lights of the unstained glass windows of the writing room, with her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, and the lustrous folds of her Watteau-shaped wrapper lying about her in a glittering mass.

The fact was that Miss Pryce had reached a point that money could not touch. She was in love.

Hugo Field had been the foreman in the Welling Mills factory when Miss Pryce did day work for day wages. He was in Philadelphia now superintending the erection of a great iron works.

And Susan Holland, who had stood at the loom next to Miss Pryce's own for two years, was her attendant at such times as *the presence of Mademoiselle Celine was* too oppressive.

"I can say and do as I like before Susy," observed Miss Price, with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

Mrs. Pryce was tall and large and square-shouldered, with deep gray eyes, thin colorless *hair, and a firm, thin-lipped mouth.* Evidently nature had intended her for a man.

Susy Holland was a small, fresh-cheeked, dewy-eyed lassie, with hair that twisted itself naturally into curly rings, and a little red rose of a mouth.

"Susy!" said Miss Pryce, *abruptly, nodding* towards a hammered brass card-receiver on the table, "are those all the cards that were left yesterday?"

"Yes, miss."

"All? Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure, Miss Pryce."

"Humph!" said *the heiress, "then Hugo* Field didn't call."

"Hugo never leaves a card," said Susy. "He——"

"Look here, Susy," sharply interrupted *Miss Pryce; "don't you think it would* sound quite as well if you were to say Mr. Field, considering all things?"

Susy reddened deeply.

"Mr. Field," she corrected herself, in a low voice.

"For you know," relentlessly went on Miss Pryce, "you are nothing but a sort of upper servant, after all. And Mr. Field is in a fair way to be one of the stars of the scientific world."

"Yes," murmured Susy, "I know he is a very learned man. At—least, so people say."

"*How is the grouty canary, Susy?*" questioned Miss Pryce after a minute or two of silence.

"Oh, he is *a good deal better, ma'am,*" said Susy.

"And the little marmoset that had the cramps?"

"*There's nothing at all the matter with* him today."

"You're a good girl, Susy," said Miss Pryce, perhaps regretting her sharpness of a few moments ago. "There's that black *lace dress of mine, Susy—it don't become* me and I'm tired of it. You can have it if you like,"

"Thank you, Miss Pryce," said Susy, whose wardrobe was of the slenderest, "but I don't know what use I could possibly have for it."

"*Give it away, if you don't want to wear* it," said the heiress. "Sell it. I am told there are people who make it their business to buy such things."

"Thank you."

And she took the black lace dress—a brilliant confection of Chantilly flounces *over an old-gold silk foundation—folded it* up and sold it to a very respectable woman on a side street, who dealt in dyed and renovated goods. And with the price—none too much, we may be sure—she bought herself a dark blue cashmere gown more suited to her position in life.

At the end of a week, Mrs. Hubbs, the dealer in second-hand stock knocked mysteriously at Miss Pryce's door, with a flat box on her arm.

"This black lace reception dress," said *she—"whom did it belong to?* One of the ladies in the house, I believe?"

The housekeeper, who had the manners of a reduced queen, deigned to become interested, although it had been her first impulse to order the intruder off the premises and discharge the maid who had been so bold as *to convey her in from the outer* door.

She put on her gold eyeglasses.

"It is Miss Pryce's gown," said she. "How did it come into your possession, my good soul?"

"It was sold to me," said Mrs. Hubbs. "Don't look at me as if you thought I stole it! I'm as honest a woman as any in the State of Pennsylvania and I ain't accustomed to be 'good-souled' by anybody! It's mine by sale and barter. But what ain't mine is this," *producing a folded slip of* paper. "I found it in the pocket of the gown, and I'd scorn to keep what wasn't my own; and so, if you please mum, I'll bid you a good day!"

Queen Victoria took some time to recover from the shock of this blunt address; but when at last *she regained her mental equi*poise, she carried the letter to Miss Pryce and told her all.

"A letter, eh?" said the heiress. "How came it there?"

Queen Victoria *found herself* unable to answer this question.

"Some one is culpably careless. Where is Celine?"

"Perhaps, ma'am, you forget that you gave Mademoiselle Celine leave to go out," said the housekeeper.

"So I did," said Miss Pryce. "Well, you may go, Mauleverer."

