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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. 41. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881. No. 43.

**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 twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at 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.


## *Legal Notices.*

### Ratification Notice.

Edward Crew and others,
*versus*
James R. Crew and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January Term, 1881.

ORDERED that the resale made and reported by JAS. A. PEARCE, Trustee for the sale of the real estate mentioned in the proceedings of this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the seventh day of April, 1881, Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the seventh day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1200.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Feb. 5, 1881—4t.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN T. SKIRVEN,
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 subscribers, on or before the 9th day of August, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under our hands this 7th day of February, 1881.

THOMAS W. SKIRVEN,
J. WALTER SKIRVEN,
WASHINGTON G. SKIRVEN,
Feb. 12, 1881—4t. Exec'rs.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ARAMINTA W. SKIRVEN,
late of Kent county, Maryland, 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 16th day of August, 1881, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1881.

JAMES A. SKIRVEN,
Feb. 5, 1881—4t. Exec'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

SAMUEL L. BELL,
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 16th day of August, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1881.

JAMES P. CAROTHERS,
Feb. 5, 1881—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 d. b. n. c. t. a. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR,
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 26th day of July, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of January, 1881.

AUG. L. VANNORT,
Jan. 29—4t. Adm'r d.b.n.c.t.a.

## *Law Cards.*


**C. T. WESTCOTT,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

**JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,**
—*AND*—
**CHARLES W. HEUISLER,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
***And Solicitors in Chancery,***
OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.
☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

***DR. C. P. GILPIN,***
**DENTIST,**
Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. d6-tf.

**SURVEYING.**
THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

**Roofing & Spouting,**
*TINWARE AND STOVES.*
WM. A. BISCOE,
Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of
**ROOFING and SPOUTING**
at the very lowest prices for cash.
TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work, Stovepipe, Lard Cans, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.
REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty
☞ A share of public patronage solicited.
W. A. BISCOE,
Nov. 6. CHESTERTOWN.

A GOOD TIME-PIECE
is a pleasure in any family. Keeps the men folks in a good humor, because meals are always ready. If you need one the best place to buy cheap is at
SPARKS',
oc9. opposite Court House.

J. C. HUTCHISON, Jr., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kennedyville, Md.
**HUTCHISON & HILL,**
Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE
**Commission Merchants,**
Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.
**No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,**
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

**JOHN T. GALE,**
**Wholesale Commission Merchant,**
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,
**Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,**
254 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
jan8-6m.

**J. S. MacDONALD,**
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—
**FINE JEWELRY,**
**WATCHES,**
**SILVER WARE,**
**&c, &c.,**
No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
*BALTIMORE, MD.*
janly.

**NOTICE!**
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
*For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,*
*For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,*
*For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,*
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
*Proprietor,*
d18-3m* Rock Hall, Md.

**NEW GROCERY STORE**
**UP TOWN!**
WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.
Our stock comprises
**SUGAR, COFFEE,**
TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.
☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at
**WHALAND'S,**
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

THE CELEBRATED
**Hyland & Co.**
**FARM WAGON!**

**To our Friends and the Public:**
In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public.
It is an acknowledged fact that most Wagons are built of green material.
Ours are built of the VERY BEST and most THOROUGHLY SEASONED MATERIALS, and the workmanship
**Cannot be Excelled!**
☞ We recommend them to be in every respect an article superior to any other Wagon built or sold on the Peninsula, and know their use will demonstrate this fact.
We are located in the midst of an excellent Timber country. We carry a very large stock of thoroughly seasoned Oak, Ash, Hickory and other Lumber adapted to our business, and are prepared to make any size or style WAGON or CART at short notice, and will give, when desired, a guarantee on every Wagon and Cart we sell.
☞ Farmers and Carters please give us a call. Yours, truly,
W. A. HYLAND & CO.
Feb. 5, 1881.

**Bargains! Bargains!**
**MEN'S HEAVY BOOTS**
*SELLING AT COST!*
For the next THIRTY DAYS I will sell Men's HEAVY BOOTS AT COST, in order to make room for Spring Stock.
☞ Look to your interest, and call and see us.
**T. D. PIERCE,**
NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite the Bank,
jan22-m. Chestertown.

