THE KENT NEWS:
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OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
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MONEY IN YOUR POCKET!

The Final Arrangements are Perfected! Our Entire Stock to Go Without Reserve! Must be Turned into Cash! From January 1st, 1892, our business will be conducted under the name of

A. FRIEDMAN & CO.

And, therefore, from this date, will make a Deeper Cut on our Entire Stock of

MEN'S, BOY'S and CHILDREN'S

Overcoats, Suits and Pants.

—ALSO, THE ENTIRE LINE OF—

MEN'S, BOY'S and CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Are to be sold at a great reduction. Since we have been advertising about our change we have sold a great many goods. We shall now make a deeper cut, as our stock must be turned into CASH! We have to-day the largest and most complete line for you to select from than was ever displayed in this town, and will guarantee you a saving of fully 25 per cent. in all your dealings with us. All we ask you is to look around, post yourself, then come to us and we will show you the difference. We have no sweet talk to offer you, but we have Bargains in Clothing and Shoes. The goods are ours—paid for—don't belong to any city house who shall say how they're to be sold.

STORM OVERCOATS. *We have a large line, which we offer at $9; sold elsewhere at $12.50.*

OVERCOATS FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN, *such as Meltons, Kerseys, light and heavy weights; Fur Beavers, Plain Beavers, from the cheapest to the finest, are reduced, and you buy them fully from $1.00 to $3.00 less than elsewhere.*

MEN'S, BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S SUITS, *such as Double-Breasted Straight Front and Cutaways iu Melton's, Worsteds, Cheviots, Harris' Cassimeres and Fancy Plaids, are complete in every respect. Come and examine them.*

PANTS FOR MEN AND BOYS. *We have the most complete line in Town.*

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

We may be compelled to discontinue this line, and therefore will make a still Deeper Cut in them. Our popular $5.00 Hand-Made reduced to $4.25. Our $4.25 Hand-Made will sell for $3.50. The popular Rivited-Sewed is to go for $2.50. We still have them from $1.00 to $2.00 in all sizes. A saving of 25 to 50 per cent. on a pair is guaranteed.

To the shrewd, careful buyer OUR GREAT CUT SALES offer a Grand Opportunity. Respectfully,

A. FRIEDMAN.

NOTICE.—*All persons to whom I am indebted will please present their bills for settlement. All persons indebted to me will please call and settle either by cash or note, by January 1, 1892. All old accounts must be closed.*
December 10, 1891.

$6,500.00

WORTH of WINTER CLOTHING!

—WILL BE SACRIFICED—

FAR BELOW COST for the NEXT SIXTY DAYS

At the CLOTHING STORE of

THOMAS S. BORDLEY.

THE OWNER of the property has consented to tear out and completely remodel the storeroom, and in order to get rid of the stock so that this can be conveniently done, I have determined to sell every garment FAR BELOW COST so that by February there will be no stock to move. In order to give you some idea of the IMMENSE BARGAINS at your disposal I will name in part: FIRST—Every Fine Overcoat in the house, including the Finest Satin-lined Coats, which we sold for $15, $16, $18 and $20 will be sold for $9.50. Remember, this includes Every Fine Overcoat in the house, no matter what they cost. SECOND—You can have the choice of Any and All of the Very Finest Suits in the house for $14.50, including all our Clay, Hockanum and Fancy Worsteds, also Imported Corkscrews, Velour and Harris' Cassimere. THIRD—For $9 we will give you the choice of Every $12, $13 and $14 Suit in the house, including Cheviots, Cassimeres and All-wool Worsteds. FOURTH—For $4.90 we will give you the choice of Every $6, $6.50, $7 and $8 suit we have. FIFTH—All our Finest Grade of Pants, which sold for $6, $6.50 and $7 will be sold for $4.90. A splendid assortment of $2, $2.50 and $3 Pants for $1.85. All our Boys' and Children's Suits will be sold in the same way. Every Hat and every piece of Furnishing Goods will also go below cost.

