msa_sc2901_scm1624-0800 ©Maryland State Archives

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, OCTOBER 29, 1881. No. 26.

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.

ADVERTISING:

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

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

JOB-PRINTING:

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

T. J. McWHORTER,
MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, COAL
LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted
for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

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—tf. MILLINGTON.

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
AND
FERTILIZERS,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

NEW CORN
WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price.

☞I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED
McCORMICK SELF BINDER
And IRON MOWER,
The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.
E. T. COMEGYS,
aug6, *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

C. H. J. SPARKS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN and COAL,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for WHEAT, and
COAL furnished
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R
a23-tf.

J. W. PERKINS,
LYNCH'S, MD.,

HAVING laid in a *LARGE STOCK OF GOODS* in the following lines, respectfully request my friends to inspect the same:

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
Notions, Hardware,
Queensware, Tinware,
Willow-ware, Boots & Shoes,
Fish by the bbl., ½ bbl. and ¼ bbl., or kit; also, Horse Collars, Bridles, Lines, Traces and Halters, all at the
Lowest City Prices!

☞Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.
J. W. PERKINS,
March 19, 1881. LYNCH'S.

AGRICULTURAL LIME.

FARMERS and Fruit Growers are respectfully informed that the
CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.
is prepared to sell, at the low price of 2 cents per bushel (delivered to vessel)
Agricultural Lime,
in quantities to suit. A valuable enricher of land and a protector against insects.
Apply to Stations at Canton and Spring Gardens, or to office,
19 SOUTH STREET,
jy16-6m. Baltimore, Md.

CHARLES JOHNSON, Pump Maker
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

TAKES this method of informing his numerous friends in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, where he has already done much work, that he is prepared now to fill all orders that may be left with his brother—THOMPSON, the butcher, Chestertown. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
my14-6m. CHAS. JOHNSON.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
CHOICE BRANDS.
No other kept.
aug20. M. A. TOULSON

T. L. SUTLIFF,
Real Estate Agent
AND CONVEYANCER,
CHURCH HILL, QUEEN ANNE'S Co., MD.
jy23-6m.*

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

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

C. M. LUCAS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
Two doors below T. W. Eliason, Jr.

Has a nice stock of New and Fashionable
JEWELRY,
consisting of WATCHES and CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, &c.

Also, an assortment of Rogers' Silver Plated Ware, from the Meridan Factory, Conn. Call and examine my stock, as these Goods have been carefully selected, and among them will be found many BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS. Jan. 1, 1881.

WM. T. MEREDITH,
Purchasing Agent,
On the STEAMER B. S. FORD
Will fill ALL ORDERS entrusted to him with strict punctuality.

Can always be found at his post, ready to accommodate the Merchants, Farmers, Meehanics, and all wishing goods of all descriptons purchased, or delivered to any point in the city. Also, letters.

Having considerable experience in purchasing goods, and a large acquaintance of the first merchants of Baltimore, he can purchase goods as cheap as can be had.

Charges for delivery of letters, bundles, &c., as well as commission on goods, very moderate. All I ask is a trial.
je25-6m. WM. T. MEREDITH.

LIME FOR SALE.

Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station in Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quick Lime
for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.
oc15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
Shingles, Laths, Pickets.
Building Lumber of all kinds,

Do not buy away from home until you are satisfied that you can do better than at home.

Bring me a bill of the Lumber you may need, and I think I can save you money. Try it! T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 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.

FRESH GROCERIES
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.

Take Notice.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR
Wool, Calves, Chickens, Eggs, &c.
I can be found at Thompson's Granary or at the store of W. H. Lambert & Co., Chestertown.
my14-tf. WM. H. HAMILTON.

GLASSWARE, Lamps and Fixtures of all kinds, we are headquarters for and our prices cannot fail to give satisfaction to all. SPARKS,
aug6. opp. Court House

STOVES cleaned and repaired at short notice, by T. L. HINES & CO.

SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN,
AND
New Golden Sun

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the Kind in the country.

Call and examine the above Stoves and prices, at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES, at very low prices.

The NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

The NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Heater, for 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds at CITY PRICES.

We offer the
Improved Excelsior COOK STOVE
for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect baker, and cannot be excelled.
THE NEW JASPER,
NIAGARA,
QUAKER CITY,
Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.
oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

STOVES!