GO TO J. W. PERKINS', Lynch's, if you want to buy Bargains in Bed Comforts, Blankets, Fine Toilet Sets, Glass Sets, China Chamber Sets, Nickle-Plated Clocks, Silk Handkerchiefs for Gents and Ladies, Jewelry, Cutlery &c.

NEW YORK BUCKWHEAT by the lb. or sack; Hominy, Beans, Dried Apples and Peaches, at city prices, at
d18. WHEATLEY BROS', up town.

POWDER & SHOT, Paper Shells and Caps for for B. L. gun; Pistol Cartridges, Wads, &c. THOMPSON, up town.

FARMERS should go to
THOS. L. HINES & CO'S
s8ep1 for Cheap HARDWARE.


### *I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU.*

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I wouldn't if I were you, my dear,
I wouldn't if I were you,
Be ready to fall in love, my dear,
With any who come to woo;
For many a snare is laid with care,
And many a web is spun
With fiendish art to entrap the heart
That is ever too lightly won.
Far better it is to be cold and shy;
Better to tarry than to rue;
So I wouldn't marry in haste, my dear;
I wouldn't if I were you!

Ah, many a soul as white as yours,
Dear, innocent, trusting maid,
Allured by an evil one has found
Its love and trust betrayed.
So guard the gate where a lover waits,
Far better that he complain
O'er his fate to-day, than to-morrow say,
"I would I were free again!"
Though maidens flirt with but little care
If lovers be false or true;
I wouldn't if I were you, my dear;
I wouldn't if I were you!

If love alone shall decide the choice,
Then love will be sure to say,
"The heart must wait for th' kingly one,
Though late be the wedding day!"
For better an hour that love may dower
Than the ever-unceasing ache [woe
That the heart may know, when in depths of
It grieves o'er its sad mistake.
And though sweet May with December wed,
'Tis better to tarry than rue;
And I wouldn't marry unless I loved;
I wouldn't if I were you!

### THE NAME "SMITH."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT SMITHVILLE BY JOHN SMITH, ESQ.

*BY KYSER.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—The grandest and noblest specimen of humanity who to-day perambulates the surface of this terrestrial globe is he who is about to address you this evening. My name is Smith, John Smith; and I am proud to say—I rejoice in the appellation. Being a descendant of the mightiest family that ever populated the earth, I feel no hesitancy in declaring myself to be the mightiest *man* that ever attempted to address such a vast auditory as this which is now assembled before me. As I cast my eyes upon your many intelligent faces, and note the number of read heads, cross eyes, snaggle teeth, lop ears and bow legs, it behooves me to say two-thirds of my hearers are either "my sisters, my cousins or aunts," or a delegation from the Brown's, Jones' or White's. As I said before, I rejoice in my cognomen; and, like my forefathers, I have never attempted to change it to S-m-i-t-h-e or S-m-y-t-h; I spell it like the first man who was named Smith—S-m-i-t-h. My hearers, that is *the* name—it is the name what we *read* about, what we hear about and what we speak about; it is like a guardian angel—it is about us all the time; it is all over us; it is in our ears, in our eyes, in our mouth and in our hearts; it *sticks* to us—sticks closer than a friend, sticks closer than a porous plaster to a fellow's lame back. Smith, "it is the name that charms my fears, that bids my sorrows cease; 'tis music to a deaf man's ears, 'tis life and health and peace." What a soothing influence the name has upon the nerves; when the gentle zepyrs waft it to the ears it strikes the tympanum like a thunder-bolt, and, clapping our fists on our hearing apparatus, we can almost feel the vibrations of the air upon the back of our hands. What other name will produce a like effect? Echo answers—none.

Why is this? Simply because it is so familiar; when you have once heard the name, it is never forgotten. It is borne to the ear by the sighing breeze, the howling storm and the most violent hurricane. The vocal chords have scarcely sounded the name, when in the distance we hear the resonance lending an accompaniment to the direct waves until the atmosphere becomes a pandemonium, with its spirits ever yelling, "Smith, Smith, Smith."

