THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
OFFICE IN KENT NEWS BUILDING.

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

SUBSCRIPTION: $1 PER ANNUM
strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 may be charged.
SIX MONTHS, 60 CENTS; THREE MONTHS, 40 CENTS
LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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

We Pay Railroad Fare . .

NEARLY thirty thousand buyers have availed themselves of our system of paying Railroad Far

The plan is very simple. Buy a moderate amount of goods—from $10 to $40—show your Railroad Ticket, and receive in cash full amount paid for ticket.

LOWEST PRICES
BEST GOODS
Prices marked in plain figures on the ticket

We have an enormous stock of **Winter Clothing** that must be sold regardless of profit. The best Suits and Overcoats from $10 to $30.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
Sixth & Market
PHILADELPHIA

We Pay Railroad Fare . .

Marked Down Prices!

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

HAVING DETERMINED TO MAKE A CHANGE IN OUR BUSINESS WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING GOODS

At Greatly Reduced Prices!

DRY GOODS:
MUSLINS, CANTON FLANNELS, KERSEYS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, BLANKETS, GRAY and RED FLANNELS, WHITE FLANNELS, TOWELS, &c.
MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS, LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.
We want room for other lines of goods, hence the above offer.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Nov. 4, 1893. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

An Acknowledged Fact!

THOMAS. G. WROTH,

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE IN CHESTERTOWN HAS THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Foot-Wear

IN LEATHER AND RUBBER. EVERYTHING FROM THE HEAVIEST OYSTER BOOT TO THE FINEST KID SLIPPER.

Prices To Suit The Times,

T. G. WROTH,
Dont miss the Place. Under Stam's Hall

LARGE COLLECTION
OF VERY DESIRABLE GOODS IN FINE
JEWELRY.-.WATCHES.-.DIAMONDS,
CLOCKS, BRONZES, &c.

LOWEST PRICES!

J. S. MacDONALD,
Nos. 6 and 8 N. Charles St., Balto., Md

Will remove next door, corner Baltimore and Charles street, about June 15th.

SCHOOL BOOK NOTICE.

A FULL LINE OF
SCHOOL BOOKS!
TABLETS,
and every thing necessary for School Work.

OLD GEOGRAPHIES, ALGEBRAS AND GEOMETRIES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

TOULSON'S,
DRUG STORE.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
CHESTERTOWN, - - - MARYLAND

N. C. CROW'S,
UP-TOWN GROCERY!
—FULL LINE OF—
Dry Goods and Notions.
IN STOCK, ALSO,
Groceries and Provisions,
Tobacco and Cigars.

SHOES! SHOES!
for Gents, Ladies and Children.

FLOUR.—We keep the WM. LEA & SONS' FLOUR for sale by the barrel or sack, we think as cheap as you can get it from the city, and we think their flour has no superior. Come and see us and be convinced that our goods are good and cheap.

Country Produce wanted at highest pric Give us a call.
N. C. CROW, Up-Town
m18.

SEED POTATOES.—A splendid lot of home and foreign stock—Early Rose, &c.

VANDEGRIFT'S
ERADICATOR
—FOR—
For Cleansing Grease Spots from Clothing

WEST INDIA SPICED VINEGAR
For sale by E. W. F. SIMPERS.

Straight From Headquarters!

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS, THAT WE ARE OFFERING SOME OF THE

GREATEST BARGAINS!
OF THE SEASON.

Doing Only Cash Business and Buying with Cash in Hand, in These Times of Depression, We are Enabled to Secure Many Lots of Goods at

Greatly Reduced Prices!