MY intention was to begin this sale the First of January, but upon reflection have determined to begin at once, while you need Clothing. This is the Grandest Opportunity to buy Perfect-Fitting Clothing at Your Own Price, ever offered. Call at once and get the pick of the stock. Resp'y, &c.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
BORDLEY'S CORNER.
December 5, 1891.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Indian Women Life.

BY WARREN K. MOOREHEAD.

The life of the average Indian woman is one filled with hardships and privations. This statement is more particularly true of all tribes other than the Sioux. These latter Indians treat their wives with considerable respect, and, consequently, the Sioux girl, maiden or mother, is more interesting to us.

If one should write down the everyday doings of an Indian woman for a month, a very fair idea would be obtained of her life for the doings of each day are but a repetition of the day before.

About seven o'clock in the morning, when the sun is sufficiently high to gild the smoky canvas lodges with its beams, and murkey surroundings the Sioux woman arises. She picks up several pots and pans, and, if it be winter, kindles a fire in the centre of the lodge; she fills a kettle with water, suspends it above the fire, and places therein a compound of wild cherries, rice and meat. She fills the coffee-pot, and as soon as the singing steam indicates that the fluid is about prepared, she calls her lord and the children, who, lazily and with evident regret, dress themselves and partake of the morning meal. They eat, of course, with their fingers, cutting the meat with a butcher knife. This very same knife may have been used to cut up a cow at the beef-issue the day previous, or to prepare a fat puppy for the skillet.

While they partake of their frugal repast, let us glance about the home of these people. Take, for example, the lodge of Keeps-the-Battle. We observe a framework of poles covered with heavy canvas or duck. The structure is eleven feet in diameter at the base, and there is an opening at the top about two feet wide, to admit of the passage of smoke, and for ventilation. The edges of the opening at the top are irregular, and pieces of canvas will flop in the wind, sending considerable soot both into the food and upon the inmates below, neither of which disturbs them, for they are used to filth. Several sticks are tied across from one pole to another at about the height of an average man, from which are suspended long, thin strips of beef, to be slowly cured in the heat of the fire. The thin strips of jerked beef look very uninviting to the white man, and are really suggestive of raw hide rope. The pot is suspended over the fire on a curved stick, which is firmly planted in the ground, and curves over the blaze. Similar contrivances are used frequently by gypsies, although wandering folk frequently prefer an ordinary crane. At the base of the lodge are blankets and robes piled in confusion around the edges. They serve as seats during the day, and as a covering at night. They are seldom aired, but on account of the wind having free access to them, both from above and below, they have no odor.

Many of the Sioux live in log houses, although a large portion still adhere to the canvas and skin lodges.

Indian children are never named until several years of age. Not infrequently is their naming postponed till something unusual has happened in the history of the young person. Boys and girls play alike together until they have attained the age of about ten years, then there is a separation and the girls romp about the tepees, while the boys gather on the banks of the neighboring stream and sport about the water, or throw spears and shoot arrows at marks. Their games are totally different from those indulged in by the American boy.

When a girl has attained the age of ten years, she is instructed to some extent by her mother in the art of cooking and taking care of either a tepee or a log-house. At the age of fifteen she has quite a voice in the family, and is permitted to vote upon questions of importance. She is not compelled to work unless the task meets with her approval. Indeed, until her marriage the young lady has unlimited liberty, even more so than the more cultured and refined miss of civilized communities. When she becomes a young woman the prettiest dresses are procured for her—for very few Indians nowadays wear buckskin—and a beautiful and bright-colored blanket is presented her by her father. She wears a broad leather belt about her waist, ornamented with silver pieces, frequently quarters and half dollars. Her moccasins and leggings are a marvel of artistic workmanship, often being covered with several pounds of beads. Her hair is parted in the centre, combed straight back, and the part is painted invariably a bright yellow. Formerly, necklaces of bear teeth and claws were worn, but now beads of European manufacture take the place of such savage ornaments. The children may wear necklaces of elk teeth or wolf teeth, both of which are highly esteemed, but the young lady does not deign to thus ornament herself. She frequently paints her cheeks yellow, and occasionally a bright red. She wears a blanket thrown over both shoulders, with one corner thrown about her head so that the face only is visible, somewhat after the manner employed by the ancient Romans in wearing a toga. The young girls are quite shy, and many of them are a model of propriety. They would think no more of conversing with a total stranger, whether he be red or white, than would any young lady walking down Fifth avenue in New York, or along Pennsylvaria avenue in Washington, regard the rude stare of some passing dude.