What is in the name? A durn sight—five letters, for instance. Besides these, there is *money* in it; there is houses and lots in it; there are railroads, government bonds, stocks, etc., in it; then we have broom sticks, papers, clubs, black eyes, cut heads and babies in it. The letters, S.m-i-t-h, form the most popular name in the English language. Wherever man's foot has trod the solitudes of either hemisphere, the name of Smith has preceded him. "John Smith" is found in the pulpit and behind the bar; upon the rolling prairie and upon the raging sea; you will find him swallowing blubber at the North Pole, and, crossing the tropics, you will find the cannibals of the Feeje Islands swallowing *him*.

Who was the first man? Adam, I hear you say. So he was—but what was his other name? Now, I have got you. You don't know. Gentlemen and ladies, that man's other name was Smith, yes, sirs—"Adam Smith." There was but three men in the world who knew that; two have long since died, and I am the only one left. You have oftimes asked the name of a stranger and received for your reply—"A damn Smith." Well, that was all right—only a little superfluous—the man's name should have been pronounced differently; that is all. The Bible does not say Adam's son Cain was a Smith, neither a blacksmith, a goldsmith nor a locksmith; but he certainly was *some* kind of a smith, for when he went to the land of Nod where did he get his wife if he did not make her? Eighteen hundred years ago the people were all named Smith. They did not write their surnames, simply because they thought it was unnecessary, supposing the name *Smith* would stand through all generations. It did for awhile, but dissensions arose and the "old Smith family" was busted up. *To-day* there is not more than *nine-tenths of our population* who retain the name.

Let us now come to history—the history of our own continent. The first question on the programme will be: Who discovered it? History says Christopher Columbus. That is correct; but how many historians know that Christopher's mother was named *Smith* before she married "old Mr. Columbus?" Not one out of a hundred, but such is the case—according to the genealogical tree which I have in my possession. Again, who was the man whom Powhattan doomed to death and whose very name possessed such charms as to cause the old chieftain's daughter, Pocahontas to protect him with her own body? Who? Capt. John Smith; every school boy has heard of him. Let me say it again—*Captain John Smith*—the dear old fellow; he was my grandpa on my mother's side.

The history of the United States will tell you that George Washington was its first President; but it will not tell you that one of George's third cousins was named *John Smith*. Why? Simply because the man who wrote the book didn't know anything about the *family*. The same book will tel' you that Gen. Grant commanded the Federal forces at the battle of Cold Harbor; but it will not tell you that John Smith was the man who carried the musket, who bled and who died, whilst the General hid behind a stone wall three miles off. It will also tell you that the General made a tour of the world; but it will not tell you that it was the alms of our government—the taxes of John Smith—that footed the bill. It will tell you that he was our President; but will not tell you that John Smith paid for the cigars that he smoked, nor that he lunched at John Smith's peanut stand. It will tell you that he is a rich man and that he has had many honors bestowed upon him; but never a word will it mention about that pension he tried to get from the government, and which John Smith wouldn't let him have.

Where is the man who don't know John Smith? He is not in Kent county, I'll bet four hundred dollars. John Smith is like God—he is everywhere. Who is John Smith? Why, he is the durnest man in the world. Who was the man who backed the bull off the bridge? John Smith. Who was the man who struck Billy Patterson? John Smith, by thunder. What is the name of the biggest man in Kent county? Smith, by the holy Moses, *Smith*.

You will find "a Smith" in every village and hamlet upon the earth; you will find him bald-headed in his cradle; you will find him in the prime of life; and you will find him gray-headed with one foot in the grave. You will find both males and females. On the street you will see a charming damsel with her silky hair, her tender eye and her ruby lips, and by her side a red-headed, knock-kneed, pin-toed *cuss*—both named Smith. It is the Smith's mansion that contains the pale-faced invalid; and the Smith's hovel that shelters the burly negro. Smith is the name of the "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker." Smith is the name of the richest and the poorest, the largest and the smallest, the wisest and the most illiterate, the most God fearing and the wickedest man that walks the earth.

