Kent News.

Vol. 51. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1890. No. 22.

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.

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CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE
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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.

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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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Established 1862.
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D. B. STEWART & CO.,
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FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK
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324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sale if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

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

Presents! Presents!

LARGE COLLECTION OF VERY DESIRABLE GOODS FOR PRESENTS, IN FINE
JEWELRY.-.WATCHES.-.DIAMONDS,
AND FANCY GOODS.
LOWEST PRICES!
J. S. MacDONALD,
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CALL and see our GENTS OYSTER BOOTS. WESTCOTT & DODD.

AUGUSTUS H. WOODALL,
formerly of Kent County, is now located with the well known and Reliable One Price
CLOTHING HOUSE
—OF—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
10 and 12 E. Baltimore Street, Near Charles, Balto., Md.,
where he will be pleased to see his friends and acquaintances when visiting the city.

Pure Animal Bone Fertilizers!

For Satisfactory results buy the LISTER'S or H. S. MILLER & CO.'S BONE PHOSPHATES, which have been used for years and PROVED TO BE THE BET.
FOR SALE BY **W. N. E. WICKES.**
Will be delivered at any of the wharves on the bay or river Orders solicited. Aug. 9, 1890—8t.

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—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACURERS OF AND DEALERS IN—
HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Special Fertilizers for all Crops are claiming attention now. No one article will suit every plant. We compound formulas suitable for all crops. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula.

We Were the First House in Baltimore Who Furnished This Facility of Obtaining Either the Mixed Chemicals or the Compounding of Special Formulas.

We also offer to the Farmers Our Old and Reliable
Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate, Special Wheat Fertilizers, Peach Tree Phosphate, Fine Ground Raw Bone, Pure Dissolved Raw Bone, Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate Muriate Potash, Sulphate Potash and Kainit.

At Bottom Prices. We do not publish certificates, as our goods speak for themselves. Hope to receive your orders early. Correspondence by mail promptly attended to.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,
July 26, 1890. OFFICE ON HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

1890 **WM. H. CACY,** 1890
MANUFACTURER OF FERTILIZERS
Chestertown, Maryland.

"STANDARD!" "NEW LIFE!" "RELIANCE!"

The Above Brands of Fertilizers
have been used in this and neighboring counties for the past five years, and during that time have given general satisfaction. My facilities for manufacturing are now better than hitherto, and I guarantee to fill all orders promptly and in first-class drilling order.

If those farmers who have not yet tried any of our brands of Fertilizers, will inquire from some one who has used them, as to results obtained, I think that they will be induced to give them a trial.
WM. H. CACY,
August 2, 1890 CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

TO THE TRADE!
TRADE MARK
WE HAVE MUCH
pleasure in calling the attention of the intelligent farmer to our unprecedented facilities for supplying the trade this fall. Never did the *agriculturalist* need more for his money than he does now, and realizing this fact we watched the market carefully and bought our stock lower
THAN EVER BEFORE
and have determined to give you the advantage of it. After an experience of over fifteen years' diligent study in our business, coupled with the best mechanical devices that could be procured, we now offer you our own brands of
A. A. BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE!
—AS WELL AS OUR—
IMPERIAL COMPOUND FERTILIZER
WHICH ARE MADE
from crude stock of our own selection and for mechanical condition and quality are unsurpassed, our goods are nothing new, and our efforts in the seasons that have passed to give the farmer a strictly honest and reliable fertilizer, have been rewarded by the knowledge of universal satisfaction and a permanent trade.
THANKING OUR
patrons for past favors we now promise to continue to exercise the same skillfull care in the manufacture of our own celebrated brands that we always have, and to keep them up to their present high standard of quality and mechanical condition.
T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of Fertilizing Materials,
August 2, 1890. **CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.**

That Boy Or Young Man.
What shall be done with them? Have them educated for Business and self-support by sending them to
SADLER'S BRYANT & STRATTON *Business College* And School of Rapid *Shorthand.*
During the past twenty-six years this institution has made a specialty in preparing young men and women for business. It is the oldest, the largest and the most successful school of that kind in the country. Now is the time to enter and become qualified for positions in business.
For Catalogue, Terms, etc., address
W. H. SADLER, President,
10 and 12 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

HELEN'S SACRIFICE.

