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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881. No. 33.

RICHARD J. FOARD

DEALER IN

Grain and Coal,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

New CORN,

WANTED,

FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE

Highest Market Price,

Delivered at points convenient to Farmers on the Bay, River, Creeks or Railroad, and handle the same promptly.

COAL! COAL!!

I have on hand and for sale at the Yard of H. Miflin Thomas, PURE LEHIGH COAL. A good article at low prices.

☞I have associated Captain James E. Taylor with me in the GENERAL FREIGHTING BUSINESS, and having secured the Steam Propeller "Pierrepont," we are prepared to handle all Freights that are given us with care and despatch, at reasonable rates of freight.

All Grain, whether bought or freighted, weighed and receipted for at this end and delivered according to receipted weights at Baltimore.

Captain Taylor will run on the Steamer and purchase goods or deliver orders free of charge, except freight.

For rates of freight, &c., apply to R. J. FOARD, either at his office or at Taylor's Granary; or to JAMES E. TAYLOR, Clerk Steamer Pierrepont. nov26-2m.

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.*

T. J. MWcHORTER,

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,

y 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

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.

"EXCELSIOR!"

The Only Clothing House in the State

CONDUCTED ON PRINCIPLES THAT PROTECT THE BUYER AND INSURES A FAIR TRANSACTION.

The ONLY Clothing House in the State that is strictly and unalterably ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to Exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has *FIVE DISTINCT CLOTHING DEPARTMENTS* each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing House in the State that has *ORIGINAL and EXCELSIOR STYLES,* copied from none, equalled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of Clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of product, marks goods in plain selling figures and at prices to suit all.

"FAIR DEALING" Our Standard;

"ONE PRICE" Our Anchor;

"PERMANENT POPULARITY" Our Goal.

EXCELSIOR

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

S. W. Corner Baltimore & Light Sts.,

Largest and Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland.

NEW MILLINERY

FOR

FALL & WINTER.

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of **HATS.**

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Plush Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons, Handsome Ostrich Plumes and Tips of all varieties, and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

oc22. MRS. KATE GILL.

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.

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

VENDUE.

BY virtue of the power and authority contained in two Mortgage Bills of Sale from William W. Cosden to T. W. Eliason, Jr., one dated the 7th day of November, 1879, and recorded in Liber D. C. B., No. 1, folio 579, one of the chattel record books for Kent county, in the State of Maryland; and the other dated the 27th day of April, 1881, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 1, folio 113, &c., one of the chattel record books for said county; the undersigned, Mortgagee, will sell at Public Sale, on the farm where the said William W. Cosden now resides, near Hynson's Chapel, in the 5th Election district of said county

On MONDAY, the 19th of December, 1881

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

5 HEAD of HORSES

1 Eight-horse Steam Engine and Boiler,
1 Albany & Taylor Wheat Thresher,
1 McCormick Reaper & Mower combined
1 Sleigh, 1 Carriage, 1 Farm Wagon,
2 Hay Carriages, 4 Ploughs, 3 Cultivators and 2 Harrows.

He will sell also at the same time and place, the

CROP OF CORN

raised by said Wm. W. Cosden the present year, should it not be previously shipped.

☞Sale to commence at 10½ o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE:—Of all the property except the corn: All sums of $20 or less cash; all sums over $20 a credit of 9 months, on the note of the purchaser bearing interest from the day of sale, with security approved by the undersigned or his agent attending the sale. And on the corn: a credit of 3 months, on the note of the purchaser, bearing interest from the day of sale, with security approved by the undersigned or his agent attending the sale. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,

Dec. 3, 1881—ts. MORTGAGEE.

☞Intending to discontinue farming, the sale to be made by T. W. Eliason, Jr., of my property, under his mortgage bills of sale thereon, has my entire approbation, and I wish purchasers to attend the sale.

d3-ts. WM. W. COSDEN.

VENDUE!

