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The Kent News:

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

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882. No. 45.

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.

NOTICE
TO FARMERS

H. E. COOPER,
Has been appointed my ONLY AGENT on this Peninsula for the sale of
Genuine Rambo Lime.

This lime will slack more, act as quick, weigh less, and last longer than any lime on the market. This lime will weigh 20 lbs less to the bushel by running measure and we guarantee 60 lbs. to equal 80 lbs. of other limes. We challenge all tests.
ROBERT McCOY.

H. E. COOPER.—Dear Sir: The Lime I bought of you last fall slacked better than any lime I ever used, and I have used a great deal.
THOMAS MASSEY.

H. E. COOPER:—I am well pleased with your lime, and believe it to be as good as I ever used.
W. W. PARKS.

NOTICE.—Mr. Fleming advertises Rambo Lime. He cannot furnish one bushel of Rambo Lime from me. ROBERT McCOY.

ROBERT McCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his life-time.
f4-4m. NATHAN RAMBO.

BARGAINS
—IN—
WINTER GOODS
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS'.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES,
FLANNELS, DRESS GOODS,
BLANKETS, &c.
LADIES' COATS, SHAWLS,
SKIRTS, UNDERWEAR,
HOSIERY, GLOVES. &c,
Ladies', Misses and Children's Buttoa and Lace SHOES. Special low prices on Men's and Boys BOOTS.
HATS AND CAPS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTH,
at low prices.
QUEENSWARE and GLASSWARE,
Full Line of GROCERIES,
SUGARS, COFFEFS,
TEAS, FLOUR.
SPICES, TOBACCO, &c.,
as cheap as can be found.

I have a full stock in all lines, and will certainly make it to the advantage of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.
COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted.
Feb. 4, 1882. J. H. SIMPERS.

Take Notice

After this date, for a time, I intend to sell all WINTER and OUT OF DATE GOODS, such as
Kerseys, Cassimeres, Dress Goods,
BLANKETS, LADIES' COATS and SHAWLS, HATS and CAPS, and HEAVY BOOTS and SHOES,
Regardless of Former Price
As well as their intrinsic value,
FOR CASH.
Very respectfully,
R. F. PARKS.
Jan. 21, 1882.

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's at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. J. A. CATLIN,
(GRADUATE UNIVERSITY PENNSYLVANIA,)
respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity, that he has removed to Chestertown and is located opposite Stam's drug store, where he may be found when not professionally engaged. The Dr. begs leave to state that he has practiced medicine very successfully for the last eight years in the adjoining county and has removed to Chestertown for the purpose of attending more faithfully to the duties of his profession.
Jan. 14, 1882—3m.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON
Takes this opportunity to inform his numerous patrons and friends that he is prepared to DIG WELLS and put in PUMPS at the shortest possible notice, and as low as it can be done by any one in the county. All work in this line guaranteed. Can be found at residence, when not at work, corner Cannon and Cross sts., Chestertown, opp. Geo. E. Lambert's factory.
jan28-tf. CHAS. H. JOHNSON.

PIANOS! ORGANS!

PIANOS $160 up (Stool, Cover and Book.) Elegant Square Grand, 3 strings, full Agraffes, every improvement, only $345. Cabinet Grand Uprights $210 and $250. Other grand Holiday Bargains. JUBILEE ORGANS $50 up, Stool and Book. Excelsior style 42, five sets of Reeds, 15 stops, only $87. "Oriental," style 108 ten sets of reeds, 20 stops, only $125. No bogus sets of reeds, or "dummy" stops. All sent on 15 days trial, freight free if unsatisfactory. Fair and honest dealing guaranteed. Sheet Music ½ price. Piano, Organ, or Music Catalogue free.
MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.,
fe13t. Box 2058, N. Y.

"TRAVILLA" POULTRY YARDS.
I am now prepared to furnish a few very fine PLYMOUTH ROCKS of Stoddard's strain; LIGHT BRAMAS, Felch's strain; and PEKIN DUCKS, which I will sell low if taken before the holidays. EDWARD SLAUGHTER,
d10-tf. Chestertown, Md.

IF you want a cheap City Made Wash Boiler, or a good Home Made Wash Boiler, call on J. K. ALDRIDGE.

T. G. WROTH. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.
WROTH & ALDRIDGE,
HAVE OPENED A
NEW STORE
IN CHESTERTOWN,
Next to J. K. Aldridge's.