Yes, there are all kinds of Smiths; there are Smiths for everything—you can find a Smith that will cut a man's head off for five cents; then you can find an officer Smith to arrest him, a lawyer Smith to plead his case, a jury of Smiths to condemn him, a parson Smith to give him spiritual advice, a sheriff Smith to arrest him and an undertaker Smith to bury him. The name is wonderful—yes, truly wonderful. It is wonderful how so many Smiths ever got into the world. It is attractive—everybody wants to be named Smith—except those who don't. It is proverbial, it is glorious, and it is immortal.

My hearers, I could talk to you about that name until I turned to a bag of wind. How my heart thrills with rapturous delight as I breathe the name. List, as I stand, methinks I hear the angel-bands caroling the name as they flit across the blue etherial. Hark, again, what music do I hear? Out on the wood-shed the Thomas cat sings the name to his pussy. Smith, it is the name of all others; it is eternized. When that great day shall come when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, how many Smiths do you suppose will be "hove up?" From actual calculation, about 984,673,298,644; all of these "went up salt river" since the flood, the antediluvian Smiths being excluded. When unto you the Lord shall say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come up higher," the first man you will see will be "Smith, the doorkeeper," and upon every side you will see a Smith as "chief cook and bottle-washer. *But*, if you should happen to go the *other* way, the first to greet you will be Smith with his *horns and pitckfork*, and when you start to sign your name in the register, you will find you will have to sign it on the *cover* the *inside* being reserved for the "Smiths."

*Galena, Md.*, 1881.

### Don't Be Editors.

The following extract is from Col. P. Donan's address before the Arkansas Press Association: "Boys of my audience, bright-faced aspiring youths, longing for the shortest and quickest road to fame and fortune, hear a solemn adjuration, and be warned in time. Never be editors—everybody's pecking blocks, creations scapegoats and sawy-backed mules. Deadhead tickets to circusses, dog shows and festivals—[paid for at the rate of a twenty-five dollar notice for a twenty-five cent ticket]—all very well in their way; and daily boquets from the girls who want to get their names in the papers, with the 'beautiful and accomplished' formula swung to them, are 'just too charming for anything.' But do not let them lead you into that dingy den of inky horror, tread-mill labor and squandered opportunities, burlesquingly known as the editorial sanctum. Stand back. Keep out. Be boot-blacks, chimney-sweeps, penitentiary birds, or members of the maniac meagerie that meets in the gorgeous white sepulchre of a Capitol at Washington. Be mud clerk on a coal barge, deck-hands in a tripe factory, brakeman on a canal boat, engineers of a one-donkey-power canal boat, dairyman with aged ox and two he goats as your stock in trrde, servant girl in a poor house or orphan asylum. Be stock gamblers, railroad directors, presidents of a sausage stuffing machine, rag-venders, charcoal brawlers, or policy spouting Senators—but never, no never, be editors. Never be even one editor, for half a one is three-quarters too much for any well regulated family to have about the house."

GOV. PORTER, of Indiana, visited the State Senate Chamber in Indianapolis, the other day, and because he couldn't find a seat, turned angrily to the doorkeeper with: "Why don't you bring me a chair, sir?" The doorkeeper, who knew Porter very well, stared at him and then said, in a voice that was heard all over the chamber: "Who is that d—d little read-headed cuss asking for a chair?"

## Fortune Telling.

One day Mrs. Lorimer's only daughter, Violette, was nowhere to be found; neither was the gentleman, Senor Espanol, who taught the guitar. The whole city was alarmed by an account of the mysterious disappearance of a beautiful belle and a hard working gentlemanly young foreigner. However, when some one had discovered that the last gave lessons to the first, an inference was drawn by some cool looker-on.

"May they not have gone together?"

The mother at once drove the slanderer from her presence, preferring the idea that her Violette was murdered.

However, before long a penitent letter, all blotted with tears reached the poor old lady, all alone in her great Fifth Avenue mansion.

Violette was married to Senor Espanol. The more one loves a person the more furious does any deception on her part make one. A less loving mother might have forgiven. Stung to madness, this one wrote a letter to the foolish girl who had so hurt her.

The husband, a hot Spaniard, read it. It insulted him, and he forbade his wife ever to see her parent again. To do him justice, love, and no mercenary motive, had led him on to elope with his pretty heiress.

