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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, MARCH 26, 1881. No. 47.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

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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.

Dr. T. H. COOPER & BRO.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS,
VOSHELL HOUSE,
CHESTERTOWN.
REFERENCES—Rev. I. T. Cooper, D. D.; Hon. S. B. Cooper, Dr. E. Cooper, Camden, Del. Dr. Cooper, Kenton; Dr. Cooper, Wilmington; Dr. Cooper, Philadelphia. mh5-3m*

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

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.

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.

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.

WHOLESALE
AND RETAIL!

THOSE in want of CHEAP and GOOD GOODS will do well to call and examine before purchasing in the city. We think our prices will compare favorably with the lowest city prices. We have on hand and are receiving the following:
CARRIAGE, COACH, WAGON AND
Cart RIMS,
Hickory SPOKES,
Oak Wagon and Cart Spokes,
Carriage, Wagon and Cart Hubs,
Carriage Shafts, Poles with Circles, Neck Yokes, Double and Single Trees, Cultivator and Plow Handles; Pick Handles, Shovel, Fork, Spade, Hoe, Rake, Brush, Ax and Hatchet Handles, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

REMOVAL!

J. A. PERKINS respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the store room recently occupied by S. B. Foard & Co., where he proposes to keep a FIRST CLASS STOCK OF
PROVISIONS
AND GROCERIES,
SUCH AS
Hams, Shoulders,
Side Bacon, Lard,
Sugar, Coffee, Tea,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, by sack, barrel or pound.
TOBACCO, SEGARS, Snuff, Pipes.
Canned Goods:
Canned Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, Peaches, String Beans, of best quality.
PICKLES, SPICES, SOAPS, BEANS, HOMINY, DRIED FRUITS,
Syrups, Molasses, Pure Cider, Mackerel, Herring, Corned Shad, Apples, Crackers, Candy, Nuts, Prunes, Citron, Lemons, Oranges, Figs, &c.
Give us a call and try our goods.
Country Produce wanted for cash or trade.
mh5. J. A. PERKINS.

LIME! LIME!
and W. W. BRUSHES, for white-washing. Lime, Hair and Cement for building purposes.
mh19. THOMPSON, Up town.

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,
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

GARDEN SEED.

A Very Large Stock of
LANDRETH'S
CELEBRATED GARDEN SEED
of the finest quality, all FRESH. Also, ONION SETS.
For sale at Lowest Prices, by
T. W. WICKES,
March 12. DRUGGIST.

☞ RILEY'S MILL.

HAVING rented the Mill property known as RILEY'S MILL for the present year (1881), and secured the services of a competent practical Miller, I am now prepared to give satisfaction as to QUANTITY and QUALITY of
MEAL and FLOUR
and would thank the residents of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to give us a call and judge for themselves.
mh5. R. RILEY.

For Spring and Summer!

Just Received ☞ March 3, 1881,
A Large Lot of
☞ SHOES
for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.
Give me a call.
JAMES A. SHAW,
mh5. COURT STREET.

Spring 1881!

JUST OPENED AT THE
LADIES' SHOE STORE,
OF
MRS. KATE GILL,
A Fine Spring Stock of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
SHOES!
This stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is FIRST CLASS in every department. Prices very low.
We call special attention to our
Children's School Shoes,
Ladies' Fine Gaiters,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.
We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.
MRS. KATE GILL,
mh19. THE LADIES' SHOE STORE.

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.

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.

BILL HOOKS—Grub Hoes, Bramble Scythes and Snaths, Pruning Saws, Tree Axes, Wagon, Cart & Plow Hames, for sale at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

WALL BRUSHES at all prices.
mh19. J. H. SIMPERS.

Van Bibber's Leap.

Just below the Falls of the Kanawha, in West Virginia, there is a lofty and overhanging rock of immense size, which to this day goes by the name of Van Bibber's rock, and the incident which thus designated it is one of the wildest and most exciting to be found in the records of backwoods adventure.

The rock juts out about a hundred feet over the seething, dangerous whirlpool at the foot of the falls, and nearly a hundred and fifty above the surface of the water.

The surroundings in the immediate neighborhood of the rock are wild and picturesque in the extreme; but the opposite shore is comparatively level and smiling, with a charming interspersion of pastures, meadows and timber, a gently shelving beach of sand sloping gradually out into the boiling waters, which continue their disturbed and riotous character for many rods below.