Everything New,
Bought for Cash at Best Cash Rates, and will be sold accordingly.

We keep a full line of
DRY GOODS,
SHOES, GROCERIES, NOTIONS,
SEGARS, TOBACCO, CROCKERY,
and everything usually found in a First Class Store.

A LADY'S nice KID GLOVE will be sold for a dollar. Every pair guaranteed not to rip or tear.

Eggs, Butter, Lard, Poultry and all kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices. Give us a call.
WROTH & ALDRIDGE,
Feb. 18, 1882. CHESTERTOWN.

GLORIOUS NEWS!
GLORIOUS NEWS!
NEW STORE!
New Goods!
AND
ASTONISHING LOW PRICES!

I take pleasure in informing the inhabitants of Chestertown and vicinity, that I have opened in the large and handsome store, opposite the Post Office, under the name of the
NEW DEA
with a large and well selected stock in the latest styles of
LADIES' FANCY GOODS,
OF ALL KINDS,
Notions, Hosiery, Gloves,
Embroidery, Corsets,
Handkerchiefs, Jewelry,
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,
MILLINERY GOODS,
of all kinds, and many more articles too numerous to mention, which I will sell cheap, as I buy all my goods for cash and sell for cash, which enables me to sell cheaper than those who buy on credit.
Give me a call and be convinced of my LOW PRICES. Respectfully,
J. CANTORWITZ,
opp. Post Office,
One of the "New I Dea,"
Feb. 18. CHESTERTOWN.

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.

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.

CLOVER SEED,
GAMBRILL'S FLOUR,
BRICKS,
SOFT COAL,
Just unloading, and for sale by
TURNER BROTHERS.
Feb. 25, 1882.

CLOVER SEED FOR SALE.
Farmers, don't forget this important fact, that in a few days R. F. PARKS will endeavor to show the best Seed for the least money.
Very respectfully, R. F. PARKS.
Jan. 21—tf.

ACCORDEONS,
Doll Carriages and Wagons,
at HUDGINS' BAKERY.

LANDRETHS'
GARDEN SEED!
FRESH,
GENUINE,
RELIABLE.
A FULL STOCK NOW ON HAND.

An examination of our stock is requested. We think we can give you better satisfaction than any one else.—Our long experience in the seed business enables us to select the choicest and most suitable kinds for our climate.

Market Gardeners will find it to their interest to buy from us.

COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST.
Our prices are very moderate.
March 4, 1882.

NEW STORE!
HAVING opened a new store at the old stand opposite Voshell House, I am now prepared to furnish the general public with a full line of
GROCERIES,
such as Flour, Meal, Buckwheat, Syrup, Molasses, Meat, Coffee, Sugar, Tea; Salt and Dried Fish, Canned Fruit, Hominy, Rice, Crackers, &c. Also, a choice line of
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.
I have also just opened a choice line of Glassware, Queensware and Tinware, all of which I am selling at bottom prices.
I have also good country Lard, and good Cider Vinegar.
BOOTS & SHOES I am selling at cost.
Choice line of Tobacco and Cigars of the best brands A good smoke for 3c.; or 2 for 5c., and other articles too numerous to mention.
Give me a call and convince yourself that this is a Cheap Store, and where you can find everything kept in general stock.
GEO. E. CASEY.
N. B.—Highest market price paid for Country Produce. Lard wanted; cash paid for it if required. fe18.

Copartnership!
THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the undersigned have formed a limited partnership. That the name of the Partnership firm is
APSLEY & DOWNEY,
that the partnership business will consist of Packing Fruit, Vegetables, Oysters, &c., and will be carried on at Rock Hall, Kent county, Md.
The public are hereby solicited to plant and cultivate VEGETABLES, as we expect to be able to use them by the 1st of June.
JAMES E. APSLEY,
JOSEPH DOWNEY.
Feb. 25, 1882—3t.

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.

MILLINGTON
BREAD AND CAKE BAKERY.
HAVING located in Millington for the purpose of carrying on the Bakery business, I am thoroughly prepared to supply the public at short notice with
BREAD, CAKE,
and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds, at city prices.
We keep a full assortment on hand at all times. CHARLES CUMMINS,
Feb. 18—6m. MILLINGTON.

HAND & PRIMROSE
HAVE JUST RECEIVED at THEIR
New Carpet Store
135 LEXINGTON STREET,
BALTIMORE,
A FRESH STOCK
of the Latest Patterns of
OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUM,
MATTINGS, &c.
Feb. 11, 1882.