NOTE OUR PRICES:

Pins, full count, 1 to 3 cents per paper; Best Needles, 1 cent per paper; Spool Silk, 3 cents; Darning Needles 5 for 1 cent; Carpet Tacks, dozen papers, 9 cents; 25 Good Envelopes, 3 cents; 120 Sheets Note Paper, 8 cents; 5 Slate Pencils, 1 cent; Shoe Strings, 2 cents per dozen; School Slates, 2 to 8 cents; Lamp Wickes, 5 for 1 cent; Watch Keys, 1 cent; Shirt Buttons, 12 dozen, 3 cents; Bone Collar Buttons, 4 cents per dozen; Safety Pins, 2 cents per dozen; 2,500 yards of Lace, 1 to 15 cents per yard; 2,000 yards of Ribbon, 6 cents per yard, worth 15; 400 Dozen Dress Buttons, 1 to 5 cents; Best Calico, 5 and 6 cents per yard; LARGE LINE OF BLANKNTS, all kinds, from 75 cents up; 90 Dozen Men's and Boys' Suspenders, 7 to 49 cents; 20 Dozen Ladies' Corsets, 23 to 46 cents; P. N. Corsets, 95 cents; 50 Dozen Children's Black Hose, 8 cents; Men's Extra Heavy Hose, 6 cents; Gent's Fine Hose, 10 to 25 cents; Extra Good Spool Cotton, 2 cents; Raleigh Thread, 3 cents; Hair Pins, 12 cents per lb.; P. N. Corset Steels, 8 cents; Men's Linen Collars, 8 cents; 24 Dozen Boys' Over Shirts, 19 to 50 cents; Extra Heavy Buckskin Shirts, 50 cents;

100 Pair of Boy's Knee Pants, 10 to 90c.;
300 Odd Coats, 75c. to $2.90; Men's Suits, $3.00 to $10;
Boys' Suits, Jackets and Knee Pants, 95c. to $5;
350 Men's and Boys' Overcoats, 95c. to $7;

100 Dozen Men's and Boys' Overalls, 29 to 63 cents; a Large Line of Men's and Boys' Gloves, 25 cents to $1.23; Extra Heavy Floor Oil-Cloth, 25 cents per yard; Best Table Oil-Cloth, 19 cents per yard. TINWARE:—4 Quart Coffee Pots, 18 cents; 3 Quart, 14 cents; 2 Quart, 10 cents; ½ Gallon Tin Cups, 5 cents. HARDWARE:—Cut Nails, 2½ cents per pounds; Man's Axes, 56 cents; Carriage Bolts, 3 and 4x5-16, 8 cents per dozen; Padlocks, 5 to 18 cents; Auger Bits, ¼ inch, 5 cents; 5-16 inch, 8 cents; Hand Saws, 25 cents to $1.67; Hatchets, 8 to 42 cents; Saw Handles, 8 cents; Spring Balance, 24 Pound, 8 cents; Two-foot Rule, 7 cents; Half Soles, 10 cents; Headlight, 8 cents.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, all kinds;
MEN'S KNIT UNDERSHIRTS, 40 CENTS, sold everywhere for fifty;
FULL LINE OF LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR;
CHILDREN'S VESTS, 9 to 28c.; LADIES' VESTS, 25 to 46c.

MESSICK & CO.,
Successors to HILYARD & CO.,
W. N. DONOVAN, Manager. Millington, Maryland.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
No. 125 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

FRANK WRIGHT & CO.,
(formerly of Wright & Loney,)
Commission Merchants
FRUIT AND PRODUCE,
121 Light Street, - - Baltimore, Md.,
Between Pratt and Lombard Streets.

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

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. E. PROBEST.
LONEY & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO WRIGHT & LONEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Grain, Fruits, Poultry, Wool, Live Stock, Eggs, Hides, &c.
215 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE:—Drovers, Mechanics & National Bank. j14-tf.

O. CLIFTON. S. H. WOODLAND. J. W. WOODLAND.
A. P. CREW
—WITH—
CLIFTON & WOODLAND,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
217 South Charles St., Balto., Md.,
GRAIN and FRUITS a SPECIALTY.
REFERENCE:—National Exchange Bank.
Members of the Corn and Flour Exchange.

JAMES W. JEROME. J. HARRY VICKERS.
JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, WOOL and Country Produce Generally.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF GRAIN AND FRUITS.
18 East Camden Street, *Near Light St. Wharf.* Baltimore, Maryland.