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue Farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE at his residence near Connelly's Mill, on

THURSDAY, DEC. 22, 1881,

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

4 HEAD of HORSES

One of them a Fine Driver, six years old;

3 MILCH COWS, one fresh,

10 Head of Ewes, 12 Shoats,

1 Farm Wagon, 1 Ox-Cart, Hay Rigging,
1 Rockaway Carriage, in good order;
1 Light Dearborn and Harness;
1 Bates Reaper, in good order, Self Rake;
1 Grain Fan, 1 Wheat Rake, Grindstone, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Plough Gears, Forks, Shovels and Hoes, Wheelbarrow, and lot of Corn Blades.

☞Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on sums over $10 a credit of 12 months will be given, the purchaser giving note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

d10-ts. VINCENT LEE.

New Arrival Fall Goods!

LOWEST PRICES!

We have just opened a large general stock of goods suitable for the FALL and WINTER season, and respectfully invite buyers to inspect our goods and prices before purchasing.

DRY GOODS.

DRESS GOODS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, KERSEYS, MUSLINS, &c.

NOTIONS.—Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Children's Vests, Shawls, Skirts, Nubias, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES

Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, FINE BOOTS, Ladies', Misses and Children's Button and Lace Shoes, in great variety.

HATS and CAPS!

Newest Styles! Lowest Prices!

CARPETS and Oil Cloths.

Woodenware and Queensware,

Groceries: Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Spices. Tobacco, &c.

☞We will give you good values, and WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

J. H. SIMPERS.

Oct. 15, 1881.

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.

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

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale, as Attorney for the owner, on

TUESDAY, DEC. 20th, 1881,

in front of the Market House, Chestertown, Md., at 2½ o'clock P. M., the following PERSONAL PROPERTY:

1 DARK BROWN HORSE,

7 years old, and a good farm horse;

1 DARK BAY MARE,

11 years old, believed to be with foal;

1 LARGE BAY HORSE,

1 new Jump-seat Family Carriage,

made to order by G. E. Lambert.

1 DEARBORN, good as new;
1 set new CARRIAGE HARNESS;
1 set new DEARBORN HARNESS;
2 IRON-FRAME CULTIVATORS.

TERMS OF SALE:—Sums over $10 note with approved security, payable at bank. Sums under $10 cash.

CHAS. T. WESTCOTT,

ATTORNEY.

J. W. CARROLL, Auct'r. d10-ts.

PUBLIC SALE

THE subscriber, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at Public Sale at his residence near Belair,

On TUESDAY, December 20, 1881,

at 10 o'clock A. M., the following property:

5 GOOD HORSES,

ONE GOOD BROOD MARE;

5 Head of MILCH COWS,

three of them Alderney; 1 large Bull and 2 Alderney Bulls;

3 HEAD OF YOUNG CATTLE, and 1 YOKE OF OXEN.

32 Head of GOOD SHEEP,

1 SOW AND PIGS;

1 Climax Horse Power & Thresher, both on wheels; 1 Wheat Rake, 1 Corn Sheller; 1 Grain Fan, 1 iron-axle Wagon, 3 inch tread, with break attached; 1 Dearborn, 1 McSherry Drill, 1 Bickford & Huffman Drill, both in order; Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.; Wagon Harness, Plough Harness, Bridles and Collars, and fine lot of Corn Blades.

TERMS OF SALE:—Sums of and under $10 the cash will be required; on all sums above $10 a credit of 10 months on note with approved security, will be given. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JOSHUA WALBERT.

U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. d3-ts.*

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE undersigned, intending to leave the county, will offer at Public Sale, at his residence at Edesville, on

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21, 1881,

At 10 o'clock A. M., his entire

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE,

consisting of: Bedding, Bedsteads, Bureaus, 1 large Mirror, Cane-seat Chairs, Oak Chairs and Rockers, 1 Walnut Extension Table, 1 pat. Ironing Board, 1 Howe Sewing Machine in good order.

1 COOK and 2 COAL STOVES;
1 Hanson Parlor ORGAN, 5½ octave;
1 Antonious Stradivario Violin and case;
1 set of Surveying Instruments;

Dishes, Glass-ware, and other things too numerous to mention.

TERMS—All sums of and under $10 cash; over that amount a credit of six months, with note and approved security.

dec3-ts. H. H. GRESHAM.

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.

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.

