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.

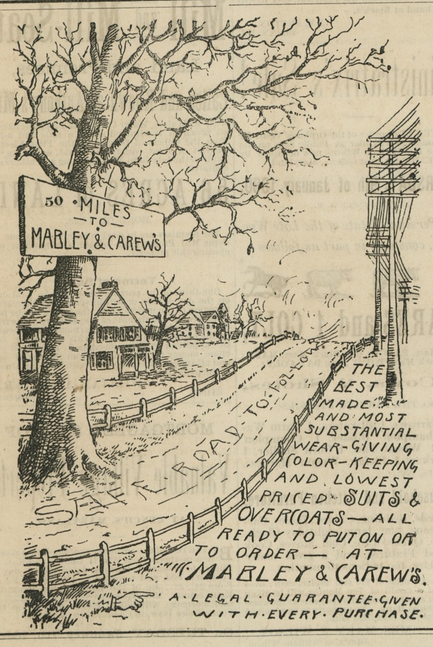
Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1890. No. 34.

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.



IF WE GO BY THE ALMANAC

Only One Week is Left of 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.*

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,
67-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, 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.
n17-tf. B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown, Md.

—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.

CARPETS! CARPETS! 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.

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, CHOICE PEARL HOMINY, CRACKED CORN—sifted or unsifted—SOL. CORN CHOP, MIXED CORN CHOP, HOMINY OFFAL, BRAN, MIDDLINGS and WHEAT TAILINGS. 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,
no9-tf. Urieville Roller Mills.

The First Ball-Dress.

BY EMILY READ.

"There is no use in hurrying. Don't you see that the boat has gone?"

"I knew that we would be left; Rose is never in time. I must say, of all faults, want of punctuality is certainly the most trying."

"Never mind," I said, for I saw poor little Rose's eyes were full of tears, for the disappointment was much greater to her than to Mary or me, since it was to purchase her first ball-dress that we had undertaken the day's jaunt.

"For my part," I added, "I think punctuality quite as provoking as the opposite. If the boat, for instance, had been five minutes late we would now be on board of it."

"I do not care in the least not going. It is the waste of time that is so provoking. One cannot settle down comfortably to anything so late in the day."

Mary turned to leave as she spoke.

"Is there no chance of our going? Madame Elise said this was the only day she could give me," Rose said piteously.

"Perhaps we can hail a sail-boat to take us over," I suggested.

"Nonsense; one is sure to get wet in a sail-boat," Mary said.

Yet she turned back, and stood with us on the wharf looking to see if there was a boat near enough to be hailed. But it seemed quite hopeless, the wind being against us. At last there was one beating against the wind, the tack she was making promising to bring her very near to where we were.

"I should think they would see us; three passengers are not to be despised," Mary said.

"But how do they know we are passengers? If we had only some one to hail them."

"I would not mind calling if I thought they would hear," said practical Mary.

"Oh, don't; I would rather not go than to have you scream for a boat," screamed Rose.

"Very well. It was for you I proposed to 'scream.' You two can stand here if you please. I am going home."

"I think the boat is coming nearer. The men may after all have seen us," Rose said, growing hopeful.

"Oh, pray, don't," I pleaded, for Mary had again returned, and this time she was waving her handkerchief and umbrella in the most frantic way, and Rose catching her excitement was also fluttering a white signal. "It might be a pleasure boat," I added.

"I think I know one of our own sail-boats when I see it, and our boatmen, too," said Mary; for the little craft had come near enough for us to recognize the blue flannel, which was a sort of uniform for the boatmen in "the season."

Though she had been shy at first, she was now intent upon answering our signals and was making for the wharf under difficulties.

"I am afraid we have given them some trouble," I said, intently watching their approach.

"Our combined forces will repay them; if not, we can increase them. Commend me to a boatman to understand how to charge for his trouble," said Mary dryly.

We all stood watching the boat until it was near enough to hail, when Mary called out.

Still there was a little hesitation; the three men were evidently discussing the situation.

"We have missed the steam launch, and want to cross to town," Mary shouted.

They must have understood at last, for the boat came as promptly as it could, and the men were not surly, as they are apt to be when they see that there is no man in the party. I suppose they think women are never grateful for the trouble they take.