CHAS. A. ROUSH.
Diamonds, Fine Jewelry,
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
Solid Silver and Plated Ware,
38 West Lexington St., near Liberty.
Complete Department for REPAIRING.
DIAMOND WORK TO ORDER.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Annes' Counties

PHILADELPHIA.
ESTABLISHED 1863.
R. P. STEWART & CO.,
Wholesale Commission Merchants
—AND DEALERS IN—
EGGS, POULTRY and CALVES,
New Market & Callowhill Sts., Phila.
The old house solicits your shipments of Eggs, Poultry, Calves and all kinds of Produce. Returns made as soon as sold.
o14-tf. R. P. STEWART & CO.

R. A. BRICE,
Late of and Successor to J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.
Fruit, Poultry, Eggs, &c.,
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
QUICK SALES, PROMPT RETURNS.
If you want top prices and quick returns ship your Poultry to me.

ESTABLISHED IN 1882.
E. C. CROW & CO.,
121 Callowhill St., Phila., Pa.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
ALL KINDS FARM PRODUCE.
Returns made weekly and reports daily.
REFERENCES:—Taylor Bros., Camden, N. J.; Citizens' National Bank, S. M. Reynolds & Co., Middletown, Del.; L. M. Price, Smyrna, Del.; J. F. M. Woodall, B. F. Fleming, Wm. A. Hyland, and others of Kent. jy15-6m.

H. CALDWELL CREW,
—GENERAL PRODUCE—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
102 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Prompt attention will be given to all consignments and communications. s16-tf.

WILLIAM CLAYTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Commission Merchant,
DEALER IN
Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Country Produce
STALLS Nos. 121 AND 122, THIRD AVE., SOUTH-WESTERN MARKET,
19th and Market Sts - Philadelphia, Pa.

STIEFF PIANOS
GRAND AND UPRIGHT.
Highest grade instruments manufactured. Endorsed and preferred by the best schools and musical authorities. Only Upright Piano on the market today equal to the Grand. Reasonable terms. Old Pianos taken in exchange. Pianos for rent. A large assortment of Organs constantly on hand. Send for Illustrated Piano and Organ Catalogue. Inducements on Second Hand Pianos. Tunin promptly attended to.
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
WAREROOMS {Baltimore, No. 9 N. Liberty St. Washington, 417 11th St., N. W. Chicago, 178 Wabash Avenue, Philadelphia, 1204 N. 5th St.

Big Reduction!
—IN THE PRICE OF—
WALL PAPER.
Now is your time to buy, if you have to lay it aside for a time. The prices go like this: Brown Backs, 4c. per roll; White Backs, 5c. per roll; 10c. Gilts at 6c.; 18c. paper at 12½c.; 25c. paper at 18c. 9-inch Match Borders, 1c. per yard. Remnants, perhaps enough for your room, go for less than cost. We must have room for new goods, hence the LOW PRICES. Please remember, we have the best Paper Hanger in town.
BIG BARGAINS AT
BARTLEY'S
Furniture, Carpet & Wall Paper Store.
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
N. B.—Furniture upholstered and Sewing Machines Repaired. o21.

Pepper, Saltpetre
SAGE!
ABSOLUTELY PURE!
LARGE STOCK!
LOW PRICES!
STAM'S Drug Store!

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
R. F. PARKS'
ADVERTISEMENT OF HIS NEW STOCK OF
Dress Goods, Notions,
Carpets, Oil Cloths,
Boots, Shoes, &c.
Ladies', Misses and Children's Coats.

WHEN WE WORKED OUR TAX OUT.

Oh, our life was tough and tearful, and its toil was often fearful,
And often we grew faint beneath the load,
But there came a glad vacation and a sweet alleviation,
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

When we used to work our tax out then we felt the joys of leisure,
And we felt no more the prick of laborer's goad;
Then we shared the golden treasure of sweet rest in fullest measure—
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

There are sapient seers and sages who predict, in coming ages,
Life's tragedy of labor will be o'er,
And a glad full fledged millennium will leap on the proscenium,
And we'll play, but never labor any more.

