msa_sc2901_scm1624-0704 ©Maryland State Archives

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.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881. No. 3.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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.

Look for the Best!

You'll find them by calling
ON
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

WE CLAIM to make as good
Cultivator Teeth
AS CAN BE MADE. We have been doing it a long time, so the people say, and it is they we are trying to please.
BUY OUR
Iron-Frame Cultivators.
They beat anything in that line of implements. We invented it ourselves, and believe it to be the best. As an evidence of it other parties are trying their very best to imitate it, and leave the old ruts.

☞ The following well known farmers have used them, and we do not hesitate to refer to them and many others:

T. A. Jacobs,	Abraham Hurlock,
Capt. E. B. Woodall,	Wm. H. Stewart,
Geo. W. Davis,	Thos. J. Vickers,
S. J. Roseberry,	Thos. J. Tucker,
S. A. Merritt,	W. F. Massey.

Now, the question is from whom will you buy, the inventor or imitator?

Prices have been reduced. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
May 7, 1881. Chestertown.

T. J. McWHORTER,

MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, COAL
LIME, PHOSPHATES.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements*.

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;
J. J. Turner & Co.'s
FERTILIZERS,
which are the best in the market.

☞ They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.

T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7-1m. MILLINGTON.

A CARD.—Mr. S. MERRITT, lately in the clothing business in this town, is now with A. Friedman at the New Clothing House in the Masonic Hall building, where he will be pleased to receive a call from his old friends and customers. tf.

JOHN C. SUTTON

AGENT FOR
THE OSBORNE
Self-Binding
HARVESTER.

SAME MACHINE USES EITHER
Twine or Wire.
Six Years of Unexampled SUCCESS.

Binds Tighter—Ties a Firmer Knot—Less Complicated—Less Liable to get Out of Order than
ANY OTHER BINDER.

It SAVES all your Grain.
Cuts LODGED as well as standing grain.
Saves Hiring and Feeding Poor Binders.
It needs no Compresser; therefore does away with that much machinery.
No extra "tomfoolery" machinery.
Cuts a Wider Swath—6, 7 or 8 ft.—Take your choice.

AND REMEMBER
There are **MORE OSBORNE BINDERS** at work on the Peninsula than all others combined.

Have worked longer and GIVEN BETTER SATISFACTION.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT
IN CHESTERTOWN,
Have a FULL LINE OF EXTRAS.

John C. Sutton,
Has at Locust Grove Station
EXTRAS and MACHINES, and
HIMROD,
THE OLDEST BINDER MAN ON THE EASTERN SHORE,
to help you through the Harvest.
April 30, 1881—tf.

FOR the HARVEST
Of 1881.

I OFFER THE
BOYCE IMPROVED
Self Rake Reaper
It is the lightest and we believe the most durable and desirable Reaper made. For proof of this come see sample Machine.

THE "SHELDON"
Hay and Grain Rake
which I have been selling for the last three years, is the best Rake on the market. As I can only get Fifteen of them this season, those in want had better send in their orders at once. For proof that the Sheldon is the best rake out, ask

J. A. Miller,	A. Hurlock,
J. H. Hossinger,	J. W. Skirven,
S. J. Roseberry,	W. D. Carter,
T. S. Wilson,	J. A. Toulson,
W. S. Bowers,	S. F. Cooper,
W. S. Thompson,	Jas. Burch.

Will be glad to answer all letters of inquiry and happy to have my friends and the public call on me at my office.

☞ Office Hours from sunrise to 9 P. M.

WM. HEPBRON.
LYNCH'S, May 14, 1881—5t.

April 4. **OPENING** April 4
—OF—
The New Star Clothing House!

GOOD NEWS for CHESTERTOWN and Vicinity

I respectfully call the attention of the people of Kent to the fact that I have just opened in the old Masonic Hall Building on Main St., Chestertown, a NEW CLOTHING STORE, under the name of

The STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Where I will keep a large and well selected stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING of NEWEST STYLES!