AS FINE AN ASSORTMENT OF
—COOK—
AND
Heating Stoves
AS WAS EVER OFFERED in KENT COUNTY, BOUGHT FOR CASH AND SOLD AT BUT LITTLE ADVANCE.

Our FIRE PLACE HEATERS
BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED,
have given entire satisfaction.

The New Emerald Cook Stove
which we offer, is a good baker and well made, as is also the "FARMER GIRL," made by Leibrandt & McDowell, Phila. Both of these Stoves have given perfect satisfaction. Call and see them.

Small Heating Stoves
for parlors and sitting rooms unequalled, being beautifully nickled and easily managed. Call and examine them.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.
Oct. 8, 1881.

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]
28th ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
AGRICULTURAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Insures Only Farm Property and Private Residences.
INSURES AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE AND LIGHTNING.
JOHN A. SHERMAN, Pres't. ISAAC MUNSON, Sec'y.

Capital, - - $300,000.00
Assets - - - $1,261,731.29

Statement, January 1st, 1881.

United States Bonds, - -	$212,475 00
Other Stocks and Bonds, -	128,790 00
Loans on Bonds & Mortgages, 1st lien	426,245 38
Real Estate owned by the Company	197,396 80
Loans on Collaterals (valued at $97,125 00,)	61,377 94
Cash in Company's office and banks of deposit - - - - -	157,152 93
Interest and Rent due and accrued	16,327 08
Premiums in due course of collection	111,074 96
Total assets -	$1,310,840 09
LIABILITIES.	
Losses adjusted but not due $4,032 80	
Losses unadjusted - - 44,895 00	
Miscellaneous - - 181 00	
	49,108 80
Net assets - - -	$1,261,731 29
Capital Stock - $300,000 00	
Re-insurance Reserve 760,638 71	
	1,060,638 71
Net surplus - -	$201,092 58

The Company has paid for losses since its organization $3,187,061.39.

D. A. CLARK, State Agent,
10 P. O. Avenue, BALTIMORE, MD.
au6-6m.

1881 *1881*
T. W. WICKES,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
DEALER IN
Drugs and Medicines,
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND FANCY ARTICLES.

We have in stock and are constantly receiving Fresh Drugs, which we secure from only reliable and first class wholesale dealers.

Our PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT cannot be surpassed in this county for reliability or promptness.

We also keep on hand the most reliable patent preparations.

In connection with our Drug business we propose this year to push our trade in Stationery, Books and Fancy Articles. Our large sales the past season encourage us in giving special attention in this direction.

We shall continue to give personal attention to every department of our business, and leave no effort untried to give perfect satisfaction to all who favor us with their patronage.
T. W. WICKES,
Jan. 22, 1881. DRUGGIST

FLOUR by the Barrel or Sack, for sale by WM. J. McFEELY.

FLOWERS.

They are not ours,
The fleeting flowers,
But lights of God,
That through the sod
Flash upward from the world beneath,
That region peopled wide with death,
And tell us in each subtle hue,
That life renewed is passing through
Our world again to seek the skies—
Its native realm of Paradise.

How brief their day!
They cannot stay.
The very earth
Desires their birth,
And spreads her ample bosom deep,
Some relic of their stay to keep,
And each in benediction flings
A virtue from its dainty wings.
But lo! she treasures it in vain;
It blooms and vanishes again!

Written for the Kent News.

THE PAST.

