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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising

VOL. 39. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879. No. 50.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

A CARD.

CHESTERVILLE, April 8, 1879.

THE undersigned, after an experience of 12 years, offers his professional services to the people of Chesterville and vicinity. He will be found at the recent residence of Dr. E. F. Nowland.

Special attention given to diseases of females. N. COMEGYS, M. D.

April 12-tf.

Carpenter and Builder.

SAMUEL J. BUSICK,

STILL POND, Kent Co., Md.,

Is prepared to do any kind of Building or Carpentering by contract or otherwise at short notice.

☞STAIR BUILDING a specialty.

April 12, 1879—2m*

HOWARD BROS.,

House & Sign Painters.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

House Painting, Graining, Staining, Kalsomining, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. Fine graining a specialty. Estimates furnished promptly at reduced prices. Orders left at Stam's Drug store will receive prompt attention. a12-6m.

Removal.

SAMUEL GORMAN & BRO.,

Practical Pump Makers,

Have removed Up-town, on Main Street, near the Catholic Church. apr12*

Artistic Upholstering

AND PAPER-HANGINGS.

Cornices, Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Window Shades, Furniture Covers, Wall Papers of all the latest designs, with Dado's Fringes and Borders.

CRAMBLITT & STINSON.

No. 85 Penn. Ave., (5 doors North of Biddle St.) Baltimore, Md.

☞Orders from the country especially solicited. All goods and work guaranteed. mar15-y.

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

ORDERED by the Orphans' Court for Kent county, this 8th day of April, 1879, that the Sale of the Real Estate of F. A. Clift, late of Kent county, and State of Maryland, deceased, made and reported by ROBERT S. GRIFFITH, Executor, under the power vested in him in the last Will and Testament of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Tenth day of June next, Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the tenth day of May next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $100.00.

ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOS. J. SHALLCROSS,
R. B. WILLSON,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

April 12, 1879—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

GEORGE H. THOMPSON,

late of Kent county, Md., dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 11th of November, 1879, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 8th day of April, 1879.

COLUMBUS A. LEARY,
April 12, 1879—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

MARY JONES,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 1st day of October, 1879; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1879.

THEODORE WALBERT,
April 5, 1879—4t. *Administrator.*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN DUYER,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of October, 1879, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1879.

W. N. E. WICKES,
April 5, 1879—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN W. MORGAN, Jr.,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of October, 1879, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1879.

JOHN W. MORGAN,
April 5, 1879—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

C. GILBERT WOOD,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of October, 1879; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1879.

F. HYSON DILL,
April 5, 1879—4t. Executor.

BEST CHEESE only 11c. per lb., N. Y. Buckwheat 70c. per sack of 25 lbs. at WHEATLEY BRO'S.
March 1, 1879.

FERTILIZERS For SPRING CROPS

J. J. TURNER & CO'S Ammo. Super Phosphate.
J. HORNER, JR. & CO'S Conc. Super Phosphate.
G. OBER & SONS Dissolved Super Phosphate.
SUN GUANO.
PERUVIAN GUANO.
RAW BONES.
DISSOLVED BONES.
POTASH SALTS.

☞Formulas furnished for compounding Fertilizers if desired.

mh29-tf. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Black Residuum

This article has been used by a large number of Farmers in Kent county, on Corn, in heavy clay lands, with uniform success. The verdict of those who have used it is that

It secures a crop of Corn on such lands;
It is the Cheapest Goods on the market;
It is the most economical goods used;
No other goods approximates it in the profit derived from its use, giving sometimes three-fold as much Corn as could be raised without it;
It prevents insect from troubling Corn.

Please read the following letters as to its merits:

Chestertown, Feb. 11, 1879.

Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.—Dear Sir: I used your Black Residuum, mixed with super phosphates, on corn last spring. I was very much pleased with the result; was troubled scarcely at all with insect, and my corn crop was largely increased. I am satisfied that its use paid me handsomely.

Resp'y, J. P. NICHOLSON.

Chestertown, Feb. 11, 1879.

Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.:
Dear Sir:—I used on my corn the Black Residuum I purchased of you last spring. It gave me entire satisfaction, *and have never used any goods that approximates it in the profit derived from its use.* I used several other goods costing me considerably more money, but your Black Residuum gave me a much better crop than either of the others.

