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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:
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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, JUNE 25, 1881. No. 8.

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.

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.

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.

SUMMER
Announcement
—OF—
LOUIS K. STAM
Please Read carefully:
In Painting your buildings it is always to your advantage to select the Best and Purest of materials.
I have House and Carriage Paint and Varnishes, all kinds, of the best quality that can be obtained, viz:—J. W. Masury & Sons, and John Lucas & Co.'s. It is guaranteed neither to *Crack, Peel* nor *Blister*, and to last in any weather. It has stood the test here for eight years.
My Spring designs for WALL PAPER are most beautiful, and have been selected with great care from the largest houses of New York and Philadelphia.
Garnet, Cherry, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Pearl, and many other colors of Window Shadings. Shades made to order to fit your window.
Protect your Barns and other Buildings by using Washes. I have all the different earth Paints for such work, and will give directions to mix the wash.
Paint Brushes, White Wash Brushes, Kalsomine, &c. Full stock.
VERY LOW PRICES.
Full assortment of FURNITURE.
Goods delivered to your houses free of charge, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Don't fail to call when you visit town. You will be received politely.
Just below C. F. Stam's Drug Store, and adjoining Mrs. E. N. Melvin's.
L. K. STAM.
May 7, 1881.

Beautiful!
Artistic!
Antique!
FINE MAJOLICA WEDGEWOOD, and CHINESE WARE.
A large Show Window full!
Stop and look as you go by.
Also, a case inside our store full of beautiful SILVER-WARE of the very finest Triple Plate.
We are glad to have you come in and look. You are always welcomed.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.
May 21, 1881.

PUMPS!
We have secured the full control in this section of the Celebrated
"Goshen" Cucumber Pump
and are prepared to furnish them at the lowest possible cost. Call and examine our stock and you will buy
THOS. L. HINES & CO.
April 30, 1881.

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.

A LINE of Fine TOBACCOS, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

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.

Notice to Farmers!
RAMBO LIME.
MR. H. E. COOPER Has been appointed my ONLY AGENT in Kent Co. to furnish the
Genuine Rambo Lime
at the lowest possible prices, either by rail or vessel. Our reference are too numerous to mention. Mr. W. McKenney, of Centreville, Md., used eighteen thousand bushels of this Lime last season and will inform farmers how it acts.
The Lime furnished by H. E. COOPER *is the ONLY GENUINE Rambo Lime.*
Last year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this quarry the limestone came which gave this lime its high reputation. I own all the land on which this stone lies.
We challenge all tests.
R. MCCOY & CO.
ROBERT MCCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his lifetime.
apr30-3m* NATHAN RAMBO.

NEW STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.
FARMERS and others needing
FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, BILL HOOKS,
GRUBBING HOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.
Feb. 12, 1881.

Money Saved?
HOW?
BY buying your goods where you can get the BEST for the least money.
Well, where can I find such a place?
At SPARKS'
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
He keeps quite a VARIETY STORE.

Confectionery,	Raisins,	Jellies,
Oranges,	Cakes,	Sauces,
Lemons,	Crackers,	Extracts,
Figs,	Pickles,	Chocolate,
Nuts,	Chow-Chow,	Gelatine.

Cigars and Tobacco.
We keep a good stock always on hand. Gravely's Best Tobacco, Durham and Bob White Smoking Tobacco. Also, a full line of PIPES.
Clocks! Clocks! Clocks!
We are still in the Clock business, and are selling them lower than they can be bought elsewhere. Come and see!
A Splendid Line of LAMPS.
We make this a specialty in our business and cannot be undersold by any one.
GLASSWARE.—In this line we know that we keep finer goods than any house in town.
NOTIONS.—Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Purses, Paper and Envelopes, we are selling at or near cost, as we intend changing this part of our business.
Now Don't Fail
to look for the place. It will certainly pay you, for we are selling goods very low.
SPARKS,
Mar. 26, 1881. opp. Court House.

LIVERY
And EXCHANGE STABLES
CANNON ST., CHESTERTOWN.
THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange Stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.
ag7-tf. CHAS. H. DAVIS.

BLATCHLEY'S B. & G. PUMPS, for sale by
May 28. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BOAT OARS—Oar Locks—Galvanized Cleats, Tackle Blocks, Cringles, &c.,
May 21. by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FARMERS should go to THOS. L. HINES & CO'S for Cheap HARDWARE.
sSep1

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.

