msa_sc2901_scm1624-0866 ©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, FEBRUARY 11, 1882. No. 41.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. W. 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.

Legal Notices.

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.

Family Groceries,

FLOUR and FEED.

WM. J. McFEELY,

At the old Post Office Corner, Chestertown,

Is now opening a large stock of Seasonable Goods, embracing in part

Foreign and Domestic GROCERIES,

Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Candies, Jellies, Preserves, Spices, Pickles, Sauces, &c. Also, Canned Goods in great variety, such as Tomatoes, Corn, Beans, Peaches, Pineapple. Ham, Beef, Lobster, Souced Mackerel, &c. Crackers and Cakes in variety; also, Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Syrup and Molasses.

☞CIGARS and TOBACCO a specialty; and indeed an endless variety of articles such as is kept in

A First Class Grocery Store,

all of which will be sold as low as the lowest.
nov26. WM. J. McFEELEY.

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 Newand 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.

NOTICE!

We wish to call the attention of all to the LARGE STOCK of

Winter Boots

NOW IN STORE AND FOR SALE.

We have them at $2, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.25, $3.50, $3,75 and $4.25.

Also, a large stock of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.

All of the above goods will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES for cash.

JAMES A. SHAW,
n19. COURT ST.

Hundreds Have Used It!
and Thousands Will Have It!
LEARY'S
Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

The GREAT Cough, Cold, Croup and LUNG SYRUP.

Sold at 50c. by all Druggists and dealers in medicine; and at TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown.

CANBY, GILPIN & CO.,
Wholesale Agents,
Light & Lombard sts., Baltimore.
oc22-3m*

Ratification Notice.

Thomas W. Eliason, Jr.,
versus
William W. Cosden.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January 23, 1882.

ORDERED that the sale of the personal property of Wm. W. Cosden, made and reported by THOMAS W. ELIASON, JR., under the power in the bill of sale in the above entitled cause filed, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the first day of March next; Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $682.22.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 28, 1882—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

ABRAHAM HURLOCK,
late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 19th day of August, 1882; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 17th day of January, 1882.

JAMES W. BIRD,
Jan. 21, 1882—4t. Executor.

A LARGE assortment of Coal Hods Shovels and Pokers, at
oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A Few Words of Interest
—TO—
BUYERS.

WE have more goods than we desire to carry and wish to reduce our stock before making invoice. Some of these goods you no doubt need, and we intend it shall be your interest to call and see us and buy them.

AND

From Saturday, Jan. 14th, for a few weeks, we offer on our entire line of DRY GOODS, excepting Domestics, and on our entire line of NOTIONS, and on our entire stock of Children, Misses' and Ladies' Boots and Shoes, a

DISCOUNT OF 12½ PER CENT.

On all purchases amounting to $1 and over.

Intending to discontinue the sale of HATS we make a

Discount of Twenty Per Cent.

On Men's, Youth's and Boys' Boots, *special Low Prices.*

☞Our stock is large and we invite your examination of it.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
Jan. 14, 1882.

M. A. TOULSON,

Dispensing Chemist,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

I give the business my entire time and attention, and guarantee satisfaction.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED at all hours of the day or night, in the most improved pharmaceutical manner.

Full line of PATENT MEDICINES and FANCY ARTICLES kept in stock.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO a Specialty.

M. A. TOULSON,
CHESTERTOWN.
Jan. 28, 1882.

GO TO
N. C. CROW'S

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES

Boots and Shoes, Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Tobacco and Cigars, Crockeryware, Glass-ware, Wood and Willow-ware.

Fine lot of Fruits, dried and fresh,

Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Cranberries, Mince Meat, Peach and Apple Butter, and in fact you can find a little of everything kept in a general store.

☞My motto will be "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and I feel satisfied that I can please you in both goods and prices.

My stock is all new, and bought at bottom cash prices.

Respect'y, **N. C. CROW,**
Up Town,
Adjoining Mrs. Gruber's bakery.