Hiram Van Bibber, an enterprising backwoodsman from the eastern part of Virginia, was the first to build a cabin on this inviting bank of the Kanawha, in the latter part of the last century.

Having had much experience, and being a bold and independent character, he lost no time in bringing his young wife and two children to the new home that he had provided for them.

Notwithstanding that the region round about swarmed with hostile or semi-hostile Indians, he was unmolested for a year or more, and the land was so fertile that it was not long before he had a number of neighbors, almost as hardy, adventurous and hard-working as himself.

Indeed, a regular little settlement sprang up, which, with Van Bibber at its head, presented quite a village-like appearance, at the end of the second year, the settlers building their cabins pretty close together as a mutual protection against the savages.

Then, about this time, a small government supply station was established, a few miles further down the stream, which added greatly to the general sense of security and repose.

But this state of affairs existed almost exclusively upon the fertile or low-lying side of the river, while the wild and rocky region, including the opposite bank, continued to be occupied by roving bands of red hunters, who, if not actually hostile, often cast regards of sullen discontent and jealousy upon that fairer portion of their ancient heritage, which the industry and enterprise of the pale-faced intruders were swiftly causing to blossom like the rose.

It was as though Civilization and Savagery directly confronted each other, with the boiling river as the only debatable ground between, and the great frowning, overhanging rock looking far away, as a black, standing menace on the part of the rude tribes, whose wigwams and hunting-lodges still cling with the tenacity of despair, amid the glens and thickets thereabouts.

Captain Van Bibber was the soul and heart of the little settlement. His renown as a hunter and Indian fighter was only equaled by his reputation for fair dealing and worldly prudence; and from the first he was looked upon by his neighbors as their natural leader. No axe more rapidly thinned the forest ranks than his; no rifle was surer; no canoe more dauntlessly breasted the perilous waters of the mountain-cradled, gorge-nursed, cataract-fretted stream.

Another child was born to him in the bosom of the wilderness. His wife was happy and contented, and his cabin-home was the abode of frugal thrift and hard-earned repose. The only other member of his household, besides his wife and three children, was a great pet bear, called Brownie, which he had captured when a cub and tamed with such wisdom and thoroughness that it was accustomed to follow him, unmuzzled, among the cabins like a dog, and apparently with no inclination to rejoin its kind among the neighboring hills.

Indeed, the brute displayed an exceptional affection for him and his family. The officers and soldiers of the little fort often came to witness its tricks and pranks; and "Van Bibber and his bear" was the expression most generally used by outsiders in alluding to our hero.

Trouble with the Indians arose; which at last, so far as one tribe was concerned—the Shawnees—broke out into open war. The authorities were constantly on the alert, and it become a hazardous experiment for any settler to proceed alone through the rocky and thickly-timbered region on the unfriendly side of the river.

This, however, did not prevent Captain Van Bibber from setting out upon a lonely hunting expedition amid its dangers, upon a certain April day, that was destined to be memorable in the annals of the settlement, and at the same time to give his name to the giant rock, which had heretofore been exclusively known by its Indian name, *Wah-kun-gee-teh*, signifying the "Far-away Lookout."

A great freshet had so flushed the Falls of the Kanawha that he did not venture to cross the river at the point directly below the rapids, and just between the settlement and the great rock. He passed down the stream for a mile or more to a lonely cabin, occupied by a hunter named Radcliffe, where he borrowed a canoe, effected a crossing, and fearlessly plunged into the heart of the enemy's country.

He had undertaken this expedition against the advice of his friends and even the entreaties of his wife.

The winter had been a hard one. There was a shortness of supplies in his humble larder, and game was uncommonly scarce on his own side of the river. These considerations were sufficient to impel him upon his dangerous errand, in spite of all the warnings and forecasts of misadventure that were held forth to deter him.

He had capital sport, and shot a number of deer and wild turkeys, carcasses of which he secreted, to await a conveyance to his home, when the subsiding waters of the river and other favoring circumstances should enable him to make another trip on horseback for that purpose, and accompanied by his associates.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon when he started to return home, from which he then found himself about eight miles distant.

Up to this time he had not encountered a single red man, or even any signs of their being in his vicinity. But he had no sooner quitted the belt of timber in which he had been hunting, and began to make his way across the broad, rolling and somewhat plateau that lay between him and the precipitous river bank, than a shot from a concealed foeman whistled through his squirrel-skin hunting-cap. He at once crouched close to the ground and prepared for fighting.