How She Was Amply Repaid for Her Self-Denial.

Helen Howard stood on the piazza, watching the cloud of dust following in the rear of Dr. Hastings' carriage, as it whirled rapidly down the street. Her face wore a troubled look, which deepened as she caught sight of her father coming up the sidewalk. As he drew near he coughed slightly, and she noticed with pain that he was pale and thin, and that his hair had grown gray very fast of late.

"What is Dr. Hastings' verdict?" he asked, anxiously.

"He orders rest, freedom from all care, and all kinds of delicacies to tempt the appetite. He says the two months at the seashore would accomplish wonders."

"He might as well order a trip to the moon and a diet of greenbacks; one could be accomplished about as easily as the other," said Mr. Howard, bitterly as he passed into the house.

Helen looked after him in astonishment, it was so unusual to hear him speak bitterly or harshly. For the first time she seemed fully to realize what it meant to be poor.

The tinkle of a piano came from the open, lace-curtained window across the way, and Helen forgot her troubles for a moment as she listened to the merry tune. Helen was passionately fond of her music, and the one absorbing ambition of her life had been to have a piano and to receive a course of thorough instruction in the one art for which she felt in her soul she had a special talent. Her father was book-keeper in the factory at the other side of the town; he received a liberal salary, but with a family of six to be fed and clothed there was little margin for extras. He had given her the advantages of a three years' course at Elmville Seminary, from which she had graduated with honors; but he had never seen his way clear to gratify the desire of her heart. She had been employed as a teacher in that same seminary for the past two years, and although she had supplied many little luxuries she had economized closely on her own account that she might save every penny toward her cherished scene. She was near the realization of her hopes, for she had been engaged for another year at the seminary, and had deposited so large a sum in the bank that she felt that it would be safe to purchase, although she could not pay down the entire amount. So it is not strange that she was interested in the music across the way, and wondered if she would ever be able to play like Carrie Kimble, and if her piano would have so fine a tone.

A spray of pale roses hung temptingly near, and as Helen turned to enter the house she picked them from their stem. A pale lady reclined upon a sofa in the sitting-room; Helen placed the roses in her hand, shook up the fir pillow, gave the thin cheeks a loving caress, and, bidding her to "try and sleep," she coaxed the children to her favorite retreat, a pine grove behind the house. She kept them there for nearly two hours, and when she returned to the house was pleased to find that the invalid had just awakened from a most refreshing nap. Her father had long ago returned to his office. Helen brought her mother a saucer of strawberries, a slice of bread and a cup of tea, daintily arranged upon a tray.

"Ah, Helen, you are always my good fairy. Whatever could I do without you? I feel quite rested, thanks to your fir pillow and perfume of your roses."

"This step-mother of Helen's was only ten years older than herself, and although devotedly attached to her, she seemed more like an elder sister than a mother. Overwork and the care of three little children had reduced Mrs. Howard to her present state of nervous exhaustion.

Helen went about two or three days in a brown study. Her mother noticed her unusually quiet manner and she said to her one day:

"You are working too hard, I fear; it is too bad, and in your vacation, when you ought to have rest. It seems very hard to lie here so helpless when I am needed so much. I feel very anxious about your father, too. Have you noticed how poorly he is looking?"

"The hot weather we have had of late is very exhausting. Of course it affects father; he ought to have a vacation. It is a shame that Forest & Waken do not give him one, after he has worked for them so long—and—I—am going to tell them so this very minute," she exclaimed, hastily leaving the room.

That evening, after the children had gone to bed, she spoke suddenly.