☞Cash or trade in exchange for all kinds of Produce. d17.

LAMPS! LAMPS!
LAMPS!

Just received from NEW YORK,
VERY LARGE STOCK,
BEAUTIFUL STYLES,
ALL KINDS.

These goods will be sold exceedingly low. I am satisfied if you call and price before purchasing elsewhere it will be much to your advantage.

n26. LOUIS K. STAM.

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.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber.
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers, who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Lucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and faded tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow drop't from misery's crushing presses,
If singing breath or echoing cord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.

Winter will not last forever,
Spring will soon come forth again;
And with flowers of every color
Deck the hill-side and the plain;
Lambs again in fields be sporting,
Birds re-echo from each tree.
"Winter's gone! It's days are ended!
We are happy—we are free!"
Hedge and tree again be budding,
Again with leaves be covered o'er,
Winter will not last forever,
Brighter days are yet in store!

Sorrow will not last forever;
Brighter times will come again,
Joy our every grief succeeding,
As the sunshine after rain;
As the snow and ice in winter
Melt at the approach of spring,
So will all our cares and trials
Joy and peace and comfort bring.
When the heart is sad and drooping,
Think, though you be vexed and sore,
Sorrow cannot last forever—
Brighter days are yet in store.

TAKING THE MOTHER'S PLACE.

AFFECTING ACCOUNT OF THE REFORMATION OF "WHISKEY BILL."

Where is "Whiskey Bill," who used to drive the old white horse in front of a twenty-five cent express wagon? repeated the man in tones of surprise.

"Yes."

"Well, now, it's a curious case," he slowly continued. "We all thought he had gone to the dogs, for sure, for he was drinking a pint of whiskey a day, but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in a good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half underground."

When you go home at night and find that all is well with your own flesh and blood, do you go to sleep reasoning that the rest of the world must care for itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's, do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again and again as night comes down and hope it may lose none of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

So "Whiskey Bill" was hunted down. An inquiry here and there traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of fifty, and in the house three or four children gathered around the lamp to look over a picture book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whiskey Bill,' down town," he replied, as he moved along and made room, "but it has been weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set eyes on the old crowd for months, and I don't want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face."

"I hope so. I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died, half-drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?"

"No. I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober, I never struck one of 'em a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest is not quite four years yet. I got the older ones in bed all right, and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting them to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow works with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying mother didn't do that way, and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had his clothes off and his night-gown on I was ashamed and put him down, and when the oldest saw tears in my eyes and jamped out of bed to put her arms around my neck, I dropped the name of 'Whiskey Bill' right then and forever."

"And little Ned?"

"Mebbe I'd have weakened but for him," replied the man as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and when I took him in my arms and kissed him, I called heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and and I've been trying hard to lead a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whiskey Bill' again."

The four children, little Ned in his night-gown, came out for a good-night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms a moment and said: "Good-night, pa—good-night, everybody in the world—good-night, ma, up in Heaven—and pa, please don't put out the light till we get to sleep."

[Written for the Philadelphia Sunday Times.]

GOING WEST.

Mr. Jinks Makes the Acquaintance of a newly-Married Couple Going West—Is Charged with the Guardianship of Two Interesting Maidens—Consents to Escort them to the Far West to see their Sister—Lost in the Wilderness—The Lonely Cabin in the Woods—A Tale of Murder—The Indians—A Revelation—A Popular Fiction Soon Dispelled.

BY JONATHAN JINKS.

"Jonathan," asked Mrs. Jinks, one day last September, "on your way to the office won't you please stop and leave a letter for me?"

"A letter! Where shall I leave it?"

"At my dressmaker's on Eleventh street. I have written the directions on the envelope. I would have sent it by mail, but it would not be delivered in time."

I took the letter, and stopped at the dressmaker's on Eleventh street. As I stood on the step, after ringing the bell, I heard a great noise within. It sounded as if three or four females were sobbing, crying and raising hallelujah generally. In fact I had to ring half-a-dozen times before anybody heard me. Then a long-nosed spinister of five-and-forty came to the door, her lips quivering with agitation, and her eyes red from weeping.