BARTUS TREW.

Chestertown, Feb. 27, 1879.

Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.:
Dear Sir:—I used your Black Residuum, mixed with a super phosphate on my corn planted on R. Hynson, Esq's farm, in Quaker Neck. I could see its effects to the row. It gave me a good crop of corn, and I am satisfied that it paid me well. Have never used any goods on corn that was as profitable to me.

Resp'y, DAVID F. MILLS.

Chestertown, Feb. 21, 1879.

Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.:
Dear Sir:—I have used your Black Residuum for several seasons, on lands that usually french corn. No corn frenched where I applied it. It gave me twice as much corn as I would have raised without its use. I do not know of anything that begins to approach it in value, on such lands for corn. I mixed it with a super phosphate,

Respectfully yours, WM. T. NICHOLSON.

Chestertown, Feb. 19, 1879.

Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.:
Dear Sir:—I was very much pleased with the Black Residuum and super phosphate that I purchased of you last spring. I used them on part of my field which usually had been in the habit of frenching. I could perceive no signs of frenching where I applied it, and regretted very much that I did not use it on my entire field. It paid me handsomely, much better than another goods used, well known in the county, which cost me considerably more money.

Resp'y, JOS. RASIN.

Chestertown, March 15, 1879.

Mr. T. W. Eliason, Jr.:
Dear Sir:—I can confidently recommend your Black Residuum for corn on lands that usually french. I have used it for several years and have seen the results of its use in a number of cases, and have never known a hill of corn to french where it was applied. Its low price renders its use very profitable, more so than any goods I have used.

Respectfully yours, SAMUEL BECK.

Millington, Md., Feb. 14, '79.

T. W. Eliason, Esq.,—Sir:
Your letter received. In regard to the relative merits of your Phosphate tried by me on corn, I will say to you that I used it on timothy sod, a piece of land that had been mowed for three years. I gave it a fair trial alongside of ——; also, ——, of your town. My opinion of the action of the three phosphates is in favor of yours; the corn started off faster, made a better growth all the time, and also had a better color, it being a very black green. My son, H. C. Hendrickson, who superintended dropping the three phosphates, was particular in applying it, and he could show me the very row where yours was used without looking for the stake that marked it; also, when the corn was fit to husk, my opinion was that where yours was used it was eared best. The fact is, it made more corn and more fodder than where the other two were used. In applying, I mixed the Residuum and the phosphate thoroughly together. The quantity used was a handful to three hills of about 200 lbs. to the acre. I consider it a good article for corn.

Resp'y, yours, P. HENDRICKSON.

The following is a list of the names of a few of the many gentlemen who have used it, and to them I beg to refer for further information as to its merit and value:

R. Hynson, Esq.	Jas. Beck, of Geo.,
Andrew Woodall.	John T. Skirven,
Wm. W. Stephens,	Lewin Usilton,
Rob't Nicholson,	John W. Corey,
Joseph Rasin,	S. Vannort,
T. A. Strong,	Isaac Parsons,
Geo. R. Beck,	John Brice,
Wm. Ford,	Geo. S. Diehl,
P. Hendrickson,	R. J. Lusby,
Thomas Fowler,	W. G. Trew.
James Shuster.	

☞PRICE $14.50 PER TON.☜

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Mar. 22, 1879—5t.

Plows! Plows! Plows!

Made of the best Smyrna Castings!

You can buy them Cheaper than the Cheapest. Also, CASTINGS good and smooth, as low as the lowest.

☞Just come or send to us. We will "astonish the natives" in WAGONS and CARTS.

Also, all kinds REPAIRS and TWIN HARROWS at same astonishing prices.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Mar. 8, 1879.

CASH PAID for EGGS at JAMES WOOD'S *Up Town Grocery and Feed Store.*
Mar 22—*

SNOWDEN'S Ammoniated CORN FERTILIZER!

WARRANTED GENUINE.

THE above Fertilizer was tested on Corn last season alongside of other Fertilizers of higher price. I refer to the following gentlemen who used it last season on Corn:

Hon. George Vickers,	Thomas Massey,
William Overend,	W. C. Crow,
Charles H. Baker,	Richard Taylor,
W. Thomas of Wm.	Daniel Jewell.