But we look not in the future for that happy, halcyon hour,
When we'll throw off every burden, every load;
For our Eden burst in flower, and we dozed in leisure's power
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

When we used to work our tax out (if I let the bottom facts out),
We had somnolent contentment and repose.
With no toil or work to cumber us, our rest was sweet and numberous,
And in deep, delicious dreaming did we doze.

The drowsiness of languid rest o'er every man was creeping,
And in a calm, serene content we all threw down our load;
Careless of life's wail and weeping, every blessed man was sleeping,
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

Sam Walter Noss.

A Sojourn in Galena.

It was our good fortune on the 21st day of August to locate in Galena for a three months stay. Business engagements led us to do this, and we shall never regret the day we were called to sojourn in this quaint old business town. When we entered the town we found that "master fire" had lain bare the homes and business places of many, and a solitary appearance hung over the sites of cosy residences, hotel and merchandizing quarters. But now how changed! On the 5th day of August Henry Parr and Geo. W. Jacoby, Esqs., building committee for the "Odd Fellows," contracted for the building of a town hall, which has since been finished. It is unique in architectural design, and for the purposes intended is second to none in the county.

The two gentlemen above referred to are Odd Fellows, indeed, and are ardent in the perpetuation of the interest of this *noble fraternity.* Justice of the Peace, Parr, is one of the most public spirited persons in the county, and is always *so willing* to lend a helping hand, and to speed the consummation of any project for the good or interest of his town or county. He aided materially towards the establishing and building of a very pretty P. E. Church and particularly interested in the cemetery and Galena creamery. He has a large harness and hardware store in one of the rooms of the Hall. His dwelling was burned in the "great conflagration" of March, 1893. He was the first to push forward the rebuilding thereof, and now his lovely home or dwelling stands rebuilt and finished in every detail a structure of general admiration. He will move in soon with his estimable family to enjoy the conveniences and comforts of their new and lovely abode.

Mr. G. W. Jacoby, the other gentlemen of the committee, is a noble man, has a beautiful home in town, is affable and public spirited. A few years back he was extensively engaged in blacksmithing, but has now retired, his circumstances in life being such as not to require him to be so closely confined as was requisite with his former business. He is register of voters in his district, and a Democrat in the true sense of the word. Mr. Thos. H. Horsey is another "staff and support of his town," a man of enviable reputation and character. I think without exception he is more extensively engaged in merchandizing than any one in Kent county. He has a very large building that was saved from the "burning." He has separate apartments for different commodities. A furniture room about 20x60, filled to repletion, a hardware room about the same size well filled with stoves and everything appertaining thereto. A grocery room 20x20, and a separate room for ready made clothing. Now, we come into the store proper. It is a room about 24x50 or 60, and is completely filled with everything suitable for this apartment. From this room to the second story a very beautiful stairway of "East Lake" design leads. This room is used as a bazar, and during Christmas holidays is the center of attraction. Mr. Horsey is not only engaged here in Galena in mercantile life, but has a very large mercantile place in one of the northern cities.

Mr. W. A. Whitaker, a highly respected citizen of the town, is also in mercantile life. He has a most elegant dwelling, tasty in design and arrangement, and to one side of this is his commodious and first-class store room in all its arrangements. It is a mammoth room which looks to be about 30x70, and is filled with different commodities. He has a stairway of beautiful East Lake design leading to second story where is a room the same size of lower room. This room is also filled. No use talking, Galena has the largest and best stores in Kent county and equal to those of cities.

Mr. Heston Hicks, the genial postmaster, is merchandizing extensively and makes carpets a specialty. His two brothers, James and William, are extensively engaged in undertaking, wheelwrighting and blacksmithing.