"Does Miss Sallie Dusenberry live here?" I asked.

"Yes she does. What do you want?"

"I have a letter for her."

"Give it to me."

"Certainly," said I. "What is the matter? You look as if you had been crying."

"Is that any of your business?" was the snappish reply.

Many a man would have got frightened at this answer, and run away, but it takes considerable to shake my equanimity. I was determined to find out what the trouble was in that house.

"Come, come," said I. "Don't get angry at a fellow. I have come to soothe and comfort you."

"You must be an infernal fool," was the reply. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I am a physician and a local preacher," I said, for I know that all women, when they are in trouble, need one or the other of these professionals.

"Are you a physician?"

"I am. I can doctor anything—from a cow to a Queen."

"Then come in. My sister has the hysterics. She may need your services."

I was in a scrape. What did I know about curing hysterics? However, I determined to put on a bold front and do my best. The lady led me back into the sitting-room, where I discovered a tall, raw-boned, gawky-looking fellow of fifty-five or thereabouts, his face nearly covered with a rough, overflowing grizzly beard and mustache. Beside him sat a plump, sweet-faced matron of forty, sobbing and crying and going on as it her heart would break. Opposite her was a younger lady engaged in the same sort of a performance, and the minute that long nose entered the room, her tears broke out afresh. I looked from one to the other, and then inquired—

"Well, ladies, which of you has the hysterics?"

"It was the gal yander," said the old fellow with the iron-gray beard, who looked like a cross between a Western farmer and a hog butcher.

"My Sal's sister, but I guess she's all right now."

"In the name of Belzebub, what ails you anyhow?" I asked. "What are you all crying about?"

"Oh, it's only their tarnation foolishness," said the farmer.

"You see Sal and I got spliced last night, and we start for the West this afternoon, so the gals are blubbering because they're going to lose her."

"Whereabouts in the West are you going?"

"Out to Dakota Territory."

"That's a good long stretch from here."

"Yes, it is—for a walk—but the cars reach there in a week, Never mind, Sal. When you get out there you can have everything you want. It's a regular old Paradise. There will be no end of fun. You can get up in the morning and go out and enjoy yourself milking the cows, feeding chickens and turkeys, and fly around and bake slapjacks and get my breakfast. Oh, it will keep you busy! You wont have time to grow melancholy out there, and by-and-by maybe we will send on for the gals to come and see you. It will be a splendid place for the gals, I just tell you. Women out in my neighborhood are worth a premium. Any likely, hard-working woman, with anything like good looks about her, will bring a thousand dollars. The boys are crazy after them. You see, the gals out there are as scarce as strawberries in January, and I tell you it's a fact, they bring all sorts of prices. Why even a lantern-jawed old kangaroo like your sister Maria there, will bring ten dollars."

Maria, the long-nosed maiden, was taken by surprise at this sudden onslaught but she soon rallied. It was about a half a minute before she got her tears stopped, and her temper in good-working order. The first thing I knew, all manner of missiles were flying at the hoary-headed old pioneer from all sections of the room, and it was at least ten minutes before he could quiet her wrath by the solemn assertion that what he said he only intended as a joke.

The train in which they were to go, left the city at half-past four, and as it struck four just then, they had not much time to spare. There was a hurried packing of shawls, a gathering together of valises and umbrellas, and strapping of trunks. Soon the cab, which had been previously engaged, came driving to the door and the ladies hurriedly arrayed themselves in their wraps, and we entered the carriage and drove to the station. I say "we," for I was one of the party, I having so talked myself into their good graces that they insisted on my accompanying them.

"Jinks, my friend," said the bridegroom, as he shook hands before he entered the cars, "I shall leave these girls in your charge. Have an eye to them, Jinks, for you know the city is a rough sort of place for innocent young creatures like these."