The girl has a perfect right to accept or refuse a young man's attentions, whether he be a chief's son or an ordinary warrior.

Indian men do not usually obtain their wives by barter. Formerly this custom was in vogue, but of late years it has fallen into disuse. A father may accept a number of horses and blankets as a mark of respect from him who marries his daughter, just as we erect a fine house, or give valuable wedding presents to our young people when they marry. It is in no sense a purchase or a sale on either part.

To me, one of the customs of courting is very strangely in keeping with the wild, yet romantic, life of the Sioux. A young man desiring to make love to the lady of his choice, works patiently for several days and constructs a reed flute. There are five or six holes in the instrument, and eight or ten notes can be produced upon it. The sound is wierd and plaintive. Some beautiful moonlight night, about eight o'clock the young man leaves his home, and stationing himself about one hundred yards from the home of his intended, plays for one or two hours a series of strange melodies, all of them in the minor key. The sound floats out on the summer's air, and, perhaps, a prairie dog on the plain near by, disturbed by the music may raise his small voice in protesting barks; or, a great white owl, in a scrub oak, may hoot and whoo in derision. The sound is as sweet to the maiden's ears as the voice of the lover himself. She listens attentively, and when she concludes that he has played sufficiently long to assure her of his serious intentions, she timidly walks forth from her home. Throwing the now useless reed upon the ground, the young man rushes forth. Then ensues a scene such as only those who have been lovers can appreciate.

Another means of courting, although not so generally followed, is very peculiar and deserves mention. The young man goes and stations himself near the home of the one he most highly esteems, and awaits her coming. When she appears, he goes up to her and assures her of his high regard for her. He may converse ten or fifteen minutes and concludes by asking her to become his squaw. If she favors the suit, she communicates to her parents and goes away with him; if not, she jokes him, and laughs at his words and leaves him disconsolate. Frequently three or four young men will go to see the same young lady upon the same evening. They are very gentlemanly and courteous, however, and each waits patiently until the young man who first came has tried his persuasive power. Strange to say, there is no rivalry or jealousy; that a young woman should have a number of admirers is taken as a matter of course; and, although those in waiting may inwardly rejoice at the maiden's refusal to listen to the words of their rivals, there is no outward indication visible.

The accompanying illustration will acquaint the reader with the features of a typical Indian woman. The young girls being free from the odious duties that devolve upon the women, have specially bright and vivacious countenances. The married woman of thirty looks still young, although her voice has a certain hardness, or sternness. The woman of forty shows wrinkles and furrows in her features. There is a sadness in her face, and, if one looks closely, you can read the following story: "My husband sits in his lodge and smokes most of the time. Once a week, when cattle are issued at the beef corral, he goes out with me in our wagon and shoots a cow. I have to cut up the animal, remove the skin, and put the meat in the wagon, while he sits idly by, regarding my work complacently. He may aid me in lifting the heavier pieces, but when we get home the preparing of certain portions to be dried devolve wholly upon me. I have to cut most of the wood, bring the water, and make trips to the agency store two or three miles distant for provisions. On ration day, when flour, beans, rice and meal are issued us, I go to the commissary department with the dawn of day and stand in line with four or five hundred other women several hours, patiently waiting the opening of the doors. When I receive my heavy load of provisions there is no one to help me carry them back home except my children." And while the woman told you this you would feel very sorry for her; but when she told you, with proud and haughty bearing, her reason for not permitting her lord to assist her, you would lose your sympathy: "To you white people this is dreadful; to us it is right. My husband is a warrior (or a chief, or medicine man,) and it is degrading for him to do woman's work. I would no more think of asking him to aid me in the ordinary duties, than your husbands would think of asking their wives to aid them in their business, or at their offices. My sphere is entirely different from his, and while it is hard work, it is a labor of love."