Mr. W. A. Hyland, the "roller king," is pushing his business with a vim. There are many representative citizens in this town engaged in various vocations. There are two good physicians, a first-class drug store and above all three grand church edifices. The M. E. Church is under Rev. E. H. Nelson as pastor. The Church is awake under this grand and noble man of God. The P. E. Church has been under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Sutton, but his congregation had to give him up, which due to attachment to this worthy minister was very reluctantly done. He has accepted a call from Easton. Father O'Connelly is very popular. Has a most beautiful residence, a fine church building and a good congregation. "WEST END."

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied a soothing poultice to the damaged eye.

"Got hit with a stone," replied the patient.

"Who threw it?"

"My—my wife," was the reluctant answer.

"Hum—its the first time I ever knew a woman to hit anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon.

"She was throwing at the neighbors hens," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING, 1632.

Gleaned From an Ancient Annal.

In the year 1632 the appearance of Boston was very different from what it is at the present day. There was the harbor, formed by the same peninsula, and stretching away beyond, the ever-restless ocean. It was now mid-winter. The crops of the previous year had been blasted, and the ship which was to bring supplies from Europe had failed to arrive. Day after day the prospect of famine became more evident. One scant meal a day was all that could be afforded.

One bright afternoon in February, Gov. Winthrop walked forth to call on some of his people. He came suddenly upon a child weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child?" he asked.

"Oh! I am so hungry!" was the reply.

Just then a voice called:—

"Come in, my dear."

He looked up and saw a wan, emaciated sad-faced woman. His pity was deeply stirred, but he continued his walk, and soon met several men of good sense, energy and piety. They grasped hands without the cheerful customary salutations.

"I have started," said the governor, "to see if I can devise any plan for the relief of the starving colony."

"That is just what we are doing," said one of them. "Let us get Parson Millbrooks and consult together."

After some deliberation a hunting expedition, though fraught with toil and danger, seemed to be the only mode they could then attempt.

"Who will go? Who will volunteer? We compel no one," said the governor.

A moment's silence.

"I will go," said a firm voice, and an old man who had been active in instigating the immigration arose to his feet. "God will be with me, and perhaps give something to bring back to you. If not, I can lie down in the forest and die as peacefully as here."

Instantly a score of voices exclaimed, "We will go with you."

They decided to hold a day of fasting and prayer, looking to Him who taught them to ask for daily bread. This was to occur on the morrow, and the meeting broke up. Night calmly rested down upon the suffering people.

Morning again dawned upon Boston. John Mason, the leading volunteer of the previous day, walked out into the open air, turned toward the ocean. Quickly his eyes dilated, his cheeks glowed. The next moment he shouted:—

"The ship is coming! The ship is coming! The ship is coming!" Far away on the rolling billows was the ship so ardently longed for, plainly visible. He ran through the streets, stopping at every house, shouting "The ship is coming!"

Men, women and children rushed into the streets, clapping their hands with joy, laughing, running. Tears, too, were there, joyful tears, and praise and prayer trembled on the lips of the gathering crowd.

They hastened to the governor's mansion, to apprise him of the glad news. Faster and faster beat their hearts as the ship neared the landing. At length it arrives. It brings life. That night, for the first time in many months, the settlers sat down to a well-spread table. Angels must have looked down on the scene and rejoiced also.

The governor announced a new proclamation. Instead of a day of fasting, a day of thanksgiving was recommended. The people joyfully acceded. All assembled at the appointed hour. The minister read the 103 Psalm, beginning thus:—

"Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

During the sermon flowing tears of gratitude fell from every eye. Thus was kept the first New England Thanksgiving.

Freezing Fish.

Science has conquered nature and has demonstrated that to preserve fish it is not necessary to salt them. Freezing is the thing in the future, and Sandusky, Ohio, is the place where the first attempt has been made to carry on the business in a general way. Frozen fish are taking an important place in commerce and in the cuisine, and as the industry becomes more general the demand for salt fish will probably drop off to a great extent.

About three years ago A. J. Stoll, a fish commission dealer in Sandusky, began to experiment with freezing fish, and soon found that the invention of the ice making machine would be his salvation. Last year he completed his scheme and now he has a plant in full operation, employing twenty-five men and a capacity of freezing and preserving twenty tons of fresh fish each year. In a year Mr. Stoll expects to double the capacity of the plant.