Here the old rascal looked slyly at me. "By and by," he continued "when I send for them to come out, I want you to come along too."

Just then the engine bell rang, the conductor shouted "all aboard!" and the old chap and his wife had barely time to jump on the platform before the cars started. As the train moved slowly out of the station I felt two tender hands laid gently within my arms, and looking down beheld two faces gazing calmly, beseechingly up into my own. One face was adorned with a long nose, and the other with a pug. Neither face was beautiful, yet they belonged to the gentler sex, and I felt they had a claim on my time and consideration.

"Well, what is it, darlings?" I asked.

"You will never leave us, will you, Jinks?" both exclaimed in a breath.

"Certainly not," I replied, wondering what sort of a scrape I was getting myself into.

"It is very lonely for two young girls to be left this way, Jinks," said Maria, the eldest, "in a great city like Philadelphia, where there are so many designing men. I declare I can't go to the corner grocery after supper without some fellow following and insulting me. Jinks do you really think Aaron meant what he said?"

"In the first place, who is Aaron?"

"The old gentleman who just left us—my sister's husband. Do you really think he will send us money to come out to the territory?"

"I have no doubt of it, if he's not too stingy, and he's got any money to send."

"And do you believe what he said about women being so scarce out there?"

"I do, indeed. I know of one case in California where the miners paid a dollar a head, and stood in a row, half a day at a time, waiting their turns to get a look at a toothless old woman one hundred and sixty-five years of age, so destitute are those Western countries of the female sex."

"Is that so? I really thought he was joking. Then I suppose it was true about premiums being paid for wives?"

I assured her it was, and from that moment a ray of hope seemed to illuminate her countenance. She grew pleasant, even cheerful, and went so far as to invite me home to take tea with them. I thought they were getting rather too familiar for new acquaintances, so I declined. But I was not rid of them—far from it. When I entered the office the next morning, who should I find but one of the ladies awaiting me, and what do you think she wanted? Tickets for the matinee at the Walnut Street Theatre! They had found out I was a newspaper man, and were determined to make use of me. I foresaw that my two charges were destined to become nuisances, and did my best to snub them, and drive them away, but they wouldn't be snubbed, and wherever I went, they would follow. Once one of them came very near following me to my house, but I am glad she didn't, for Mrs. Jinks, when her jealousy is aroused, is terribly aggressive and disposed to make trouble.

* * * * * *

Several months after the adventure narrated, this curt note was placed in my hand:

LOGWOOD CO., DAKOTA TERRITORY,
December 1st, 1881.

MISTER JONATHAN JINKS:—I send you a post-office money order for four hundred dollars. Bring the gals out right away. A splendid chance for them to get married.

YOURS, AARON WINTERSPOL.

This scrawl looked as if it had been written with a stick. There was nothing bogus, however, about the post-office money order, for I took it to the post-office, and the clerk immediately paid me in bright new fifty dollar bills. My first impulse was to rush down Third street and gamble in stocks, but then my conscience got the better of my inclinations, and I decided it wouldn't be honest. The truth is, I felt like taking a trip to the far West, so I decided to take charge of the troublesome sisters for the sake of the ride.

We left Philadelphia at half-past eleven on Sunday evening, and arrived in Tumble-down Town, Logwood county, Dakota, on the following Saturday, early in the morning. I was going to describe my adventures on the journey, but I concluded not to do it. My trials and tribulations with those distressing females are too recent to harass my memory at this time.

Tumble-down Town consisted of a railway station, blacksmith shop, grocery store, church, a tavern and three humble dwellings. There appeared to be only one vehicle in the town, and that was a dilapidated cart drawn by a bony old horse. I had received a letter to the effect that Mr. Winterspol would meet me at the station, and was wondering whether the bony old horse belonged to him, when the gentleman appeared, coming out of the tavern wiping his lips.

"Ah, Jinks," said he, "there you are. Come, gals, jump in the cart. We have a long ride before us."

"You're not going to ride us home in that shabby old cart?" asked Maria.