So the gulf was fixed between the only two of the same blood who lived on earth and Senor Espanol began to give lessons on the guitar for two instead of one.—Then for three, then for four, then for five. If he had lived a little longer it would have been for six. But the day the fourth child was born a countryman, who mistook him for a rival, stabbed him in the back. He apologized at length the next minute, but the poor victim did not live to hear him through, but died trying to express the fact that the gentleman was perfectly excusable.

And so, Violette, who would have been very happy with her music master had he been less jealous, was left a widow with four babies, no money, and no accomplishment that had been sufficiently cultivated to earn a living by. Of course she took in sewing, and of course a day came when there was very small prospect of supper, and not even a dream of breakfast.

Not a penny in the house, not a loaf of bread in the closet, not a dollar's worth of work to be got anywhere, what was she to do? The poor little woman walked up and down and cried. That did not help her. She looked over the relics of the past. They were pretty pieces of jewelry, worth nothing. Valuable things had been sold long ago. She glanced out of the window. A woman, with a very large bran new basket and no shoes, went begging from door to door.

The basket was worth two dollars and a half, the shoes could have been bought for two.

This singular circumstance preyed upon her mind. She began to take an interest in the ways and manners of beggars, as the awful expectation of becoming one began to haunt her,

"I could drown myself," she said, "but I could not very well drown four children like puppies."

Then, leaning her chin on her hands, she watched from her lofty window another woman, with a handkerchief over her head, going from door to door.

Was she begging? It seemed not.—Once or twice she entered and stayed some time. At last she saw her at her own door, and heard her going from room to room. There was a knock at her door. She opened it, and the dark hair under the yellow silk handkerchief, the great black eyes and rich complexion were there.

"Well?" she asked inquiringly.

"Let me tell your fortune lady, I will only charge you twenty-five cents," said the woman.

"My fortune is told, since I have not twenty-five cents in the world," said Violette.

The woman turned away.

"Stop a moment," said Violette. "Tell me one thing; in this age do people pay you to tell their fortunes?"

"No age is too old," said the woman, to whom the world presented but one idea. "I just told an old lady's fortune below. It was in the cards that she was to have a husband, too—her fourth. She gave me a dollar. Look!" She opened her palm.

"I make money, I do," said she. "I'm a gipsy. I'm a seventh child. I see the future. I'll take any little bit of jewelry if you haven't any money. Have your fortune told?" But Violette shook her head and closed the door.

"I cannot steal, and to beg I am ashamed," she murmured to herself. "After it is dark to-night I'll go out and tell fortunes."

Then she took two flatirons to the junk shop, bought a loaf of bread and a pint of milk, and fed her four children—she for whom nothing had been once dainty enough, and had ridden in her own carriage.

She put the children to bed and left the key with a neighbor in case of fire, a dread that haunts these many storied tenement houses like a ghost; and then, disguised in veil, hood and shawl, she went forth on her errand.

It was a crazy dream. She had not courage to attempt fortune telling. It was worse than begging. She wandered along the streets, leaving the ill-smelling ones behind her, and coming at last to the pure, sweet homes of luxury.

In the end she stood before her mother's windows. There was a light in the basement, and through the lace curtains she saw a table spread, and the shadow of a figure she knew to be her mother's on the curtain; and there, drawing down the shade, was Martha, who had nursed her when a child.

Tears filled her eyes. It was a paradise which she never hoped to regain. Had not her mother written:

"A curse on you. Never darken my door more, unless you wish to hear me utter it."

But here at least she had not the terror of strangers upon her; she could beg or tell fortunes. She would tell fortunes. Martha was superstitious, and always had dreams of matrimony, and of the coming back of a lover who had gone to sea when she was in her teens, and had never been heard of since.

She crept up to the window and tapped on the panes. In a moment Martha opened the door.

The hooded figure drew near her.

"Let me tell your fortune?" she said.

"Bother," said Martha. "I'm past fortunes."

"What?" said Violette. "With a lover gone to sea?"

"Lord save us!" cried Martha.

"And in one place twenty years," said Violette.