The method used is very simple, yet interesting. The fish are unloaded from the schooners and placed in the dressing vats, where the refuse matter is removed and the fish sorted and graded according to the species. This is only done with the larger fish, but the small ones are not mutilated. The fish are placed in pans made of metal that will not rust, being placed in layers and the pans carried to the cooler. This cooler is a sort of a vault filled with pipes arranged in tiers and compartments like the shelves of a pantry, and made to fit so perfectly that no space is wasted. These pipes are filled with freezing fluid and the temperature is kept at zero. From here, after freezing twenty-four hours, the pans are removed to the preserving vaults, where they are placed on pipes arranged as in the first mentioned vaults.

Just step in once, after standing around in the hot day of a July day. Of course overcoats are neglected in the summer, but in two minutes you discover yourself in the atmosphere of the Arctic regions, and, glancing at a thermometer, you will see the mercury registered at eighteen below zero. A massive door is opened and before your eyes is a big stack of block wood—no things are what they seem, for you find the wood very cold. It is the fish that will be distributed to your market man, perhaps many years hence, and the meat is so frozen that when emptied from the pans the fish appear like chuncks of wood, and are so solid that they must be thawed several hours before the fish can be separated.

It has been demonstrated already that flesh kept frozen at such a low degree of temperature will remain perfect for a period of years, and it is believed that the fish may be preserved ten years, and then be turned over to the fish dealer, fresh as the day they were caught.

Brine is circulated by the pumps through every foot of the pipes, and returns to the tank for cooling for distribution in the space of one minute. The Sandusky plant cost $25,000.—*Detroit Journal.*

Specimen Cases.

S. H Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepard, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at M. A. Toulson's Drug store.

"To-day was prize day at my school," said Jimmie. "And did my little boy get anything?" asked papa. "Yep. Got kept in."

The Taskmistress of Woman.

Down with the kitchen! Away with it, Axe, torch and battering-ram to the work of Demolition! Let the one brick of its perennially smoking chimney remain to tell men where once stood the disturber, nay, the destroyer of home life in the great republic. Then once more will come white-winged Peace, with her soft breast and starry eyes, to brood above pure homes of love and joy.

The fact is—and right here I want to be as offensively dogmatic as I know how to be; I expect to get scalped for it anyhow! and I might as well say it as meanly, as impertinently, as "I-know-all-about-it-don't-talk-about-me" -ally as I can—the fact is, lovely woman, patient, persecuted, much-enduring, long-suffering woman is herself largely responsible for the unpleasant condition of things which makes the kitchen to the home what the noise is to the wagon, the cinders to the train, and the "oh, my!" to the ocean voyage. Nobody wants them, everybody studies how to get rid of them, and yet they are on the programme every time, and are never omitted, whatever else has to be "cut." I repeat it, woman, the kitchen, "as she is," is your own work. It is largely your own fault. Not that my sympathy is hereby diminished in any degree. Far otherwise; it is increased and intensified a hundred fold. Always am I sorrier for people who get into trouble of any kind by their own unaided efforts, than I am for the innocent martyrs who have been led into trouble by wicked and designing people who "made them do it." Because the innocent victims have the solid comfort of blaming it upon somebody else, which is consolation enough for any sinner. But my heart bleeds for the unlaid transgressor, who has the "down row" to work. Wherefore, I have but scant sympathy for Adam; I feel that he largely shut out compassion when he said: "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me"—she got me into all this scrape—blaming God for putting her into the garden at all, and blaming her for all the subsequent wickedness in it. But my heart goes out to my beautiful, young grandmother—I know she was beautiful, because I have seen Dor's portraits of her, and I know she was young, because she was only a few days old when she was married—all my heart goes out to her because she was owned up, blaming nobody but the devil, and touching him very lightly. So when I say it is woman's own fault that the dreaded kitchen has grown, from an innocent, cheery, singing servant and comrade, to be the exciting, pitiless taskmistress from which she most earnestly groans to be delivered, more than ever do I wish that I might devise some way of escape for her.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

To Grandma on Her Ninetieth Birthday.