At last the boat hook took firm hold, the boat was well steadied, and we went down the wharf steps to go on board.

Mary went first quite firmly, ignoring the out-stretched hand of the man who stood on the bottom of the steps to help us. She made her way to the stern with a little toss of her head, as if surprised at being considered to need assistance.

Rose came next, a little heedlessly, and might have fallen had not the boatman caught her, and then he led her to a seat. I supposed I was to get on board as best I could, which was a little awkward, for I am slightly near-sighted; but the man who had charge of the boat saw me hesitate and came forward quickly.

"I am afraid we have given you trouble," I said, when I felt myself steady on my feet. "We are anxious to go to town, and so we signalled—"

"We are glad to get passengers, and three ought to be worth going for," he interrupted.

"Yet you hesitated," I said.

He was surly, I thought, like most of our boatmen.

The wind being in our favor, the young man at the helm was the only one who had anything to do. Mary, who had a seat near him, took the opportunity to lecture upon her present hobby, Grecian Antiquities, and gave him a description of the "Argo," and I thought he looked very much entertained with the account.

Rose talked to the young man who helped her on board, and quite scandalized Mary by her merry laughter, as if the two were having a few jokes.

I tried to talk with the only man left, evidently the captain of the boat, but he had very little to say, and seemed anxious to get rid of us, and I—well, I acknowledge I was uncomfortable, for I saw we had made a mistake, and I was afraid Mary did not understand, for, as we hurriedly neared the wharf, I saw her put her hand in her pocket, and I was sure she was about to discuss the extra fare, questioning whether it was deserved, since they were so long deciding to earn it.

My dread was verified, for, not trusting me to do the proper thing, she drew out her purse.

"Don't!" I whispered.

"Why not—what do you mean?" she asked.

"You goose!" I said, much louder than I ought to have done.

Then I stepped between her and the captain, thanked him for our pleasant sail, and for his courtesy in taking pity on us.

Rose, I found, was more communicative and had told her boatman that her first ball had depended upon our getting to town, to which he said something I did not hear.

Mary no doubt thought I had gone mad to treat a boatman as if he were conferring a favor instead of earning his living, and, in her astonishment, she forgot to take out her purse. She evidently thought the best way to end my thanks was—to hurry me away, and, certainly, I would have continued as long as she stood there.

It was not until we were in the street that she recalled the fact that we had paid nothing.

"Really, Margaret, I do not know what to think of you. You let Rose flirt with the boatman—"

"I did nothing of the kind," said Rose indignantly; "he was civil and so was I."

"Oh—civility means jokes and laughter."

"The young man you were talking to, seemed to think you were joking," Rose retorted.

"Did he? He was mistaken then. I was giving him information. But why would not Margaret let me pay the fare? No doubt the men take us for swindlers. Fancy—paying them with thanks!"

"Don't you recognize a gentleman when you see one?" I asked.

"I don't know what you mean," Mary said.

"I am sure mine was one," said Rose eagerly; "he said ever so many things that made me sure he was one."

"I can't say the same of mine. He was certainly nothing more than a boatman, for he told me it was the jolliest life a going."

I let the subject drop, for we had to discuss our plans, and make arrangements where to meet, for Mary was to go to the library, since she disliked shopping, and considered dress frivolous.

Rose and I did our shopping most satisfactorily, for, having determined what the ball-dress was to be, we were not bewildered in our selection. Madame Elise was rather tiresome to my little Rose, but even she was got through with, and the ball-dress was promised to be a great success.

We were in good time for the steamboat and found Mary laded down with books.

I did take a practical interest in our plans for the ball, and told Mary we were to spend the night with friends in town on that occasion.

The ball-dress was finished, and was all Madame Elise promised it should be; and, I must say, I never saw anything prettier than our little Rose. I kissed her with a feeling that some one else might think her as pretty and sweet as I did, and,——

I had no time to give way to foolish fears for Mary had to be looked after; then I had my own hasty toilet to make.

I enjoyed the ball greatly; lights and music always will, I think, please me, but that night to have watched Rose would have been pleasure enough, even if I had been forced to be a wall-flower.

