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KINDERHOOK.

Dr. Grayson was a fine specimen of the country doctor that Maryland delights to honor and of whom she is justly proud. Tall and powerfully built, with a splendid physique, he was well calculated to endure any amount of bodily fatigue, and judging from the piercing dark eye and noble mouth with firm jaws, one would think that no danger would ever befall him from doing his duty. Of an ordinary and unobtrusive presence, with a commanding presence, with gentle grace and polished manners, he was every bit a doctor and every inch a gentleman.

As the Colonel and the Doctor were entering the library, the servant announced Colonel Plunkett. As soon as he had entered the sick room and gazed upon the unconscious sufferer, he whispered to Col. Spalding and then with him entered the library where the doctor was writing directions for the nurses.

"By George, Colonel," exclaimed Mr. Plunkett, "that is the same youngster that we arrested yesterday for throwing the flag in front of the black horse in the scrub race. His name is Gaddis. His father is a prominent merchant in Baltimore,—a perfect gentleman and a sincere friend of mine. This is a terrible business! What in the name of heaven shall we do?"

"I thought you had looked that fellow up securely in Bryantown," said Col. Spalding. "No," replied Col. Plunkett; "but I suppose the constables got drunk or fell asleep, and this crowd from Baltimore released him."

"As soon as we ascertain this fact, which can only be established by the confession of the young man himself, and he cannot be aroused at present, under any consideration," said the Doctor, "we can send a messenger to Baltimore for his father. In the meantime, we shall take as much care of him as if he were the best gentleman and the most exalted christian in the land."

"Nobly said, Doctor! Just like you all over," replied Col. Plunkett. "And I shall have to do with you this afternoon when you return here, and then we can determine what to do."

"As the case is so serious, Doctor, I suppose that I had better postpone the coronation party, I had intended to give the youngsters to-morrow," said Col. Spalding, who then explained the origin of the expression and the object of the party.

"I will do my best," said Col. Plunkett, "but I shall have to do with you this afternoon when you return here, and then we can determine what to do."

"So I have, dear Colonel. I want your friends and mine to understand that I did not fairly win that race; that London here won it and really deserved the honors. Besides London prevented me from losing all my money and risked his life to save mine, and I want to take public occasion to express my gratitude."

"I only did for my friend Charlie, what I know that he would do for me should occasion offer," said London. "And as for saving his life, I really think that he and his friends did more to save mine from the attack of that fellow Marsden, than I did to protect Charlie."

"That is right young gentlemen," exclaimed the Doctor. "In the friendly contest of generosity and friendship, I don't know which of you would take the palm. However, I can assure you, that your coronation ceremony, as you call it, shall take place, just as soon as our unfortunate stranger guest shall be pronounced out of danger. At present we cannot name the day; but due notice shall be given you, so that you can extend your invitations."

"Many thanks for that information, Doctor," said Mr. Lester. "How otherwise could I judge them? If you hadn't been a young man once yourself, my worthy and dignified cousin, Colonel, how could you so appreciate and realize the feelings of and desires of our youngsters of the present day? I'll wager that you were as fond of fun as any of us in your youthful prime."

"Well, if you behave yourself and don't get into any more midnight encounters, I suppose Mr. London will accept your offer," said the Colonel. "And the party separated, the doctor and Colonel Plunkett promising to return in the evening, and Lester and London the next morning after breakfast."

On his return in the evening, Dr. Grayson found his patient awake and conscious, though very weak. When he had administered a strengthening cordial, he summoned Col. Plunkett and Col. Spalding to the room, and then after stating to the young man where he was, and into whose generous hands he had fallen, he desired him to give his name and his place of residence.

"On seeing Col. Plunkett the wounded man extended his hand, which the warm-hearted old gentleman grasped and pressed fervently. He then said that his name was Gaddis, but that his father resided in Baltimore; but that he himself had no home at present; and added, after a long pause, that it would be useless to send for his father who had discarded him, and peremptorily refused to have anything to do with him."

"Bitter tears rolled down the pallid cheeks of the young man, as with faltering lips and heaving chest, he uttered this confession, and all in the room were visibly affected."

and leave it when the Doctor or I give orders to that effect."

"Very well, Col. Spalding, I submit to the conditions," laughingly said London.