Come, Memory! hand in hand let us wander through the vast cemetery, over whose portals and pillars of secresy is inscribed "Sacred to the Past!" What sadness and joy, hope and fear does that simple inscription bring to our minds! Once more we seem to be living what here lies buried. "There a certain things," says Coke, "written or uttered in this world that burn their impress on our souls." And so the scenes of the past start to life at memory's call—scenes which we vainly fancied were buried safely beyond sight and resurrection. Not forgotten—ah, no! but so far distant, so determinately lived down, that it seems almost unkind and cruel to "roll the stone from its grave away." Though the head-stones to sorrow outnumber joy's bright crown, no fairy tale to the childish heart possesses a deeper or undying interest than to us the bright dreams and associations of the past. It is an inexhaustible mine of precious gems—a mine to which the hand of memory ever lures us on and on, until we lose ourselves 'mid its treasures—until time and reality are forgotten in the backward glance of years. But it comes not again! Gone, gone forever! And HOW MANY would willingly forfeit half their lives to live over again "the days that are no more." Here is a crown of immortelles; well we know it marks the grave of a joy, a joy "too bright, too beautiful to last"—which budded with such sweet promise only to wither and die! As we watched its beauty departing, our bright hope fleeting, we involuntarily uttered Jean Paul's words, "There are some for whom life has no summer." But the joy was none the less lovely, though it passed, and, like the dying dolphin, its hues were most beautiful in its death agony. Tho' it only brightened our lives for a time, it was a sunbeam on life's thorny track which will ever cast a ray of light thro' the darkened halls of memory. Oh, this withered rose! Bright and beautiful no longer, possessing *seemingly* no charm; yet how its faded beauty recalls "Love's young dream." How life with its troubles fade away, and once more we stand hand in hand, breathing vows of fondest trust and love. Life then seemed one long dream of bliss; but I cannot portray—no one can—the beauty and unutterable ecstacy of early love. We only know this withered rose—love's parting token—is all that's left—all, all—for 'twill never come again! Still

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Perhaps we are happier who have passed the hot regions of youth, where imagination runs riot and disappointment, like an ugly witch, stand sready to snatch the ripe fruit from our hands. Oh, memory! let us close the door, leave our sepulchre of buried treasures and return to the duties of the present, for time treads not back, and the flowers of love—the golden fruit of opportunity—will not spring up fresh from under the scythe which has mowed them down—they are but the ripples on the surface of eternity. After all, the differences in our lives are only like the shaking of a kaleidoscope; you can see as much beauty in one arrangement as another, and, though really all are different, they are formed of the same bits of glass, and so in life; it is the same passions, ambitions, griefs and joys that make up the changing scene. And is it not the wisest, kindest and gentlest hand in Heaven that shapes them for us.

ALICE.

TIM'S KIT.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day, to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and hear him:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?' queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money and said:

"I guess I kin write it if you can give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you may not have seen it. He wrote:

"DIED—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; aiged three yere. Funeral to-morrer; gon to Hevin; left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a boquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?—*Free Press.*

THE power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

LITTLE roosters crow loud.

THE EMERALDS.

One wintry afternoon in January, away up in a bleak attic of a wretched tenement house a pale, sad-eyed woman sat sewing. The garment upon which she was engaged was a very rich dress. The twilight closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall of snow, with a bitter, wailing blast that made the windows rattle in the casements. Still the pale-faced woman stitched on.

"Mother," piped a sweet voice from the cot beneath the window, "will you get the fine dress done? Oh, mother, I am so hungry! If I only had some tea and a bit of sausage."

She worked on steadily for a while, pausing only to brush away a tear from her white cheek, then arose and shook out the glimmering robe.

"'Tis done at last," she said. "Now mother's little girl can have her supper; only be patient a while longer, Flora. Ross, come, my boy."

A manly little fellow came out from the bedroom beyond.

"The fine dress is done, Ross, and you must run home with it as soon as you can. Miss Grace will be out of patience, I know. Tell her I couldn't finish it one moment sooner, and ask her to give you the money, we must have it to-night. And you can stop at Mr. Ray's as you come back and buy some coal; and we must have some bread and tea and a bit of butter, and you must get a sausage, Ross, for poor little Flora."

"I'll get them all mother," he said, and be back in time. You shall have a big sausage, little sis," he added turning to the cot.

The girl nodded her curly head and her eyes sparkled with delight.

"And you shall have half of it, Ross," she piped, in her splendid bird voice.

"Hadn't you better put on your thick jacket, my boy?" continued his mother. "The wind cuts like a knife."

"Pshaw, little mother, I don't mind the wind," and away he went down the creaking stairs and out into the storm.

Miss Gracie Fontenay was in a perfect furore of impatience and anger. Her dear 500 friends were assembled in the halls below, and her handsome dress had not come home. "What does that beggar woman mean by disappointing me?"

At that moment there was a ring at the door and a voice in the hall.

"Please tell Miss Gracie my mother could not finish it sooner; she wants the money to-night."

The servant took the handsome dress and message.

"I'll never give her another stitch of work," cried the angry beauty. "I ought to have had it three hours ago. Here, Fanchon, dress me at once—there's not a minute to lose. No I can't pay to-night; I haven't time. He must come to-morrow."