The missionaries on the reservation find it extremely difficult to infuse European ideas into the minds of the Sioux, especially regarding the treatment of women. While the men are perfectly willing to have their girls educated, they will not consent to have them placed on an equality with the men. Time alone can change this prejudice and raise Sioux women from their low condition to that high and noble position such as is attained and held by women of civilized nations. A woman compelled to toil as a slave, appeals to no sentiment in a man's nature save that of pity and compassion. Education and Christianity alone can elevate them.

The Girl to be Avoided.

She is the girl that takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party which is to be "a dead secret" and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own, to help mother and to have your pleasures *at* home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as "a gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And of all others she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, she is the girl to be avoided.

TOMMY—"What part of speech is 'woman?" Papa—"Woman is no part of speech at all, my son. She is the whole of it."

GIRLS learn faster than boys, and forget easier.

Every Year.

BY WILLIAM COWAN.

I feel 'tis growing colder
Every year;
And my heart, alas! gets old
Every year.
I can win no new affection;
I have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year,
When the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year.
When we see the blossoms faded
That to bloom we might have aided;
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leaves vacant places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
Every year.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old pleasures, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us;
There are fewer to forget us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

New Year Resolutions.

Looked at in a philosophical light there is no special reason why the first day of January should be different from any other day. It is not the actual beginning of the year, the 21st day of March, the first day of spring, more fitly deserves the honor. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the selection of the day, and it probably will never be changed in Christendom.

Practically, the date makes no difference. As a matter of fact, we used to celebrate New Year's day, prior to 1752, 13 days later than we do now, on account of the change in the calendar, which took effect in that year. The Russians still preserve the old-style calendar, and the Hebrews keep a New Year's day based on the Mosaic chronology. The date, therefore, makes little difference, but the day is of considerable importance. As far back as history runs, it has been the custom to mark the death of the old year and the birth of the new by appropriate ceremonies.

In ancient times these ceremonies were of rather a solemn character, but among Northern nations it has always been the occasion for the highest demonstrations of merriment and conviviality.

Putting aside these features, we may very appropriately regard New Year's as the day of good intentions. A great deal of fun has been poked at the boy or girl who starts a diary on the first of January and abandons it on the first of February, but it is a question whether it is not beneficial to keep a diary even but one month out of 12.

What possible harm can there be in proposing to be good? In considering crimes we always take into account the intention of the deed. The intention is the essence of the good deed. Only to propose to do better is something; if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step toward amendment. But in fact to propose to do well is in some sort to do well, for "he who is not worse today than he was yesterday, is better."

So there is no harm—indeed there is good—in proposing to break off bad habits and form good ones. All seed can not fall on barren soil, some will bear fruit. Therefore, make all the good resolutions you can think of and keep as many as you can. You can't very well fail to keep some of them.

This is the value of New Year's day. It is an imaginary milestone on the track of human life—a resting place and a new starting place. Be sure you start right, and in the right direction, if you would have a happy New Year. Cast aside your old faults; resolve to be as good as you know how and resist temptation as long as you can.

Then, if you do not have a happy New Year, it will be your own fault.

The Telephone to be Taken Out.

There is a telephone in their residence and it is used principally by Mrs. Binks and her friends. It is perhaps natural that it should be identified solely with Mrs. Binks, and that Mr. Binks—well, Mr. Binks answered when the bell rang a few nights ago, and this is the conversation that took place:

"Hello!"

"Well?"

"Is this Mrs. Binks?"

"No."

"I mean is this Mrs. Binks' telephone?"

"No; it's the company's."

"Well, is this Mrs. Binks' house?"

"I don't know. I'm beginning to think that perhaps it is."

"What?"