"Well, father, well, Alice, when will you be ready for your trip to the seashore?"

"Trip to the seashore!" they exclaimed, simultaneously. "What are you talking about?"

"I mean that Forest & Waken have made arrangements to give father a six weeks' vacation, and that in deference to his long service his pay is to continue as usual. I have planned that you and Alice are to start next Tuesday for Ocean Park, where you are both to find health and strength and are to grow young and happy, while I, your obedient servant, remain at home and keep the household machinery running smoothly."

"You talk in enigmas, Helen. How do you know that Forest & Waken are going to give me a vacation? They have never mentioned it to me."

"Mr. Forest told me so himself, this afternoon, in his office."

"But, Helen—"

"There, now, don't be angry with me, father! I could not bear to see you dying before my very face and eyes without trying to help you. I only went to Forest & Waken and and asked for the vacation that you would not ask for yourself. I told them of your poor health, and of Alice's illness, and they were very kind. So you see I have everything arranged."

"There is one thing that you seem not to have considered; travel and sojourn at seaside resorts take money. Where are the funds for our expense?"

"Here, father," and Helen placed a roll of bills in his hand.

He turned pale and his voice was husky with emotion when he spoke. "Where—"

His wife interrupted him: "Helen Howard you have never drawn your money from the bank," and she started up excitedly.

Mr. Howard drew his daughter lovingly to his side. "I feel grateful for such a loving, generous spirit, my daughter, but I can not accept such a sacrifice."

"What would all the pianos in the world be worth without the two that are dearest to me? Only use the money in trying to get well and strong; I can wait for the piano."

"Helen," exclaimed Mrs. Howard, in rapturous admiration, "where are your wings?"

"They have not even begun to grow yet," she answered, with a faint smile, as she thought how hard it had been to give up her cherished scheme.

So it came about that Mr. and Mrs. Howard were soon established in a comfortable cottage on the beach, where they began to gain health and strength with the first whiff of the sea breeze.

It was no easy task Helen has assigned herself. She had worked hard during the spring term of school and really needed rest and quiet; but her hours of leisure were few and she often wondered as she took ceaseless steps in pursuit of mischievous Bess, combed Carrie's tangled curls, or darned the knees of Harry's stockings, how her mother's strength had held out so long. But every letter she received from Ocean Park gave her new strength and courage. Such bright cheery letters Mrs. Howard wrote.

"Your father," she said, in one of these, "looks ten years younger, and acts as wild as a school-boy in vacation. He has just returned from a fishing-excursion, and such an appetite as he has; you would be scandalized could you see him. I must say in justice to him, however, that I am not far behind. I have found an old fishing boat in a sheltered cove, in which I sit for hours, half buried in cushions, with an umbrella for an awning. I am getting brown as a gypsy, and have taken a new lease of life. Father says every day: 'God bless our Helen', and so say I. There is a great deal here that would interest you, but I have felt too tired to do anything but rest.

"You have heard me speak of an old school friend, Isabel Evans—now Mrs. McAlstyne of Portland—have you not? I met her the other day and we have renewed our old intimacy. She is warm-hearted and generous as ever; wealth has not spoiled her. I never could keep a secret from her in the old days, and yesterday, before I realized what I was about, I told her of your sacrifice. When I had finished, she exclaimed with tearful eyes; 'Alice Howard you are far richer than I. Willingly would I give my fortune for such a daughter!' Don't be angry, Helen, dear, for I really couldn't help it."

Later in the season, when the rested ones were at home, everything and everybody at the Howard's wore a festive air; for had not father lost his tired, anxious look, and was he not ready to romp with the children to their heart's content? And had not mamma grown rosy and strong—able to preside over the household once more? As Helen looked upon the happy faces, she felt amply repaid for self-denial, and that she could not possibly be one atom happier. But when an express wagon drove to the door, and a huge box was deposited which contained an elegant piano, and when said piano was placed in the parlor amid exclamations of wonder and surprise, and doubts as to its belonging in there at all; and when she found from a tiny note laid upon the white keys that it was really and truly for her, she felt that her cup of happiness was over-flowing.