And Mrs. Mauleverer departed, stalking along like Lady Macbeth as she appears on the tragic stage.

Miss Pryce opened the letter which was without any outside address of any description.

It contained but few lines in Hugo Field's strong, bold hand:

"MY OWN DARLING:—I have determined to put to you in writing the question I have *not the courage to speak in words.* Do you love me? Will you accept the loyalty of my whole life? Until you send me an answer—yes or no—I shall not venture to come to the house again. For Heaven's sake do not keep me long in suspense.

Yours, ever devotedly, whatever the re*ply may be.* HUGO FIELD."

The letter dropped from Miss Pryce's white diamond-glittering hand; her eyes sparkled with an indescribable exultation and joy.

"So this is what has kept him away," she muttered, while unwonted smiles wreathed *her hard, square lips. "Dear, dear Hugo!* But it need discourage him no longer."

Drawing her mother-of-pearl and sandalwood desk towards her, she hurriedly scribbled the word "Yes" on a card, inclosed it in an envelope and gave it to a servant, with a word or two of direction and then *she rang the bell.*

"Where is Susy?" she asked of the maid who answered the summons.

"Please ma'am, *she's gone out,*" replied Mary Ann.

"Without my leave?" stormed the heiress.

"She only stepped out to get a spool of sewing silk, please, Miss Pryce. She said she'd be back in a minute."

Miss Pryce's face darkened ominously.

"I didn't hire her to rush around buying sewing silk," said she curtly, and dismissed Mary Ann.

"My!" said that young person when she reached the servants' hall, "I wouldn't be in Susy Holland's shoes when she comes home for the brightest shilling that ever was coined! Ain't missis mad!"

And Miss Pryce, impatiently pulling back the satin draperies of the window, was furthermore stung by seeing Susy come down the street leaning on the arm of Hugo Field himself.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Pryce. "If that isn't taking a deal on herself. My companion that I pay two pounds a month! With her arm in his, and her face turned up towards his, like the picture of the sun worshipper and the sun! *I'll* teach her better than that, before she's an hour older—see if I don't! The bold, forward, saucy little thing!"

*Even as these tumultuous thoughts* passed through her mind, Susy came in, fresh as a rose.

"Where is he?" asked Miss Pryce, repressing her rage, as she glanced around the hall.

"Who, Miss Pryce?"

"Mr. Field."

Susy blushed to the very roots of her soft, gold-brown hair.

"He wouldn't come in," she faltered. "He—oh, I may as well tell you, Miss Pryce—he has asked me to be his wife."

"You are telling a lie!"

Susy started back, *as the fierce words* seemed to strike against her like so many javelin points.

"Miss Pryce, are you really crazy?" she gasped.

"No, you poor fool," shrieked the heiress; "but I think that you are! Hugo Field is only playing with your credulity. He is my lover! Look here!" And she waved the folded slip of paper before Susy's dazzled eyes.

At that moment Mademoiselle Celine, the French maid, glided in, with Miss Pryce's shawl in her hand.

"I beg mademoiselle's pardon," said she, smoothly, "but zat letter was for Miss Susee. Monsieur Field bade me give it to her secretly. What could I do better zan put it in ze pocket of ze dress zat I knew mademoiselle have give to Miss Susee? I deplore myself much zat soch a mistake can have happened itself, but ze letter is for Miss Susee."

Miss Pryce dropped the letter as it were a living thing and really had poisoned her by its sting.

"*Is this a game of puzzles?*" *cried she,* sharply.

But Susy had flung both her arms around her neck.

"Oh, Miss Pryce, Miss Pryce," she cried, "don't look so pale and hurt. The letter was for me. Hugo told me he had sent it; but I never knew—I didn't dream—"

"Child," said Miss Pryce, recovering herself by a resolute effort, "what does it matter what you thought or dreamed? It seems to me that it was I who has been doing the dreaming all along. But, Susy, I supposed that love letter was for me. I sent back the answer he asked for. Susy, will you do me a life-long favor? Will you let Hugo Field suppose that it was you who despatched the word 'yes,' written on a card, to him?"

"*I will,*" *she answered.*

And to the day of his death, Hugo Field never knew that the heiress had been smitten with him.