But another and yet another shot followed the first in swift succession, and, upon peeping up from his semi-covert he was astonished at perceiving a score or more of savages cautiously but rapidly approaching his position from different points of the forest.

He was astonished, but not alarmed, though he at once knew them to be hostile Shawnees, from the peculiarity of their scanty costumes, and therefore understood that nothing but his scalp would satisfy their murderous intentions.

They had him almost surrounded, and there was nothing to do but to run for it; so, after bringing down the foremost by a well-directed shot, Van Bibber suddenly sprang to his feet and sped over the open plain like a hunted stag, escaping the numerous shots that were sent after him as if by a miracle, and with the entire band in yelling and blood-thirsty pursuit.

Van Bibber, who was a famous runner, however, was under no apprehension of being overtaken by his enemies, swift of foot as they undoubtedly were.

It may here be observed, in passing, that it is a common mistake to suppose that the Indian has, as a rule, ever been able to surpass the white hunter in woodcraft, natural cunning, or any of the athletic exercises belonging to his own savage condition and training.

It needs but to recall the examples of Boone, Kenton, Brady, the Weitzel brothers and many others too numerous to mention, to prove the contrary. Upon anything like an equal footing, Caucasian intelligence, allied with Caucasian daring and strength, has ever proved the red man's superior, even upon his native heath and among his chosen and hereditary employments.

Captain Van Bibber had long been noted as the strongest, fleetest and most formidable hunter of the Kanawha Valley. Nobly did he vindicate his reputation on that eventful day.

He not only acquitted himself so creditably as to keep beyond the range of the poor rifles with which his pursuers were armed, but was also enabled to load and fire as he ran, thus causing several of them to bite the dust before they finally drove him to bay out upon the furthermost point of Wah-kun-gee-teh, the great jutting rock overlooking the terrible whirlpool at the foot of the falls, and his humble but smiling home on the far opposite bank.

Yes, the Indians, though unable to overtake their fugitive, had nevertheless succeeded in baffling all his attempts to reach the river at the point at which he had effected a crossing in the morning.

They had so managed to dictate the direction of his flight as to bring him at last to a final and apparently hopeless stand upon the very edge of this tremendous abyss, with obviously no choice left him but surrender or death at their hands, or an equally fatal plunge into the boiling, cauldron-like whirlpool far below.

But, even in this desperate strait, Van Bibber did not lose a jot of his cool and collected daring.

Ensconcing himself behind a small group of stones and bushes, and loading and discharging his trusty rifle with wonderful rapidity, he succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay for more than a quarter of an hour, in full view of his wife and friends on the opposite bank of the river, while the Indians, though not venturing out upon the open shelf, within range of his terrible marksmanship, clustered on its bushy sides, and even crept down far below in the very face of the cliff, yelling like demons, in the certainty of his speedy capture or death, and seeking every opportunity to pick him off from behind his little fastness in which he had temporarily intrenched himself.

That it was only temporary soon became evident.

Captain Van Bibber suddenly stopped firing, and for the first time a feeling of despair must have come over him. He had used the last bullet in his pouch and was no longer capable of defense!

The savages soon suspected as much, and began to swarm over the rock in full view and with revengeful cries.

But at this instant, when he was about giving himself up for lost, a clear, encouraging cry came floating to him from far across the yawning abyss, and making itself distinctly heard above the roaring of the waters.

It was a woman's voice—his wife's.

"I'm coming under the rock in the canoe!" she cried. "Leap and meet me."

He turned and looked in the direction from which the summons had come, dazed and bewildered—for such a leap as that had never been made, nor even contemplated before.

But the heroic woman was already in the canoe, paddle in hand, having laid her baby on the grassy bank, and rushed to the rescue, in spite of the opposition of her neighbors, who looked upon her husband as already doomed beyond redemption, and regarded her attempt to navigate the boiling waters of the whirlpool as simple madness.

But she pushed off, and just as she did so Brownie, the pet bear, clambered into the stern of the canoe, and sat upright on his haunches, keeping his balance perfectly, and in reality aiding not a little in "trimming boat" and ballasting it, as it were, throughout the wild voyage.