C. F. STAM,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST
PREPARES MEDICINE
FROM THE CHOICEST
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRUGS.
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.
The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.
NOTICE!
Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.
Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
May 21, 1881. DRUGGIST.

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.

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.

WOOD! WOOD!
HICKORY, OAK and PINE.
THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.
This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks. WILLIAM PERKINS.
Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown.
Aug. 30—tf.

CHAMPAGNE CIDER, the best in the market, for sale by
d18. WHEATLEY BROS., up town.

CALDWELL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By the church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
You may dig anywhere and you will turn up a ball,
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word
Down at Springfield! What? No? Come, that's bad. Why he had
All the Jersey's aflame. And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say, when the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and one of the hireling crew,
Who fired the shot! Enough! There she lay.
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away!
Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him, as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of militant plow-bows! See the smoke and the heat
Of the reckless advance—of that struggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
And what could you—what should you, what would you do?
Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em, boys; give 'em Watts."
And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago;
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball,
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.
—*Bret Harte.*

Does Love Pay?

Does love pay? Yes—and again no. It all depends on the kind of love, and the mental strength of the lover. A marriage which has in it every element of misfortune, of discomfort, of future disintegration, as the arguments against, and only the personal passions of two young people for each other as that for it, is an investment which will scarcely give very large dividends of happiness. To be sure there would be a stretch of barren years to be passed through—an arid waste of sighs and tears and blighted hopes and misery generally—were common sense to step in and forbid the banns. But which is better—this pitiful passage through the Valley of the Shadow, to come out into either the living sunshine or the mild placidity of the moonlight when you have gone fairly through? or a marriage which begins in a transport of delight and ends in a whirlwind of disappointment and despair? Friends could see that it would not do. She was incapable, he was extravagant, and the two ends, which she could not make meet by clever management he still further drew apart by waste. She was light and pleasure-loving; he was serious, home-staying, too grave for her forthy youth, too blase for her keen enjoyment. One or the other must give way; which will it be? To either the sacrifice will be great, and one which time will render more intolerable. To her, society is her charm, because here she scores her triumph; to him, to him, home is his delight, because here he conquers his difficulties and advances in his chosen career. To force her to share the solitude of his life is to cage a skylark and chain a squirrel; to make him give up all his studies, his precious time, his grand aims and high endeavors, is to degrade the highest qualities of the human mind, and to be faithless to the noblest trust that can be given unto man. All this cool onlookers could foresee; but to the man and woman themselves—her eyes and windsome ways fascinated him; his repute, his gentleness, his goodness, his handsome face, and the poetry of his love fascinated her. And they married, despite the difference between them, to find this was not quite the kind of love which pays. But true love does pay. It is the best investment of all, save conscience and the sentiment of duty. These are treasure-houses of life, the great market wherein the shares are always rising. And when one is faithful to the law of one's own conscience—when one is loving and beloved—one can say emphatically: "The investment has been good—the game is worth the candle—it pays, yes, it pays!"—*Exchange.*

A Brave Woman.

An interesting story is told of a young wife who went West with her husband, and there encountered all sorts of "hard luck." Crops failed, cattle died, and the young farmer sickened. During all this time the young wife never grew discouraged, but did all in her power to keep her husband from getting "the blues." But one morning the boy, who did the chores, came in and said he could not find the old cow on the farm. So our heroine set out with the boy in search of the lost animal, and finally found her where she had fallen, over between two large logs—dead. The young woman was at last discouraged, and for a time would not go back with the bad news to her husband, but finally overcame her feelings, went merrily to the house and, upon entering, said: "Well, Rollin, our luck has changed." "How is that?" he anxiously inquired. "Why," said she, "the old cow is dead; you can skin her, sell the hide, and we will have some money." And it proved to be true, for it did change from that day. They sold out their interest in the farm and bought another one, began over and to-day are well-to-do people. Does not this teach a lesson to ripening wives, and show what power there is in a hopeful spirit?

EFFECT of the revised version: A bashful young clergyman rising to preach announced his text in this wise: "And immediately the cock wept and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

STRONG passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

A Dark Day.