"Certainly. What better do you want?"

"Where's the barouche you were telling Sallie about?"

"Here it is. We call carts barouches out in this part of the country."

"Well, I don't care. I'm not going to ride home in a cart," said Maria.

"What's the difference?" inquired the farmer. Nobody will see you. We have got twelve miles to go without a single dwelling along the whole road. Our nearest neighbor lives thirteen miles to the north."

"Why, it's a wilderness!" I exclaimed.

"That's just what it is," said the old man. "A howling wilderness."

"And nobody lives near you?" inquired one of the sisters.

"Nobody but Injins. There's lots of Injins, miss, and lots of grizzly bears and foxes, wolves, panthers and wildcats. Oh, they keep things lively. You won't get lonesome. When I left home, an old grizzly had Sallie and the other women barricaded in the house, and they were throwing hot water on him out of the window."

"That's a lively prospect," said I. "Who do you mean by other women?"

"My squaws."

"What squaws?"

"My wives. I've got three wives you know—Sallie and two other ones. You see, after I married Sallie, I liked it so well that I determined to turn Mormon, and have half a dozen. But white women were scarce and very dear, so last week I bought a couple of Injin squaws and married 'em, I got 'em cheap. Swapped 'em with a chief for an old rifle and a keg of rum. I find that three wives, though, ain't half enough. You see, there is so much work to be done, and then a fellow gets so lonesome. I was thinking if the gals here didn't object, I'd marry 'em both, and so keep the family together like."

"Oh, you old wretch!" exclaimed both the ladies in chorus.

"All right, girls. Don't take it to heart. I'll give you plenty of time to think the matter over. Come, jump into the barouche. We've no time to lose. I expect a tribe of Indians here before long and if they catch us, they'll kill Jinks and yours truly, and carry the gals off into captivity."

This was refreshing. I began to realize what a nice place the West was to live in, and so did the girls. They crouched down in the bottom of the cart, and shricked every time it jolted, as they imagined it was the yell of Indians. We kept on riding and jolting for ten mortal hours, and in that time never came across a house—nothing but a long unbroken strip of wilderness. Finally, just after nightfall, we came suddenly up to a little log hut, hid away in a dense cluster of woods.

"There we are," said the old pioneer. "Here is the house." Then he called loudly—"Sally!"

No response.

"Hello!" said the pioneer. "Something's wrong here. Can the bears have eaten the women up, or maybe the Injins have come and carried 'em off?"

Then he went to the door of the hut and peeped in.

"It was the Injins," he continued, turning to us. "They've completely gutted the place. Everything's gone. Even the pigs and the cooking stove. That beats me! I could spare the women, for they had grown cross and troublesome, but I wouldn't have lost them pigs for ten dollars."

"Did you keep the pigs in the house?" I inquired.

"Yes, we all lived together. The pigs slept in one corner, and the women and me in the other."

"You horrid brute?" exclaimed Maria. "And this is the den to which you brought my poor sister! This is the grand palace in which she was to live!"

"All fol-de-rol, miss! You didn't believe all I told you? Sally didn't like the house, either, when I first brought her here, but after I had horsewhipped her half-a-dozen times, she began to like it better. I'd have thrown her into the well if she had kept on complaining."

"You monster!" the two ladies and I exclaimed in a breath.

"Pshaw!" replied the old man, "that is nothing. There is no law out here, and a fellow can do just as he chooses. You see, I am a poor man. Look at the house I live in. Not fit for a beggar. Where do you suppose I got the money to send you to come here?"

I told him I couldn't imagine.

"It was blood money," replied the sanguinary old villain. "One night about three weeks ago, a traveller stopped at my cabin for shelter. He was a pedlar, and foolish enough to brag about how much money he had made selling his trinkets. I don't know who he sold 'em to, for I'm sure nobody lives within twenty miles of me. But he had the money, for the fool took it out and showed it to me. One thousand dollars in bright new five dollar bills. What did I do? I waited until he was asleep, and then tying a string around his neck, and drawing a revolver, made Sally pull it, until she choked him to death."