As Mrs. Van Bibber succeeded in reaching the centreof the stream, d irectl y under the ledge of the rock, her husband's foes were almost upon him.

"Wife! wife!" he shouted, "drop down a little lower. I'm coming!"

With this, and with the clutches of the Indians almost closing upon him, he sprang from the crag and descended like a plummet into the water, feet foremost.

In an agony of suspense the wife rested from her toil for a moment, watching for him to rise to the surface, the canoe bobbing about like a cockle-shell upon the angry flood, and the pet bear eyeing his mistress affectionately, as though fully sympathizing with her distress.

It was only a moment, but an awful one; it seemed an age to her. Would her husband ever rise?

Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the very depths of the turbid water, and then, with a joyous thankful cry, she darted the canoe further down stream.

He arose to the surface quite near to her, and was enabled to scramble into the little craft without assistance, and amid a shower of bullets that was poured after him by the baffled red-skins, not one of which, however, harmed either him or his wife.

Then, seizing the paddle from her hands, he swung the craft around, turning Brownie's back to the hostile bank, and paddled swiftly out of range of the shots that were showered after him.

But it is more than likely that poor bruin had much to do with the immunity with which his master and mistress were permitted to draw out of range. At any rate, when Van Bibber and his wife reached the shore, and were assisted to land by their rejoicing friends, Brownie remained seated motionless in the stern of the canoe, with his tongue hanging out and his eyes closed, and he was found to be stark dead, with his back fairly riddled with bullets, more than one of which must inevitably have reached the human occupants but for the chance bulwark that had been presented by his tough and shaggy frame.

Captain Van Bibber had experienced a greater shock from his terrible leap than had been supposed, and he staggered like a drunken man as his wife led him to the grassy spot upon which she had deposited her babe upon rushing to his rescue, and where it was still lying, crowing and laughing at a great rate, and he then fainted away.

He soon recovered, however, and he and his wife lived to a green old age, with their family around them—many of their descendants still surviving them—in the same fertile valley, and within the very shadow of the great, everhanging shelf which has ever since borne their name, in deserved commemoration of Van Bibber's Leap.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will look ahead
And strike the braver blow.
Your luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

—*Forney's Progress.*

Longfellow's First Poem.

When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a composition. Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the schoolhouse, and there you can find something to write about, and then you tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near by, and seeing a fine turnip growing up he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what Henry had done in that time:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew;
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.
And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller,
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.
There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.
Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able,
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife,
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up!

TROUBLES of a millionaire: A few days ago Jay Gould was seen to look long and earnestly at the moon though a telescope and then turn away with a disconsolate sigh. A railroad track cannot be laid on air.—*Quincy Argo.*

THERE is a great rivalry between Western cities as to which is the wickedest. As a consequence there is an unusually high average of deviltry in them all.—*New Haven Register.*

THE finger rings of this country are worth $58,000,000, and are of no earthly account to the wearers. Just think how many cigar stores could be opened on that much wealth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Wisconsin farmer twenty-three years ago planted a piece of waste land, unfit for cultivation, with black walnut trees. The trees are now from sixteen to twenty inches in diameter, and have been sold for $27,000.

"COLONEL," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree—"Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for office," answered the Colonel.

CONSTANT cutting off just below the surface of the ground will in time eradicate poison ivy.

ONE silly remark will neutralize a good speech.

RIGHTED AT LAST.

He was gone then! There was no hope! His little cap, the shoes, and jacket, found on the bank where he had laid them when he went into bathe—silly child!—had not been enough to convince the mother that her missing boy was lost to her. Yet it was close to where the river fell into the sea, and where the tide was strong—how, then, could she hope? But this latter news, the finding of the half-decayed body of a little boy, which the finder had been obliged to bury at once—this was too plain to be denied. She must give him up.

Mrs. Beaufort closed her doors and sat down in her splendid mansion to mourn. Her servants came and went around her, but she would see no one else. Her own kindred were too far away, across the ocean in the new world, to come to her; and she had known these of her husband's people only during the year that he had been master of Beaufort Manor.