Can it be Grandma, that ninety years
Have come and gone since thy birth?
Years known to joy and gladness and tears
Thou has spent them all on earth,
And now looking back, does it not seem
That the years which so swiftly have flown
Have been but a happy long past dream
That ere you have known it is gone?

But no—'tis no dream, for time's swift flight,
Has furrowed the once smooth brow,
And his lingering breath on your eyes once bright;
Has shadowed them sadly now,
And gently silently touching your head
Has silvered the bright raven hair;
The bloom of youth long since has fled
From the face that was always fair.

In the years which so swiftly passed away
The world too has changed and moved on,
And many friends of your childhood's day
Who loved thee have perished and gone:
'Tis not of the past Grandma, I would write,
For your past to me is unknown;
I can dream of the present and future in sight,
But not of the days so long flown.

For Grandma, while youth is bright and gay,
The thought of the past but annoys;
While the future, unveiling day by day,
Brings ever some strange new joys.
Joys we anticipate, coming at last,
Their charm in the present to give;
How fleeting they seem;—for soon they are past
And only in memory can live.

Thus ever it is as we pass through life,
The joys and tears that are ours;—
The pain we feel in a passing strife
Will vanish life Summer showers.
But still, as swift time flies, Grandma,
We will think of the joys given
Us here, and still look afar
For the lasting joys of Heaven.

Nov. 20th, 1893.

Barbary Sunday.

Thanksgiving beggars are common enough in our time, but not all kinds of Thanksgiving beggars. One kind who, in the old days, tramped from the house to house in the bounteous season showing his haggard face and pleading eyes in the doorway of many a New England kitchen fragrant with spices and steamy with the cooking of dainties, has gone never to return.

He did not beg for cold victuals or a "little something for Thanksgiving." He was not wholly a Thanksgiving beggar, for he might appear at any season, but he came most oftener in the late autumn, judging perhaps that he stood a better chance of being listened to and aided when the farmers' summer work was over, and the time of plenty, festivity and good feeling.

He was the man who begged money for the release of captives taken by the Barbary pirates, and held for ransom in Algiers.

He had a piteous tale to tell of father, brother or son captured and enslaved, toiling in the blazing fun of that tropic region, ill-used, beaten and exhausted, waiting and and longing for the rescue which could not come until some given sun was raised and shipped to his cruel master.

Too often this tale was true. Often also it was false, for it won so ready a response in cash and sympathy that impostors took it up, and it became as regular a stock-in trade of the professional beggars and tramps, as the sick wife and five small children we hear them whine about to-day.

When news came to a seaport town that a vessel had been taken hailing from their port, word would be sent to the minister, who would proclaim from the pulpit next Sunday the facts, and would ask the people to contribute for the ransom of captives, or the help of those who were friendless in a strange land.

The congregation, many of them neighbors and friends of the unfortunate men, would respond as generally as they could afford.

Yet many were the captives taken, and so steady was the demand for ransom money, that in some places a special day was set apart for a collection for the benefit of Algerine prisoners, without regard to information of recent captures. This day was usually the Sunday before Thanksgiving, and the local name for it was Barbary Sunday.

There are old people still living who can remember these collections, and the pathetic stories told by the ransomed and rescued captives on their return.

A curious memento of the deep impression made at the time upon the minds of the good people at home by the prisoners' accounts of the dreary deserts whence they were redeemed is the number of New England townships in which some forlorn suburb, squalid acre or half-savage squatter settlement is known as Algiers.

Not every Algiers has remained in the condition which earned it that appellation, but the name when it was bestowed implied ignorance, desolation, barbarity. There have been times in the history of more than one American Algiers when the small boy of happier surrounding regions regarded it as a permissible amusement to throw stones at an Algerine, since nothing worthy of respect could be expected to come from Algiers.

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