Facts, not Opinions,

Mr. John Bell:—I used several kinds of Phosphate last Spring on Corn. That which I bought of you gave better satisfaction than any other, and cost fourteen dollars less per ton. I shall use it again this Spring. S. H. CRAWFORD.

This is to certify that I used one ton of Snowden's Corn Fertilizer, on corn, last year, 1878. I applied it the same quantity per acre as a much higher priced Fertilizer, costing eleven dollars per ton more than Snowden's did. The result was I gathered one-fourth more corn, where I applied Snowden's, than where I applied the higher priced. PETER STOKES.

JOHN BELL, Agent.

Also, Kainit for sale. a12*

C. H. J. SPARKS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN and COAL,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for **CORN**, and *COAL furnished*

At the very Lowest Prices, at BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R.

n23-tf.

LIME! LIME!

LIME!

RAMBO'S LIME,

LONG KNOWN AS THE BEST IN THE MARKET,

Delivered by rail or water, to all parts of the county for cash or on time to responsible parties.

It will be to your advantage to call and get price before purchasing elsewhere.

LOUIS K. STAM,
mh29-6m. CHESTERTOWN.

B. F. FLEMING

DEALER IN

GRAIN, LIME,

COAL, WOOD AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

Highest market price paid for WHEAT, CORN and OATS.

WANTED 50,000 Bushels

Prime Amber WHEAT,

Expressly for Wm. Lea & Son's Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del.

LIME.

Schuylkill Lime a Specialty.

It will be to your interest to ascertain my prices and easy terms before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed and competition defied.

COAL.—Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal sold in car lots ONLY, which run from 5 to 10 tons each, and by purchasing in this way you avoid dust, dirt, &c. 2240 lbs. to the ton guaranteed.

WOOD.—OAK WOOD delivered at your door for $4 per cord.

mh29. B. F. FLEMING.

Every Farmer his own Manufacturer.

POWELL'S

Prepared Chemicals

FOR

MAKING FERTILIZERS.

TRADE QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY MARK.

Registered U.S. Pat. Office, *May 7th, 1878.*

SCIENTIFICALLY combined, so any Farmer can make at home his own Fertilizer, at less than one-third the price of manipulated compounds, called Phosphates, Super-Phosphates, &c.

For CORN, WHEAT, Tobacco, Cotton and VEGETABLES.

The Chemicals for each article sold in combination as represented in the plant they are recommended for.

PRICE for quantity sufficient to make a ton of fertilizer:

For Corn	$12 00
For Wheat	12 00
For Tobacco	13 00
For Cotton	12 00
For Vegetables	12 00

A copy of Powell's Farmer's Memorandum and Book of Crop Formulas sent to any address free.

Prepared only by

WM. H. BROWN & BRO.,

Wholesale Druggists, BALTIMORE, MD.

LOUIS K. STAM,

SPECIAL AGENT FOR KENT COUNTY.

mh 29-4m.

NURSERY STOCK For Sale CHEAP.

Wishing to clear a piece of land occupied with Evergreen will sell cheap for cash. Also, lot of Apple and Pear Trees low. R. G. NICHOLSON,

Hanesville, Kent co., Md.

March 22, 1879.

THE KALAMAZOO

Diamond Iron Plows,

Warranted to give satisfaction,

For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.
March 29, 1879.

IF I DIE FIRST.

The following is almost sacred in its beauty, and expresses Love surviving Death with equal tenderness and originality:

If I die first, dear love,
My mournful soul made free,
Shall sit at heaven's high portal,
To wait and watch for thee—
To wait and watch for thee, love,
And through the deep dark space
To peer, with human longings,
For thy loving face.

'Mid all the stars of heaven,
One only shall I see,
The earth-star of my passion,
Half heaven for holding thee—
All heaven for holding thee, love,
And brightest of the spheres,
By thy smile illumined,
Or hallowed by their tears.

If I die first, dear love,
I feel that this shall be,
For heaven will not be heaven,
Until it's shared with thee—
Until it's shared with thee, love,
I'll linger at the gate,
Or be thy guardian angel,
To teach thee how to wait.