FARMERS should go to THOS. L. HINES & CO'S

s8ep1 for Cheap HARDWARE.

STOVE REPAIRS and Bricks for sale at less than city prices, at

oc15. J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

THE Largest and Best GROCERY STORE in town is kept by

ug20. WM. J. McFEELEY.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

CHOICE BRANDS.

No other kept.

aug20. M. A. TOULSON

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Ev'ry little grape, dear, that clings unto a vine,
Expects some day to ripen its little drop of wine.
Ev'ry little girl, I think, expects in time to be
Exactly like her own mamma—as grand and sweet as she.
Ev'ry little boy who has a pocket of his own,
Expects to be the biggest man the world has ever known.
Every little lambkin, too, that frisks upon the green,
Expects to be the finest sheep that ever yet was seen.
Ev'ry little baby-colt expects to be a horse;
Ev'ry little pup expects to be a dog, of course.
Ev'ry little kitten pet, so tender and so nice,
Expects to be a grown-up cat and live on rats and mice.
Ev'ry little fluffy chick, in downy yellow drest,
Expects, some day, to crow and strut or cackle at its best.
Ev'ry little baby-bird that peeps from out its nest,
Expects some day to cross the sky from glowing east to west.
Now ev'ry hope I've mentioned here will bring its sure event,
Provided nothing happens, dear, to hinder or prevent.

SEARCHING OUT A MYSTERY.

The hair of all Twiddleton stood on end with excitement. A box containing the dismembered skeleton of a man had been dug up in the cellar of an old house back of the hotel; and until the mystery thereof was solved, no inhabitant of Twiddleton could enjoy an hour's mental repose.

Business was neglected in Twiddleton. Men congregated at corners to discourse upon the all absorbing topic; and women left the dinner-pots to boil over, while they discussed the mystery above their yard fences. The parson had made the "Murder of Abel" the subject of his last sermon, and at the village Lyceum, the question, "Is there a Eugene Aram among us?" had been treated in a manner to curdle the blood of the hearers, and inspire each with a dark distrust of his neighbor. Still, no one had taken any actual steps to the discovery of the murder, until Mr. Solomon Slocum publicly announced his intention of taking the matter in hand, and in his own words, "sifting it to the bottom."

If any one short of a No. 1 detective were competent for this task, it was Solomon Slocum. There had never been a mystery in Twiddleton that he had not ferreted out; never a secret act of lawlessness, from the burning of Squire Rennie's barn to the tying of a cat to Miss Skinner's door-knocker, but he had succeeded in identifying the culprit. He also interested himself in matters of a more private and innocent nature. He knew the history of every family in the county, with most of their domestic affairs; had ascertained the age of every single lady, and would tell without hesitation who wore false hair and teeth, and when a silk dress had been dyed and made over.

Slocum went to work in a very methodical manner. First, he ascertained from corporation deeds that the house containing the mysterious cellar (now occupied by an estimable single lady, who fainted on the discovery that she had been "living over a dead man") had been built nearly a hundred years ago by an ancester of the Harker family. Then a shadow fell upon the Harkers, and several persons were led to the discovery that they were a sly and underhand set. Job Harker, however, proved that the house had been sold some twenty years after its completion to Captain Womble, whereupon the Wombles came in for a share of the shadow; and young Timms, the village poet, whose Fourth of July Ode Tom Womble had ridiculed, asserted that he had always had a mysterious repulsion to the latter individual and had clearly seen "murder" upon his brow.

Tom and his father then came forward, the former with a horsewhip and the latter with a paper, which proved that in the days of the Wombles' occupancy of the house no cellar had existed within it.

Following this clue, Solomon Slocum, after much investigation, auceeeded in satisfying himself that the cellar in fact was a comparative modern addition, having been excavated in the year 1845, just after the property had passed into the hands of the Bowans.

The discovery, of course, at once placed that family under a ban of the darkest suspicion. Solomon, whose only son, Joe, had long been paying particular attention to pretty Jessie Bowan, found himself not proof against the general prejudice.

"No Slocum," he remarked, with virtuous resolution, "shall marry into a family in whose veins runs the black blood of a murderer."