"And as I have the care of Ned on my shoulders," said Lester, and must play escort to him, seeing that he is so quiet during his stay in old Charles county, why, I shall divide my time between helping him in the sick room and taking care of the ladies, for fear that they may get sick, out of sympathy, you know."

"Always a season at hand for your nonsense, Charlie," replied the Colonel. "It seems to me, Mr. London, and the ladies are pretty well able to take care of themselves. But how on earth can you play escort to Mr. London here and attend to Mr. Neale and Mr. Gardiner, whom you have invited to be your guests at Oakland? I think I have you in a dilemma, Master Charlie, for once in your life."

"Not at all, my dear Colonel," promptly responded Charlie. "The solution of the difficulty is as clear as noon-day. You must know ladies and gentlemen, that your humble servant is by far the least attraction, that draws my friends, Neale and Gardiner to Oakland. I have a sister there whom Mr. Neale considers pretty, and a cousin, that Mr. Gardiner rapturously says is handsome. Don't blush, old fellows! All the boys like pretty girls! And 'boys will be boys,' you know. And more over you know by personal experience, my most worthy Colonel, that when a young man is trying his level best to play the agreeable to a fascinating young lady, two are company enough and three are a crowd."

"A perfect argument of hominism, Mr. Lester! You have struck the Colonel again very forcibly," and the old doctor laughed and nudged Colonel Spalding unmercifully.

"Well, if you behave yourself and don't get into any more midnight encounters, I suppose Mr. London will accept your offer," said the Colonel. "And the party separated, the doctor and Colonel Plunkett promising to return in the evening, and Lester and London the next morning after breakfast."

"The good Colonel's heart was in the right place. His principles and his heart kept pace with each other. His religion was not that false cant and hypocritical fastidiousness of the world by pharisee, that condones not a sin and pardons not a disgrace, if the sin or the disgrace be, by any means made public. Sin as much as you choose in private, says the world, but be careful to parade a sanctimonious appearance in public."

young man's wound, the treatment it was receiving, and pathetically alluded to his unfeigned contrition and sincere repentance. The particulars of the case was to be fully explained by Colonel Plunkett in a personal interview. Col. Spalding added a postscript, in which, cordial invitation was extended to Mr. Gaddis to visit and spend some time at Rosedale.

Col. Plunkett departed next morning in his private carriage for Baltimore. His was a delicate mission and he knew it. No man of experience desires to interfere in family affairs and intrude upon the privacy, which encloses, as with an adamantine wall, from the curious gaze of the prying world, each well ordered family circle. Having registered his name at the hotel, taken his supper and refreshed himself after his long day's ride, he set out on foot for West Lombard Street, where Mr. Gaddis resided. He determined, after long deliberation, to send up with his card, the letter he carried from Dr. Grayson and Colonel Spalding.

He had been seated but a few moments in the parlor, when Mr. Gaddis rushed into the room pale and trembling, with the letter in his hand. The meeting was a painful one to both parties, and the interview was long and sorrowful. The generous magnanimity and the disinterested efficacy of the warm-hearted colonel prevailed, and the obdurate heart of the man of the world was softened, the well-springs of nature's fountain were opened, and the truth triumphed over the man.

"The result was that Mr. Gaddis agreed to accompany the colonel, on the next day but one, to Bryantown."

Col. Spalding received his guest with characteristic politeness and unobtrusive hospitality, and begged him to consider and make himself perfectly at home. Mrs. Spalding yielded her place in the sick room to the father of the wounded man, and so quiet were the colonel and his family in their attentions, so gentle in their hospitality, that the sorrow-stricken father was made to feel at home, if that were possible, despite his poignant grief.

"We pass over in silence the meeting between father and son. The scene was too sacred a one to be exposed to mortal eyes. Nature and nature's God presided there, with angels for ministering attendants, and the recording angel's face wore a more radiant smile; for two more names were recorded in characters, we trust imperishable on his bright book of life, as charity clasped hands with penitence, and the forgiver and forgiven bowed down their weary heads at the foot of the Cross."

With the day of his father's arrival a marked improvement was noticed in the condition of the young man. The doctor was regular in his visits and Col. Spalding and his wife were unremitting in their attendance upon the sick stranger.