"All my secrets are his but this secret was Miss Pryce's—not mine," said Susy.

And, at her wedding, Susy Holland wore a pearl clasp of priceless value in the folds of her veil—Miss Pryce's gift.

IRATE FEMALE—See here! do you mean to tell me that I have got such an ugly looking nose as that? Photographer—But my apparatus cannot lie, madam. Irate Female—Then for goodness sake go and get *one* that can.

ETHEL—George, mother was looking when you kissed me last night. George—How did she take it? Ethel—Well, she said she felt satisfied now that you mean business.

A LADY WAS asked, "At what age were *you married?" She was equal to the emer*gency, and quietly responded: "At the parson-age."

THE wisest fish long escapes the most dangerous hooks, and is finally caught with a bent up pin.

**The Poet's Exultation.**

She is mine! My darling is mine!
Struggling genius views the sunshine:
From the depths of despair I'm lifted high:
It's not very far from the earth to the sky!
She is mine.

"Poor scribbler of rhymes that nobody reads;
Teacher of doctrine that nobody heeds;"
*Call me this if you will, I'll not repine,*
For naught can affront me, since she is mine!
She is mine!

You birds that hop lightly from bough to bough,
I've a song far sweeter than yours to sing now.
You chant of the warmth of the bright sunshine;
My heart thrills with the thought that she is mine;
She is mine.

"Poverty stricken?" *Oh, no not so;*
Richer than Crœsus, I'd have you know;
Dross mere dross, are his glittering piles,
Weighed and found wanting with Jessie's smiles!
She is mine.

My hard-hearted critics, a word for you;
Unkind things you've written, oftimes untrue;
But blest with her love, I freely forgive;
Old things are dead now, a new life I live.
She is mine.

And now if it be not amiss to say,
Tho' this with my love does but little weigh,
"Struggling genius" is over with me,
Harassed by debts no longer I'll be,
For plus her virtues she has in store
A cool half million—or something more!
She is mine.

## SEVEN YEARS SHE WAITED.

**Then the Man Who Promised to Wed Her Married Another.**

A special dispatch from Fort Dodge, Iowa, says: "One of the leading attorneys of this city was visited the other day by Mrs. Margaret Graham, a fair young widow, who wanted the law to redress a curious grievance, and who left very much disgusted when she found that the courts could not right her wrongs.

"About eight years ago, she said, some time after her husband died she received an offer of marriage from a man of means and she was disposed to accept him. Before doing so she consulted J. R. Reed, a man in whom she had much confidence and who was her neighbor and was married. She laid the matter before him, and to her surprise he said:

"'I don't want you to marry that man.'

"'Why?,' she asked.

"'Because,' said he, in a tender tone, 'I want you for myself.'

"Now Reed's wife was in poor health and was not expected to live long. It therefore appeared to the widow that her friend and counsellor was only making prudent provision for the future, and, as she preferred him to the other man she dismissed the latter and sat down to wait for the funeral which must precede her wedding. She had a fair and full understanding with Reed that they should be married soon after the wife had left him a widower. So she waited and waited. One year, three years, five years, and still the wife persisted in living with a contrariness that upset all calculations. But the plighted troth held good. The widow and her lover borrowed each other's money and got along on very social and intimate terms, so much so that some people in the community actually talked unpleasantly about them.

"Time flew on and even the stubborn wife got to the end of her string at last, when seven years had passed from the date of the widow's engagement. Then she fondly imagined that she was to have a new ring upon her finger, and she would soon sit at the same table with her beloved, and trade at the stores on his account. But, alas for the perfidity of mankind! Within six months from the death of his wife, Reed, deaf to all appeals of confiding innocence, led a blushing young girl to the altar and she became his bride.

"Aghast at this unparallelled wickedness, the wronged woman wanted to invoke the punishment of the law upon Reed. 'There must be some law,' she said, 'for such a demon as that.' Imagine her dismay when she learned there was no provision in the statues for such cases. She went home a sad and disappointed woman, *thinking of seven wasted years that would* never come back to her and of the offer that she threw away."