"You know more than is good," said Martha. Stop a bit. Are you one of them clairvoyants?"

"Yes," said Violette.

"Could you see where people are, and what's come of them, and all that?" asked Martha. "For instance, a gal that's been gone eight years, could you look for her in a dream like, as I've heard they can, and find her?"

"Yes, I think I could," said Violette.

"Sit here, then," Martha said, pointing to a chair in the hall, and hurried into the dining room.

She came back in a moment.

"Come and speak to missus," she said.

And Violette trembling so she could scarcely stand, entered her mother's presence.

No love is like a mother's. Violette had known that since she cast it off. She knew it now, looked on the pale face, where wrinkles had come so thickly—on the hair, turned gray now—on the sad eyes, that were so bright when she last saw them.

She longed to kneel at her mother's feet and beg forgiveness, but she dared not yet—had not she sinned too deeply to hope for pardon? She stood silent with her head bowed down.

"They tell me you are a clairvoyant," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "I have not much faith in such things, and if the power prospers it brings its possessors so little it cannot be worth much; but still I have something I should like to ask you. You search for persons who are far away, do you not—and for lost things?"

Violette bowed.

"If you can find something I have lost I will pay you well," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "Here, sit down. Perhaps, if you have this knowledge, you can tell me what I have lost."

Violette sat down.

"It should be darker," she said. "Will you lower the light?"

Martha turned the gas down and stood behind her lady's chair—and there was silence. Violette had cast back her veil, but the firelight was not bright enough to show her features.

"Lady," she said in a low voice, "it is not gold or silver that I see; it is nothing that can be bought for money. What I see is a girl."

"Good heavens!" cried the old lady.

"A girl of sixteen, with fair skin and blue eyes," said Violette. "That was what she was when you saw her last.—Am I right?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lorrimer.

"You loved her," said Violette; "she loved, but she deceived you; she was wicked—wicked—wicked; but there was an excuse for her. She fell in love; she was mad for awhile. You have cast her off. She is gone. You will never see her more."

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Lorrimer. "She was not bad. I was wicked; I knew what it was to love, yet I forsook her because she knew it too. Look again, and tell me if you can, how does life use her?"

"She is a widow, and very poor," said Violette; "so wretchedly poor that she does not know where to get bread; but she will not come to you. You would curse her. You could not forgive her. You will never see her again."

The old lady started from her chair.

"What are you? How do you know the secrets of my life?—the words I most repent you are uttering. Look again! Look! Tell me I shall see her once more! Tell me where to find the only babe I ever held against my breast! My little one—my Violette—where is she?"

And then the woman she addressed fell upon her knees and clasped her hand.

"She is here!" she cried. "Mother, she is here!" And the two wept together in each other's arms, and all the past was forgiven.

The good mansion is no longer desolate. There are little children's voices there, and mother and daughter happy together once more. And in that other world where we cannot believe that wrath endures, doubtless the lover of her youth rejoices that Violette's mother's fortune was told so well.

### Changed Her Mind.

George Bovard is the name of a young Methodist minister who attended the annual conference of the M. E. Church at Mercer a couple of years ago. While there he and a young lady teacher of the Soldiers' Orphan school, located in Mercer, fell in love with each other. Her name was Clara Shaffer. He was about to start for India to Christianize the heathen. A correspondence was kept up between the two, and he wanted her to come to him, be married and assist him in his labors. He had no money to pay her expenses, and she had none. In this emergeney a few months ago she made a confidante of "Dick" Wright, a heavy clothing merchant of Mercer, and he being a big-hearted man with generous impulses, offered to supply her with what money she needed to reach her far off lover. She gladly accepted his offer, and at once began her preparations for the long journey. "Dick" and Miss Shaffer were thrown much together for a while, and about the time she was ready to start he was deeply in love with her himself. But he said nothing, and she started for New York with enough of "Dick's" money in her pocket to take her to India.

Two or three days after her departure he grew despondent, and chided himself for having given away his chance for marrying Miss Shaffer himself. A thought struck him, and that was to follow her, and, if possible, overtake her before she boarded a steamer in New York for distant India. He acted promptly on the thought, took the cars, reached New York, and found the vessel on which she was to sail. Miss Shaffer was already on board; he made known his affection, asked her for her hand for himself, was accepted, and the two returned to Mercer a few days ago as man and wife.