My one fear was that Mary would have a stupid time, for she did not dance and had a contempt for small talk. I could not hope to find any one who would be interesting to her at a ball, and I began to fear I had made a mistake in urging her to come on our little Rose's account.

But it turned out better than I hoped; at any rate, she looked very well pleased when a middle-aged (Rose called him an old man, but then every one over forty is old in the child's estimation)—a middle-aged man with a beautiful white beard and spectacles, came to speak to her. They walked about the rooms a little while and then disappeared, to find some quiet corner where they could "talk in peace," Mary explained, when I went in search of her to make sure she got some supper.

As for Rose, she had as many partners as she could well manage, and danced to her heart's content; and yet I thought more than once her eyes wandered to the door as if she was expecting some one. I knew very well that every one we knew was in the rooms.

The child had danced so often, I begged her to rest for just one waltz, and promised to stay with her if she would. She was not inclined to miss even the one dance, but with her usual sweet temper submitted. She had scarcely seated herself when I heard her give a little exclamation of pleasure, and seeing her head was turned toward the door, I naturally looked in the same direction, and saw three gentlemen standing there, as if they had just entered and were looking about them. There was something familiar about them, and yet something strange, as if we had met under very different circumstances.

One of them caught sight of us and came quickly over, that is, as quickly as one can come through the mazes of a ball-room, and I had time as I watched him coming to recognize one of the boatmen who had brought us to town the day we bought Rose's ball-dress, the one Mary had accused the child of flirting with.

"I have been trying to find you, for I remember you said you would be here—when on your way to buy your dress. How pretty it is, and how lovely—"

Rose laughed, but she also blushed.

I thought he was going a little too fast, since he was scarcely an acquaintance, so I interposed.

"It was too bad too press you into our service as we did, but our being here tonight depended upon our getting to town that morning, so you see what a kind service you did us."

"And Hill came near spoiling it all. He was opposed to our seeing your signals of distress, but you see there were two of us against him."

"Very good-natured in you and very unkind in Mr. Hill."

"He isn't fond of the sex in general—"

"And had a hatred of three in particular. Well, I am glad we proved so harmless."

"I am not so sure you were so harmless"—with a quick glance at Rose—"but I am sure Tom got lots of information; it's his luck to associate familiarly with Grecians."

"Antiquities?" asked Rose.

He laughed, and nodded yes.

"Then we can sympathize; I heard lots too, but I manage to forget it all."

In this case, I think, he was impressed, perhaps because it was a lady who lectured.

"Then the only one not repaid was Mr. Hill; I am sure he deserved to suffer for his lack of courtesy," I said.

Just then I heard my name, and looking up I saw other two boatmen, waiting to be formally introduced. It was rather awkward, for I knew my last remark must have been overheard, and I was glad that Rose's friend explained to me.

"It is just like Hill to do it all in good form. To tell the truth, I thought after having been sailing together, we were, at least, speaking acquaintances. Besides, I came here on purpose to meet you. If Hill will introduce me, will you let your sister just end this waltz with me?"

Rose looked at me beseechingly, so I couldn't say no, but I must confess I was annoyed at my own good nature, for it proved to be as long as half a dozen waltzes instead of the ending of one.

"Where is the other lady?" asked Tom, I hoped to see her and receive her thanks, for I really did a great deal, you know. All the steering devolved on me, and I am sure I brought you to port without an accident."

"I thought you received information sufficient to repay you," I said, laughing. "My sister is somewhere in the room, talking of Greek art with the great Grecian antiquarian, Prof. Bland. If you will go with me, I promise to find them."

I made the offer maliciously, for Mr. Hill had dropped into Rose's vacant seat, and looked as if he intended to stay.

"You must not think of such a search; you would run foul of the antiquities. I could not think of giving you the trouble."

Then, seeing me about to urge our going, he said, "The fact is I always avoid the professor in a—in a ball room."

"You know him then?"

"A little, and I also know him better than to interrupt him. But we are losing the music. Will you dance?"

But I would not, so he went to find a partner.