## THE WALTZ IS DOOMED.

**Herr Strauss Has Hit Upon a Dance that Will Suit All.**

The waltz is doomed. The news comes from Vienna, the home par excellence of the waltz, and the hand that deals the mortal blow is none other than that of *Strauss, who may almost be regarded as* the creator of the dance. The genuine waltz is too fast for our self-indulgent habits. We cannot keep up with the rapid whirl, the constant succession of quick measured steps and turns. We dine late now, and—as regards many of us—too well. The spectacle of *persons fresh from* a dinner of half a dozen courses and unlimited champagne attempting to keep pace to the dashing strains of the Hungarian band is not edifying. Consequently many attempts have been made to modify the severity of the dance. Various "slow" waltzes have been introduced in some cases to four ungainly hops, in others to a couple of shuffling slides. It is these that Herr Strauss describes as "conversation dances." He now proposes to give us something between *the latter and the true waltz,* and to wed it to his own characteristic strains.

"I intend to call it the minuet waltz," says the famous composer. "It will be composed in three-four time, and consist of three sets, which all begin andantino gracioso, in the style of the minuet or polonaise. It will then *gradually develop into* the real waltz, with the old-fashioned rapid time and whirl. Ladies will be able to accept lazy partners accustomed to good living and sedentary occupations for the first part, while for the faster movements they can take more agile and less placid partners who are still dancers."

The minuet waltz is to be introduced at the approaching carnival to the elite of the Austrian aristocracy, and Herr Strauss is confident that it will serve to revive the taste for dancing in circles where it is fast passing into abeyance and disrepute. For it cannot be denied that at the present moment the waltz is on the decline, and that "dancing" men are becoming so rare that hostesses, in despair, are beginning to give up dancing altogether and to substitute for *it private theatricals and other forms of en*tertainment.—*New York Tribune.*

THE ambition of youth looks forward to the triumphs of age, while seated age turns back a wistful eye along the rosy path of youth.

## Mrs. Melthrope's Mistake.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Mark Antony's widow!" said Mrs. Melthrope, sharply. "Again! Didn't I desire you tell her yesterday, when she called, that I was particularly engaged?"

Hyacinth Melthrope hesitated. She was a tall, angular girl of fifteen, with feet and hand pitifully in her way, and big, frightened eyes, like those of a hare disturbed in its woodland haunts.

"Mamma," she ventured, "won't you see her? She is very pretty and young, and she looks so dreadfully tired."

"No, I won't," said Mrs. Melthrope, standing with a little Dresden statuette in her hand, and considering whether it had better be packed in a trunk or carried by hand. "I am going down to my brother-in-law Harper's, with Norine, and I have no time *to spare with poor relations.*"

"Oh, mamma, hush! She will hear you!"

"Let her hear me. The truth never yet did anybody harm. Mark Antony would marry her, in spite of all of us, when he might have had Prudentia Goldiland with her quarter of a million, just for the asking."

"Mamma, she is your brother's widow."

Mrs. Melthrope fixed upon her youngest born a Gorgon glance, which nearly froze her to death.

"Be silent, Miss!" *said she. "Is it for a* slip of a thing like you to contradict me and lay down the law? Tell Mark Antony's widow to go about her business!"

At this moment, however, Hyacinth was reinforced by a slight, fair-haired little woman in a very plain black gown, who *valiantly presented herself on the scene.*

"Do not blame Hyacinth, Mrs. Melthrope," said she. "I called to see you because I have just returned from a visit to Harper Castle—"

"Mrs. Melthrope stiffened visibly. Hyacinth looked appalled. Even Norine, the *beauty of the family, who lay like a sultan* among her cushions, and drank chocolate, roused herself into something like attention, lifting her big, deer-like eyes to the blushing face of the new comer.

"She is pretty, in a wax doll sort of fashion," though Norine, who herself was a sort of Junonian belle—large, languid and pink-cheeked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Melthrope. "But if you will allow me to mention it, Mrs. Mark Antony, it was hardly the thing for you to besiege my poor, dear brother-in-law—even at his own house."

"His wife was Mark Antony's sister."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Melthrope, "if you expect, madame, to be adopted by all Mark Antony's *relations, you will find yourself* considerably mistaken. You are young and perhaps inexperienced. Allow me to warn you that too much pushing will not be tolerated by the family."

Mrs. Mark Antony Maywood colored to the very roots of her golden fringe of hair; she would have spoken, but her sister-in-law kept the floor.