The outcome is a little rough on the young minister who is wrestling with superstition and idolatry in the jungles of India.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial.*

### ON A SICK BED.

HOW SOME HUSBANDS ENJOY IT, AND HOW THEY ACT.

"That's better," groaned Mr. Spoopendyke, as his wife arranged the cool pillows under his head; "now I can die looking out upon the trees and the sky," and Mr. Spoopendyke assumed a resigned expression of visage, and gazed out the corner of one eye upon a bare ailantus tree and a half-dozen telegraph wires.

"Oh! surely you wont die," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerfully. "You are only a little sick, and you'll get over it."

"That's all you know about it," snarled Spoopendyke. "To hear you talk one would think you only had to be fitted up with little beds and a bad smell to be a government hospital. I'm down sick, I tell ye, and I don't want any fooling about it."

"What should you like, dear?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Soap, dot gast it! gimme soap, if ye can't think of anything else," demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Maybe you ain't got any soap. At least you would not have if I wanted it. Got any cherries?"

"No, they are out of season, too. There are some grapes in the closet."

"Don't want any measly grapes. If I can't have what I want, I do not want it. Where's those drops? Why don't you give me my medicine? Going to let me die for want of a little attention? Want the life insurance, don't ye? Going to give me those drops before the next election?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke ladled out the dose, half of which went down Mr. Spoopendyke's gullet and half over the front of his night shirt.

"That's it," he howled. "Spill 'em. They are for external application. Put 'em anywhere. Pour 'em up the chimney," and Mr. Spoopendyke fired the spoon across the room.

"Have a piece of orange to take taste away?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pleasantly.

"No, I won't, objected her spouse. "Gimme a piece of muskmelon."

"I do not believe they have muskmelons now," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They don't have anything when I am sick. It is a wonder they have houses. It is a miracle that they have beds. I am astonished to think they have doctors and drug stores. I have got to hurry up and die, or they will not have any undertakers, or coffins, or graves. Gimme a piece of orange, will ye? S'pose I am going to lie here and chaw on the taste of those drops for a month?"

"You'd like those grapes, suggested his wife.

"No, I wouldn't either. What do you wan't me to eat 'em for? Got any interest in the grape trade? Get any commission on these grapes? Anybody pay you to make me eat 'em? One would think you only wanted an iron arbor and four small boys crawling over you to be a grape vine. Where is my pill?"

"You took your pill, dear," replied his patient wife.

"Oh, of course! A pill is out of season now. Can't even have a pill when I feel like it," and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned in spirit and looked dismal. "Now sit down and don't move, I want to sleep. Don't you make a bit of noise, if you want me to live."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke held her breath and never rustled a feather while her husband lay and glared out of the window for an hour and a half.

### An Advertising Girl.

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* relates this episode of the late Seventh regiment ball: There has of late been hot competition between the candy merchants. They put their workmen into the show-windows use electric lights and try every means of attracting attention. Beautiful sales-girls have been a device, and several remarkable types of American loveliness are on exhibition in the stores. They are ostensibly employed to sell candy, but really are set up to be admired. They are virtuous girls, for all I know, and, as a rule, repel any male advances. Indeed, they are not displayed with a view to draw men, but to please women. Most women are ardent admirers of beauty in their own sex, in spite of jealousy, and a candy store with lovely clerks is sure to be thronged by them. Well, one establishment has secured a surpassingly gorgeous brunette, with sparkling eyes and lips sweeter than the poisoned sugar she sells.