IN ONE HOUR
YOU CAN LEARN TO PLAY
On the PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON, with EDISON'S INSTANTANEOUS MUSIC.
Complete instructions, together with seven pieces of Music, mailed to any address on receipt of $1. Send stamp for catalogue of Tunes.
EDISON MUSIC CO.,
fe18-3m. 286 W. Balt. st., Baltimore, Md

PUMPS. PUMPS.
REMOVAL.
SAMUEL GORMAN, Practical Pump Maker, has removed to Calvert street, opposite Wm. Burke's shoe shop. jt-tf.

A CONFIDENCE.

Yes, Nellie, my dearest, I'm married!
The die is effectualty cast:
The dining, the wining the rhyming,
Thank goodness, are ended at last;
The wedding is brilliantly over,
The gossip about it grown dull;
The honeymoon, dearest, is waning—
Are honeymoons ever at full?

The wedding, of course, it was private—
A crush is no longer the style;
The thing now is cards of admission,
And silken cordons in the aisle.
The breakfast ordered from Dalton—
You know he is so *recherche;*
In short, that most captious of critics,
Mrs. Grundy, found nothing to say.

My *trousseau*, pa swore it was reckless;
The bills were quite steep, I confess;
But where is the comfort in marriage,
If one must be stinted in dress?
My shawl is an India, undoubted,
In short, dear, my style is complete;
From the tip of the crown of my bonnet,
To the clocked balbriggans on my feet.

Yet, Nellie, remember, this letter
Not one other creature must see;
With all that woman can wish for,
My life is dragged out with *ennui.*
I'm tired of dressing and dancing;
I'm tired of party and ball;
And Nell, dearest Nell, ain't it shocking?
More tired of husband than all!

We dine off the daintiest dishes;
We live in the grandest of rooms;
We drive the best blooded of horses,
And keep the most stylish of grooms.
We shine in the great world of fashion,
Too dazzling for question or doubt;
Yet once tete-a-tete in our parlor,
We flicker most miserably out.

We've nothing of interest to mention,
We've nothing of interest to hear,
We've nothing especial to hope for,
And nothing especial to pay.
In short he's a negative husband,
And I'm a negative wife,
Condemned to that state of stagnation,
That's modernly styled "wedded life."

Ah! Nell, dearest Nell, I've discovered
There are things no money can buy:
The music that thrills through a wisper,
The light that beams from an eye,
The love—oh! the love, that's a dower
More precious than jewels or gold!
But I—well, I made my own bargain,
And find, I'm effectually sold.

TWO WEDDING DAYS.

Everything had been duly and properly arranged for the wedding. The engagement of Miss Nell Bartley to Mr. Bertram Langley had been announced in the fashion column of a leading "society journal," and the wedding day had arrived.

I am Bertram Langley—commonly called Bert—and while I confess to being most sincerely and entirely in love with my little Nell, I must add I had been quite annoyed about our marriage, first at the persistence with which she insisted upon a grand wedding.

For a month before we were to be married I believe I never entered the house once but Kate—Nell's married sister—rushed into the room with an—

"Excuse me, Bert, but Nell is wanted a moment." Or, "Don't look cross, Bert, but Nellie must see Madame This or That," till I lost all patience.

There was another cause of annoyance too—Nell's father was a rich man, and as able as he was willing to furnish his daughter with as much finery as she might desire, while I, on the contrary, was a man with his way to still make in the world.

True, I had a fair income and fair prospects, but I could not hope to give Nell as luxurious a home or as elaborate a wardrobe as her papa provided—at least not for some years; but I could afford to support a wife, and I loved Nell with all my heart.

When I asked Mr. Hartley's consent to our marriage, he was at first just a little inclined to find fault with my financial condition. An older man, with a well-secured fortune would have suited him better. He had a most unwholesome dread of fortune-hunters, and even went so far as to have a mild suspicion that I might just be a bit inclined in that way; but all that wore off in time, and we were on the best of terms.

The day before the one fixed upon for our marriage, Nell and I had our first tiff. I called to inform her of the smallest possible hitch in the church machinery. The regular sexton was obliged to leave town, but had secured the services of his brother, (a very deaf and stupid man, as it turned out). Possibly she might have some instructions to give him.

I waited full half an hour in the reception room, cooling my heels and warming my wrath, before Nell rushed in.