Also, a large stock of HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, VALISES, BAGS, &c., all of which I will sell at way down prices, as I manufacture my own goods, and sell at small profits, and Warrant every article as represented. **I Buy and Sell for CASH.**

Men's Clothing.

GOOD SUIT	4.50
" "	8.50
BETTER "	8.00
CASSIMERE SUIT	11.00
FINE "	15.00
CUSTOM MADE	20.00
COTTON PANTS	75c.
CASSIMERE "	2.50
" VESTS	1.00
Fancy Fine Shirts	50c.

Youths', Boys' & Children's Suits.

Children's Good Suits	$2.75 and up.
" fine Cassimere Suits	4.00 " "
Boys' good "	" 3.50 " "
" fine "	" 5.00 " "
Youths' Cassimere "	" 6.00 " "
" fine "	" 8.00 " "
Splendid Paper Collars 10c. per box.	
Good Socks 3 pr. for 25.	
Laundried Shirts 75c., worth 1.00.	

☞ All this you can find under the Old Masonic Hall, in Chestertown.

Respectfully,
April 9, 1881. A. FRIEDMAN.

HYLAND & Co's
CELEBRATED
IRON FRAME
CULTIVATORS!

THESE celebrated CULTIVATORS, made by HYLAND & CO., are surpassed by no other manufactured in this country. Our *CULTIVATOR TEETH* are a new style FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH that has ever been introduced in this county. They can be used with either wood or iron frames. They are made of the very best *Polished Saw Steel*, and are sold for less money than any other make of tooth. The plates are reversable and the shanks stationary.

They can be had at our shop in Galena or Chestertown.

Persons wanting *NEW REAPERS*, or needing old Reapers and Mowers repaired will please bring them in early, as we sell low. For testimonials we refer to the following named gentlemen:

B. F. Sappington,	Henry W. Carvill,
V. Hendrickson,	A. Hurlock,
Wm. Ford,	G. W. T. Perkins,
J. Ambruster,	E. F. C. Perkins,
G. H. Watts,	J. P. Hendrickson,
Samuel Cacy,	R. H. Corbaley,
R. C. Johnson,	Jos. W. Peacock,
Andrew Woodall,	Henry J. Gray,
and many others in Kent, and	
Wm. Knight,	Duncan Veazey,
Wm. Ward,	of Cecil county.

☞ We are also selling the justly celebrated *WALTER A. WOOD'S TWINE BINDER.* Farmers will please give us an early call.

W. A. HYLAND & CO.
May 14, 1881.

CHESTERTOWN
Marble Yard

W. REGISTER,
MARBLE CUTTER,
CHESTERTOWN,

Is prepared to make MARBLE MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES, of any pattern, and warranted not to fade after put in place.

He flatters himself that his work and prices offer extra inducements to persons wanting anything in his line.

Call and examine specimens of work at his Yard near the Market House.
April 9, 1881—6m.

THE NEW
ONE PRICE, CASH
BOOT & SHOE STORE!

A Complete Assortment of Ladies', Gents', Misses', Boys' and Children's
BOOTS AND SHOES.

Nobby Styles! Best Quality! Bottom Prices!

☞ PRIVATE APARTMENT for fitting Ladies.
☞ Patent Button Fasteners. Plate Heels. Elegant Shoe Polish.
☞ CALL AND SEE US.
☞ HEAVY BOOTS for MEN and BOYS

T. D. PIERCE,
High Street, Westcott's Block, opposite Bank,
Sept. 11, 1880. CHESTERTOWN

B. F. FLEMING,
DEALER IN
Lime, Coal, Wood, Oysters in Shell,

MOGEE'S SCHUYLKILL LIME,
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR B. F. FLEMING, CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.