She is the talk of the shoppers. In order to gain for her a wider notoriety, her employer sent her to the ball. He had dressed her at an expense of not less than $500 for her costume, and an unconjecturable amount for diamonds.—These brilliants, consisting of a necklace and earrings, were unquestionably genuine, and their worth was fully $25,000. It was said that he had hire them for the night of a dealer. The dress, however, was new, and fitted her too perfectly not to have been made expressly for her. It was of white brocatelle and white satin, princesse shaped. The front was of gathered satin, covered with lace and white beaded embroidery, and the train was brocatelle, trimmed with plaited flounces, and edged with a coral satin balayeuse. The corsage was cut out square, and the sleeves came to the elbows. The necklace lay showily on her dark, rich flesh, and her raven hair was brushed well back from her ears, so that the glistening pendants might hang in bold relief. She was the centre of glances wherever she went, and when anybody asked who she was, somebody was pretty sure to recognize her as Blank & Blank's clerk. She will be discussed in society for a week, and, no doubt, the advertisement will pay its cost. To guard against the risk of losing the diamonds three private detectives, in immaculate evening dress, were constituted the girl's body guard.

IT'S a wise speculator that knows his own corner.

JONAH was the first conundrum—the whale gave him up.

VENNOR's open winter has been so open that a lot of snow escaped.

IN two years a boy can learn as much Latin as he can forget in six months after he goes to work for a living.

DID you ever notice how much more you walk with the foot with the corn on it than on the other one? You hardly notice the other one at all.

### Men of Many Millions.

OUR ASTORS AND VANDERBILTS COMPARED WITH ROMAN ARISTOCRATS.

We occasionally read interesting accounts of the wealth and extravagant expenditures of our railroad kings, bonanza kings and other kings. There is a certain fascination in these descriptions of immense possession and the personal characteristics and habits of those who control them. That Vanderbilt pays a small fortune for a picture, that Mrs. Astor wears diamonds worth $200,000 and that Mrs. Mackay gives a dinner at a cost of $25,000 are facts which to the popular mind have a peculiar charm. And undoubtedly there is an impression in some quarters that the amassing of enormous wealth the attendant extravagancies are things of comparatively modern growth. How far this impression is from the truth may be seen by a glance at history, which in this respect is really comforting to us poor devils of the present day. Pythers, or Pythius, the Lydian lord of Celænæ, was worth $16,000,000. Cyrus returned from the conquest of Asia with $500,000,000. Darius during his reign, had an income of $14,500,000 a year. The votive offerings of Crœsus to the Delphian god amounted to $4,000,000. Alexander's daily meal cost $1,700. He paid the debts of his soldiers, amounting to at least $18,000,000, and a present of $2,500,000 to the Thessalians. The obsequies of Hephæstion are said to have cost $1,500,000. Aristotle's investigations into natural history involved an expense of $1,000,000. Alexander left behind him a treasure of $50,000,000. The wealth of his satraps was extroordinary. One of the Harpalus, accumulated $5,000,000. A festival of Ptolemy Philadelphus cost not less than $2,239,000. The treasure of this king amounted to $375,000,000. There was immense wealth among the Romans. The landed estate of Crassus was valued at $8,500,000, and his house at $400,000 Cæcilus Isidorus lost much, still left $5,335,000. Cemetrius, a freedman of Pompey, was worth $4,000,000. Dentulus, the augur, possessed no less than $17,000,000. Clodius paid $610,000 for his house, and he once swallowed a pearl worth $40,000. Antony squandered altogether $735,000,000. Tiberius left at his death $118,120,000, and Caligula spent it all in less than a year. The extravagant Caligula paid $150,000 for one supper. Speaking of suppers, one meal cost Hellogabalus $100,000, and the suppers of Lucullus at the Apollo cost $8,330. Pegullus, a singer, could and did spend $40,000 in five days. Seneca had a fortune of $17,500,000. Apicius was worth $5,000,000 and after he had spent in his kitchen and otherwise squandered sums to the amount of $4,166,000, he poisoned himself, leaving a few hundred thousands.

Tacitus informs us that Nero gave away in presents to his friends $97,500,000. The dresses of Lollina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at $1,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper $1,662,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. She was worth altogether $200,000,000. The luxury of Pappæ, beloved by Nero, was at least equal to that of Lollia. Pallas, the lover of Agrippina, left an estate in lands valued at $15,000,000. M. Scarus had a villa worth $15,000,000 and this was only a small part of his immense fortune. The villa was burned by his slaves out of revenge for his injury.

### Wheelbarrow Religion.

Richard Baxter said a good thing when he said