"Horrible!" we exclaimed.

"Fact?" replied the old man. "In two minutes he was dead as a smoked shad. Then I took his money, and buried him and his pack in the same hole. His grave is just outside the door."

"My conscience!" exclaimed the ladies, and even I began to feel a little nervous in the presence of this monster.

"I wanted to use the money to the best advantage," continued the old villain, so I decided to send for the girls and speculate in them by selling them to some of the settlers. There is a fellow down in the gulch here—that is about twenty miles off—who offered me a thousand dollars to get him a woman, and I described Maria, and he said she'd suit him to a notch. He wants somebody he can knock around and cuff and beat, for he is only half-civilized, and is always two-thirds full of rum. Nevertheless, he is a good fellow. The settlers here all like him. They call him Red-handed Bill, because he is the boss murderer. He has shot a dozen men since he has located in these diggings, and I hear that in Arkansas, where he came from, he was obliged to rent a private graveyard to bury his victims. Hello! what was that? Did you hear that whoop? There it goes again. Injins, as I am a sinner!"

Sure enough, a terrible noise arose outside.

There were whoops and yells, the report of a rifle, and some miserable music, as if somebody was trying to beat the rifle on an old tin wash kettle.

"It is the Injins," said the old pioneer. "We must get out of here. Come, gals, if they catch you once—take care. As for you, Jinks, they'll scalp you, and take off that moustache."

"I don't care for the scalping," I replied, "but I can't lose the moustache. Where shall we go?"

"Follow me!" cried the old pioneer, as he waved a bowie knife wildly over his head. "It is a desperate game, but I'll save you yet!"

That is just what we wanted him to do, so we followed him. He led us out into the darkness and in the midst of a dense woods, which seemed to be literally alive with Indians, for they made an infernal noise. Every minute I expected to feel a bullet go ploughing through my anatomy, or have a copper-colored gentleman step up and request to have the pleasure of shaving my head. Nevertheless, we went stealthily on, following our conductor. Presently we emerged from the woods. Then the noise of the Indians suddenly ceased, and was succeeded by the music of a piano. Could I believe my ears? I looked in the direction from where the music came, and beheld at our left the outlines of a stately country residence, from which lights could be seen from half a dozen windows.

"Hello!" said I. "What is this?"

"I don't know," said the pioneer, rubbing his eyes. "Bless me, if it ain't a vision! Come, let us see what it all means."

We followed him to the house, and up the porch. Then he opened the door and, we entered. The next instant there was a shrill cry of recognition, and such a weeping, kissing and crying time I have not seen in many a day.

"Sally!" cried both sisters in a breath.

"My darlings!" was the reply. "What kept you so long? I've been expecting you these three hours!"

"You live! you live!" cried both sisters. "Thank Heaven the Indian's didn't kill you!"

"Indians! What are you talking about? There are no Indians within five hundred miles of here."

"And the squaws—the other wives!"

"What other wives? What are you talking about? I am the only wife. I'd like to see the old man bring any other wives around here. I'd show him a thing or two."

I naturally turned to the old pioneer for an explanation.

"It was all a hoax, Jinks," he explained. "I've had you riding around thro' my fifty-acre woods all the afternoon, and made you believe you were in the middle of a howling wilderness. The hut you just left was the cabin I built twenty years ago, when I first settled this place. Nobody has lived there for many a day."

"And the Indians?"

"Were my hired men—a Dutchman and a negro, armed with a dishpan. I gave them a dollar each to help me frighten you."

"But the squaws, and the pigs, and the murdered pedlar?"

"All fiction. It is astonishing how I can lie when I get started. I rode you over in the cart on purpose to give you a taste of Western life. I've one of the finest carriages you ever saw in the barn."

"And does your nearest neighbor live twenty miles off?"

"Certainly not. The railroad station is just across the fields here. You can see it in the morning. We have neighbors all around us. I knew you Eastern people had a terrible opinion of the wild West, so I thought I'd show it to you in all its horrors."