This lime has been used largely by the Farmers in Delaware and Maryland, and is claimed to slake more to the bushel, act quicker, and last longer than any other lime on the market. It frequently pays for itself on the first crop. We refer you to a few who have used it and will testify as to its good results upon their crops:

Rich'd Hynson, Esq	Isaac Parsons,	David A. Smith,	Col. G. W. Spencer,
Jas. A. Pearce "	W. W. Stephens,	R. H. Rouse,	Col. R. C. Johnson,
C. T. Westcott "	Thomas Gale,	Jackson Wickes,	Major B. T. Biggs,
H. W. Vickers "	John Gale,	James L. Beck,	Rev E B Newnam,
Robert Nickolson and 3 sons,	Rev. S. W. Thomas,	T. Romie Strong,	Geo. H. Snitcher,
	W. H. Stewart,	John G. Miers,	Wm. Hurlock,
Jas. Beck, of Geo.	Wm. Morris,	James W. Potts,	and many others too numerous to name.
Purnell Jefferson,	H. P. Smith.	David Hurlock,	

RAMBO LIME.—Persons desiring to use the Rambo Lime will find it to their interest to ascertain my prices before purchasing. jy3-6m.

WANTED: 100,000 Bushels of CORN
—AND—
50,000 Bushels of WHEAT,

For which the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE will be paid, delivered at any Station on the Kent Co. Rail Road.

☞ I shall be glad to have the Farmers to come and see me in person or by postal, as it will be to their interest to do so before selling their grain. ☜

E. T. COMEGYS,
LOCUST GROVE, KENT CO., MD.,
a13-tf. AGENT FOR CHRISTIAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA

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.

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.
jan1y.

Round and Square Bread Boxes,
TOILET SETS,

TABLE and FLOOR MATS,
GRANITE IRON WARE,
Glass Oil Cans; large assortment of Waiters, Red Cedar Buckets, Wash Boards, Cedar Tubs, and a large assortment of WOOD-WARE, at
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

IF you want a good Manure Fork, call at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

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.

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.

REMOVAL.

SAMUEL GORMAN,
Successor to late Edw. Carty,
Practical Pump and Well Maker,
up town, near the Catholic Church. We have ample facilities for doing all the Pump and Well work in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, and defy competition in prices or workmanship.

I give my own personal attention to all work entrusted to my care. Repairs for all kinds of Pumps kept on hand.
March 26, 1881—tf.

SWISS EMBROIDERY IRISH TRIMMING, Torchon Lace, Valencienne Lace, Deal Lace, Bretonne Lace, Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, for sale by
oc2. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

A LESSON.

Down in the meadow so soft and green,
There nestles a quiet pool;
'Tis the loveliest spot that ere was seen,
With its waters clear and cool.

Beneath its banks where the violets blow,
And the sweet-briar its fragrance gives;
Where the primrose and buttercups gaily grow,
My humble acquaintance lives.

At eve from my window on the hill,
When the south wind its comforts lend;
And the fields seem hushed in slumber still,
I sit and converse with my friend.

He sings when the fireflies dance along,
And the fairies so sportive grow;
While the cricket and katydid raise a song,
As a choral accompaniment slow.

"I am so happy and free from care,
With never a thought of the morrow;
My joy, dear one, I would you could share,
Knowing little as I of sorrow.

"At night on two lillies I rest my head,
And to make my pathway bright and clear,
When I retire to my mossy bed,
The wil-o'-the-wisp is my chandelier.

"Never from here do I have to roam,
A kind Providence gives me daily food;
He beautifies my modest home,
Truly He doeth all things good."

And I leave my window with peace in my heart,
For the lesson I plainly see;
Thus taught by a frog who acts his part
In the Heavenly Philosophy. J. L. B.

Philadelphia, May 9.

[COMMUNICATED.]

CHESTERTOWN, May 18, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—In company with my most agreeable and entertaining friend J. W. B. we had the unexcelled pleasure of a pleasant ride along one of old Kent's most traveled roads, and feasted the eyes on long stretches of emerald and bloom. The waving wheat with its gentle undulations, reminding of old ocean, and seeming to roll as a welcome as we passed. The perfume laden air, rich with suggestions of autumn's golden harvest, all giving zest and vigor and increasing in beauty as the pleasant and handsome homes of our Still Pond friends came in view, the genial smiles and hearty welcome of such people as Still Pond can boast is a proof positive of the genuineness of those who inhabit that garden spot of our beautiful county.