"But we've no fire and nothing to eat, and my little sister is sick," called the boy pushing up the grand stairway.

"Shut the door, Fanchon!" commanded Miss Gracie. And the door was shut in his face.

From the porch at the parlor window Pansie watched the whole scene, her violet eyes distended with childish amazement.

"Poor little boy!" she said as Ross disappeared down the stairway, "sister Gracie ought to pay him. It must be dreadful to have no fire and nothing to eat."

She stood for a moment balancing herself on the tip of one dainty foot, her rosebud face grave and reflective; then a sudden thought flooded her eyes with sunshine, and snatching something from the table she darted down stairs. The servant had just closed the street door, but she flutter past him like a humming bird and opened it.

On the steps sat Ross, brave little fellow that he was, his face in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, little boy?" questioned Pansie.

Ross looked up half believing that it was the face of an angle looking down upon him through the whirling snow.

"Oh, I cannot go home without the money," he sobbed: "poor mother worked hard, and Flora is sick and hungry."

"Here," she said, do take this, little boy, and buy her lots of nice things. 'Tis worth a good deal; papa bought it for my birthday present, but do take it and welcome."

She extended her dimpled hands, and something like a shower of stars fell at the boys feet. He caught it up in amazement—a necklace of emeralds, lustrous, gleaming things, set in tawney Indian gold.

"No, no," he cried, running up to where she stood. "I cannot take this necklace—take it back."

"You shall take it," she said imperiously. "I have lots of jewelry and fine things—run home now and buy your sister something to eat."

She closed the door with a bang, and Ross stood irresolute in the stormy gloom. Should he ring the bell and return the jewels to Pansie's father, or should he do as she bade him? He thought of his mother and poor little Flora watching wistfully for his return. He could not go back and see them starve. With a sudden feeling of desperation he thrust the glittering necklace into his pocket and dashed down the street.

The gaslight blazed brilliantly in a fashionable jewelry establishment, and the bland proprietor looked down inquiringly on little Ross as he approached the glittering counter.

"Would you like to buy this, sir?"

There was a tremor to the little boy's voice as he asked the question, and the hand that held the emerald necklace shook visibly. The lapidary took the gems, examining them closely for a moment and then shot a sharp glance at the child.

"See here," he said presently, his voice stern and commanding; I want to know how you came by this."

The boy's clear eye's fell; he blushed and stammered, evidently embarrassed. The jeweler put aside the emeralds, and taking the lad's arm led him into a small ante-room.

"You are a thief, sir," he said, "That necklace belongs to Mr. Fontenay—he bought it of me not a month ago. You stole it; you're a thief."

The little fellow straightened himself and his brown eyes blazed. "I am no thief," he retorted. "A little girl gave it to me, and I know it was wrong to take it, but my mother and sister are starving."

The jeweler hesitated.

"You don't look like a thief," he said; "but I will send for Mr. Fontenay; that will settle it at once."

He despatched a messenger accordingly and Ross sat down in a corner and sobbed bitterly as he heard the driving wind and thought of his mother and poor little Flora. In half an hour Mr. Fontenay came, bringing his little daughter Pansie with him. The little creature darted toward Ross like a humming bird, her cheeks ablaze, her eyes flashing like lightning.

"He didn't steal my emeralds!" she cried. "I gave 'em to him to sell 'em, and buy bread for his little sister."

Ross sprang to his feet, struggling hard to keep back his tears. He put out his little brown hand, which Pansie instantly clasped in her chubby palms.

"I am not a thief, sir," he said at last, addressing Mr. Fontenay; "I never stole anything in my life. I knew it was wrong to take the necklace—but—but, sir, my little sister is starving."

The merchant drew his hand across his eyes.

"You are a manly little fellow," he said, patting the lad's head, "and I do not in the least blame you, but I will take Pansie's emeralds, and she shall give you something more available. Here Pansie give this to your little friend."

He put a gold piece into Pansie's hands, which she tendered to Ross, with the injunction that he should run straight home and buy lots of goodies for his sister; a command he was not slow to obey.

"I think we shall not lose sight of the little fellow," continued Mr. Fontenay, as Ross disappeared in the stormy darkness. "Shall we pet? Let's see what we can do for him. He's a promising young lad and an honest one, I'm sure. Mr. Lenox, you are in need of an errand boy; why not try him? I wish you would."