"What is it, Bert?" she asked breathlessly, "I am awful busy!"

"If you are in such a hurry it is no matter what I wished to say."

Nell opened her eyes in surprise.

"I've got to select some lace," she exclaimed, "and Kate can't wait."

"Neither can I!" I retorted shortly, pulling on my gloves. Then after a moment I added, "you think a great deal of furbelows, don't you?"

"Indeed I do!"

"I am afraid you will have to do with vastly less when you are married.

Nell tossed her head saucily.

"All the more reason I should be allowed to enjoy these papa gives me."

"It is not too late to retreat," I said coolly. "If you repent your bargain, there is time to escape."

Nell's eyes grew big with horror at the idea.

"Indeed, it is entirely too late!" she burst out, "Why everybody knows it! All our set have cards—I should die of mortification to put it off now! We must go on, any way; I have no fancy for being a laughing stock for every one."

"Better be laughed at a week than miserable for a lifetime," I retorted.

Nell opened her lips to answer, but just at that moment Kate put her head in the door.

"Nell! Nell! excuse me, Bert—"

I stayed to hear no more, but turned on my heel and strode away.

No sooner had I reached my hotel than I was heartily ashamed of myself; and when Tom, my elder brother and only living relative rushed in and told me that he had left his wife ill at home, so anxious was he to see me married, the last bit of crossness departed.

Next morning I saw Nellie for a moment only, but the kiss I pressed on her dear little mouth was a silent plea for pardon and a promise for better control over my temper next time.

Evening came—the church was packed—and I, feeling most uncommonly stiff and awkward in a bran new suit and speckless gloves, was waiting in the vestry.

Nellie was to enter upon her father's arm, followed by her bridesmaids and groomsmen—six in number—while I was to enter in the nick of time from the vestry, the minister from his study and meet before the altar.

I had requested to be allowed to be alone, so as to keep my part in mind, and for the same reason went early to the church, so as not to be stared at and confused, for this show affair was not one bit to my mind.

Just at the last moment Tom came rushing in, followed by the sexton.

"I've got a telegram from Lettie," said Tom, his voice quivering, "She is worse, and I must start at once. Just time to catch the train. Good-by, old boy! God bless you."

"I'm going too—just came to wish you joy Mr. Bert," said the sexton, who had known me since I was a lad. "Sorry I can't see you married. My road's the same as your brother's so I'll go with him;" and off they both hurried, the door shutting with a sharp click behind them.

The time for the arrival of the wedding drew near. I advanced to the door that opened into the church, designing to open it and peep through. I struggled with it sharply—no use! the door was locked.

Then I flew back to the inner door and listened. The organ was playing gayly, and a subdued hush told me that Nellie was entering on her father's arm, and here was I standing, caged like a rat.

I glanced around. The windows caught my eye—why had I not thought of them? I could at least make my escape, and the ceremony might be delayed, and consequently awkward; still Nell would not be utterly put to shame. Like the madman I was, I seized the table, dragged it to the window, sprang upon it, and climbed on to the high and narrow window sill; throwing up the sash, I prepared to leap out; but I had reckoned without my host; the cord that held the weight was broken, consequently the moment my hand left the sash the window descended with startling rapidity, striking me full upon the head, and knocking me off the narrow sill, dashing my head against the sharp corner of the table, and at last landing me full length on the floor.

I tried to rise; something warm rushed over my face; I put up my hand to clear my eyes—my hand was covered with blood.

I felt giddy and weak, still I staggered to my feet; then a black mist arose around me, and I knew no more.

This was Thursday eve. Sunday afternoon, the sexton, returning to his duties, found me lying upon the floor half dead, wholly delirious, my face covered with blood, and a hole large enough to let life out of any man. That mine was spared was because I had fallen with the wound down, and the soft pile of carpet acted like lint to staunch the blood.

As soon as I could control my thoughts I begged to know of Nellie. Poor little girl! she had been quite overwhelmed. When I failed to appear Kate's husband rushed out to inquire of the sexton if he had seen me. He was positive that I had been there and equally positive that I left again in company with his brother—said he could not be mistaken—both seemed in a great hurry and had jumped into a carriage and been driven rapidly away.

Messengers were sent to my hotel, but without gaining a clue to my whereabouts; so after a mortifying wait Nelly had been taken home, and the very morning of the day I was discovered the whole family sailed for Europe.