"He is the professor's son," Mr. Hill explained. "It is wonderful how unlike one can be to one's own father; he so gay and light-hearted, the professor so ponderous. The boy takes after his mother, who was a distant cousin of mine. She died before he could remember. It is pleasant to see a disposition or virtue of one we are fond of perpetuated. You feel you can never exactly die if some one, say a century afterwards, has your characteristics, or perhaps only your manner."

"But is it not a little sad to perpetuate faults or even peculiarities? Fancy inheriting a squint from a great aunt or a surly temper from a far off cousin."

"I am sorry you thought me uncivil the other day," he said abruptly. "The truth is we could only make out three females in distress, and knowing my crew, I was fearful lest they might carry a lark a little too far."

"You would have been excusable in not taking us on board, even if you had been sure of your crew. The boatmen do not like our landing when the wind is against them. That is the reason we were so peremptory with our signals. By the way, you came near receiving your fare—an extra one for your trouble."

"I should have taken it if you had not interfered. I thought I succeeded very well in my part as a surly boatman; I don't know how you found me out."

"Boatmen are not usually grammatical," I said, laughing.

Just then Mary came with the professor, and then Mr. Tom, who good naturedly went in search of Rose.

* * * * *

It was at the end of the summer and I was busy packing away some light clothing, among which was Rose's ball-dress, by no means as fresh as it was when they bought it.

"Re-trimmed, it will do very well for Mary's wedding," remarked the economical young lady, "neither she nor the professor will recognize it as the dress I was introduced to Tom in."

"And to some one else, who, by the way, did not think an introduction necessary. You must have flirted with him when Mary said you did. When we buy your wedding-dress we will not go to town in a sail-boat."

"Not even with Mr. Hill? Why, Margaret, I didn't know you could be jealous of me," said Rose, demurely.

"You are saucy enough to turn any man's head," I answered, fondly, "and Mr. Hill says you are charming."

"I have heard of kissing the child on account of the nurse. He told me yesterday that you—"

But I was too busy folding her ball-dress to listen.

'TIS BETTER FAR.

BY COUNTA. G. LEWIS.

'Tis better for to stay approaching grief,
Than kiss away the tears already shed;
And worthy more to cheer a lonely life,
Than weep, disconsolate, beside the dead.

'Tis better far to feed a child bereaved—
Than flowers strew upon its parents' tomb,
And worthy more, to aid a friend in need,
Than offer prayers to one already doomed.

Brought Him in Debt.

The following good story, told by the Butchers' and Live Stock *Gazette*, of a beef transaction between a farmer and a butcher, will be appreciated just now, when the farmer gets so little for his fat cattle, and consumers are complaining that they get no advantage from the low values. The story also carries a good moral to the farmers:

Mr. Jones sold a bullock to Mr. Lazarus for $16, to be taken and paid for when fat. When Mr. Lazarus came for the animal, Jones said he would like to have a forequarter for his own use. Mr. Lazarus willingly accepted the order, and, after the bullock was slaughtered, delivered the meat. A few days later Jones went to town, called on Lazarus, and as a preliminary to a settlement, asked for his bill. "Dot's all right, Mr. Jones. I haf the bill already made out. Here you are." Mr. Jones read:

Mr. Jones Dr., to Jacob Lazarus.

To one quarter of beef, 185 lbs, at 10c.	$18.50
By credit, one bullock	16.00
Balance due	$2.50

"Good heavens, Lazarus, you get three quarters of the beef, the hide, tallow, and offal, and bring me in debt $2.50. How's that, old man?" "Ah, Mr. Jones, that beef vas cheap at ten cents a lb. "But Lazarus, you only gave me $16 for the whole bullock." "Ah, but, Mr. Jones, dot's pizness, pizness do you see?" "Well, Lazarus, next time I have a fat bullock I'll kill it myself, use one quarter and throw away the rest, and then I'll save $2.50. You see?" "Ah! ah! but dot's not pizness; farmers should not be butchers—dot's bad."

An Engineer's Story,

BY S. T. SUDDICK.

I was running the "Old Black Hand" on the M. C. and L. Railroad—Let me see! It was just sixteen years ago. If you ever traveled on that road in those days no doubt you remember the 'Old Black Hand.'

She was a fine engine—an M. Baldwin patent—an eight wheeled driver, and I loved her as a seaman loves his craft, or a turfman his horse that wins him the race. I had run on the road for three years and was perfectly familiar with the line from one end to the other.