"If *you will read the newspapers,*" said she, "you will perceive that there are plenty of situations as companions, stenographers, amanuenses and so on, to be had."

"But—"

Again Mrs. Melthrope struck in:

"Or I would recommend you to study *telegraphy, or purchase a typewriter* and practice diligently upon it. Anything would be preferable to becoming a burden upon your friends. Good morning!"

Mrs. Antony withdrew silently. Norine Melthrope tossed her head; Hyacinth burst into tears.

"*Goosey,*" *cried Norine, "what are you* sobbing about?"

"Oh, it was too cruel," faltered Hyacinth. "*You might at least have offered her a* cup of your chocolate, Norine?"

"Nonsense," said Norine. "The woman has got to be taught to know her place! Let her go to work!"

"But she never was brought up to do anything. She was rich when Uncle Mark Antony married her," pleaded Hyacinth.

"She might have had a few thousand dollars—nothing to what Prudentia Goldiland would have inherited; but it is no fault of ours that Mark Antony gambled them all away. Her mother should have brought her up differently."

"Mamma, it's just the way you have educated Norine. She can't even sew on her *own shoe-buttons!*" protested truthful Hyacinth.

"How dare you argue with me, you impudent minx?" retorted Mrs. Melthrope, putting down the Dresden statuette and giving Hyacinth a smart box on the ear. "Go down stairs and help Bridget, at once; and *don't you ever dare again to dictate to* me!"

So the packing went on—for although Mrs. Melthrope had written to her wealthy brother-in-law that she would spend a few weeks at Harper's Castle, with his permission, as dear Norine's health was delicate, and Hyacinth, sweet child, was growing a great deal too fast, still she had made up her mind to remain there permanently, when once she had obtained a footing.

"And I wonder," thought indignant Hyacinth, "what mamma calls that but pushing."

The Melthropes went down by train the next week, leaving the packing-boxes on storage, and taking only nine trunks. For Harper Castle was not many miles from Saratoga, and Mrs. Melthrope intended that "dear Norine" should have the benefit of the fashionable season.

"Albert Harper is a rich Crœsus," thought the maneuvering mother, "and there's no reason that some of the money shouldn't be spent on his nieces!"

She had not seen much of the Harpers, of Harper Castle, of late years because there had been no very particular warmth of affection between herself and her sister. "*If I had supposed,*" *reasoned Mrs.* Melthrope, "that Artemis was going to marry rich, I should have treated her very differently those years that she lived at home with us. But Melthrope said there was no reason she shouldn't earn her living, and save us the extra expense of a lady's maid—and, of course, all that is a bygone now, and if we play the cards well, we can have a home at Harper Castle for the rest of our lives!"

The elegant open landau with its deep bay horses glittered with gold-plated harness, and its two coachman in black livery, was waiting at the station. Norine entered it, more like royal Juno than ever. Mrs. Melthrope bustled after her, and Hyacinth seated herself timidly at the back of the carriage.

"*This is something like,*" *said Norine,* languidly exultant. "Mamma, we've been grubs all our live, now we are commencing to be butterflies. I must say, I like to feel my wings."

And Hyacinth was silent.

Colonel Harper met them at the door—a *superb arched portal beneath a row of* Corinthian columns. He was a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, his hair just sprinkled with gray, his keen, dark eyes sparkling through eye-glasses. Norine kissed kim effusively. Mrs. Melthrope squeezed his hand. Hyacinth shrank back, scarcely *daring to appropriate any of the welcome* to herself.

"Pray walk in," said the Colonel. "I was just considering the propriety of writing to you, when I received the letter announcing your speedy visit."

"My dear Albert! Of writing to us?"

"*Yes," said Colonel Harper, ushering* them into a stately drawing-room. "I do not know that my affairs particularly affect the rest of the family, but I have decided to let you know of my second marriage."

Mrs. Melthrope gave a gasp. Norine looked appalled. No thunderbolt could *have taken them more by surprise.*

"Artemis has been dead a year now," went on the Colonel, in cool business-like accents. "The lady who has honored me by intrusting her future to my care is a connection of this family. Evylyn, my dear" (beckoning to a slight figure which up to *this time had lingered among the* shadows of the bay-window draperies). "I wish to introduce to you my late wife's sister and her daughters. Mrs. Melthrope—young ladies—this is Mrs. Harper."