"Yes, I guess it is. Every one seems to think it is, anyway."

"Is Mrs. Binks' daughter there?"

"No."

"Well, who is this?"

"O, this is only Mrs. Binks' husband the father of Mrs. Binks' daughter, the man who lives in Mrs. Bink's house and occasionally drives Mrs. Binks' horses. She got him with the house, you know."

"O, she did!"

"Yes, she did."

"Tough on Mrs. Binks, isn't it?"

That telephone will probably be taken out of the house.

THREE thousand women of Greece have signed a petition to the Government asking that public schools of art and industry be established for women.

ETHEL—"I have had more than fifty offers so far this season." Maud—"For the land's sake! Who from?" Ethel—"From George."

A YOUNG LADY who is entertaining an old flame ought not to get cold even if there be no fire in the stove.

Special correspondence of the News.

Scenes in Italy.

A VISIT TO POMPEII, NAPLES, ETC.

NAPLES, ITALY, Dec. 2, 1891.

The train for Pompeii left the station at Naples at 8 A. M., Sunday morning. It was packed full of travelers, en route for the most wonderful place in the world, the buried city of Pompeii. The day was charming; Vesuvius fairly gleamed with brilliancy, the sun striking her craggy sides and reflecting a thousand smiles from the vineyards and olive gardens adjoining the base of this great volcano; while at the summit the crater poured out smoke and flames that curled upward and lost themselves amid the heavenly blue depths of the sky of Italy.

As we moved along, on all sides of our compartment we could hear the sharp jingle of English consonants instead of the musical flow of Italian vowels, and turning to a fellow passenger to inquire the time, we found that our train was literally filled with English tourist, who were en route for Australia via the Suez Canal. The ship Cuzco, of Her Majesty's Line, was stopping at Naples for supplies, and in consequence her passengers took this opportunity to lay off and visit Pompeii. They were a gay party and we joined them, sharing expenses of guides, &c., during the day. After a run of two hours we disembarked at a very modern station, to be waylaid by all manner of guides, runners and cabmen, but steering our way through this mass of humanity we entered the nearest restaurant to obtain a bite to eat before investigating the ruins, having only eaten the conventional coffee and rolls for a continental breakfast before leaving Naples. The restaurant was crowded, hunger getting the better of curiosity although we were within a step of a thousand years ago! We waited some time before getting any attention. Finally they brought us some wine and bread and cheese. Wine of Vesuvius, they called it, but it had no taste except of water, and the bread and cheese would not pass around thrice. For this pretence of a repast the waiter presented a bill of 12 francs, which our English friends regarded as too much, and indignantly refused to pay. Then came a scene worthy of the days of Pompeian glory, when all disputes ended in the arena. We left the restaurant, followed by the Italians, gabbering all manner of things at us, which sounded very musical in their flowing language, but which was literally very savage talk if we could have known a word of it. In the excitement they pulled off jackets and made a great show of fighting, but soon quieted down and smilingly took half the price they had charged, when they found we would pay no more In Italy charges are made just double what they expect to get.

The ruined city is several feet below the present surface of the ground. We descended a few steps, passed through a very narrow passage, entered a small gate, turning to the right we ascended an inclined covered archway of a hundred yards leading to the city, half way through this archway is a door opening into the museum. It contains most of the relics and treasures found and excavated among the ruins, although a great many curiosities from Pompeii and Herculaneum are contained in the museum at Naples. Among the relics we saw at Pompeii are pots of every kind made of clay and marble, jugs, jars, pieces of metal, rings, bracelets, platters, plates, chariot wheels, and hoops of various metals and well preserved, besides pieces of cloth, in fragments, partly scorched, but wonderfully natural and curious, when we consider the hands that made them have been dust a thousand years and more. In glass cases are bodies of men and women and animals now petrified, but preserving the attitudes and expressions that they had previous to death. When in the midst of joyous life and pleasure they felt the earth quake, and looking towards Vesuvius saw the wrathful volcano hurling death upon them. The man spoken of by Lord Lytton in his "Last Days of Pompeii" is to be seen there, and a petrified dog, recently found, is twisted in the act of looking backward, mouth open, as if he had been howling, and terror depicted on the stone countenance.