And though it was not evident to the hearers of this speech that the blood of a murderer must necessarily be black, they necessarily approved of the sentiment—all save Joe, who sturdily declared his intention of marrying the girl he loved, though her veins should run "ink and ivory black."

"The case having narrowed down to this point," observed Solomon, looking gravely around upon an interested audience in the tap-room of the hotel of which, by-the-by, his father, Christopher Slocum, had been for many years previous the popular proprietor—"the case having, as I said, been narrowed down to the year 'forty-five, it remains for us to discover what men folks hev onaccountably and mysteriously disappeared since that date, and then to ascertain if possible what relations the missing men had with any of the Bowans."

"Thar was the Yankee notion peddler," suggested Slocum's particular chum, who kept the store and post-office opposite. "He was missin' more'n three weeks."

"His body was found and decently buried," Slocum replied.

"Then that swell chap who was so flush o' greenbacks," said another.

"Bogus. No wonder *he* mysteriously disappeared—with the police after him."

"Ahem! The young student that spent a month here in your father's time, Slocum, recruitin'—"

"Recruitin'? I never heard of a man or boy recruited from this town," said Solomon, positively.

"Recruitin' of his health, as he said. You must remember that he left here in a mighty sudden and unaccountable way, and to my knowledge never was heard of ag'in."

"To-be-sure to-be-sure!" assented Slocum, his eyes sparkling as he found himself possessed of this valuable clue.—"Drewry was his name. A jolly young chap he seemed to be. Plenty o' money, too, as I ricollect. And now it's for me to find out exactly the date of his being here."

He hurried away home, and speedily returned with certain massive and well-worn volumes, which proved to be the ledgers and account-books of his late father, while landlord of the inn.

The present proprietor of the establishment, Captain Grasty, leaned over his shoulder and watched with interest as he ran his finger down certain pages, stopping occasionally to read.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Slocum, with a ring of triumph in his tone; "here it is: 'Allan Drewry'—'August 16, 1848.' The cellar was built in 'forty-five," he added, significantly looking around.

"Why, Lor'!" exclaimed Mrs. Grasty, advancing from the kitchen, whence she had been an interested observer of these proceedings—"why, Lor'! *I* remember Mr. Allan Drewry. I was a gal at that time, and he sort o' made up to me, tho' he knew John Bowan—that's Jessie's father—was keepin' my company."

"What!" exclaimed Solomon, excitedly, "you don't mean to say that Bowan was jealous?"

"There was some folks said so, if I don't," replied Mrs. Grasty, modestly.

Solomon looked slowly around the circle, and solemnly shook his head.

"Look here, Slocum," said Captain Grasty, still running his eye down the page, "what's this? 'Paid John Bowan five dollars, first quarter's rent of his cellar!' Why, what had Chris Slocum to do with that cellar?"

Slocum's eyes expanded. He rubbed his spectacles, and stared intently at the fatal words.

"I—I don't believe 'twas that cellar?" he gasped.

"Couldn't have been any other. Just across the back yard here, with a door in the wall below. Convenient to the house, you see. Never thought of it before."

"Do you mean to insinuate," said Solomon, turning upon him with a white face, "that—that my father had anything to do with that—that affair?"

"I don't insinuate anything," answered the captain, with a shrug; "though I don't see how Chris Slocum was any better than old Womble or John Bowan."

Mr. Michael Lafferty, a sort of loafing character of Twiddleton, here turned around from the bar, where he was indulging in a dhrap, and placing his finger on the side of his florid nose, deliberately said:

"See here, cap'n, yez best not mix up the ould man's name with them dhry bones beyant. He was my friend, he was, an' I'll stan' by him, an' his to the ind. An' if it comes to suspicionin' him of murder, see here it's better to let out the truth. The ould man wanted that cellar for storage, ye see."

"What kind of storage?"

"Whist, thin! don't ye moind when the revenue officers was down here, and couldn't find a dhrap of the stuff that wasn't 'straight? But, bedad! they nivir looked in the cellar beyant."

"I don't believe it! cried Slocum, savagely.

But he saw that every one around him did credit the man's statement, and gradually the conviction forced itself upon his unwilling mind.