As soon as I was able to stand, I sailed in search of the woman I had so innocently humiliated. Not knowing her whereabouts, it was two months before I found her. At last one evening, wandering on the seashore of a quiet little English town. I espied her—and alone.

That she believed me a most blackened villain was plain, for the look she gave me when she recognized my presence was one of unutterable contempt. Now that I had found her, I was determined she should hear the truth.

"Nellie, I cried, hurrying to her, and grasping both her little hands before she had time to escape.

"Well, sir?" she replied haughtily, trying in vain to free her hands.

"My darling," I pleaded, "you will at least hear a man before you condemn him?"

Her face flushed angrily.

"What can you say," she burst out hotly, "that will make your conduct less dastardly? Have you not made me the object of every one's ridicule and contemptuous pity! Offering me public insult no woman could ever forgive? Have you not made me hate everybody, myself most of all? What more do you wish? Bertram Langley—you villain!"

I winced a little at the word, as I thought of my broken head—though God knows I did not blame her, believing as she did.

"Why are you here? And why did you run away?" she demanded, with a whole world of scorn on the word "run away."

"I did not run away; I was locked up."

"Locked up? For what? Where?" cried poor Nell, starting back, a look of horror creeping up into the brown eyes.

I verily believed she thought for an instant I had added murder to my other crimes.

"Why, in the vestry," I explained a little foolishly. "Come and sit down and let me tell you. I am quite ill yet."

This was a master stroke. Nell seated herself without demur, and half sitting, half lying at her feet, related to her the chapter of my misfortunes.

Dear little girl! her face brightened before I was half through—indeed, I am sorry to say she laughed quite heartily! but she became sober when I told her about the window coming down, and leaned over and kissed the scar on my head tenderly, and I knew that peace and confidence were restored.

Great was the family wonder to see us walk in together; but everything was all right as soon as I explained, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartley consented that Nell and I might be married next day in the quaint little church in the place.

And so we were. I led my bride in myself, and Papa and Mamma Bartley followed soberly behind, and Kate and her husband were all the crowd we had.

"MY daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."—*Texas Siftings.*

That Love Letter.

A number of our lady readers have correctly deciphered the *genuine* love letter from the "Model Love Letter" published in our last issue. Answers have been received from "G." Chestertown; "R. O. A." Kennedyville; "C. H." Chesterville, and "M. R. S." Centreville. The following is the rendering given by each:

To Miss ——

The great love I have hitherto expressed for you increases daily. The more I see of you, the more I feel myself every way disposed and determined to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has given me the most exalted idea of your character, and were we united, I should experience nothing but pleasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart at your service; I could not give it to any one more capable to do honor to my choice and to my family. I speak sincerely, and you will do me a favor to answer this. Your letters are always full of wit or good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant. L——.

Why James Buchanan Never Married.

The story of Mr. Buchanan's courtship and contretemps with his lady-love which induced him to live and die a bachelor has often been told, but the writers never seemed to learn the real history of the case, which was related to me over forty years ago by an intimate friend and neighbor of Mr. Buchanan, the late John Snyder of Pittsburg. Mr. Buchanan, after he returned home to Lancaster, Penn., after the war of 1812, opened a law office and his talents and industry soon secured for him a large and lucrative practice, which extended over Lancaster and the adjoining counties. He was a large, fine-looking young man, and his society was very much sought after, especially by the ladies. In the course of time he became engaged in marriage to one of Lancaster's beautiful and accomplished daughters, a high-minded, independent, but rather haughty and domineering lady. Professional business called Mr. Buchanan to a neighboring county, where he remained for several days, and when he returned late in the day, he found his office filled with clients awaiting his arrival, who kept him engaged until after the usual bed-hour at night, without even affording him an opportunity to take his supper. As soon as he was relieved from his clients he hastened to the home of his lady-love, only to find it closed and dark. Early the next morning, however, he repeated the visit. He rang the bell, when a servant approached, and in response to his inquiry for the object of his visit, was informed that she was "not at home." This he knew was a falschood, for he caught a glimpse of the lady through an upper chamber window as he was approaching the house. He went away, but never called again. Both parties were too proud and independent to ask or make an explanation. The lady soon after went into a decline and died. Mr. Buchanan never courted another lady, and althongh fond of the society of the gentle sex, he lived and died a bachelor.

A Singular Death-Blow.