From this most interesting collection of wonders of the ages before the Christian era we passed up the inclined archway and entered the city. First of all we were astonished by the narrowness of the streets and smallness of the houses. Evidently those old Pompeians were small people. The stone floors of the houses are set in beautiful designs of all colored stones, and even the halls are pictured with these exquisite Mosaic designs, from which so many patterns and ideas are taken for house decorations today. The flood of lava, which covered the city, sealed it up like an air-tight jar. Nothing has been much changed, except roofs of houses and temples in excavations. All outside walls, columns, floors, ornaments, paving stones and cellars are untouched apparently by time. Some walls are crumbling and moss-grown, but only a few.

The ancient inhabitants had small sleeping rooms, resembling closets, which opened in one central court or saloon, where the family assembled to lounge upon divans or stools, to eat, drink, laugh and converse. The floors of these courts were composed of small stones of various colors, set in cement in the floors, of flowers, birds and fish, and called Mosaic. In some houses were altars with small statues of family Gods upon them. These altars are of the finest marble, of various colors. From chincks in the walls we found specimens of lovely maiden hair ferns, which our guides allowed us to take. Some gathered handfuls as mementoes of our visit to Pompeii.

It is strictly forbidden to take any stone or piece of mortar, but the watchful eyes of the guardians could not prevent a few specimens from being picked up by our Australian fellow-travelers, one lady I saw, took a slab of marble the size of a brick.

We had the best of days, cool with a cloudless sky, and Vesuvius rearing its towering head far above the little city that once it had simply crushed out of life. It seemed difficult for us to *think back ward* 2,000 years and imagine that day of doom, when the flying inhabitants could only look to sea for shelter. The sea was so near and most of them escaped, but many were engulfed by the red hot waves of lava or blinded by flames and smoke pouring down from Vesuvius in its rage.

In some of the open courts, which belonged to the houses of the wealthy Pompeians, are exquisite statues, still standing, of Gods and Goddesses and lions, many upholding basins of marble for water, others are floral designs. Columns of temples remain in the same upright position, and the remains of the theatre comique and tragic are well preserved. As our guide could not sdeak English, but very good French, it fell my lot to interpret. He showed us a butcher's stall with marble slab for chopping meat on, with the knife marks, 2,000 years old, and beneath several of the houses he showed us the wine cellars. Under the temples were the caves for the priests' wine. Also, baths, whose walls are strong and well.

Pompeii was only a modern village, never so large or imposing as Naples, but its history is most interesting and sad, and it is a link between our day and the time of the Cæsars. Its population of from thirty to forty thousand was almost entirely destroyed by the ashes and lava, only those who rushed to the boats and the sea escaped. We spent hours wandering through these narrow streets, enjoying everything, then proceeded to the southern wall, outside, across a field, and saw the amphitheatre—smaller than Rome's Coliseum—but like all else in this region, well preserved. We enter the caves of the beasts, and back in the dark recesses we almost expected to see the glaring eyes of a panther, or to hear the chained lion's restless roar before he was called to the combat; not of Christians, because this old fighting ground existed before their day. We gathered some pumice stones, so abundant here, and bought some flowers from tiny black-eyed children, then wandered back around the base of Vesuvius, when our guides produced some rare wine, the real, pure juice of the grapes that blush into fragrance upon the mountain sides, and so world renowned as the wine of Vesuvius. This time it was not watered, but possessed of a flavor that only can be expressed by tasting—as pure as the extract of flowers, and as sparkling as the eyes of the Contadini—peasant girls who offered it.

When the sunbeams across the Mediterranean tinged the ruins of old Pompeian walls, and long slanting shadows across her streets, denoted the evening's approach, we reluctantly dismissed our guides and thoughtfully directed our footsteps to the station and returned to Naples.