He had been separated from his friends, a homeless wanderer, and they had cared nothing for him, till old Mr. Beaufort the bachelor lord of the manor, dying, had to their astonishment and indignation left the great fortune which they had confidently expected would be divided between two families nearest of kin, to scapegrace, wandering Bernard Beaufort. It was for this, then, that they had flattered and petted the eccentric, cross old man! It was for this they had lied to him over and over, and vowed that they had expected nothing from him, and wanted nothing, and came to see only him, not the manor. They had borne his sardonic grins, when he listened to their falsehood, only that Bernard Beaufort, whom they hardly acknowledged for a relation, and his American wife, whom they had never acknowledged at all, and their boy, should inherit Beaufort Manor and all the old man's property, except the £100 apiece which he had mockingly bequeathed his two cousins and their twelve children, all told.

It was unbearable! And all because Bernard had had the art to name his boy Philip, after the old man. Had not each of his cousins a Philip—her eldest? But said Philip had given him no notice of the naming, as they had; asked no christening present; and that he, the old man had heard the child's name only by accident. Therefore, it must have been named from some recollection.

When the new heir and his wife came home, the relations pocketed their wrath so far as to visit them. It was not worth while to shut themselves out of the place because it was not to be theirs.

Mrs. Beaufort astonished her new relatives. They expected to see a common person; the found a lady more highly bred and educated than themselves. An elegant form, habited with exquisite taste; a classical face, purely pale; rich, dark eyes, and admirably self-possessed—such was the new lady whom they went to criticise and patronize.

Scarcely had the bereaved mother mourned for her son a month when a lawyer's missive reached her; and she awoke to the fact that it was not only her son who was lost, but the heir of Beaufort Manor. The relatives and heir had allowed her to stay so long out of regard to her feelings, and because they would rather she had proposed to go, and they were sorry she had obliged them to remind her, that, by the late Philip Beaufort's will, the property was to go to the son of Bernard, and in case he died childless, to be divided between two cousins, the elder having the manor for life, the eldest son of the younger to inherit it at his death.

The childless widow rose up and went out of the sorrowful room that had been hers but a year and a half. No sympathy or kindness were offered her now. They paid her the moderate provision that had been assured her, and said "good-bye," with no invitation to remain or visit them. She was no longer necessary to them, and they could resent her past coldness.

Even after he husband died, six months after their coming to the property, she did not much seek their companionship, though they then redoubled their attention, as their hopes increased.

Bernard had been an affectionate but a dissipated husband; and if his wife grieved for him it was not as one without hope. Little Philip, her idol, now two years old, was left her, and she turned to him with all her heart.

And now he was gone! Three years old, and so ventursome! How had he eluded servants and mother and playmates? He had done so, in spite of every care. The river running past their park had enticed him, and he was gone. Every effort had been made, search, advertisements, rewards offered, but in vain; and the finding of that little body with the golden hair in curls about the face had satisfied her. A curl had been given the mother, and putting it side by side with one she had cut from Philip's head only a month before, they could not be told apart.

Mrs. Beaufort did not return to America, as they had expected. She took a cottage near and lived in it. She could not leave the neighborhood where her darling's body lay, and where his innocent soul had taken wing. Shut up in this secluded house, which to her was not a home, she abandoned herself to grief. But after a year was past she was obliged to rouse herself. Her health was failing, and the good vicar, one of her faithful friends, could no longer refrain from reproof.

Mrs. Beaufort was not selfish, and she was not irreligious. At the call she lifted her head, looked about the world outside of her retreat, and saw work enough to do. At that sight her energy awoke, and she laid aside her lamentations. But no one could see her white, sad face without being convinced that life had no charm for her.

And so four years passed. The Beauforts of the manor had taken no notice of her; but some of the country families still visited her, and she had many frinds. Her means were small, but all the poor blessed her; for her kind word and helping hand were better than gold.

No one saw the lonely night when she wept and kissed those locks of golden hair, and gazed at the miniature of her boy's face.

One day the widow had been out on an errand of mercy, and was strolling slowly homeward in the soft, rich light of a June sunset. The blossoming hedges were full of singing birds, the trees bent over, the air was silent and laden with sweet odors.

As she walked slowly along the road a strange gladness stirred in her heart; for something pleasant had happened that morning. She had met the vicar that afternoon in her visiting—not for the first time, by any means, for Mr. Vernon was a friend to the poor, and was also a kind friend to this bereaved lady. But something new had shown itself in his manner, or if not new, it was, at least, shown in a decided manner that seemed new.