And when thine hour shall come,
And through the yielding night
I see thy happy spirit
Upsoaring, robed in white,
Mine shall go forth to meet thee,
And through the eternal door,
Pass in with thee, rejoicing,
Made one for evermore.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Miss Arethusa Peppard was out of temper. She said she was "mad." But it must have been a mild kind of madness, for her pleasant voice had only a dash of sharpness, and no fire bashed from her soft brown eyes. But she *was* out of temper; no doubt about that, and no wonder. She had left her mite of a cottage early that April morning, and gone over to New York to shop, and in the very first store she entered—a store crowded with people buying seeds and bulbs and plants—her pocket-book containing her half-monthly allowance, had been stolen, and she had been obliged to return to Summertown without the young lettuces and cabbages and onion sets and parsley and raddish seeds that she had intended the very next day to plant in her mite of a garden. And every day lost in a garden in spring, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is a loss indeed, and there is nothing in the world so exasperating to an amateur gardener, as everybody also knows, or ought to know, than to hear from a neighboring amateur gardener: "Good morning, Miss Peppard. How backward you are this year! Your radishes are just showing, and we've had at least a dozen a day for three days past. And our parsley's up, and our onions doing nicely. And *you* used to be so forward!"

So Miss Peppard who was a dear little sweet faced, wonderfully bright old lady, living in the neatest and most comfortable manner on a small income with a faithful colored servant-woman a few years younger than herself, a roly poly dog, a tortoise-shell cat, and three birds, had two reasons for being sorely vexed; the loss of her money and the loss of the days which she expected would start the green things a-growing.

"All the money I had," she said to Peteona—called Ona for short—as she rocked nervously back and forth in her rocking chair, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed. "I only wish I could catch the thief. I'd send him to jail as sure as grass is green."

"Dat's sho' enuf, Miss Peppar'"—Peteona always dropped the "d"—"an it'd sarve 'em zackly right, w'en dey *war* ketched, to be drug to de lockup by de heels." Then after a slight pause, which was Ona's way, she added an afterthought: "Dono, dough; s'pose dey might as well take the poor wretch by de head."

"All the money I had," repeated Miss Peppard—"five and twenty dollars—and I can't get any more for two weeks, for borrow I never did and never will. And there's the garden all laid out and ready for planting, and Mrs. Brown sets out her lettuces and cabbage plants to-morrow morning, and she'll be sending them here with her compliments—her compliments indeed! before ours have begun to head."

"If she do, I'll frow 'em ober de fence," said Ona. "Better eat them, dough, I guess. *Her* complimen's can't hurt 'em."

"And, oh! my conscience!" Miss Peppard went on (she could invoke her "conscience" thus lightly, dear old lady, because she had nothing on it), baby's picture was in that pocket-book. And I can't get another. Polly said it was the last, and the photographer don't come that way but once a year."

"Well, well, you *are* a poor soul," sympathized Peteona, "to go an' lose dat ar picter—dat lubly thing jus' like a borned angel. An' yer sister's onliest chile—'cept five. Wish I had dat robber here dis minit; I'd box his ears so he couldn't set down fur a week."

"He wouldn't be here long," said her mistress. "Of all things in the wide world, I hate a thief. I'd have him put where he'd steal nothing for a year or two at least."

"Might be a she; dar's she robbers," suggested Ona; "an' dey's all wuss den caterpillars. Caterpillars takes yo' things right 'fore yo' eyes—don't sneak in yo' pockit. Take a cup of tea, Miss Peppar'. Dar's no use of frettin' no mo'. An' de cat's ben a-settin' on yer skirt for half an hour, wantin' you to notice her, pore thing. She jus' came in off de po'ch a minuit ago."

Miss Peppard took the tea, and spoke to the cat; but she couldn't help fretting, and she slept but little that night, and awoke the next morning almost as vexed as ever, and denounced the thief at intervals of about half an hour from breakfast until dinner, although Peteona emphatically remarked: "Dar's no use cursin' an' swearnin', Miss Peppar; can't do no good. Wish I had dat robber here, dough."

But after dinner, for which Ona served a soothing little stew and a cooling cream custard, the old lady became a little calmer, and retired to her own room to write a letter to her sister Polly, who lived away off in Michigan; and she had just written; "And I can't make a strawberry bed this summer, as I intended, and I'll have to wear my old bonnet, and dear! dear! how I shall miss baby's picture!" Peteona opened the door *sans ceremonie*, as she always did, and walked in with a mysterious air. "Pusson want to see you, Miss Peppar'—man pussion. 'Bout a boy's age, I guess."