It was a great shock to Solomon, who had always made a boast of the honor and honesty of himself and family.

His respected father dealing in illicit whiskey and cheating the revenue! Solomon, with his neighbors' eyes bent upon him, seemed to be shrinking to half his natural size.

"I remember when the revenue officers used to hang around here in disguise," said one man, in a low tone.

"An idea strikes me," said another, excitedly. "What if that young feller—Drewry, you call him—was one of 'em—and"—keeping one eye half fearfully fixed upon Slocum—"ferreted out the cellar, and never come out alive?"

For a week after this, an awful calm of suppressed horror brooded over Twaddleton. People were appalled at the heinous crime which the investigation of Solomon Slocum had brought to light; and, moreover, by a wonderful dispensation of fate, brought home to himself.

There could be no doubt upon the subject; for, on close investigation, a hammer had been found under the bones in the bag, plainly branded with Christopher Slocum's initials.

With this murderous weapon he had doubtless slaughtered his innocent victim; and whether it had been done for the sake of money, or to prevent the betrayal of the secret of the cellar, remained the only point open to doubt.

Poor Solomon Slocum! how had his glory departed! Would that he had never interfered with what had not concerned him! He the son of a murderer, and his own son to bear forever the dark blot of that stigma. John Bowan had forbidden his daughter to receive the young man's attentions, though Jessie cried, and declared that she did not see why Joe should suffer for a sin not his own, and that she was willing to marry him, and help him bear the disgrace, if need be.

One day, about six months after these events, a well-dressed, jolly-looking, elderly gentleman stopped at the Eagle Hotel in Twindleton. As the servant took his horse, he looked around curiously and with a sort of smile, at the transformed house and its new sign. A group of idlers were collected, as usual, on the long, low piazza, and there listened with interest to what was said.

"Place improved since I was here, some five and twenty years ago. Who is the landlord now?"

"Myself, sir—Thomas Grasty," responded the host with dignity.

"Ah! What has become of old Chris Slocum?"

Dead, sir, years ago! That's his son," pointing to a seedy and dejected-looking individual passing slowly along the street.

"Sol? Not like the strapping young chap I remember. Time seems to have gone hard with him."

"Ah, sir, he's had enough to change him."

And, in accordance with his now established habit, Captain Grasty regaled his guest with the whole story of the discovery of the ghastly remains in the cellar, and the subsequent awful revelation concerning them.

To his utter astonishment the gentleman, after listening attentively, broke into uncontrollable laughter.

"So they accuse poor old Chris of robbery and murder, do they?"

"Undoubtedly the young man was murdered, sir."

"Perhaps not. I am Dr. Allan Drewry; no ghost, but, as you see, substantial, living flesh. Ha, ha!"

In less than an hour the news had spread through the village like wildfire. Everybody knew the story; how Allan Drewry, when about to commence his medical studies, had by the unconquerable disposition to "fun and flirtation," gotten himself into serious scrape with a lady of uncertain age, who unflinchingly claimed to be his promised bride; and how her determined middle-aged brother had discovered him in his vacation retirement at Twiddleton, whence he had escaped at a moment's notice, leaving his effects to be forwarded by the sympathizing landlord, whom he had taken into his confidence.

Among these effects was a certain skeleton, which the embryo medical student had filched from the dilapidated grave of some person unknown, in an ancient and neglected burial ground near the village. Christopher Slocum had been afraid to send this on with the rest of the "effects," and had hidden the box in the Bowan cellar, lightly covered over with earth, awaiting the student's orders for a safe special conveyance. But he had never claimed the bones; and there they had lain until their unfortunate discovery, a quarter of a century after.

It was wonderful how pleased people were at this late revelation of Chris Slocum's innocence, and his son's and grandson's freedom from the stigma which had weighed so heavily upon them. As to the revenue offense of poor Chris, folks might wink at that. So they hastened to make all the reparation in their power for the injustice they had been guilty of; and Joe's and Bessie's wedding was quite a grand affair for Twiddleton.

"It's always best to let other folks' consarns alone, and mind your own," is the moral now carefully inculcated by Solomon Slocum upon the tender minds of his grandchildren.

WEALTH AT A WEDDING.