The Rev. Mr. Vernon had married early in life, and his wife had lived but a few years. His best friends thought that the less said about the latter the better. The gentleman had been drawn into the marriage at an age when he should have been at his studies, and it was a happy thing for him that the companionship had been brief. He had not cared to repeat the experiment. With a large circle of friends, and quiet, well-kept house, he said to himself that he would be foolish to change. And he had not wished to change till now. His sympathy had been aroused by the sorrows of the lovely Mrs. Beaufort, and his tenderness by the beauty of her character. But not until within a few weeks had he known how deep that tenderness and sympathy were, nor how sweet it would be to have that fair face and form to adorn his home, and be forever in his sight.

To-day, for the first time, the truth had broken out. It was but a word. Seeing her look paler than usual, the young clergyman had asked impulsively, "Are you ill, Alice?"

It was the first time he had called her by that name, and the color flashed over his face as soon as the words had passed his lips. But his bright eyes dwelt on her face as he saw the answering blush, the sweet, sudden smile, the quick look up into his eyes, then the drooping glance.

"No, not ill," she stammered, "I am very well."

Others came near, and both interrupted relieved them. Enough had been said for that time. But when they parted Mr. Vernon took her hand in gentle clasp, and asked permission to come to see her soon, and thanked her earnestly when permission was accorded.

That was all, but that was enough to change all the world for this tender, lonely heart.

"How good he is to think of me who have nothing, when so many younger and richer ladies would gladly have had his preference!"

"There is a little boy waiting to see you, ma'am," the servant said when she entered the cottage. "He has a letter for you." "Who is he?" Mrs. Beaufort asked.

"He is a stranger, madam, and a pretty lad. I think he is a sailor-like, but a gentleman's son."

"You can send him to me," Mrs. Beauford said.

She entered the parlor, and in a few moments the messenger stood before her. She merely glanced at him, scarcely moving, as he gave her the note, and stood, cap in hand, before her as she read.

It was written coarsely by an ignorant person, and the name signed was that of a man-servant who had lived at the manor when she had been ousted, a retainer of her husband's relatives. It was dated Calcutta, and marked "Important."

"MADAM: I think you will do well to adopt this boy as your son. Perhaps you will like him almost as well. He is a smart little fellow, and has no bad habits, and he has no father. I have known him since he was two years old. If you want any more information, ask it of yours to command, JOHN SLADE."

A strange enough note, presuming and inexplicable: She dropped it and looked at the messenger, a straight, well-formed boy, with slender hands and feet. His hair was light, and curled loosely like other hair she had seen. His large violet eyes were like other eyes she had seen before, his mouth, the dimple in the chin, the turn of the head—

She gazed on him a moment, like one in a trance, then started.

"Heavens, boy! what is your name?" she cried. "Who are you?"

"My name is Phil Phillips," he answered, with a smile that went to the heart, with a voice that set her trembling. "I don't know who I am. I was picked up at sea when I was three years old."

"But this man, this John Slade, says he knew you at that time," she exclaimed starting up. "And he has been away only a year."

"Yes," said the boy, looking with wonder to see the lady so agitated, "he came to see me in America, and took me to Calcutta with him, and he has been good to me. He told me that my father was dead, but my mother was alive, and that my name was Philip, but would not tell me what else. He said that you knew who my mother is. I want to find my mother," the boy added, tremulously. "I don't like going about the world so."

What explanation could be made she knew not. But with a mother's intuition she knew her long lost child. She clasped him in her arms. She kissed and questioned him; she listened to a recital of all his recollections, and with every word her assurances grew stronger. His faint recollections of the great house, the pony carriage, of many a little incident which she herself recalled—all were confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ.

The next morning Mr. Vernon called to see Mrs. Beaufort, and before he had been with her fifteen minutes they were engaged.

"Oh, my dearest, my most true and disinterested friend!" she suddenly broke forth," "I have such news to tell you; I can keep it no longer. Say once again that you love and choose me, poor and alone."

She leaned on his arm, and looked with beautiful, tearful eyes into his face.

"I chose you so, my love," he said, "I want nothing with you."

She leaned a moment on his shoulder, then gently disengaged herself from his embrace, and going to the door of an inner room, opened it, and beckoned to some one there.

A boy seven or eight years of age ran to catch and kiss her hand. She led him to the vicar.

"It is my little Philip come back from the dead," she said, "and I ask you to leave the vicarage for the manor."