Hetty Lockwood sat at the open window—a big basket of undarned stockings at her side, while within reach, a bright butterfly hovered about a newly opened honeysuckle growing against the window. The spring breeze breathed balmily into the apartment, filling her senses with a delicious dreaminess and her eyes wandered wistfully out beyond the shaded village street, to the green fields and budding willows bordering the sparkling river. On a morning such as this who could endure to stay in doors? Who could endure to sit down quietly and mend stockings?

A girlish voice aroused Hetty. Looking from the window she saw Susie Lake leaning on the front garden gate.

"Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is lovely and I have something to tell you."

"I am afraid I can't, Susie. It's Saturday, you know, and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while mother is in the kitchen."

"Then I will have to tell you now, I suppose."

She came close under the window and said with a mischievous smile:

"Whom do you think I saw just now, Hetty?"

"I don't know who. The new minister?"

"No indeed, somebody very different from that fat, red faced old codger," returned Susie, irreverently.

"Oh, Susie, but who was it?"

"It was Mr. Walter Hayes. Now, ain't you surprised?"

A vivid blush dyed Hetty's fair face. She made no reply and Susie continued: "His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent him on business from Philadelphia to C—, and as this wasn't much out of the way of his home they gave him leave to stop here for a day or two, so he told me when I met him just now. He arrived only an hour ago, in the stage from Cox's station and that is how I came to see him before you did, Hetty," she added laughingly.

She passed on, leaving Hetty with flushed cheeks and brightened eye. No wonder. For more than a year past the thought of Walter Hayes had been the brightest spot of her life. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate in the moonlight, bidding her good-bye before going oway to the great city to seek his fortune. She remembered the warm, lingering clasp of his hand, and how he had said to her, in a voice that was low and trembling:

"You must not forget me, Hetty. I shall always think of you, Hetty, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come out on the porch and called her in out of the damp air, and so he had left her reluctantly. But now he had come back and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, Hetty," exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, flushed from her pie-making, "you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upwards of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, no doubt, and with all the children's Sunday clothes to look over and lay out for to-morrow, besides the chores."

Hetty penitently resumed her work, but she was very glad when toward sunset it was all done, and she had leisure to run up to her own little room, and never in her life had she taken such pains with her appearance as now.

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door! How tumultuously her heart beat when it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in to discuss church matters with her father. Then she began to look at the clock and her heart grew fainter and fainter as she saw it traveling slowly round to eight o'clock. In Riverside they kept early hours, and when at a quarter to nine Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty also rose, and lighting her bed-room candle, went slowly and sadly up stairs.

When, next morning she came down, her mother remarked, as she busied herself with the breakfast table:

"Hetty, Walter Hayes was here last night."

"Oh, mother!"

There was something almost pathetic in the look and tone, but Mrs. Lockwood was too busy with the steaming coffee-pot to perceive it.

"He came just as you had gone up stairs," she continued. "He asked for you, but it was so late I thought it hardly worth while to call you back again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—that Philadelphia girl, you know—and I didn't know until he mentioned it, that she was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitcheli. He is certainly improved. To my mind there is nothing in the world like city life for giving people what they call style now. Make Eddie's milk toast while I pour out the coffee."

"I think," observed Mr. Lockwood, as he took his piace at the table and cut into the cold corned beef, "I think I heard Harry Tunstall say yesterday that young Hayes was paying attention to Miss Mitchell. She's a handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries he will do well—don't bolt your food like that, cut it properly, sir, before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart. She said nothing, but the could not swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked upon her pale looks.

"Don't you feel well, child?" I noticed that you were fidgety last night. You're feverish, I doubt not, with the spring weather."

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go to her room and lie down. There was never a fire in her room, but she drew the bed-clothes over her head and wished she could thus shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet, foolish dreams of love seemed to have been rudely stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia, and Hetty hid her face in the pillow and almost wished that she could die.

Her mother sent for her to come down to dinner. There was, she said, no use in staying up stairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire with some nice warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress" and sang dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, on his return from church, "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walt Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands with me and asked me how the family was. She's a real swell, I tell you, and if you don't shine up some she'll cut you out."

"William, don't you let me hear any more of such slang talk from you," said his mother, reprovingly.

"And Hetty," said her little sister, as she carefully drew off and folded her gloves, "I heard Kate Hayes telling Mrs. Green that Walter and Miss Mitchell were going back to-morrow to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Green said she supposed that was one reason of his coming to Riverside, that he might travel with her."