About six months previous to the time of which I write, an accident had occurred on the E. Creek trestle, ten miles east of C. The trestle was 600 hundred feet in length, and the greatest depth of water was near the west bank, 62 feet.

The station man had fallen from the trestle after the night train had passed, and from all appearances when found next morning had been instantly killed. The next night after the accident as I was stepping on the foot board—I ran the nght express—the superintendent of the road came to me and told me in a few hurried words that he wanted to place an old man and a young girl on my engine, and he wished me to make some pretext to stop just at the E. Creek trestle and let them off without letting the conductor know that they had been on the train, and at the same time he enjoined on me perfect secrecy and forbade me asking any question whatever.

This strange proceeding on the part of the superintendent puzzled me greatly.

He was a man about 50 years of age, and well known as a thorough business man, and one of unspotted integrity, and by far the largest stockholder in the road.

Why he should place these parties on my engine and desire me to keep it a secret from the conductor, who, like myself, was only an employee of the company, I could not for my life imagine.

There was a large crowd in the depot at the time, as is usually the case in large cities, and he passed the parties up to me without being observed.

Time was up; the bell rang and the train moved out into the darkness.

After trying the gauges, and arranging things about the engine, I sat down opposite my two passengers, and took a survey of thier persons.

The man was perhaps 60 years old, hair and beard as white as snow, broad, square forehead, sharp gray eyes filled with energy and an indescribably sad expression of countenance that bespoke deep sorrow.

His form was slight, yet well proportioned, and his movements quick and nervous.

The girl was perhaps 16 or 17 years of age, with eyes as black as night, and a well-poised head covered with shining coils of the same sable hue.

She resembled the old man in the general contour of form and features, and no doubt they stood in the relation of parent and child, and as her face partook of the same sad expression, it was to be presumed she was a sharer of his sorrows, whatever they might have been.

As ten miles on an express train, running at full speed, is a short ride, and I knew we were nearing the E. Creek trestle, I rose to my feet and placed my hand on the lever of the throttle valve.

My companion seemed to understand the movement perfectly. The old man cast a sharp glance at me and then at the girl, adjusted his cloak and peered out into the darkness.

I then shut off the steam with one shove of the lever, whistled "down brakes," and then commenced a series of short, sharp toots as though to frighten some animal off the track.

The train slowed up and in a momen more stood still. The conductor jumped out at one side of the train and came forward with his lantern, and my passengers got off the other.

I assisted the girl to alight, and as her warm hand rested in mine a thrill like that caused by an electric machine ran through my veins. She pressed my hand and left in my grasp a small card, which I hastily thrust into my pocket.

The old man wrung my hand and then the two hurried out into the darkness.

I ran forward on the track; in a moment turned and came back; met the conductor just ahead of the engine, told him I thought I saw something on the track, but that all then seemed right.

This satisfied him, and in a moment more the train was on its way.

We passed slowly over the trestle; then I let on steam and brought the train under such speed that we would make time at L——, thirty miles ahead; then took the card from my pocket, and on it was pencilled in a small, delicate hand: "Mention this to no one and I will be your friend."

I turned the card over and over, but this was all and I could do nothing but wonder and surmise with regard to the matter.

I pictured in my mind all sorts of stories and trains of circumstances that could have brought such an event about, but all to no purpose.

On returning to C. the next night, I met the superintendent on the platform. He looked at me in an anxious, inquiring manner. I knew his meaning and nodded that all was well, and passed into the office.

The next week I was much surprised a receiving almost double pay, which wages continued as long as I remained on the road.

Time went on for about six months, and I could get no clue to the mystery but I invariably kept a sharp lookout, as I neared the E. Creek trestle—for what reason I could not expect to see my two former passengers at that point again, but still some unknown attraction compelled me to look.

It was now in the early part of the winter of 1857. The night was exceedingly dark and stormy and it had been sleeting all day, and everything was covered with ice. We left C—— five minutes late, being delayed by the dreadful storm, and were running unusually fast to gain time.

For once I did not the think of the E. Creek trestle until the headlight flashed on the icy roof of the small station house, situated about three hundred yards from the creek.