The jeweler consented, to Pansie's great delight, and the next day Ross was duly installed as an errand boy in the fashionable establishment.

Fifteen years after, one blustering March morning, a young man sat behind the counter of a thriving jewelery establishment in one of the northern cities. He was a handsome man, a traveler, a man of taste, intellect and money, for he was a junior partner in the firm, which was a prosperous one. But, despite his good fortunes, Ross Dunbar was not happy. His mother and little Flora had gone to their long home, and he was utterly alone without kith or kin in the world.

Sitting alone one morning with the roar of the March winds in his ears, his thoughts were running back to the days of his boyhood, to his mother's humble home. How vivid the past seemed, and how dear and sacred, despite its privations and sorrows. His eyes grew dim and his heart swelled. All were gone over the wide waters of time and change.

A tender smile softened his sad face as he recalled the stormy night when he sat sobbing on the steps of Mr. Fontenay's mansion. And little Pansie—the remembrance of her sweet face as he saw it through the snow wreaths, haunted him constantly. In all the fifteen years never for hour had he forgotten her. But she was gone, lost to him forever.

His reverie was broken by the entrance of a customer, a lady closely clothed and veiled. She approached the counter with a jewel case in her hand.

"Would you buy these?" she said simply, in a clear, sweet voice that stirred the young man's heart as no other woman's voice had power to do.

He took the casket and opened it and spread out the contents. A watch, an elegant and costly diamond ring, two rubies and an emerald necklace. Ross Dunbar barely suppressed a cry of surprise as his eyes fell upon it. He turned it over with eager, trembling fingers, and there on the clasp was the name that had lived in his heart for so many years, "Little Pansie."

"You wish to sell them all?" he asked, striving to steady his voice and the wild throbbing of his heart.

The lady hesitated an instant and then she put out her slender hand and drew the emerald necklace toward her.

"I dislike to part with this," she said; "it was my father's gift—and—and—but no matter, take them all; I must have the money."

In her eagerness she had thrown aside the veil, revealing a lily face, lit by lustrous sapphire eyes. Ross Dunbar stood silent a moment, every nerve in his manly form thrilling with supreme delight. He had found her at last the idol of his life.

"They are very fine gems," he said, after a moment, "and I am willing to give you a fair price—suppose we say one thousand dollars—will that do?"

The girl flushed a dazzling glance of surprise from beneath her heavy veil.

"So much as that?" she said, tremulously. "You are very kind, sir. Oh, you cannot know how much this money will help me."

The young man made a polite reply, and proceeded to put aside the jewels and draw a check for the money. The March winds were still blustering without, and the girl shivered and drew her wrapper closer as she started out.

"Won't you let me run down to the bank for you?" said the jeweler, catching up his hat. "You can play shop lady the while, it won't be but a minute or two."

"But I am troubling you so."

"Not a bit; just take the warm seat, please; you'll not be likely to have any customers." And seating her beside the desk he took the check and hurried out. Pansie Fortenay threw back her veil and leaned her head upon her hands, a puzzled, reflective look upon her sweet, sad face.

"When have I seen this face?" she asked herself over and over again. "It is so familiar; who in the world can it be?"

His return broke in upon her meditation, and after receiving the money she hurried away to her humble lodgings.

The following afternoon was even more blustering and stormy; the wind roared and the sleet tinkled against the windows of the little room in which Pansie and her father sat. Severe misfortunes and reverses had reduced them to poverty, and the old man being an invalid all the care fell upon Pansie's shoulders. She sat down with he father reading aloud from a new book which she had bought him with some of the money received for the jewels. Her sweet face was wan and sad, and her future stretched before her, sad, hopeless and gloomy.

There is a ring at the door, and a servant brought up a package for Miss Fontenay. An exquisite bunch of pansies, fragrant and golden-hearted, done up in tissue paper, and attached to them a card, bearing the simple words: "Ross Dunbar has never forgotten little Pansie."

Pansie sat amazed for a moment, and then a rich bloom darted into her cheeks.

"Oh, father," she said, "I know him! I know him! We have found him at last!"

An instant later Ross was in the room clasping her fluttering hands in his, and into her blue eyes looked with a glance that brought a bloom to her face. And a few weeks later, when the blustering winds were over, and the golden-hearted pansies bloomed on the garden borders, little Pansie became Ross Dunbar's bride and for a bridal gift gave back her string of emeralds.