Hetty lost all heart and all courage at this. She longed for sympathy—to lay her head on her mother's knne and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children, was not one of those gentle and sympathetic mothers to whom their children thus turn, and Hetty went again to her room, and, wrapping herself in a shawl, seated herself at a window and looked listlessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them until she suddenly met a pair of brown eyes; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked, and, as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance! And she—what must he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn looking, with her hair all disordered about her face. He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs, though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched and Walter never came, and she knew he did not care to see her. And so ended this long, dreary day.

Next morning Hetty arose feverish and ill. But she busied herself about the household work, and when her mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her to carry a jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, she made no objection. The day was pleasant, and tying a pink-lined hood about her face, Hetty sat out alone on her walk.

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across a field, and then by a lonely pathway lying at the foot of a hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking, and it was late when she started to return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway, Hetty paused at the little stile which led into the open field. It was pleasant there. The sun shed a golden light over the beech bows, and a breath of spring-time fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed as she stood resting on the stile and looking dreamily at the white clouds overhead.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning, she saw a man's figure coming along the pathway. Her heart gave a great throb and then seemed to stop.

He came straight toward her, his hand extended, his lips smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own.

"Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face.

"Hetty, I have wanted so very much to see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone or the look of the brown eyes, and she answered, simply and naively:

"I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!"

She could not have told how it happened, but somehow she found herself seated on the step of the stile with Walter beside her, and her cheek close—ah, very close—to his, while all the world around seemed transformed into a strange beauty and glory. Such miracles does a moment sometimes work in our lives.

As they walked slowly homeward together he told her that one thing and another had prevented his seeing her, and among the rest Bill had told him confidently at the church that she was too sick to come down stairs that day—a statement which he had unfortunately credited, and when this morning he had called and learned from her mother where she had gone, he had lost no time in following her.

"But Walter," said Hetty, hesitatingly, "do you know I heard something about you and Miss Mitchell."

Walter laughed.

"Miss Mitchell is to be married shortly, Hetty, to our junior partner. She has been very kind to me, and so has her uncle, my employer. Indeed, Hetty, I wanted to tell you of my good fortune and prospects, and to ask you, darling, if when—"

And the words which had been for a whole year delayed were spoken, and Hetty wondered, as she came in sight of her home, whether this could be the same world that it had been on that dark, dark day yesterday.

A NEW SMOKE CONSUMER.—MRS. Mary E. Walton, who gained the prize of ten thousand dollars for deadening the noise on the New York elevated roads, has invented a smoke and gas consumer. It is very simple, and the inventor has refused $25,000 for the right in four States. It consists of a round cap fitting the top of the chimney but projecting on one side to allow a pipe to be inserted, which runs to the ground and ends in a water tank. In the cap above the pipe is a funnel-shaped opening, with a tube extending down the pipe. The cold air is drawn into the funnel-shaped tube and forces the smoke to the tank. The water absorbs part of the gases, and the rest passes through a branch pipe to the furnace and is returned. For private residences the smoke can be carried into the sewer.

A YANKEE woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

THERE is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake put them in warm water for an hour before cooking.

THE INNER MAN.

You have not changed, my Geraldine;
Your voice is just as sweet and low,
You are as fairy-like in mien
As four-and-twenty months ago.
Since hymen tied the fatal knot
I've basked within your glance's beam;
Your beauty has not dimmed a jot,
You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love
And beauty of the first degree;
I'd do with less than that, my dove—
I'm much more moderate than he.
The gleam from dark-fringed eyelids sent,
The witchery of tone and look
I would forego to some extent,
My Geraldine—if you could cook.

NEW YORK NOTABLES.

VANDERBILT PALACES—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S MILLIONS.