The *neat church* coming next in order we reverently entered its sacred portals and listened to the "Old, Old Story," clothed in the eloquent and unaffected language of that earnest worker and christian man, Rev. J. B. Merritt. After the service we accepted the kind invitation of our estimable friend, Mr. Henry Krusen, and took dinner with him at his pleasant home, and strange to say: after dinner felt too comfortable to make any effort to continue our ride to its prospective end, Betterton; however, after repeated efforts and some assistance we started with our refreshed steed, and as the broad waters of the old Chesapeake opened upon us, glistening in the sunlight, rolling, dancing and singing its endless lullaby, now and then a graceful craft with its snowy sails looking like some white winged bird in the distance, we felt amply repaid for our self-denial. The neat and hospitable residence and hotel so perfectly conducted by the unexcelled hostess, Mrs. Anna Spry, was an irresistable temptation and we soon found ourselves seated on the long cool porch with its vine-wreathed columns, and graceful trellise, making a very *paradise* for the spending of a warm afternoon, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees and enjoying the interesting conversation of a trio of handsome and intelligent ladies. The announcement of supper brought another most enjoyable feature. The beautifully appointed table, its snowy linen, sparkling crystal, temptingly arranged fruits and eatables, would have charmed the appetite of the most confirmed epicure and compelled him to lay aside the strictest of self-imposed laws of abstinence.

Messrs. Editors, if any of your readers doubt that Betterton is not one of the most pleasant places this side of Cape May to spend a day, let them visit the entertainment May 27, and if the Betterton House with its hospitality as a hotel does not convince them, they are skeptical beyond redemption.

Very truly yours,
FRANK OSBORNE.

Good Night.

Some unknown pen writes thus beautifully a sentiment that will do all good to read thoughtfully:

"How tenderly, sweetly falls the gentle 'good-night' into loving hearts, as members of a family separate and retire for the night. What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless acts, engendered in the hurry and business of the day, are forever blotted out by its benign influence. Small token, indeed, but it is the little courtesies that make up the sum of a happy home. It is only the little courtesies that can so beautifully round off the square corners in the homes of laboring men and women. The simple 'I thank you,' for a favor received, will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not estimated by dollars and cents, but by the gratitude and affection of the heart. If a home be happy, it is of heaven the truest symbol. If a home be happy, whether the owner possess a patch of ground or a thousand acres, they who live there are indeed wealthy beyond mathematical calculations. Then how much more lovingly are the sable folds of night gathered around the happy home. How much more confidingly do its members repose their weary bodies in the care of divine goodness, soothing their over taxed minds to the living realities of beautiful dreamland."

THERE is a pleasant story of a rebuke once administered by Admiral Farragut in a most neat and decorous, but very effective manner, to a tobacco smoking bishop. At dinner with Farragut, and after the meal was over, the bishop, about to select a cigar, offered the bunch to the sailor. "Have a cigar, Admiral?" said he. "No, bishop," said the Admiral, with a quizzical glance; "I don't smoke—I swear a little sometimes."

"WHAT good deed have you done today, Johnny?" said a benevolent father to his heir, an embryo mining operator. "I gave a poor little boy a cent, papa," was the good child's answer. "Ah, that was right. And why, my son, did you give him a cent?" "I gave it to him, dear papa, for a good three-cent stamp, that he thought was only a piece of green paper."—*Silver Cliff (Col.) Daily Prospect.*

THE BRIDE ELECT.

"I really don't see, Kate, how you can reconcile it to your conscience to put up with all his actions and whims," said old Miss Thorne, with a troubled cloud on her usually rosy and serene face.

"But, Aunt Penelope, he loves me."