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Washington's remains were deposited in their present resting place at Mount Vernon, Va., in 1837.

Beneath the Unitarian Church, Quincy, Mass., may be found the remains of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, second and sixth Presidents respectively.

Jefferson lies buried in a thick growth of woods to the right of a road leading from Charlotteville, Va., to Monticello.

Madison's grave is in the centre of a large level field at Montpelier, Va. The region around is one of great natural beauty.

Monroe is buried on a beautiful site in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

General Jackson is buried at the Hermitage, his famous house, on the Lebanon pike, eleven miles from Nashville, Tennessee.

Van Buren sleeps in the little village cemetery of Kinderhook, Columbia county, New York.

Harrison's grave is situated at North Bend, Ind., a few yards from the track of the I., C. & L. R. R., where it enters the tunnel. No monument or inscription tells the story of the life of the hero of Tippecanoe.

John Tyler's grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., is also unmarked, save by a juniper and two magnolia trees.

The remains of the eleventh President, James K. Polk, lie buried in a beautiful spot at the corner of Vine and Union streets, Nashville, Tenn.

The remains of Zachary Taylor, after three removals, repose now in a public spot in the beautiful cemetery at Frankfort, Ky., where they are in company with many illustrious dead.

Millard Fillmore, the second accidental President, lies buried in a beautiful site in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, New York.

Pierce lies buried in the old cemetery at Concord, N. H., in company with the founders of Concord.

Buchanan lies buried in an attractive spot in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa. on the banks of the Conestoga.

Lincoln is buried at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., and his resting place is marked by probably one of the most magnificent memorials in the United States.

The grave of Johnson, the third accidental President, is at Greenville, Tenn., and is marked by a fine granite arch.

General Garfield's remains are interred on a slope of Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, overlooking Lake Erie, and subscriptions have already been started for the erection of a fitting monument to his memory.

Trees on a Boundary Line.

The question frequently arises, who owns the fruit of the tree standing near the boundary line between two proprietors? It is generally supposed that the fruit on the limbs overhanging one's land belongs to him, but this is an entire mistake. If a tree stands wholly on your land, although some of the roots extend into the soil of your neighbor and derive support and nourishment from his soil, yet he has no right to any of the fruit that hangs over the line. If he attempts by force to prevent you from picking it, he is liable for an assault and battery. The Boston Cultivator gives Judge Bennett as deciding a case in point as follows: A lady, while standing on a fence picking cherries which hung over the line, was forbidden to do so by the adjoining owner, who was at work in his garden, and, in the scuffle to prevent her, she received some bruises on her arm, for which he had the pleasure of paying the neat little sum of $1,000. According to the same authority, if your fruit falls into your neighbor's lot, you have an implied license in law to go and pick it up, doing him no unnecessary damage. If, however, a fruit tree stands directly on the division line, and if it is what is called a "line-tree," both parties own the tree and fruit in common, and neither can cut down the tree or seriously injure it without being responsible to the other.

A LOVER thus wrote of his sweetheart whose name was Rain:

Whilst shivering beaux at mothers rail
Of frost and snow, and wind, and hail,
And heat and cold complain,
My steadier mind is always bent
On one sole object of content,
I ever wish for Rain!

Hymen, thy votary's prayers attend,
His anxious hope and suit befriend,
Let him not ask in vain;
His thirsty soul, his parched estate,
His glowing breast commiserate,
In pity give him Rain!

A NICE TIME: I've been to see Mrs. Tittletattle," said Mrs. Telltale, "and the way she ran on about you was perfectly scandalous."

"So she's been talking about me, has she?" asked Mrs. Brown quietly.

"Yes, indeed, she has," replied Mrs. Telltale, with emphasis.

"What a nice time you must have had," said Mrs. Brown, with a sweet smile.

A LYING tongue puts a patch on its neighbors.

You can't tell by the blossoms which of the apples will be wormy.

IF his "love lies dreaming," what show is there to get any truth out of her when she is awake?

WEIGHING A HOG.

A dog fight sends the pulse of a village up to 130, and a foot-race or a knock-down will almost restore gray hairs to their original color; but for real excitement, let a man come along in front of a tavern about sundown driving a hog.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"Going to sell this hog."