"Do not hesitate to accept the piano, dear Helen," wrote Mrs. McAlstyne, "for although I have wealth and ease, I am lonely and childless, and shall expect you to come often to my sombre old house and brighten it with the sunshine of youth and happiness. I have arranged with Prof. Bohm to give you a course of instruction, and shall be happy to hear of your advancement.

Cute Little Johnny.

"Oh, Mr. Dusenberry, I'm so glad you are going to be kin to me," cried her little brother.

"Ah, Johnny is that so?" he gasped, a look of happiness flitting over his face. "How did you know. Come here and sit on my lap and tell me all you have heard."

"Sister's other fellow came last night," began the boy, after he was safely in the arms of the young man, devouring 25 cents worth of candy, "and I heard them talk about you."

"What did they say?"

"He was mad 'cause sis goes with you so much."

"And what was her reply to him," continued the young man, the look of happiness spreading further across his features.

"She said," began the youth again, "that he needn't get mad 'cause you come to see her, as you was a soft snap and was saving him lots of money that would go to fixing up their house after they were married."

The look of contentment on the young man's face gave way to the pallor of despair as he gasped:

"Well how is that to make me kin to you?"

"Oh, I'm coming to that now. She said that when you proposed to her she would be a sister to you; and won't that make you my brother?"

As the boy picked himself off the floor he beheld the form of the young man flit through the front door.

He Looked Just Like It.

It was told some years ago of a Southern youth that one morning after completing a somewhat protected toilet he turned to his servant and inquired, "How do I look, Cæsar?"

"'Plendid, massa, 'plendid," was the ready answer.

"Do you think I'll do, Cæsar?" he asked, surveying himself and giving Cæsar a quarter.

"Guy! massa, neber saw you look so fierce in all my life. You look jis as bold as a lion?"

"A lion! What do you know about a lion? You never saw one, Cæsar."

"Neber see a lion, masse! Guy! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one to de mill ebery day."

"Why, you big dunce, that's a donkey!"

"Can't help dat, massa," said Cæsar, "you look jis like him."

SHROPSHIRE and horned Dorset ewes are prolific, profitable and popular.

THE little wastes that go unnoticed often amount to the heaviest tax.

GIVE the final rinsing to milk things in water not below the boiling point.

IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loath the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the front of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good.
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE VANDERBILT CHILDREN.

How They are Educated and Trained—Plainness of Habit.

Although all the members of the Vanderbilt family entertain on a magnificent scale, says a lady in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for October, they never permit their children to remain up late at night, are extremely careful in their education, and, in a word, are fitting them for life as well as any mother or father could do. It is one of the rules in all the houses of the Vanderbilts, that the children shall go to bed early and rise early. The little boys and girls are up before seven in the morning. Their nurses immediately take charge of them, see that they are properly bathed and dressed, and then they go down to breakfast, which is served at 7.30 o'clock. It is an unpretentious meal, with plenty of fresh milk, eggs, oatmeal, and a bit of steak that will add strength to their physic and color to their cheeks. There is something for these little ones to do at all times during the day. They go through their studies systematically, and then about 9.30 are taken out for a two hours' walk. They are allowed to romp in the streets and in the park to their hearts' content. At 11 o'clock they are brought home, and a light luncheon of milk and bread is served, after which there are more studies — either French, German or drawing — and then another breathing spell—it may be horse-back riding, or a drive out through the park and along the country road. Back they come about 4 o'clock, and there is another hour of study, and then they are done for the day. They are allowed to do just as they please until tea time, when after their meal, they spend a pleasant hour or so with their fathers and mothers and others who may drop in to call. Promptly at 8 o'clock they are all in bed to sleep soundly, and get up the next morning and go through the same program. So it is not strange that all the children of the Vanderbilt family are further in advance of their little friends in the matter of education. For they study, study, study all the time. They are fond of music and most of them can play on the piano. The girls are learning to play on the harp, and the boys are famous among their friends as violinists and banjo players. If you were to see these children on the street, you would not for a moment suspect they were other but children of parents in ordinary circumstances. They make no display at elaborate dress. The eldest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's daughters is dressed plainly in little, pretty, cheap dresses without any braid or ornamentation. She wears snug-fitting cloth jackets and the little cap that sits gracefully on her head could be duplicated for a couple of dollars.