"What does he look like, and where did you leave him?" asked the old lady, laying down her pen, and looking a little alarmed.

"Out on de po'ch. I lock de do'. An' he's a dirty, ragged feller dat looks just like a dirty, ragged feller. Shall I broom him off, Miss Peppar'? Looks as dough he ort to be broomed off—or gib sumfin to eat—pore, bony, dirty soul."

"I'll come right down," said Miss Peppard; and down she went. And there on the porch stood a dirty, ragged, forlorn-looking boy of about twelve years of age, looking exceedingly "bony" and half starved, sure enough. He pulled off his apology for a cap when Miss Peppard opened the door, but said never a word until the old lady asked him, in a mild voice—she never spoke unkindly to dirt and rags: "Well my boy what do you want?"

"Then you lost your pocket-book yesterday?" he blurted out.

"Yes," said she eagerly. "That is, it was stolen from me; for I felt it in my pocket a moment before I missed it. Do you know the thief?"

"I'm him," was the answer; and he raised a pair of dark eyes that looked like the eyes of a haunted animal, to her face.

"My conscience!" exclaimed the old lady, and fell into a chair that stood near, while Peteona darted out and seized him, shouting: "Golly! got yo' wish mighty soon dis time, Miss Peppar'. Run for de constable. I'll hold him. Could hold a dozen like—or two or free."

"Let him alone, Ona," said her mistress, while the boy stood without making the slightest resistance.

"Ain't he to be drug to the lock-up?" asked Ona, with a toss of her turbane head.

"Wait till we hear what he has to say," said Miss Peppard. Then turning to the boy, she asked, as mildly as ever: "Of course you havn't brought me back"—

"Yes, I have," interrupted he. "Here 'tis, money and all, 'cept what I had to take to fetch me out here. I found your name in it on a card, and where you lived."

"But, bless you?" exclaimed the old lady, more and more surprised, "what made you take it if you were going to bring it back? Come into the kitchen and tell me all about it. Ona, give him a drink of milk."

"I shan't do it. 'Spect robbers gits thirsty as well as odder folks, dough." And she handed him the milk, which he drank eagerly.

"Now go on," said Miss Peppard. "Why did you steal my pocket-book? and why, having stolen it, did you bring it back? Are you a thief?"

"S'pose—I—am," he stammered; "but I don't want to be no more. I wouldn't a year ago, when my mother was alive; but she died, and father went to prison soon after for beatin' another man; and I hadn't no friends; and it's hard gittin' along when your mother's dead and your father's in prison."

"'Taint soft, dat's de fac'," said Peteona, gravely.

"So I fell in with a gang of bad fellers, but I never stole nothin' but things to eat till yisterday. I come out of the house of refuge two weeks ago"—

"House of refuse!" exclaimed Peteona, holding up her hands. "An' a-settin' in my clean kitchen, on my clean oilclof! Wot nex?"

"I was there for breakin' a winder and sassin' a cop," said the boy, with a show of indignation, and nothin' else, though they did try to make me out a reg'lar bad un." And then he went on under the influence of Miss Peppard's steady gaze: "And the feller said I was a softy not to have the game as well as the name, and so I went into that store 'cause I seen a lot of folks there, and I stole your pocket-book. And"—dropping his eyes and voice—"there was a picter of a little baby in it."

"My sister Polly's child!" cried Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks beginning to glow.

"Her onliest child—'cept five," said Peteona.

"And it looks like," continued the boy, bursting into tears—"it looks like—my—little sister."

"Your little sister?" repeated Miss Peppard, her own eyes filling with tears. "Is she—with her mother?"

"S to be hoped she be," said Ona, with a sniff, "or some other place whar she'll be washed. Her brudder's dirty nuff for a hull fam'ly."

"She's in a place ten miles or more from here," said the boy, "with a woman who used to know mother. Mother give her fifty dollars just afore she died. She managed to save it and hide it from father somehow, to keep Dolly till my aunt in California could send for her; but my aunt's dead, too, and I'm afraid Dolly'll have to go in the orphan asylum after all. Father don't care nothin' 'bout her. But if she does, if I'm a good boy, I can go to see her; but if I'm a thief— And when I saw that picture I said I will be good. It seemed as though the baby was a-lookin' at me and wantin' me to kiss her. Nobody ever kissed me but her and my mother. Here's your pocket-book."