In a moment I was on my feet looking ahead. I had unconsciously shut off the steam and had my hand on the whistle cord.

Did I see something on the track, or was it imagination? In a moment I had whistled "down brakes," and not an instant too soon, for the glare of the headlight revealed a broken lantern, and a few feet further on a female from lying across the rails.

I sprang to the reverse lever, and throwing my whole force into the movement reversed the action of the engine and then let on steam with a jerk.

A grating, hissing sound ensued, and in a moment the wheels were spinning around in the opposite direction amid a million sparks that lit the scene with a brilliant glare.

In a moment I had passed along the running board, and was now on the "cow-catcher," one foot firmly planted on the fartherest bar, and my left hand grasping one of the strong iron ribs, and my body leaning forward with an arm extended toward the inanimated form we were so rapidly approaching.

The wheels crushed the lantern into a thousand atoms, and were within a few feet of white, upturned face. I lowered my hand nearly to the ground, and braced my nerves for the shock.

What if I should miss my hold? I set my teeth and threw my whole energy into the movement.

A sudden clutch—a terrible strain on my muscles—and the prostrate form was beside me on the pilot. Then everything seemed to whirl around for an instant, and all was oblivion.

When I came to myself, I found myself on a lounge in a small neat room, and an old man and a young woman bending over me, whom I at once recognized as my two passengers of six months previous.

On attempting to move I discovered that I was seriously injured, and the old man directed me to keep perfectly quiet, telling me my arm was broken, and I was otherwise badly injured, but I had, nevertheless, saved the life of his daughter, for which he tendered me the most ardent thanks.

His daughter testified her gratitude in a glance far more eloquent than words. Ere I had recovered from my illness, the old man had related to me the story of his eventful life.

Some years before he had been a wealthy merchant in a neighboring city, where Mr. R——, the present superintendent of the railroad, was also engaged in business.

In the financial crash of 18— Mr. R—— became embarrassed and was on the verge of ruin. Mr. Collins, that being the old man's name—assisted him out of his financial difficulty.

In time he removed to C——, became a heavy stockholder in the road and finally became superintendent of the same.

Meanwhile, by one of those inexplicable revulsions in the tide of fortune, Mr. Collins had experienced the most severe reverses, and his fortune had literally taken to itself wings and had flown away; and added to the loss of property was the still greater one of the death of his dearly beloved wife.

In his extremity he came to see—— and called upon his former friend. Mr. R—— received him cordially, and made him many offers, even proposing to advance a sufficient sum to set him up in business.

All these offers the old man refused, and finally accepted the position as station man at the trestle work, which position had been vacated by the accident referred to.

The duties were light, mainly consisting in passing over the bridge after the passage of each train.

In connection with the station was a small, neat cottage which the station man occupied, and where, removed from the cares of businesss life, the merchant made his home in contentment and peace.

The conductor on the train of which I was engineer, had at one time been very intimate in Mr. Collins' family, and he and the daughter were engaged to be married. At the time he was supposed to be quite wealthy, and moved in the highest circles of society; but when reverses visited the family of his betrothed, instead of coming forward manfully, as devoted lover, his visits to the house ceased and the engagement was at once broken off.

And not only that, but when bantered by his companions, he declared his intentions had never been serious, and that he had only flirted with the young lady to kill time; and that he looked much higher in his selection of a wife.

Amanda, for this was my heroine's name, was of a sensitive nature and felt the matter keenly, and bitterly resented the gross injustice done her.

When in company with her father, about to step on the train, on the night of our first meeting, she observed, with considerable terpidation, that the conductor was none other than her former lover, and desiring to avoid contact with him, the arrangement was perfected of which the reader has already been made acquainted.

On the evening of the storm Mr. Collins was ill, and his daughter had volunteered to take his place and cross the bridge. While returning she missed her foothold and fell, striking her forehead against the rail, rendering her insensible.

The light reflected from the engine on the broken lantern, which she had dropped in her fall, had first caught my attention, and was fortunately the providential means of saving her life.

In lifting her from the track which I had succeed in doing not a moment too soon, I had fractured my arm, near the shoulder, and the pain of the injury added to the excitement of the occasion, had caused me to faint.