"Why!" cried out Hyacinth in her impulsive fashion, "it's Uncle Mark Antony's widow!"

Mrs. Melthrope had reddened as if boiling carmine paint had been poured through all her veins. Norine grasped at her lace neck-frills as if she had difficulty in breathing. Mrs. Harper greeted them with a certain calm graciousness, like a queen receiving her subjects.

"I tried to tell you about it that day in the city," said she, "I should liked to have asked you to our quiet wedding, but you declined to hear me out. You desired me to read the newspapers, or to buy a typewriter, or *something of that kind. I could* not get a chance to explain to you that Colonel Harper was a friend of mine in the old days before I married Mark Antony, and before he was betrothed to Artemis Maywood."

Mrs. Melthrope and Miss Norine returned to New York in the evening train. After all that has come and gone they deemed it best speedily to retire from the field. But Mrs. Harper put in a plea for Hyacinth to remain at the castle.

"She was the only one who spoke kindly *to me," said she.* "Without intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard her begging for quarters for me. That it was cavalierly refused was no fault of hers. You will stay with me, dear little Hyacinth?"

"If mamma does not object," said Hyacinth, secretly wondering if the world was *coming to an end.*

"Mamma," did not object in the least. It was something to have that tall, awkward school-girl provided for, she thought.

"But what Colonel Harper could have seen to fancy in Mark Antony's widow," as *she afterward's said, "I can't imagine.*"

Perhaps all this was a lesson to Mrs. Melthrope; perhaps not. There are some people who will never learn much in the school of that grim old pedagogue, experience!—*The Ledger.*

**Took a Husband on Trial.**

Among the many handsome young ladies who promenade the principal streets of Fresno none are trimmer, neater, and prettier than Mary Wilson. She has a splendid form, is above the medium height, with large brown eyes, brilliant auburn hair, *elastic step, vivacious manner. She is highly* educated, being a clever performer on many *musical instruments.* Mary is in her twenty-second year. She is the daughter of a late wealthy rancher in Stanislaus county. When her father died he left her $10,000. Some months ago Miss Wilson met Joseph Campbell, a *young and prepos*essing man, said to be a Sacramento farmer. He is a tall, handsome brunette. Joseph admired Mary, and sought her hand in marriage. Miss Wilson refused his offer, saying that she could take care of herself. Joseph persisted. The more Joseph pressed his suit the higher became Mary's admiration for him. She liked his perseverance. Her heart at last thawed and she consented to become Mrs. Campbell for the brief period of six months.

"Joe," *said Mary,* in her most bewitching way, "I will marry you for six months. At the end of that time, if marriage is a failure, we will find it out and go our ways."

"No. I don't want to marry for six months, I want to live with you always."

"I *shall never live* with a man always unless I can live with him happily," replied *the spirited Mary.*

Joseph finally consented to the six month's plan. Mary drew up a contract for the six month's marriage. Joseph and she signed it and they became man and wife. The contract is *very binding,* and states that if Joseph gets drunk during the six months the document is null and void. Mary's friends hope that at the end of that time the obligation may be renewed, and that married for six months may be married for ever.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A TRAVERSE CITY GIRL made her lover come around at noon for an answer to his proposal of marriage. She says she has seen him thousands of times, but always in *the evening,* "and she will marry no man unless she knows how he looks by daylight." It is all right to exercise all the care possible before plunging into the sea of matrimony; but after marriage she may see more of him in the day time than at night—unless it is pretty late at night.—*Norristown Herald.*

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *in the pre*face to a book on visions, says, with all a scientist's conservatism, that once, watching by a death-bed, the impression was conveyed to him that something—that is the word he uses—passed from the body into space.

## FOR A SONG'S SAKE.

**A Story Short to Read, But Full of Human Pathos.**

*Boston Globe.*

Monsieur Fernande, a penniless young composer, occupied a garret room at the *Bufontes.* He was happy there, however, *for he could now and then catch a glimpse* of Mlle. La C——fanning herself on the first floor balcony. He fell, of course, desperately in love with her, and as she was a singer he composed for her a song which he called "Love's Dying Dream."