Miss Peppard took it from his hand, opened it, found its contents as he had described them, and then sat for full five minutes in deep thought.

"You want to be a good, honest boy," she said at last, so "as to be a credit instead of a shame to your baby sister?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"It's mostly 'yes, ma'am,' in dees pars," corrected Ona.

"Well, I'll try you," said Miss Peppard.

"You!"—starting from his chair.

"Yes, I. I want some plants and seeds from the store where you sto—took the pocket-book, and I am going to trust you to get them for me. But before you go there, do you know any place where you can buy a suit of clothes from shoes to hat, for a very little money?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, in a voice that already had a gleam of hope in it. "Second-hand Bobby's?"

"Well, go to second-hand Robert's buy the clothes— By-the-bye, what is your name?"

"Dick Poplar."

"And Dick,' continued the old lady, "do you know any place where you can take a bath?"

"S to be hoped he do," said Peteona.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Take a bath, put on the new clothes, throw"—with a slight motion of disgust "the old ones away"—

"'S to be hoped he will," said Peteona.

"Then go to the seedstore and give them the note I will write for you. And here are two five dollar bills."

"An' dar money is soon parted!" exclaimed Peteona. "No matter 'bout de fust word."

But the boy fell on his knees before Miss Peppard and sobbed outright.

* * * * * * *

"An' he'll nebber come back any mo'," said Ona, at the top of her voice, as she went about her work that afternoon after Dick's departure—"no he'll nebber come bace any mo'."

But he did. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, a nice-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, dressed in a suit of gray clothes a litte too large for him, and carrying a package in his arms, came up the garden path to the door of the mite of a cottage. It was Dick so changed Peteona scarcely knew him, and the package contained the seeds and onion sets and young lettuce and cabbages, and before dark he had planted them all, under the superintendence of Miss Peppard, in the mite of a garden, and Mrs. Brown had no chance of sending her "compliments" *that* season.

"And now ma'am," said Dick, after supper, "I'll go. I thank you ever so much, and I wish my mother had known you."

"P'r'haps she knows her now," said Ona.

"And I will be a good boy—I will indeed."

"With the help of God," said Miss Peppard, solemnly.

"With the help of God," repeated the boy, in a low voice.

"But I guess you'd better stay here to-night," continued Miss Peppard. "You can sleep in the woodhouse. Peteona will make you a comfortable bed there."

"Shan't do no such thing!" said Peteona, defiantly.

"Ona!" reproved her mistress.

"Till my dishes is washed, I mean Miss Peppar'," said Ona.

"And then to-morrow morning you can start for that baby. I've always wanted a baby. Cats and dogs and birds are well enough in their way, but a baby is worth them all."

"Golly! now you're talkin', Miss Peppar'!" shouted Ona. "I's always wanted a baby—too."

"And if you choose to stay in Summertown," said Miss Peppard, "you may have a home here until you can better yourself. There's plenty of work for you; and the youth upon whom we have depended for errands and garden help, etc., is"—

"A drefful smart, nice, perlite boy!" chimed in 'Ona; "as lazy and sassy as he can lib. An' I'll call you in de mornin' w'en de birds arise, an' we'll hab dat ar angel here in a jiffy; an' won't de cat an' dog an' birds look pale w'en dar noses is outer jint. But dar noses 'ill be as straight as ebber."

The very next night a sweet baby girl with great blue eyes and fair curls sat upon Miss Peppard's lap, looking wonderingly about, as she ate her supper of bread and milk, at Peteona and the dog and cat and birds, whose noses, by-the-bye, were straight as ever.

And before long Dick Poplar became the most pop'lar—dreadful, I know, but I couldn't help it—boy in that neighborhood, he was so clever, so obliging, and not a bit "sassy."

"De Lor' works in funny way, sho' enuff," said Peteona, one April day about a year after the return of Miss Peppard's pocketbook. "Who'd b'lieve me and Miss Peppar' ebber wanted Dick drug to the lockup by de heels? An' all de time he was a-bringing' me an' Miss Peppar' de lubliest chunk of sugar, de sweetest honey-bug of a chile dat ebber coaxed ole Peteona for ginger-snaps. She shall hab mo', de Lor' bress and sabe her!"—pouring them from the cake box into the little uplifted apron. "Peteona 'ill bake dem de hull liblong day, for ebber an' ebber, for de blue-eyed darlin'—wid a little time lef' out for her odder work."—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE CHILDREN.