FLOWERS AND PALM TREES—THE MOST VALUABLE DIAMONDS IN AMERICA.

Most persons, young and old, love to look at or read about marriages, and we think the following account of a recent event in "high life" in New York will prove of more than usual interest:

Miss Bessie Hamilton Morgan, daughter of Mr. Edward Morgan, of 328 Fifth avenue, was married to Mr. August Belmont, Jr., yesterday afternoon, in the Church of the Ascension. Before 2.30 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding, the neighboring streets were lined with carriages and the church was filled. A carpet and canopy extended from the curb into the church door. Within, the chancel was full of palm trees, ferns and flowing begonias. The altar rails were wound with smilax, caught up with bunches of white roses.

Shortly before 3 o'clock the carriages containing the wedding party drove to the church. The coachman wore buttonhole bunches of white flowers, and the horses were adorned with white feathers. The procession formed in the vestibule, and the organ began a march from Meyerbeer. The bride wore a dress of white satin with brocade train, a lace veil and in her hair orange blossoms. She carried a boquet of white roses and lillies of the valley, and wore the magnificent diamond pendant sent her by Baron de Rothschild, of Paris. When the ceremony was over and the bride went down the aisle on the arm of her husband, the organist, Mr. L. F. Renz, played a march of his own composition.

The young couple went at once to the house of the bride's father, where a reception was held. Palms were in the hallway and a basket of flowers hung in the entrance to the parlors. The parlors themselves were full of flowers. The mirrors, chandeliers and doorways were wreathed with smilax. Palms stood in the corners, and a large ball of flowers hung between the two rooms. In each of the front windows was a large cornucopia filled with orchids. In front of the pier glass was a bridal bell made of camelias, carnations and Cook roses. Beneath it the young couple stood and received their guests. Mr. and Mrs. Belmont will sail for Europe to-day, and will spend the winter on the Nile, in company with the bride's mother and Mrs. S. S. Howland.

The World says: "The wedding was in the English fashion, the bridegroom and his best man entering the chancel from the vestry room and there awaiting the bride. The decorations were elaborate in the extreme, both at the church and at Mr. Morgan's house, and consisted of Klunder's choicest palms, ferns and flowers. At the house, No. 328 Fifth avenue, the main parlor was decorated with a large marriage bell of white roses, carnations and lillies of the valley, under which the bride and bridegroom stood to receive the congratulations of their numerous friends. On either side of the bell hung cornucopias of roses and lillies of the valley. In each corner of the room were groups of palms. The main mantle and mirror were decorated with smilax and roses. The pictures were hung with berries, ivy and ferns. The crystal chandelier was also trimmed with smilax and roses. The rear parlor was decorated with smilax and plants, and the dining-room, where there was a collation, contained many rosebuds and full blown roses also.

"The bride's dress was of white brocade and satin, the front being of plain satin laid in several square folds, over which was a tablier of the brocade. The corsage was cut in a wide, deep square, and trimmed with point lace. A boutonniere of orange blossoms was worn on the left side. Her tulle veil was secured with diamonds. She wore a necklace of diamonds, to which was attached a brooch, in the centre of which was a diamond said to be the largest and most valuable in America. The diamonds were presented to the bride by Baron von Rothschild. Her bouquet was of lillies of the valley. The bridesmaids' dresses were of heavy corded white silk with square corsage, and they had boutonnieres of lillies of the valley and autumn leaves. The front of the skirts showed in two large reverse simulated petticoats of white satin in upright plaits."

GUITEAU'S ANTICS.

ANOTHER OF THE MANY SCENES IN THE GREAT TRIAL.

In the proceedings of the Guiteau trial in Washington, on Saturday last, we note the following:

The next witness was D. McLean Shaw, of New York, lawyer. As he stepped to the witness stand the prisoner exclaimed: "I have not seen Shaw since 1874. He is a good fellow. I officed with him for several months. I owe him $50 for office rent." (To the district attorney): "That is a very important part of your evidence, Colonel."