"He has a queer way of showing his love then, that's all I have to say."

"And we are to be married next week," added Kate Thorne, her cheeks flushing as she spoke.

"Then I hope marriage will work the miracle of a change in him," said Aunt Penelope, tartly. "For to speak the honest truth, unless he does alter his way I don't see much chance of solid happiness for you, my child."

And Aunt Penelope added to the general uncomfortableness of matters by shaking her wise old head, and "only wishing Kate had had the good sense to choose Lionel instead of that other one."

"He isn't so handsome and fancified, perhaps," said Aunt Penelope, "but as all know, beauty is only skin deep, and I do believe that if any man will make a good husband, Lionel Willson will.—Heigho! I hope fate has got a nice wife in store for him somewhere!"

"You had better marry him yourself, Aunt Pen," said Kate, mischievously.

"Marry my grandson?" quoth Aunt Penelope. "I've lived fifty-odd years without a husband, and I guess I can make out a few more of 'em. But I can't help feelikg sorry for Lionel."

"Well, Aunt Penelope, you know that I like him—oh, ever so much."

"Ah!" said Aunt Penelope, "but that is exactly what he don't want."

And Kate, to avoid the coming discussion, stole up to her own room, where the wedding wreath and veil were already eliciting the admiring comments of the two dimpled young bridesmaids, Kate's youngest sisters.

Harold Grenfell was not in the happiest of humors that night, when he came as usual to spend the evening with his bride elect. He criticised Kate's dress, her hair, the very twinkle ornament she wore in her ears.

"And of course you are the best judge of your own affairs, Katherine," he added. Kate especially disliked the "full name" to which she was by baptism entitled. "But I don't think it exactly the right thing for you to be walking out with Lionel Wilson the very week before the wedding."

"Dear me, Harold!" cried Kate, making doubled arches of her prettily penciled brows. "I had to go out to get two more yards of white quilled ribbon for my sleeves, and as Lionel chanced to be walking in the same direction, I could not very well go on the other side of the street to avoid him."

"A bride-elect has no business with the attention of any man except him who is to be her husband."

"Dear Harold, would you transform the future husband into a tyrannical jailor? Would you wish to show that you have neither confidence nor trust in the woman you have chosen for your wife?"

"I'm much obliged to you," said Harold bitterly, while a disagreeable curve came to his lips. "Perhaps plain speaking is best under all circumstances, but it is not agreeable to hear that I am considered a tyrannical jailor."

"Now, Harold," coaxed Kate, coming close to him and putting her little plump hand to his shoulder, "be good humored once again and put away all these disagreeable suspicions for—"

"Thanks, once more. Perhaps I had better take my leave, since, in addition to tyranny, I have become disagreeable."

He rose, and Kate for once, fairly driven beyond the bounds of patience, did not oppose his departure.

She had let Harold depart without a word to restrain him.

Mr. Grenfell's own meditations, as he walked homeward, were not of the most exhilerating description. He liked to torment Kate, it was a sort of earnest of the power he held over her, in his opinion, but yet he wanted to see the arrow rankle. Anything like calm indifference on her part defeated all his intentions. And yet, impossible as it may seem to those of pleasanter and more serene temperament, Harold Grenfell loved Kate Thorne dearly and truly.

"But I'll find means to bring down her pride and teach her a lesson yet," he thought vindictively. "She shall not defy me in that cool, off-hand sort of a manner without repenting of it."

And when three days afterwards he called to take Kate out for a drive, he was greatly incensed by seeing Lionel Wilson in the drawing room helping Dora, his youngest sister-in-law that was to be, wind worsted, while Kate sat by, evidently enjoying their conversation.

He froze into haughty rigidity at once, but Kate, provokingly good humored, took no notice of his coolness.

Well, the day of the wedding came, and Kate Thorne, like all other brides, looked bewitchingly pretty in her white dress and veil, with just enough color to make her cheeks look like blush roses. It was to be a home wedding, and the guests already thronged the parlors of Aunt Penelope's old-fashioned house.