"Hold on a minute! What does he weigh?"

"Oh, about 225."

"You're off; he won't go over 200."

Every chair is vacated on the instant. Every eye is fastened on the hog rooting in the gutter, and every man flatters himself that he can guess within a pound of the porker's weight.

"That hog will pull down jist exactly 195 pounds," said the blacksmith, after a long squint.

"He won't go an ounce over 185," adds the cooper.

"I've a two-dollar bill that says that hog will kick at 210," says the hardware man.

"You must be wild," growls the grocer; "I can't see over 150 pounds of meat there."

Twenty men take a walk around the porker, and squint and shake their heads and look wise, and the owner says!

"If he don't go over 220, I shall feel that I am no guesser."

"Over 220! If that hog weighs 200 pounds I'll treat this crowd!" exclaims the owner of the 'bus line.

"I dunno 'bout that," muses the 'squire, who is on his way to the grocery after butter. "Some hogs weigh more, some less. What breed is this hog?"

"Berkshire."

"Well, I've seen some o' them Berksheers that weighed like a load o' sand, and then agin I've seen 'em where they was all skin and bone. Has any one guessed that this hog will weigh 600?"

"No."

"Well, that's a leetle cheap, but I've kinder sot my idea on 250."

By this time the crowd has increased to a hundred, and the excitement is intense. The 'squire lays half a dollar on 250, and the owner of the hog rakes in several bets on "between 220 and 225." The porker is driven to the hay scales, and the silence is almost painful as the weighing takes place.

"Two hundred and twenty-three," calls the weigher.

Growls and lamentations smite the evening air, and stake holders pass over the wagers to the lucky guessers, chief of whom is the owner of the hog.

"Well, I'm clear beat out," said the 'squire. "I felt dead sure he would weigh over 300."

"Oh, I knew you were all way off," explained the guileless owner. "When we weighed him here at noon he tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he couldn't have picked up or lost over a pound."

APPLES AS FOOD.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: From the earliest ages apples have been in use for the table as a desert. The historian Pliny tells us that the Romans cultivated twenty-two varieties of the apple. In these later days we prebably possess over two thousand. As an article of food they rank with the potato, and on account of the variety of ways in which they may be served, they are preferable to the taste of many persons; and if families would only substitute ripe, luscious apples for pies, cakes, candies and preserved fruits, there would be much less sickness among the children, and the saving in this one item alone would purchase many barrels of apples. They have an excellent effect upon the whole physical system, feeding the brain as well as adding to the flesh, and keeping the blood pure; also preventing constipation, and correcting a tendency to acidity, which produces rheumatism and neuralgia. This will cool off the feverish condition of the system; in fact, they are far better for these purposes than the many nostrums which are so highly praised in the advertisements, and so constantly purchased by sufferers. A ripe, raw apple is entirely digested in an hour and a-half, while a boiled potato takes twice that time.

Now that apples can be purchased at such cheap rates, every family should keep a dish of them in the dining-room, where the children can have access to and eat all they please of them. They will rarely receive any injury from them, if they are thoroughly masticated. In France and Germany apples are much more in use as a common food by the laboring classes than with us. Baked apples should also be as constant a dish upon the table as potatoes. Every breakfast and every tea-table should have a plate of them. Baked sweet apples are a very pleasing addition to a saucer of oatmeal pudding, and when served with sweet cream they are very appetizing. They are not as commonly used as they should be, as they will supply as much muscular and nervous support as dishes of meat and vegetables. Thousands of bushels of sour apples are used for pies and puddings in hundreds of families where well-baked sweet apples would prove much more nourishing food and much more economical. They are also good for old people, and are usually greatly relished by them. In my own family they are always, when in season, a part of the meals of the day and are as commonly used as a slice of bread.

GOOD MOTHERS TRAIN GOOD HUSBANDS.—Mrs Craik, in her "Sermons Out of Church," thus pointedly talks:

The best husbands I ever met came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law, "Girls first." Not in any authority, but first to be thought of, as to protection and tenderness. Consequently the chivalrous care which these lads were taught to show to their own sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—generous, unexacting, courteous of speech and kind of heart. In them was the protecting strength of manhood, which scorns to use its strength except for protection; the proud honesty of manhood, which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being "twisted round one's finger," as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it; but which I think all honest men and brave women would not merely dislike, but utterly despise.