The witness testified as to the prisoner renting an office-room with him at 59 Liberty street in 1872; the prisoner told him that he had been practicing law in Chicago where he had lost his library and everything in the fire; that he was a member of the church and had letters of recommendation from the church in Chicago; that he had joined the Young Men's Christian Association and had the honor of an acquaintance with General Jones and others; witness did not approve of the way he did business and asked him to get an office elsewhere; witness related the incident of the plaintiff burnishing up an oriode watch and saying that he was going to fix up somebody with it. [Objected to and objection overruled.] The prisoner went out and came back shortly afterward in great glee, saying that he had struck a Jew for $25 on that watch.

The Witness.—He said to me once that he was bound to be notorious before he died.

The Prisoner.—I never said so.

The Witness.—I asked him what he meant by that, and he said that if he could not get notoriety for good he would get it for evil.

The Prisoner.—That is false.

The Witness.—Of course that surprised me, and I asked what he meant. He said he would shoot some of our big men.

The Prisoner.—That is a lie. I never thought so and never said so.

The Witness.—He said he would imitate Wilkes Booth.

The Prisoner.—That is a lie.

The Witness.—Said I: "And get hanged for it." "Well, said he, "that is an after consideration." I did not carry that conversation any further.

The Prisoner.—I have not known anything about this man Shaw for eight years, but when he repeats this kind of testimony I say to him, "You are a liar—a low, dirty liar." I never had that kind of conversation with you in my life, and you know it; you claim to be a good churchman, too; that story is a falsehood from beginning to end and you are a sneaking liar; that is my opinion of you. I will publish you all over the world, and when you go back to New York you will be the laughing stock of all your friends; I never thought so and I never said so; I would like you to state all about it in detail; if you cannot do that you stand condemned as a liar.

The District Attorney.—Where did that conversation occur in which he said he intended to imitate Wilkes Booth and become notorious?

The Witness.—In my office; of course, I cannot fix the date.

The Prisoner (snarling at the witness). No, of course, you cannot fix the date, you miserable, lying whelp! I never said so and never thought so.

The District Attorney.—How did you regard him mentally?

The Witness.—I did not think much of him mentally at that time.

The Prisoner (continuing to rail at the witness).—Not after I owed you $50. After that you could see no good in me. I have heard of you running with women. My wife told me once in Chicago that you went and visited her. I am going to show you up, you wretch! You are a low, dirty-lived puppy, to come here and lie about me in that way.

The court (severely to the prisoner). Silence!

The Prisoner.—He had no right to come here and lie about me. That would make anybody mad. The lying whelp!

The District Attorney.—After the prisoner gets through I will go on.

The Prisoner.—I never had any talk about Wilkes Booth; the whole thing is absolutely false from beginning to end.

The District Attorney.—What was his reply to your remark as to his being hanged?

The Witness.—He said that would be an after consideration and that he would get notoriety anyhow.

The Prisoner.—I do not care a snap about notoriety; I have told you three or four times that you lie; that settles you; I will not condescend to notice you again.

Question.—Do you know where he went after May?

The Prisoner.—I went to Hawes' office on your recommendation. This is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard from any man in all my life. I always supposed you were my friend at that time, but you have showed yourself to be a consummate jackass and liar and villian—villain in every way. I want to get this straight before the country. It is going all over the world.

Mr. Scoville (angrily).—I would like an opportunity to cross-examine this witness.

The Prisoner.—I can examine him in two or three words better than you can in half an hour.

The court then, at the instance of District Attorney Corkhill, adjourned.

"Home, Sweet Home."

In the London City Press we read: "The author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' T. H. Payne, a poor but genial-hearted man, was walking with a friend in London, and, pointing to one of the most aristocratic houses in Mayfair, he said: 'Under those windows I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words, that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home, have I repassed in this locality, and heard a siren voice coming from within those guilded walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of it knew no bed to call my own. I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard people singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a penny to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head in. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." It is hinted, by those who ought to know, that "the genial-hearted man's" improvidence caused his family no slight trouble and expense.

"THIS is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization," a tramp despondingly observed, when he discovered that the ham he had taken from the front of a shop was a wooden one.

CLERGYMAN: "No, my dear, it is impossible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of asses." Young lady: "And that is why you call them Dearly beloved brethren."