O Woman! Lovely Woman!

"There are some queer couples in the world," remarked a real estate agent. "The other day a man and a woman called to see me about renting a flat. The woman did all the talking and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her, and did it very meekly."

"Well," said the woman, "I'll give you $25 for this flat; won't we John?"

"Yes'm."

"And I'll pay my rent promptly, too; won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And take good care of the house; won't I John?"

"Yes'm."

"But," I inquired, as is usual in such cases, "are you man and wife?"

"Man and wife," exclaimed the woman sharply; "indeed we are not; are we, John"

"No'm."

"What!" said I, "not man and wife?"

"Not much! I'd have you know that in this family we are wife and man; aint we, John?"

INTEREST IN THE PRINCIPAL. — Mrs. du Temps—I don't approve of Mr. Moneybag's suit, my dear. I don't think he is the man for you, for he doesn't seem to have a spark of principle.

Miss du Temps—He has a principal, ma, of $200,000, that yields him 10 per cent. annually. What more do you want?

HE SUCCEEDED AT LAST. — "Wonderful thing happened in our neighborhood last evening. A policeman killed a mad dog at the first fire."

"You don't say so?"

"Perhaps I should explain that the policeman was shooting at a peddler."

TO BE A SISTER TO HIM.—Clara — What do you think? That young naval cadet, Sibmore, sent me a "true lover's knot" in gold cord yesterday.

Maud (all sympathy)—What did you do?

Clara (scornfully)—Sent him back a scarf pin representing a pair of sister hooks.

SOMETHING STRONG REQUIRED.—Mr. Hackensack—Have you any bars for windows that will keep mosquitos out?

Yes, sir; here you are, just the thing.

Mr. Hackensack—What, those wire nettings? Why, bless your soul, man, I want iron bars! I live in Jersey.

EVEN seeding is of great value, and uniform depth secures even growth.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

The sun had set in golden glory—the night was shining in silver, without a cloud to dim it.

But such a storm of tears as had just fallen in the church-yard, Menie Gray had never shed before, in all her 17 years.

She had quite worn herself out in sobs and gusts of weeping, till now, like a child spent with passion of its grief, she had fallen asleep in her corner of the bench in the church porch.

How long she slept, she did not know; or whether she was actually awake at last. She sat up rubbing her eyes, palpitating with terror.

For what was this thing she was staring vividly at?

It seemed to her she had watched it in its march three times round the church until now it struck across the grass, straight to the railed inclosure where all the Dinsmores had been buried, since ever there were Dinsmores, of Dinsmore Four Corners.

Then, suddenly, it flashed into Menie Gray's mind, what night it was.

Midsummer eve—midnight striking, and she was watching in the church-porch, all alone!

And everybody knows that she who watches in the church porch alone upon this night of nights, will see the foreshadowing of her future pass before her.

If she is to be a bride within the year, a bridal party vanishing at the door of the church; if she is to be a corpse, a funeral procession winding around the church 3 times, and disappearing at the grave.

Yonder white figure had not gone to the simple head-stone under the willow, where lay alone the young mother who had died before Menie Gray could remember her.

No, instead, it went—["I went," said Menie to herself, so shudderingly sure that the slim white figure was her own ghost that was to be, within the year]—it went straight to the ivy-mantled, flower-strewn enclosure, where all the grand Dinsmore monuments rose up stately and white against the dimness of the starlight night.