ROSALIE MITCHELL.

The Girl with the Crayon.

A girl about eighteen years of age entered a Third avenue Elevated car at the bridge the other day having a crayon portrait on a stretcher in her hand. She took a seat beside a middle-aged man who had a sleepy look in his eyes, but who roused up just as the train got away and said:

"'Scuse me, but is that a crayon you have there?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in a timid way.

"Thought so. Some of your own work?"

"No sir."

Thought so. 'Scuse me. Somebody else's work, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it crayon portrait of your dear fazzer?" he continued after a bit.

The girl looked up and down the car for another seat and made no reply.

"Or it may be crayon portrait of your dear muzzer," he suggested.

The girl got up and went to the other end of the car, and the man looked after her in a stupid way and then said to the passenger next to him:

"Scuse me, but I didn't mean anything. I never see crayon portrait without being deeply affected. I had a muzzer once."

"Quite likely," coldly replied the other.

"I was goin' to present her with crayon portrait of myself for Christmas, but she—she died! Poor muzzer!

Tears filled his eyes and ran over his cheeks, and as he failed to find his handkerchief he wiped them off with a dogskin glove.

"She'd have died when you presented her the portrait, anyhow?" heartlessly observed the passenger.

"Scuse me, is your muzzer dead?" asked the other.

"No."

"Then you can't realize how I feel. I was born with a tender heart. No home is home without a muzzer. I was goin' to present her with protrait next day, but she died. Was I to blame?"

"Perhaps not."

"Can't see how I was to blame, but it always makes me sad to think of it. 'Scuse me, will you?"

The guard looked in to call out "Ninth street," and seeing the condition of the man, he took him by the arm and led him out on the platform. The deeply affected son got one arm around a post and used the other hand to wipe away more tears, and he called to the other man through the window:

"Scuse me, but you'd better see that girl and speak to her. She may kill her muzzer jess as I killed mine."

"Go on down with your jag!" exclaimed the guard as he slammed the gates.

"Jag! Jag! Have I got jag? Where's jag? See that girl afore it's too late? I had crayon portrait all ready for Christmas, and she died—my dear ole muzzer fell right off her chair and died! 'Scuse me, but I was born tender"——

The ticket-chopper had him by the back of the neck aud was heading him for the stairs as the train moved off. M. QUAD.

Dont's For Bachelors.

Don't remain as you are any longer than you can help yourselves.

Don't think a bachelor is the best form of man.

Don't presume upon your independence.

Don't be too "palavering" with the women.

Don't forget that you are growing old very rapidly.

Don't think because *you think* a bachelor is the happiest man in the world that he is really so.

Don't try to hide that bald spot, or the streaking gray hairs.

Don't try to prevent yourselves loving little children.

Don't button yourselves up in yourselves.

Don't be a bachelor, that's all.

MATRIMONY is all right so long as both husband and wife like *to* read their old love letters to each other.

Letter from Millington.

A Cordial Reception to the Galena Epworth League.

The NEWS gave its readers a short account of the visit of Galena M. E. League to Millington last week, but the following will no doubt be of interest:

The large audience room of the Millington M. E. Church was tastefully trimmed with evergreen and ivy, on Friday evening of last week, to receive a chapter of Epworth League from Galena. Inside the chancel railing, encircled by a slender wreath, stood a large arch; suspended from the arch was a Roman star, in the center of which stood a miniature cross between the initial letter "E. L." Above and below the cross was the motto of the league, "Look Up! Lift Up!" People began to arrive at an early hour and soon a large number were seated to enjoy the varied and interesting features of the program that was to be executed for the entertainment of the visiting chapter. When the delegation from Galena arrived the members of the Millington league arose and stood until the the ushers escorted the visitors to reserved seats. After singing by the choir and prayer by the pastor of Galena, the address of welcome was delivered by Dr. J. H. Hill, of Millington, in a few well-chosen remarks spoke of the pleasure it gave the members of Millington to welcome the chapter of Galena in their midst, and of the value of interchanging ideas as a means by which the aims and purposes of the Epworth League might be more readily accomplished. Dr. Hill concluded his remarks by saying: "I now leave you in the hands of those whose greatest efforts and chief delight will be to make your time pass both pleasantly and profitably." Dr. Hill's address was followed by a charming solo, sung by Miss Pauline Higman, the gifted daughter of Richard Higman, Esq. Miss Ethel Taylor, of Millington, read quite an amusing selection, called "Jeroboam and the Epworth League." A dialogue followed, in which the Methodist Church as an educational factor was intelligently discussed by Miss Lizzie Mallalieu and Messrs. Frank Smith and Earnest Saunders. A solo, sung with exquisite effect, by Mrs. Joseph Mallalieu, lent an additional sweetness to the occasion. A recitation, gracefully rendered by Miss Winnifred Bailey, of Queen Anne's county, who was the elocutionist of the evening, and an essay on "Life and Its Purposes, by Miss Kate Moffit, the delightful essayist of Millington, closed the literary exercises. The choir rendered excellent music throughout the evening. After the musical and literary entertainment at the church was over, the visitors were given a banquet in the *Hotel de ville*. Speech-making was indulged in. Rev. Mr. Nelson, pastor of Galena, in a happy style, and in behalf of the members in charge, expressed his high appreciation of the elegant and delightful manner in which they had been entertained. He was followed by Rev. Mr. White, of Millington. Among other things, Mr. White said: "I am glad to be a member of the Epworth League as it throws me in the society of young people, and it keeps me young." Prof. Robinson, of Baltimore was then called for. He said: "Though I am not a *de facto* member of the Epworth League, yet I have eleven children who are members, so I consider I have done a great deal for the league, and if there is a man in this hall tonight who has done more for it than I have, I should like to see him stand up." No one ventured to rise. Mr. Mallalieu, Sr., who was probably the oldest man in the hall, made quite a lengthy address. Those present at the banquet who were not members of the league were Prof. Robinson, of Baltimore, and a representative of the *Centreville Record*.

"COOKED HIS GOOSE."

How a Wise Young Man Got the Best of His Rival.

It was night, sweet, delicious night, the crisp, clear, moonlit October night, of the temperate zone, one of those nights on which all the poetry in a man's and woman's nature rises to the surface, and on which there is naught but love and calm delight in the heart says the New York *Press*.

It was, therefore, strange to behold a young couple facing each other and regarding each other with looks so cold and chilling that an iceberg would have seemed like a furnace in their vicinity.

"I know why you wish me to leave you," he said in sharp and metalic tones, each syllable of which seemed to fall from his lips with a click.

"Why?" she asked, with a toss of her queenly head.

"Because you expect a visit from my rival."

"What if I do?" she said. Then, throwing a colder glitter into her eyes than had previously illumined them, she added: "Perhaps he loves me better than you do."

"Oh, he loves you," laughed the youth, sardonically; "without doubt he loves you, for I've heard him praising you."

"Heard him praising me!" The cold glitter left her eyes. "What did he say?"

"He said you were pretty—yes, pretty. I do not seek to hide the fact from you."

"He said I was pretty!"

"Yes, he said you were pretty—almost as pretty as your friend, Miss Somely.

Her face became deathly white.

"Almost as pretty as Miss Somely!" she repeated mechanically.

She was silent while you could have counted twenty, or perhaps twenty-one.

Then she said:

"Hadn't we better go in, John, instead of staying out here at the garden gate?"

And as they passed out of the moonlight into the house, he said softly to himself:

"I've cooked his goose!"

THOSE who still have farming implements lying exposed to the weather should lose no time in putting them under shelter. If they have been in the sun ever since you quit using them, they have already been greatly damaged, but it is not too late to shelter them and save them further injury. Let every one who reads this, if he has implements still out, get right up and go house them.

LET a pretty woman go to a man with her troubles, and in his sympathy he will fall in love with her, and add to them.

NO WOMAN likes to hear her male friends ridiculed.

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