My fireman shut off steam, and rescued us from our perilous situation, carried us into the cottage where we had been properly cared for.

Fortunately a passenger on the train was a good engineer and took charge of my engine until I was able to resume the care of it myself.

Of course before my convalescence I had fallen desperately in love with my fair nurse, and if the reader were to visit my little cottage today, he would hear her say, as she bends over me with her boy in her arms, "My dear, why don't you cross your t's and dot your i's?" and I look up to the eyes of my gentle wife and say:

"Never mind, my love, the printer will fix it all right, even if he does scold a little."—*The Advocate.*

AFTER 47 years of assiduous labor Mrs. S. Lizzie Weaver, a Bridgeton, N. J., woman, has just finished a crazy quilt of 30,075 patches.

A business engagement—securing the matrimonial engagement of an heiress.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As the dear year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining;
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next;
Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder their lining;
Where you tempted and fell? let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled
For look! how the light of the new year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!

THE KNOWING GIRL.

The pretty girl held out her right hand, and on one of the fingers glistened a diamond.

"How much is that worth, please?" she politely inquired of the clerk, who had recovered his composure. He looked at the ring for a moment and answered: "I can hardly say. One jeweler would name one price and another another price."

"But what is your estimate?" asked the young lady in a voice unusually musical.

"I can't say."

"Why not, pray?"

"Well, simply because it is against our rules. I am very sorry, indeed, that I cannot accommodate you. You can—"

But the young lady didn't wait to hear any more, and before the sentence was finished she was on the street. "Were you not a little too severe in this case?" asked the tourist. "Not a bit of it," replied the jeweler. "You don't know all the circumstances. Of course you don't. Well, the fact is that charming young woman is engaged to be married, her expectant being a young man who is waiting to astonish the world with his legal lore, but who isn't growing very wealthy in the meantime. He bought the ring here and it only cost him $50. Of course he didn't tell the object of his choice what it cost. She might think it had reduced the not too-plethoric purse of her lover to the extent of a cool hundred for all he cared. But, like most women, she was curious and wanted to satisfy herself regarding its value. I recognized the ring in a moment, and knew for the first time who was to be the future Mrs. Blank."

"Are all jewelers as strict as you?" asked the tourist. "Perhaps not all, although this has been one of the unwritten rules in the craft for years. If it were not generally observed there would be no end of trouble, and lovers' quarrels would be more frequent than ever," was the reply.

How to Stop a Runaway Horse.

A policeman, who has distinguished himself in stopping runaway horses, gives in the *Medical Classics* the following points as to how to accomplish that end with the greatest success: When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will immediately be knocked flat by the collision; but, instead, prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do not get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes you grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this jerk half standing on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grab the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so till he is pacified.

Fattening Weather of 1889.

"Did you notice that everybody is fat?" said Dr. Starkloff. "If you havn't, look closely at the next friend you meet whom you have not seen for a long time. Is it accidental that your cheeks and those of your girl are more plump, more rosy than they were last year? If it is so, the action of the Mississippi in running past St. Louis instead of along the back of the Rocky Mountains is accident also. The fact is this has been a vegetable year. The flora is luxuriant, and the fauna follows as a matter of course. And a man, who derives his sustenance from both, must be in the procession. This year the atmosphere came nearer maintaining an equilibrium than it did last year. The hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen are in almost perfect proportion. Some years you see the people sallow—the oxyogen is low. It would be an excellent idea, were it practicable, for the census-takers to weigh the inhabitants of the United States and tell us the respective rations of avoirdupois to members of the three classes—infants, youths and adults."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

AN OLD TRICK REVIVED.—A Michigan exchange gives this advice to its readers: "If a gray-haired woman of 50 in moderately respectable attire is put off the cars in your town because she can't pay her fare any further; if she almost immediately receives a telegram urging her to come home on the next train because her husband is dying, and if she tearfully and desperately, in a plenty loud voice, announces that she is going to walk home, 100 miles, you let her walk. She and her confederate, who sends the telegram, have worked the dying husband racket in a half dozen Michigan towns at a net profit, it is figured, of $15 a day."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_1_1-0558.jpg