Menie could see it wavering to and fro; stooping, bending, drooping, palely against the cold marble; laying shadowy hands against a marble cross there, as the rising wind swept to and fro.

Yes; when she was dead, poor Menie, she would haunt the Dinsmore resting place, since it was the Dinsmore cruelty which drove her to her death!

She had her first quarrel with Robert Dinsmore to-day.

Not so much with Roger, indeed—at least upon his side—as with Mrs. Dinsmore, his new sister, his brother's own wife.

Mrs. Dinsmore had stopped her carriage in the lane, just as the sun went down; her carriage, with her fine city friends in it who were staying at Dinsmore. She had beckoned to Menie, who was pushing out from the woods, her coarse straw hat swinging on her arm, full of wild flowers, the skirt of her dress gathered up in her hands heaped with wild roses.

Mrs. Dinsmore, shading her eyes with her lace parasol, from the glare of the level sunbeams, had looked full into Menie's eyes.

"Let me have all your flowers, my good girl," she said. "Just pile the whole of them up there, on the seat beside the driver. We'll take all; won't they make a charming addition to the garden flowers, for to-night's dance?" she added, turning to her friends. Then, turning back to Menie, "Why do you hesitate? Surely it is better to sell them all at once, than to peddle them through the village. See! will that do you my good girl?"

By what twist of feminine human nature is one especially wrath at being called a good girl? Menie's face was aflame; but she hesitated only the twentieth part of a moment, before she held out her hand for the small change which Mrs. Dinsmore, liberally enough, poured into it.

"Such a modest little village maid!" she heard Mrs. Dinsmore say, nodding to her friend who had the reins, to bid him drive on. "Did you notice her? She blushed nearly as red as the roses."

Menie went redder than the roses, presently. It was when she turned in the opposite direction from that taken by the Dinsmore carriage. Not far from which she came upon a horseman riding slowly along, his eager glance searching each opening in the wood as he came.

He would have flung himself from his horse on seeing Menie, but she had stopped so suddenly, directly in front, that he had all he could do to rein back the startled animal.

"My dear Menie!"

"Not your Menie—never your Menie!" she cried, in a voice shaken with passion. "You may go away to the cities and buy women with your gold and lands, as your brother has done. But I am none of yours; I am free from you, by this token."

She gathered up the small change in her palm, as if it represented the Dinsmore gold, and then flung it in his face. Then never stopping to see whether they fell wide of the mark, or not, she dashed into the tangled wood, out of sight, in a moment, in the undergrowth.

It was not far to the clearing by the roadside, just this side the village, where the old colonial stone church stood, in the midst of the dead colonists, the earliest worshippers within its walls.

Menie had no thought of worship now. She would have feared to carry her burning thoughts within those sacred walls; but she cast herself down on the bench in the church porch and there, when the storm of her passion had spent itself, she fell meekly asleep.

Now, when she sat up, and watched that wavering white figure in the Dinsmore lot, a sudden overpowering horror came upon her.

Who knows but that shrouded figure might be a man's as well as a woman's? Roger's—

A paralyzing horror. She tried to rise, to go to it—to see for herself.

She could not move. She could only break into wild suffocating sobs, the tears streaming down her white cheeks, and dropping on the hands fallen together in her lap.

Presently she felt the tears kissed away. She struggled—yes struggled away in Roger Dinsmore's arms.

But the power of her dream was still upon her; she shrank trembling from him but the next instant had flung herself on his breast, and clung there as if death itself should never part them.

"Take me with you, Roger! It can never be so cold and dark in the grave as in this world without you!"

"Why, Menie! dear heart! Wake by, my darling. Cold? Of course it is cold, if you will go to sleep on the church porch even on a midsummer night."

"The eve of St. John, Roger!"

"So it is, my Menie!"—laughing at her awe-struck tone; with a ring of gladness in his laughter; for coy Menie's head was actually still upon his shoulder.