"Kate! Kate! it is five minutes to twelve!" whispered Aunt Pen, putting her head into the boudoir, where bride and bridesmaids, like rose and rosebuds on a stem, awaited the stroke of the eventful hour, which, in this special case, happened to be 12 o'clock. "Hasn't he come yet?"

By way of answer to the old lady's rather nervously put question, a servant entered at that instant with a note.

"For Miss Kate," he said.

And Kate tore it open with flushed checks, as she recognized the handwriting of Harold Grenfell on the envelope:

"My dear Kate," it read briefly, "since you have studied my wishes so little during the past week, you can scarcely expect me to make a special point of your convenience. I have business that renders it desirable for me to leave town this morning, to be absent two or three days. I am sorry to defeat your arrangements, but perhaps the salutary lesson may not be thrown away, and I have long thought that you needed time for reflection before entering on the solemn ties of marriage.

Yours very truly, "H. GRENFELL."

Lionel Wilson, leaning against the carved marble standards of the chimney piece, watched the varying color on Kate's cheek as she perused the billet.

"What is it, Kate?" he asked earnestly. She handed him the note with a little smile.

"Your services will scarcely be required as groomsman to-day," she remarked. "Read that."

He read it, the scarlet dye of anger mounting to his cheek.

"Kate," he said, "you will not marry this man now?"

"Never!" she muttered, in a convulsive tone.

"Dear Kate, the guests have all arrived, the minister is here. I have the ring in my pocket. Be married to-day, Kate, and let me be the bridegroom. I have loved you long and more tenderly by half a score of years than this supercilious fop. Show him, Kate, that his envenomed arrow falls short of the mark."

She looked with eyes half glad, half sorrowful into his face.

"I can trust you, Lionel," she said.

"Then you will become my wife?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

So Kate Thorne and Lionel Wilson were married, and the assembled witnesses laughingly congratulated Kate upon the profound secret she had contrived to keep of her real intention.

Two days afterward Mr. Grenfell called at the Thorne mansion.

"I've just returned to town," he said, in a bustling and arrogant sort of a way, "and of course I came here at once. Where is Kate?"

"The bride and groom haven't returned to town yet," said Aunt Penelope, calmly adjusting her spectacles.

"What bride? what groom?" ejaculated Harold.

"Why, Lionel and Kate, of course. They were married on the day before yesterday."

"Married?" echoed Harold, in blank horror and dismay.

"Exactly so," said Aunt Penelope, secretly exulting in his discomfiture. "The affair being rather sudden, there were no cards, but you will get a piece of wedding cake, tied with white ribbon, in due season, I don't doubt."

And she complacently shut the door in his face, leaving him to the reluctant conviction that he had lost his treasure, and all through his own blind self-conceit and arrogance.

BEAUTIFUL COTTON.

Beautiful cotton, so soft and white,
Why make men and women fight
To keep you out of their eyes and mouth,
And blink and spit and frown and pout?

If windows are hoisted or doors open wide,
You're bound to sneak up and creep inside;
Who wants you? Can you tell, pray?
As you will not sit, stand or lay.

And hard to sweep, too, the ladies say,
Always, eternally in their way;
They scold and cuss and sometimes pray
That you would go and stay away.

But you stay with us two weeks or more,
Visiting alike both rich and poor,
Blowing north, south, east and even west,
And concluded have we that you're a pest.

Beautiful cotton, please soon go away,
And do not forget it—you must stay;
We do not wish to be bothered every summer
By such a pestive little bummer.

Take your flight and take it soon,
Or our goods you soon will ruin;
Fly, fly, you troublesome thing,
And do not dare to return next spring. M.

Chestertown, May 12, 1881.

Value of Federal Patronage.

From the Balto. Gazette.