No matter about proofs. They were not wanting, and they were convincing. The Beauforts would own to nothing—they only gave up and went out of the usurped inheritance. But the servant, John Slade, charged the proprietor with having withheld from Mrs. Beaufort the advertisement which described the child that had been picked up at sea.

"We did not believe that it was the child," they said, "and we thought it would only agitate Alice unnecessarily."

It was a lame excuse, but the best they had.

So Mrs. Beaufort went back to the great house, proudly leading her son, and all the people bowed down to her and congratulated her, of course. And when the clergyman, Mr. Vernon, left the parsonage to marry her, more than one noble gentleman cursed his own stupidity, in not having fallen in love with the widow whole there was a chance.

A $200,000 BET.

TWO THOUSAND MILES BY PONY EXPRESS ACROSS MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS.

In 1859 St. Joseph was the western terminus of railroad communication. Beyond, the stage-coach, the saddle-horse, and the ox-trains were the only means of commerce and communication with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope. In the winter of 1860 there was a Wall street lobby at Washington, trying to get $5,000,000 for carrying the mails overland one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was extremely cheeky, and Wm. H. Russell, backed by Secretary of War Floyd, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower-bath. He therefore offered to bet $200,000 that he could put on a mail line from Sacramento to St. Joseph that should make the distance—1,950 miles—in ten days.

The bet was taken and the 8th of April fixed upon as the day for starting. Mr. Russell called upon his partner and general manager of business on the plains, Mr. A. B. Miller, now a citizen of Denver, and stated what he had done, and asked if he could perform the feat.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Miller replied, "I will do it, and do it by a pony express."

To accomplish this Mr. Miller purchased 300 of the fleetest horses he could find in the West, and employed 125 men.—Eighty of these men were to be post-riders. These he selected with reference to their light weight and their known daring and courage. It was very essential that the horses should be loaded as light as possible; therefore, the lighter the man the better. It was necessary that some portions of the route should be run at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The horses were stationed from ten to twenty miles apart, and each rider would be required to ride sixty miles. For the change of animals and the shifting of the mails two minutes were allowed. When there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents sufficient to hold one man and two horses were provided. Indians would sometimes give chase, but their cayuse ponies made but sorry show in their stern chase after Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a single mile in a minute and fifty seconds.

All arrangements being completed, a signal gun on the steamer at Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of April 8, 1860—the hour for starting—when "Border Ruffian," Mr. Miller's private saddle-horse, with Billy Baker in the saddle, bounded away towards the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, and made his ride of twenty miles in forty-nine minutes.

The snows were deep in the mountains and one rider was lost for several hours in a snow storm; and after the Salt Lake valley was reached, additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph on time. From here on all went well until the Platt was to be crossed at Julesburg. The river was up and running rapidly, but the rider plunged his horse into the flood, only, however, to mire in the quicksand and drown.

The courier succeeded in reaching the shore with his mail bag in hand, and traveled ten miles on foot to reach the next relay. Johnny Fry, a popular rider of his day, was to make the finish. He had sixty miles to ride, with six horses to do it. When the last courier arrived at the sixty mile post, out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain had set in and the roads were slippery. Two hundred thousand dollars might turn upon a single minute. Fry had just three hours and thirty minutes in which to win. This was the finish for the longest race for the largest stakes ever run in America. When the time for the arrival was nearly up, at least five thousand people stood upon the river bank, with eyes turned towards the woods from which the horse and its rider should emerge into the open country in the rear of Elwood—one mile from the finish.—Tick, tick, went thousands of watches! The time was nearly up! But seven minutes remained! Hark! a shout goes up from the assembled multitude. "Here he comes!" The noble little mare Sylph, the daughter of Little Arthur, darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in one minute and fifty seconds, landing upon the ferryboat with five minutes and a fraction to spare.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) News.*

DOUBLE-BACK-ACTION JOKE.—A couple of young men went out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm house and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any butter-milk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves." The boys calculated that they had business away—and they went.

SOME of our readers will be interested in the following: The bust on the one-cent stamps represents Franklin; on the two-cent, Jackson; on the three-cent, Washington; on the six-cent, Lincoln; on the seven-cent, Stanton; on the ten-cent, Jefferson; on the twelve-cent, Clay; on the fifteen-cent, Webster; on the twenty-four-cent, Scott; on the thirty-cent, Hamilton; on the ninety-cent, Perry.

THURLOW WEED objects