Of this millionaire family, the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record has this to say:

William H. Vanderbilt, at the age of 60 years, is building what is really a palace on Fifth avenue. Although his father was rich, in his early years he lived in the parental farm house at Toad Hill, Staten Island, in great simplicity until he was 45 years of age. The old Commodore didn't believe in letting children have their own way too early, and William who was a frank, clever boy, had a great respect for the old gentleman's millions. The writer used to see him frequently in those day, and wondered how he could preserve his equanimity, knowing that he was heir presumptive to a large estate, and would probably have one day the spending of untold wealth. He acted very shrewdly, but now that he has hold of the money he makes it fly, so far as his personal surroundings and personal comfort and luxury are concerned. Books, pictures, statuary, bric-a-bric, fine furniture have been bought for the Vanderbilt palace with a profuseness that must have disinherited "Bill" if the old Commodore had been able to return from his present quarters. The Vanderbilt boys, two, live in clover. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is already distinguished for his liberal gifts to churches and charities, has an unfinished palace at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue of Indiana limestone, resembling Caen stone, which, when completed will be literally an ornament to the city. Ruddy, and without vices or bad habits, Cornelius was always the favorite grandson of the old Commodore. Fred. lives in his own house, which is magnificent enough within to satisfy the tastes of a nabob; but it can't come up to the palace of Cornelius. If the next generation keep on at the present advance in luxury, the kings, queens and emperors on the other side will be compelled to take a trip across the herring pond in order to learn of New Yorkers how to make themselves comfortable.

The same correspondent tells this of Beecher:

One of the mysteries of the age is what Henry Ward Beecher has done with his money. At one time he was in receipt of $20,000 from his church, $10,000 from his newspaper, $20,000 from his lecturing and $10,000 from marriage fees, literary work and his books, making a total of $60,000 a year. Yet Beecher never had any money to spare. His household was modost, not too expensive; his wife was apparently not extravagant; he gave nothing that was known to charity; and yet he was always impecunious. When he wanted to help Tilton he gave a mortgage on his house, and now he has sold his house, furniture and buildings and lives with a married son. He told me he did this because the young birds had all grown up and flown out of the nest, and though it was a marvel that in his old age he should leave his comfortable home upon the Heights of Brooklyn and go into narrow quarters as a boarder. He spoke with a sigh and very evident regret at the breaking up of his old house. This was strange, but the unfinished story in regard to his farmer, Thomas Turner, at Peekskill, is still more strange. When Turner died, Mr. Beecher took charge of his paper, and burned a large number of them, among which, it is alleged, were a number of promissory notes. The whole thing has a queer look, and the question which agitates newspaper men is where has all the money he has made in the last quarter of a century, amounting to millions, gone to? Perhaps it is one of those mysteries no fellow can find out, but the curiosity of the natural man will prompt him to find out the undiscovered channel through which it flows. Looking at and talking with Mr. Beecher, who is now more spiritually-minded, reverent and large-hearted than ever before in his life, the mystery deepens. That there is a mystery connected with the man's life and his daily expenditure no one can doubt. Perhaps when the curtain is lifted, it will increase the charity which the world is beginning to feel for a great, sorely-stricken man.

Veterinary Surgery.

It is the usual custom to kill a horse that has had the misfortune to break a leg, and as accidents of this kind are quite common, many noble beasts are lost every year on account of the want of sufficient skill in veterinary surgeons to treat a fractured bone. An experiment is now being tried at Harrisburg which, if successful, may save the lives of many horses. A fine horse slipped on the cobble-stone pavement and broke its leg. Instead of being killed it was taken to a livery stable and put in charge of an experienced groom, who put a piece of strong canvass around the horse's body and by means of ropes and pulleys fastened to the joists above drew him up so as to bring the lame leg entirely off the ground. By slightly flexing his three sound legs the patient can throw his whole weight on the swing, and he does this when he sleeps. At other times he generally lightly rests his three legs on the ground, part of his weight being sustained by the canvass. The fracture was adjusted and a thick casing of plaster of Paris put around the leg. The patient has been in the swing three weeks, and it is proposed to keep him there six weeks longer. He has improved in condition since the treatment began, and is in excellent health. If no unforeseen accident occurs the cure is expected to be perfect.

A Swiss firm keeps hundreds of carrier pigeons, which smuggle small watches into Italy.