The total number of Federal offices in Maryland is about three hundred and fifty, of which number about one hundred and fifty are employes of the post-office and the remainder are in the custom-house departments. The collector of customs receives $7,000; naval officer, $5,000; surveyor, $4,500; two deputy collectors, $3,000 each; three appraisers, $3,000 each; deputy naval officer, $2,500; deputy surveyor, $2,500; auditor and cashier, each $2,500; forty-nine clerks, $1,000 to $1,800 each; thirty-three messengers, watchmen, &c., $720 to $1,000 each; twelve weighers and gaugers, $1,200 to $2,000 each; eighty-four inspectors, $2,50 to $3 50 per day; two inspectors, $840; female inspector, $600; six examiners, $1,600 to $1,800 each; engineer, $1,200; assistant, $900; firemen, $900; four boatmen, $40 to $45 per month; five laborers, $2 per day; two treasury customs agents, $8 per day; Marine Hospital surgeon, $3,000 a year; assistant surgeon, $1,800; steward, $400; supervising inspector of steamboats, $3,000; two steamboat inspectors, $2,000 each; assistant, $1,600; assistant lighthouse engineer, $175 per month; clerk, $150 per month; superintendent of construction, $150 per month; draughtsman, $150 per month; lampist, $100 per month; messenger, $50; captain of tender, $112 a month; mate, $67; engineer, $82; assistant, $62; keeper of tender, $65, all per month; forty light keepers, from $200 to $600 a year. Assistant treasurer, $4,500; cashier, $2,500; seven clerks, from 1,200 to 1,800; messenger, 840; three watchman, 820; quartermaster's agent, 1,200; messenger, 600; two commissary clerks, 133, and 150 per month; messenger, 40 per month. Two collectors of internal revenue, 4,500 and 2,500; twenty-eight deputies and clerks, from 900 to 1,700; twenty storekeepers, 4 per day; fifteen gaugers and two tobacco inspectors, who are paid by fees.

There is also a collector of customs at Crisfield, receiving a salary of 2,000, and a deputy at 3 per day; a collector of customs at Annapolis at 395 a year (a position not much sought), a deputy collector at $25 per month, and boatman at 15.

In the post-office the salaries are as follows: Postmaster of Baltimore, 4,000; two post-office inspectors, 1,000 and traveling allowances; cashier, 2,500; deputy postmaster, 2,500; three local mail agents, 1,000 to 1,400 each; fifty-one post-office clerks, 380 to 2,500; seventy-five letter-carriers, 400 to 1,000

Some of the postmasterships in the counties yield very good salaries. The Frederick postmaster receives 2,400 a year; the Cumberland postmaster 2,200; those at Annapolis and Hagerstown, 18,000 each; the postmasters at Easton, Elkton, Ellicott City and Westminster 1,250 to 1,500; the postmasters at Chestertown, Emmittsburg, Frostburg, Salisbury and Towsontown, 1,000 to 1,250; those at Belair, Cambridge, Centreville, Havre-de-Grace, Lonaconing, Oakland, Port Deposit and Upper Marlboro' 750 to 1,000, and those at Berlin, Chesapeake City, Crisfield, Pocomoke City, and Princess Anne, Rising Sun, Suitland, Williamsport and Woodberry 500 to 750.

GROWTH OF BICYCLE RIDING.

EFFECT OF THE MACHINES ON HORSES.