The children! ah, the children!
Your innocent, joyous ones;
Your daughters, with souls of sunshine;
Your buoyant and laughing sons.

Look long at their happy faces,
Drink love from their sparkling eyes,
For the wonderful charm of childhood
How soon it withers and dies.

A few fast vanishing summers,
A season or twain of frost,
And you suddenly ask bewildered,
"What is it my heart hath lost?"

Perchance you see by the hearth-stone
Some Juno, stately and proud,
Or a Hebe whose softly ambushed eyes
Flash out from the golden cloud

Of lavish and beautiful tresses
That, wantonly floating, stray
O'er the white of a throat and bosom
More fair than blossoms in May.

And perchance you mark their brothers—
Young heroes who spurn the sod
With the fervor of antique knighthood,
And the air of a Grecian God.

But where, ah! where are the children,
Your household fairies of yore?
Alack! they're dead, and their grace has fled
For ever and evermore.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—This can be cured at once if taken at the very beginning. Dissolve a tablespoonful of borax in a pint of hot water; let it stand until it becomes tepid; snuff some up the nostrils two or three times during the day; use the dry powdered borax like snuff, taking a pinch as often as required. At night have a handkerchief saturated with spirits of camphor; place it near the nostrils, so as to inhale the fumes while sleeping.

WHITEWASH.—Slack one peck of lime, and while hot and at the thickness of cream, add a pint of linseed oil and a quarter pound dissolved glue. Let it stand a half-day before using. This, for interior walls, is far superior to simple lime and water. It is also first-rate for out-door work, though expensive. For buildings, fences, &c., slack clean, white, fresh lime under water; add a pound of zinc to every peck of lime, and a half a pound of salt.

"You are commencing early to be late," said a lady to her new hired girl who came yawning down stairs the first morning after her engagement when breakfast was already well under way. "I've a weakness for slape, mom," was the reply. "I enjoy me slapin' best when I'm awake and so I remain lyin' down an hour after I get up sure."

Letter from Masseys.

Messrs. Editors:—Like a fond and loving mother rejoices over her children and in her moments of quiet sits doting over the happy anticipations of coming pleasure which they would bring as her life passed on, so we fancied and treasured it near to our heart that none of our fond children whom we have cared for and watched over so long could do else but render us grateful praise and love us none the less because we're getting old. But, alas! how vain are all our fond ambitions! Like a sweet dream they have vanished and we are left alone to weep. In your last issue, sirs, it was by no means our happy lot to find from one of our own children such a doleful tale of his home. It has always been our highest aim to successfully instill into the hearts of our sons the ennobling virtues of patriotism and philanthropy. But from the tenor of that letter one might judge he was an erring child. However, we must forgive him, for actions speak louder than words, and we believe that he thinks that home, though it may be humble, is the dearest place on earth; for as soon as the toilsome day's work is done he can be seen, with hasty step and stately stride, making his way to enjoy the rest which home only can give. He has our pardon, but we say, "My son, do not look so gloomily upon life."

Masseys, we suppose, will not cause much curious inquiry, as every traveler knows that we are not entirely out of the world, for it is our pleasure to entertain guests from all parts of the United States. And though we may not be the "loveliest village of the plains," yet within our limits "simple plenty and humble quiet reigns." Two railroads grace our borders and the scream of the locomotive's whistle hastens the farmer's freight to reach the depot in time, for it is presided over by a minute man. The quantities of grain which have been shipped by our enterprising commission merchants, Bean & Foard, have been surprising, and prove to us that they are good bargainers; and indeed we think so, for the junior member of the firm has not long since closed a happy bargain, which we hope as years grow on he may find increased pleasure in its possession. Our numbers have been lessened somewhat by the removal of some of our citizens to other parts. Mr. Boulden, the hospitable host of the hotel, has gone to St. George's. We miss him very much. "Rose" always had a pleasant word for every one, and his amiable wife, by her kindness and thoughtfulness, left impressions with us which time will not soon erase. Our "Judge" has left us, too, and his witty words as they fell with such knowing accents upon our ears are much missed. We wish them all well in their new homes and hope they may be more kindly treated and be more successful than they were in old Masseys. But one might ask who keeps the hotel now? The house is not desolate. Were you here about noon you would be almost deafened by the peals from the silver-like bell, which "Dick" rings with an air of pomposity that rivals any continental graduate. At meal time he makes his long white apron sail as he hurries the smoking viands to the hearty guests, who never fail to wonder, from their wholesomeness and style, if some *one* has not been attending the Boston lectures on cookery. Our gardens have been planted long enough to present quite a flourishing appearance, but the cool breath of this strange April weather has kept the sprouts back.