When it was completed he ran down *stairs with it, resolved to knock and hand* it to a servant, but finding the door open he slipped in. There was her portrait on the bondoir table, and he would have kissed it if a scream and a growl had not startled him.

He returned. The scream came from *Mlle. La C——,* the growl from a gentleman who accompanied her, and on the in*stant two hands came down on Ferenande's* shoulders, and the miniature was wrested from him.

"How careless of Augusta," cried the lady "to leave the door open for thieves to enter by."

The gentleman lustily called for help.

Fernande said nothing. Conscious of his terrible position he was stricken dumb, and it was as one passes through the changing scenes of a dream that he knew himself to be arrested and cast in prison.

The prima donna appeared against him when the proper time came. She had found this man in her room. He had a valuable ornament in his hand. She believed that he intended to steal it. She had never *seen him before—Oh, no, never.*

At this the young man thought it would be well to be dead. She had never seen him before! Then she had not smiled upon him when he threw that bouquet of Province roses. It was all fancy. He had not caught her eyes. She had never noticed him.

The gentleman who had been with *mademoiselle gave his evidence, only he was* fiercer, and called the hapless Fernande a thief, a brigand and a rascal when he alluded to him. And Fernande could only say that he was not guilty.

"I am named Fernande, and I am 23 years old, and I am nothing and nobody."

*This he said when called upon to account* for himself and nothing *more,* and he was written down vagrant and condemned to six months hard labor as a thief.

Mlle. La C——went home panting and declaring that she "hated to go to such dreadful places." She ate a delightful little *lunch, and afterward finding a packet* upon her table opened it and read Fernande's little anonymous note, at which she laughed and hummed over the song pronouncing it "very pretty." A few days after she practiced it, and on being encored one night bethought her to sing it.

*Poor Fernande, if he could but have been* there to have seen how the woman wept over his pretty little lay of love and death, and to have heard how the applause rang.

After that the manager besought mademoiselle to sing "Love's Dying Dream" every night, and the lady obeyed the request.

Amateur singers went mad over it, and it was published. Having the name of no composer upon it, it was called Mlle. La C——'s song, and by many was believed to be her own.

*One day with a party she visited the prison where Fernande was confined.* She stood amid her little circle of cavaliers and said to one in authority of the place: "What do they like, these people? Shall I sing them a little love song?"

"As mademoiselle pleases," said the man. "Everyone understands them."

And mademoiselle *smiled,* and tried her voice with a little thrill, and began poor Fernande's song, "Love's Dying Dream."

Oh, the eager, glittering eyes that watched her. Oh, the flushed cheek, the hurried breath! Oh, the mad throbbings of the heart of No. 24, as he whispered to himself:

"It is my song! It is my song!"

"What is the matter?" whispered No 23 to No. 24. "I say *mon ami,* speak."

"What is the matter?" asked the singer of the superintendent, as the last notes of her song died upon her lips. "There seems to be commotion."

"There is a little," said the superintendent, calmly, "No. 24 has caused it."

"Has he escaped?" cried the lady, looking as though she had heard that a tiger had broken loose.

"After a manner, mademoiselle," said the superintendent. "He is dead."

"These people never have any sense of propriety," said mademoiselle. "How dreadful."

They buried Fernande in whatever spot of ground is given to pauper prisoners. And Mlle. La C——sang on until she sang herself into the heart of some man with a title, but as long as she sings at all she will sometimes sing "Love's Dying Dream." It is so pretty, so sweet, and then it was the work of an unknown admirer. It is a favorite with madame and always has been.

*No one now remembers No. 24,* named Fernande, who was so impolite as to die when Mlle. La C—— was singing.

**A Collapsed Druggist.**

"I want some consecrated lye," he slowly announced as he entered the store.

"You mean concentrated lye," suggested the druggist, as he repressed a smile.

"Well, may be I do. It does nutmeg any difference. It's what I camphor, anyhow. What does it sulphur?"

"Eighteen cents a can."

"Then you can give me a can."

"I never cinnamon who thought himself so witty as you do," said the druggist, in a *gingerly manner, feeling* called upon to do a little punning himself.

"Well, that's not bad either," laughed the customer, with a syruptitious glance. "I ammonia novice at the business, though I've soda good many puns that other punsters