"Get out your whisky old man," said I. "I'm sold. I want to drink your health."

So he got out his bottle, and we enjoyed ourselves until bedtime. I remained on the farm two weeks, and then returned home with a rather diminished horror of the "Injins" and other monstrosities of the far West.

Boy's Out at Night.

The Frederick Examiner in referring to the liberality allowed many mere boys to roam the streets during the hours of night when they should be at their homes reading some good newspaper, studying some good book, or being otherwise profitably engaged for their future advantage, makes some very sensible remarks which will apply to parents of this locality also. The Examiner says: Parents who permit their children to be out at night, except when absolutely necessary, are either sadly forgetful or wholly ignorant of their duty and responsibility as parents. They do not seem to consider or to be aware of the temptations of the street after dark—of the opportunities for the corruption of good morals, and the contraction of habits and vices which will be to them as a mill-stone about their necks, or in other words, the poison of a lifetime. We believe it to be a fact, that more idlers, drunkards, gamblers, and bad people generally, are made in this way than in any other, and we believe too, that parents remiss in their duty in the particular we have pointed out, will some day be called upon to render a terrible account of their stewardship. Let us hope then that this subject of night privileges to the young may receive the serious attention and consideration it merits.

Why the Parson Left Kentucky.

A good many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition. One night, when they were all gathered around the camp-fire, one of the party suggested that each man should give the time and reason for leaving his native State and coming to Texas, whereupon each man in turn told his experience. Judge Blank had killed a man in self-defence in Arkansas; General Ssandso had forged another man's signature to a check, while another came to Texas on account of his having two wives. The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious looking old man, who, although a professional gambler, was usually called "Parson."

"Well, Parson, why did you leave Kentuck?"

"I don't care to say anything about it. Besides, it was only a trifle. None of you would believe me anyhow."

"Out with it! Did you shoot anybody there?"

"No, gentlemen, I did not. Since you want to know so bad, I'll tell you. I left Kentucky because I did not build a church."

Deep silence fell on the group. No such excuse for coming to Texas ever had been heard of before. There was evidently an unexplained mystery at the bottom of it. The "parson" was called on to furnish more light.

"Well, gentlemen, you see a congregation raised $3,000 and turned it over to me to build the church, and I didn't build the church. That's all."

IT is a sad sight to see tears on the face of the aged. When we see the young struck down with grief, and the overladen heart tightening its burdens, through flowing tear drops, we feel that the vigor of youth will sustain them, and that time will heal the wounds that grief has made; but the aged have not this advantage in their favor, and when the pangs of grief attack their hearts, the wounds inflicted there must last till those hearts shall cease to beat.

GOOD counsel is cast away upon the arrogant, the self-conceited or the stupid; who are either too proud to take it, or too heavy to understand it.

HUMILITY, self-sacrifice, and submission are native to a woman, and a woman's lips can discourse far more eloquently than a man's of these Christian virtues.

CORNWALLIS' BUCKLES.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DARING FEAT.

I am not quite sure of dates, but was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a decent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Annie Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Annie made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the man deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stable, saddled the pony, and was soon galloping off towards the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace which soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first out-post by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the General immediately."

"But the General cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony and tell me where to find the General!"

"But, my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me whence you came and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the General immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say."

The excitement of the girl together with her persistance, had its influence upon the officer. Gen. Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged regiment, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberties of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and in sympathy with the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to head quarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the General.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the General," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the General; and a few moments later Miss Annie Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment, the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her, Cornwallis in dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, and then come a simultaneous burst of uproarous laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the General that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then with ready tact, the General soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girls eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and another with Lee. "Now, said the Gen'l, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army; I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straight forward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands.—"Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel."

AS often as we bring to light the infirmity of another, we set our own on the candlestick with it.

NO flower of Spring, no tint of the evening sky, can appear more beautiful to the eye, than moral loveliness and purity do to the mind.