"To be continued."

alone. You made me lose that fish." "You ought to have caught him," said Mrs. Spoonedyke, soothingly; "you fished splendidly for him."

"I understand the business," rejoined Mr. Spoonedyke, somewhat mollified. "You see he didn't even get the bait, big as he was."

"In glad of that, because we're only got three worms left. How I'd like to catch an oyster! Do you know?"

"Hist! Sh-h-h! Quiet, now! I've got him! See me play him! Now I'll fetch him!" and Mr. Spoonedyke reeled in until he landed an old boot.

"I didn't know that fish had burrs on, like a chestnut," said Mrs. Spoonedyke, quivering with excitement. "Crack him and let's see what he is!" "Crack your grandmother!" snorted Mr. Spoonedyke, shieing the boot up the pier. "He wasn't good to eat anyway. I'll get something."

"What the matter with my stick! Let go, you nasty thing!" Here's another one! Quick! Hand up!" cried Mr. Spoonedyke, trying to untangle himself from his line and help his wife. "Lift him out of the water!" "He won't let me," squeaked Mrs. Spoonedyke, holding both arms out at full length. "Take him off! Get! Go away you monster!"

"Lift you pole straight up in the air! Shout Mr. Spoonedyke. 'Hoist the dog dast things right up!'"

Mrs. Spoonedyke herself and disclosed an eel, dangling. "It's a rattlesnake!" she yelled. "Don't go near him! Fire! fire! Murder! police! police-e-e!"

"Hold your yawn, will ye?" bawled Mr. Spoonedyke. "Get him over the dock so I can catch him! What ye holding him out there for! Waiting for him to dry? Stick that pole straight up in the air, I tell ye!"

Mr. Spoonedyke threw the pole over her shoulder and flopped the eel into Mr. Spoonedyke's countenance. "Dod gosh the measly eel!" he howled as he spit it out. "Stop waving that slant-basted lightning rod like a flag, will ye? Hold it still, I say! Think you're a tree!"

"Don't touch him! Throw him overboard! He'll sting you to death!" gurgled Mrs. Spoonedyke, and forgetting that the pole still exercised an influence over the eel, she gave it a jerk and it slipped through Mr. Spoonedyke's fingers. That gentleman made a spring for it, and washed into the water.

"Heu! blab! ba! waggie, glu, hic ga, gaggle!" spluttered Mr. Spoonedyke as some lightermen fished him out.

"Did you catch cold, dear?" inquired Mrs. Spoonedyke, with solicitude, as they made their way home.

"If I did, I landed it!" growled Mr. Spoonedyke blowing mud like the exhaust of a tug.

"Any way, I caught an eel, didn't I?" asked Mrs. Spoonedyke, carry out the woman idea of comforting a man with the only thing he don't want to hear about.

"Oh, you caught it!" ripped Mr. Spoonedyke. "You're a fish woman, you are! All you want now is glass sides and some bubbles running through you to be an aquarium! Another time we both go fishing you stay at home, you hear."

And with that, Mrs. Spoonedyke's suggestion, Mr. Spoonedyke hunted himself to his domicile and took a rum sweat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Friendship.

When friendships lose its spontaneity—that freshness of regard which makes intercourse unmixt enjoyment—its chief charm is gone. And what a sad moment it is in any relation when we first recognize the necessity of admitting into it an element of intention, when—to take a very simple instance—we write, not because we long to tell, or are impatient to hear, but because our friend has a right to expect it; when we are forced to acknowledge to ourselves that it is a relief rather than a disappointment if circumstances prevent our meeting; when we begin to talk of anything rather than the subject which touch ourselves most nearly; and when a general sense of disinterestedness, verging upon self sacrifice begins to creep over our intercourse.

At such moments it may fairly be considered an open question whether the relation had better be maintained or frankly abandoned. It will probably not be long maintained unless the sufferer, after counting the cost, deliberately resolves to maintain it for the sheer love of constancy. Perhaps we may say that such resolution can rarely be wise, unless it is one-sided and can be skillfully concealed. A friendship that is only "well-preserved," is hardly worth having.

Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful conditions and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send for Mrs. Lydia E. Finkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

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A man advertises: "Hands wanted on boys' pants." Hands won't do any good out this way; it takes a leather strap.

And now an American fighting dog has won the championship of France. Is there any game Europe can play.