Politics up here is all the rage. It seems a question of who shall and who shall not?

A party of Gypsies have encamped near town and are distributing their jaded and worn-out horses to the farmers in the way of trades, which they never do without "boot." Business with us now is somewhat dull, but where is it not? We are living in hopes that the quantities of peaches which we will gather may make our money bags ring with the specie. We are all quite well except bad colds, and to keep up with the fashion we have to have them. Now, Messrs. Editors, we hope we have not wearied you by our lengthy epistle, and we close with the hope that by means of your columns your readers may entertain a more exalted view of old MASSEYS.

American Girls Abroad.

A COMPARISON WITH THEIR ENGLISH COUSINS.

The season here has fairly begun, and one by one the old familiar faces are appearing in the park. The Row is filling up fast. Nothing like the great institution of the Row have we in America, or probably ever will have, for we have no leisure class sufficiently large and wealthy to furnish the immaculate riders who gladden the eyes of the British public. Their get up—I refer to the riders and not to the public—is irreproachable, and as for the women, if a woman cannot look well in an English habit and on an English horse there is no hope for her.

But with all this assistance, though they are cradled on horseback, while our Yankee women, with few exceptions, mount perhaps but a dozen times a year, the fair sex, in my opinion, do not ride so gracefully in England as in America. And in the walk in the Row, if you meet a beautiful, delicate face and a perfect get-up, joined with a slight, lissome figure, you may safely bet your last shilling that their possessor is an American.

In the far-famed English complexion I am much disappointed; if a healthy, very healthy color constitutes a beautiful complexion, the London women possess it, but to me it singularly resembles the roast beef of old England. By the by, this latter is a delusion and a snare, for it cannot compare with ours in Philadelphia. But oh, the mutton! I always was sheepishly inclined, and I find that feeling becoming three, nay fourfold greater.

One sees all ages on horseback. Lean old men and fat old women of seventy winters bob up and down alongside of the little girl of a few summers, and, one might almost say, of the baby of a few months, for last season a dame was repeatedly seen on a prancing steed with a baby tucked under her arm, whilst this year, the babe having been weaned or having gone to a happier land, a black-nosed pug has taken its place.—*Phila. Times' London Letter.*

A REFINED gentleman—one who gets fined for the second offense.

Faithful Unto Death.

A WIFE FULFILLING HER MARRIAGE VOW EVEN TO THE TRAP OF THE GALLOWS.

A touching story is narrated in connection with the execution of Walter Watson at Highland, Indiana, for the murder of Ezra Compton. The parties had quarreled about the charge of a quarter dollar for some soap made by Compton, who was a storekeeper. The wife of Watson, to whom he had been but a year married, endeavored to restrain him from the quarrel, but her entreaties failed. A week before the execution Mrs. Watson visited the Governor, with her babe in her arms, and made a strong personal appeal for mercy, but that official declined to interfere because the sentence had been confirmed by the Supreme Court. The faithful wife was a daily visitor to her husband's cell, and joined him in fervent prayers for forgiveness. During the last night most of the time she sat on his knee, breathing words of love and encouragement, or at his feet, caressing his hands. He was truly a penitent, and expressed himself as having made peace with God. As the time approached for the execution she was for a moment overcome, and fell on her husband's neck in uncontrollable anguish, but suddenly she raised her flaxen head and assisted in arraying him for his doom. She had contributed a necktie and a pair of slippers, and put them on him with a fierce determination that overmastered her agony. She combed his hair, and seeing all was ready, said she would go with him. All present remonstrated with her, in which the minister joined. Her reply was a rebuke that few women would have ventured. "I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or for worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me." On reaching the gallows the pair so