Within the past few years many improvements have been made in bicycles, and now they may be seen on the suburban roads or parks of almost every city. The velocipede craze of 1869 spread almost like an epidemic from Maine to California, but soon died out, it being found that the machines in question were of no practical utility. The bicycle of to-day, however, combines the best results of mechanical skill, and bids fair to be largely used as a means of locomotion both by tourists and business men. It has been estimated that in England there are now 230,000 of them in use, and in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Western cities gentlemen ride their bicycles from their suburban homes to their places of business. One factory alone in an Eastern city is turning out 600 finished machines weekly, and yet cannot supply the demand. Complaints have been made in this city that accidents occasionally happen in the parks through horses being frightened by these machines coming unexpectedly and noiselessly upon them. It has been held both in the American and English courts that a bicycle is a carriage, and that the freedom of municipal and country highways applies to the machine and its rider. The "League of American Wheelmen," which now numbers 1,700 members, was formed a year ago to "ascertain, defend and protect the rights of wheelmen, and to secure a fair and equitable administration of justice in regard to their rights." On the other hand, it is admitted that certain rules of the road must be observed by all public and private conveyances and also by equestrians, so as to prevent damage or accident. The members of the Baltimore Bicycle Club say that while it is a fact that in some cities where the bicycle is well known and largely used, it travels by the side of the mule and the trotting horse without frightening them, yet that in Baltimore, where bicycle riding is as yet an innovation, care should be taken, first, to avoid causing a horse any uneasiness at sight of the new object, and second, to reassure the driver, who may be caused needless alarm. To this end the club has adopted a code of road rules, which will be rigidly adhered to. The bicycle never passes a carriage from behind without notifying the driver, and always dismounts at the slightest sign of uneasiness either of horse or driver when ladies are driving. They say that the experience of bicyclers here and elsewhere is that not more than one horse in a hundred really scares at first sight of a bicycle, and scarcely ever at second sight, and one of the members of the Baltimore club, who has ridden well on to twenty-five hundred miles and met as many horses, says he has known but one team to become really frightened, and that was due partly to the inexperience of the driver, who failed to use the soothing power of his voice and applied the whip instead. In addition, however, to these precautions, it may be suggested that the use of bells by day and of signal lamps by night would cause a driver to be forewarned of the approach of these machines and would add to the general feeling of safety and security.—*Balto. Sun.*

Senator Boone's Big Feet.

In the early days of Indiana, one of the State Senators was a good-natured giant named George Boone. When he stood up his height attracted attention, for he measured nearly seven feet. If he made a gesture, his hands were noted as the largest ever seen in that State. But it was his feet that amazed his colleagues.

When about 18, young Boone thought he would call on a neighbor who lived a few miles off. Sally, the neighbor's daughter, was large and pretty, and the the youthful giant thought she would make a suitable wife.

It was late in the fall, though too early to put on shoes, so that he started barefooted. His best butternut-colored suit had been made six months before, and was much too small for him. The pantaloons reached just below the knees, while the coat stretched as tight over his body as an ell skin dried on a hoop-pole.

After wading creeks and mudy bottoms the would-be sparker arrived at the neighbor's log hut just as the family was sitting down to a supper of mush and milk. Being invited to draw up, he sat down alongside of Sally. The old lady offered him a large bowl, which he stretched forth his hand to take. Not making sufficient allowance for the size of his hands, he struck the big milk pitcher. Out went the milk over the table, and out went Sally from the room roaring with laughter.

The old lady kindly remarked, "It will rub out when it dries;" but the youth knew he was already rubbed out, so far as Sally was concerned. He saw nothing more of her. The clock struck ten.

"Mr. Boone," asked the old lady, "won't you wash your feet and go to bed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Here's an iron pot; it is the only thing I have that'll do."

The pot proved too small for his feet to enter, except by sliding them in sideways. When in, they swelled so much that he could not get them out. The pain was intense. As the clock struck eleven the old lady asked:

"Mr. Boone, are you not done washing your feet?"

"What did this pot cost?" he roared; "I must break it."

"A dollar."

"Bring me the axe."

Breaking the pot in pieces, he handed the old a dollar, opened the door and started for home. Several years after he met Sally at a husking. As soon as she saw him she burst out laughing.—*Sketches of Early Indiana.*

THE gentle savage of the far West is getting ready for the usual summer campaign, when he will cut loose from the bald-headed Indian agents and Government pork, and strike for fresh beef, liberty and early-settlers' scalps.—*Middletown Transcript.*

A WOMAN in Eastern Pennsylvania became crazy on seeing her husband kiss another woman when his wife was looking.—*Oil City Derrick.*