"Have you been off with the fairies, with your namesake, Kilmeny?"

"It's the night for ghosts, as well as for fairies, Roger. And old mammy says——"

"Old mammy ought to take better care of her nursling than this. I shall have to take the charge of her myself or we shall have her always dreaming those dreams and seeing those visions—"

"Oh, Roger! Do you mean it was all a dream? My dreadful temper, and that hateful money—"

"Come, child, you musn't hate it. Those very nickel pieces are to be a part of my worldly goods which I thee endow. And you must not bear Mildred a grudge for her stupidity; she was mortified enough to satisfy even your pride, when, from your absence at the dance and the presence of your flowers, I divined what had happened and taxed her with it. But come, sweetheart, I found your aunt actually alarmed over your escapade—to say nothing of mammy."

She stood up, still tremulous.

"But, Roger, the white wraith amidst the Dinsmore tombs?"

"Come, and let us see it, Menie."

As they leaned together on the envied railing, Roger reached over and caught at something long and slim and white, that flitted to and fro as the wind stirred.

"Your white wraith turns out a white wreath, Menie. The 'Bridal Wreath' they call it, don't they? An omen, you superstitious Menie, you cannot deny."

The Sex are Queer.

There were four passengers of us who got off at a country junction to wait two hours for the train on the other line—two men and two women. None of us had ever seen each other before. The station was a little better than a barn, with no house nearer than a quarter of a mile. The women gave each other a look and entered the waiting room, where they sat down as far apart as possible.

"Well, old boy," remarked the strange man to me, "Have a smoke?"

"You bet."

And in five minutes we were well acquainted, and playing euchre under the shadow of a box. He didn't take me for a thief, and I never suspected him of murder, and the two hours went by in a hurry.

Not so in the depot, however. For the first half hour the two women glared at each other. Neither would speak first. Each was afraid of the other. One looked out into a turnip field, and the other into a swamp. Now and then one or the other would muster up courage to approach the door and look out, but always to return to her seat again. Only one had a watch, she consulted it every five minutes, but the other dare not ask her what time it was. As an offset, however, a wooden pail, half full of warm water, stood near her, and though the other lady was dying for a drink she dare not go over to the pail. One had a novel, and the other a bundle of shells and curiosities, and they could have chatted, visited and read and had a good time. But they dared not. They had not been introduced. What an awful, awful thing if they had spoken and acted civilized, and one had found out that the other was a hired girl.

It is Curious Who Give.

"It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood, he's put down two dollars; his farm is worth $10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down five dollars; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile, but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel, after we returned from church, the day pledges were taken for contributions for Foreign Missions. He read them off, and I took down the items to find the aggregate. He went on:

"There's Maria Hill, she's put down five dollars; she teaches in the North district, and don't have but twenty dollars a month and pays her board; and has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience, the time she joined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where works you generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker, he's put down one dollar, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunning four dollars. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand; but he'll do it and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work."—*Missionary Messenger.*

Salt Water in the Stable.

A most excellent preventive of gall is to bathe the shoulders each evening with strong salt water, commencing six weeks before active spring work begins, and continuing the bathing during the summer. An English veterinary surgeon, who has tested the above for ten years, says: "In the stable I keep an old fruit can, into which I throw a small handful of salt and then add the necessary water. This is stirred until the salt is dissolved, and the solution is applied to the shoulders with a cloth tied around the end of a cob. The roughness of the cob holds the cloth well in place. Using this avoids getting the salt water on the hands—an agreeable precaution, especially if the skin on your hand is broken. When the horses are at work I wash their shoulders clean with clean water as soon as the harness is removed in the evening, and then apply the salt water. It cools and eases the shoulders, and the horses like it."

DON'T try to grow cranberries on a sand-hill nor wheat in a swamp.

APPLE trees and all fruit-bearing trees and plants require a good deal of potash.

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