JOHNS HOPKINS.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIBERAL PATRON OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle has the following: He left $9,000,000, a moitey of which was divided between eighteen relatives, and the bulk retained for a university and several hospitals. The nephew who was often at variance with him received almost twice as much as his brothers who never contradicted him. Mr. Hopkins never married. The daughters of Epaminondas were that hero's famous victories. The children of Johns Hopkins are the splendid institutions he has left to learning, to mercy, and to science. There never was a stronger man. He started life with $300, and built up, by his own exertions, a colossal fortune. From the beginning he declared that he had a mission from God to increase his store, and that the golden flood that poured into his coffers did not belong to him or to the hundreds who sought to borrow or beg it from him. He declared that a supernatural power prevented him from taking money from his pocket to bestow foolish alms, and that some day the world would know that he was not the grasping, avaracious and narrow-minded man he was accounted. He nevertheless helped secretly many worthy persons, and, after his death, it was discovered that not a few merchants had been saved by him from financial embarrassment and sorrow. But in the common acceptation of the term he was not liberal. His "mission" prevented that. Towards the close of a very long life he became stingy and suspicious, but the end he had proposed never suffered any change, and that was the mistress of his soul towards whom he maintained an inflexible fidelity. "Clifton" was his pride, and upon it hespared no expense. Here the the great university was to be founded; but in this his great design will be baffled. The city authorities have taken some seventy acres just in front of the imperial mansion, and the noble chestnut grove he had nurtured, not one tree of which would be cut down even when withered, has fallen before the remorseless axe of progress. The foundations of a vast lake for the water supply of Baltimore are already in course of excavation, and the engineers and the rude implements occupy several of the beautiful chambers of Clifton.

An uncanny old tramp used to station himself under a giant oak that stood sentry by the lodge of Clifton. This made Mr. Hopkins nervous and became a mortal offence. He told one of his nephews of it, and said that he did not know how to abate the nuisance. "Why not pay him, uncle, and send him away?" queried the young man. "Pay him money!" Mr. Hopkins shrieked, while his long arms flew about like wind mills. "Pay him money! God forbid! When I do that there will be a hundred vagabonds here instead of one!" "Well, then," added the nephew, "if I were you, Uncle Johns, I would kick him out." "I cannot do that," the old man said, "I am afraid!" "What!" the nephew retorted, are you afraid of such a cur as that?" "No, no!" Mr. Hopkins whispered hoarsely, "I am not afraid of him, but afraid of God. Did you never read in the Bible how Dives treated Lazarus? Would you have me repeat that story and burn in hell forever?" That ended it.

A Great Work Begun.

The preliminary tests of boring to ascertain whether the chalk formation underlies the British channel for the whole distance between Dover and Calais having resulted satisfactorily, the work of cutting a tunnel through it has actually commenced by running a trial driftway. The length of the tunnel under water will be twenty miles, and with the approaches to it seven miles more. Altho' the driftway had advanced at the last advices only three hundred yards, the shares of stock of the British and French Railways, with which the tunnel is to be connected, have risen largely, while the speculation in parts or thousandths of the tunnel are selling at what are said to be "almost incredible prices." There appears to be a very general belief that this, the greatest engineering enterprise of the age, when the particular nature of the work to be done at a depth of two hundred feet below the bed of the channel is considered, will be a success; but it will take many years of labor before it is completed, and will call into use in its progress the best engineering skill. Thus far it is said "the indications are certainly encouraging. The engineer encounters nothing but gray chalk, which the borer readily enters. The cutting apparatus is driven by compressed air, and slices off the chalk to the depth of a quarter of an inch with each revolution, which occupies half a minute. There is no trouble from water, and the net result of the work is at the rate of two miles annually. The work in the full-sized tunnel will necessarily proceed more slowly than in the driftway, which is only seven feet in diameter." At this rate it will take some twenty years before the two countries will be connected by railways laid under the bed of the channel, and before they are operated other problems will have to be solved in respect to the motive power to be used. But with abundance of money at hand there appears to be no physical obstacle that engineering science cannot overcome, and in this case the material through which the tunnel is to be cut is in its favor. If, however, there should be "faults" discovered in the chalk formation, the difficulty to be encountered and the peril to which the men working in the tunnel will be exposed must necessarily be very great. But if the risk is great, the profits, if the tunnel should be made, are expected to be enormous, as nearly the whole of the travel and traffic of the two countries would take that route, because in the one case thousands of persons are deterred annually now from crossing the channel by reason of the terrible sickness those unaccustomed to its chopping seas have to encounter, and in the other because in respect to freights its safe passage would be assured, while the saving of time would be considerable.

TOMMY went fishing the other day without permission of his mother. Next morning a neighbor's son met and asked, "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.