A few days ago at Osnaburg, Ohio, Lincoln Murphy, aged about 21; Daniel Rice, 18 years or over, and several friends, worthy young men, were standing together talking on timely topics. The Sullivan-Ryan match and physical development were broached among other things and Murphy playfully remarked to Rice, "Strike me on the breast and see how hard you can strike." Rice, in response, struck him a moderate blow on the breast, bared to him, remarking, "That wasn't a very hard blow, was it?" whereupon Murphy smilingly answered, "No, it wasn't." But then Rice and his friends were surprised to see him fall to the ground, and horrified, on picking him up, to find him in his death-throes, the grim monster claiming the playful, smiling young man, apparently in the prime of life, in a very few minutes. It is supposed that death was precipitated by the blow, because of heart-disease, as it is now supposed Murphy was afflicted. The greatest excitement and sympathy is caused in the community because of the affair. Rice is held for examination, but it is not feared by his friends that the result will be other than exoneration. He spends his time bewailing the sad affair.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Death-bed Confession.

More than a year ago Wiley Embry and six of his children were burned to death in their home near Caneyville, Kentucky, and until recently the tragedy was supposed to have resulted from accident. Suspicion was excited by the wife of Bill Taylor Whittinghill getting a bill for $100 changed at a store, when it was known that the family were scarce of money. It is now reported that Dr. Jas. N. Brandon, of Caneyville, on his death-bed confessed that he and John Whittinghill and Bill Taylor Whittinghill, sons of Remus Whittinghill, did the deed. Brandon said they took a syringe and threw chloroform through the keyholes into the different rooms, and waited until it caused a deep sleep, and then went in and robbed the house, getting $1,600 in money. They then set the house on fire in several places and ran off. Mrs. Embry and three children escaped from the fire, and Embry and six children, including three sons almost grown, perished in the flames. The friends of Dr. Brandon deny that he made any such confession, but the story is partly confirmed by the Whittinghills having disappeared.

OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance: Both a soul may loose;
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers. Both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling; oft are sold,
And both in time turn all to mold.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last! and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new.
When men wear out they're men dead, too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine.
And both peg out—and would you choose
To be a man, or be his shoes?

OWING to the scarcity of turnips this winter, quince jelly brings an unusually high price.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Washington and the Yankee Boy.

"Old Parson Hale, whom I used to hear preach when I was a little fellow," said Grandfather Marvin, "was never weary of telling us children the incidents of a visit he and his mother made to Virginia, when he was a lad.

"The long ride by private carriage from Massachusetts Bay to the Potomac River was, indeed, a pleasureable and exciting journey, and the meeting with Gen. Washington was the event of events.

"The general was at that time living in dignified retirement upon his large estate at Mount Vernon, which consisted of ten thousand acres of land in one body. Nearly a third of it formed a neck on the Potomac river, with Huntington Creek Bay on the east, and Donge Creek Bay on the west. There were two grist-mills on the estate, one driven by oxen or horses, and the other by water.

"Parson Hale's uncle, William Barker, was, at the time of this notable visit, overseer of the water-power mill which stood at the head of Donge Creek Bay.

"It was quite a large mill, with a twelve-foot wheel, the water coming through a sluice-way two miles long. Boats laden with grain came close up to the mill door.

"The estate was divided into several different farms, each farm being devoted to the raising of grasses, grain and vegetables, just like any other farm, only everything was on such a very large scale. There were hundreds of acres of land in each field, and nearly four hundred men were employed all the year.

"General Washington had the personal oversight of these extensive farming operations, and rode about the fields and farms on horseback, every morning, in pleasant weather.

"Often gentlemen who were his visitors, and sometimes ladies, accompanied him on these rides. Their horses were trained for the saddle, and made nothing of leaping across the broad, deep ditches which separate the large fields instead of fences.

"Young Matthew Marvin had been at the mill several days without getting a glimpse of the great man, who, of course, he was very anxious and curious to see. So, one day, his uncle sent him to the 'Brick Barn,' on a grain boat, telling him that there he would be sure to see the famous general in that vicinity.

"Matthew found the barn to be situated at a distance of about three miles from the Mount Vernon residence. It was a huge structure, built of brick, and was considered a great curiosity, being sixteen-square, or double octagonal.

"The lad was looking about him with the eager desire to know 'the why and the wherefore' of everything—an impulse that has always characterized the wide-awake New England boy wherever he goes, when some one shouted to him that the General was coming.

"As young Matthew ran out of the barn he saw, galloping at a swift pace over the newly-mowed and beautifully undulating meadow, a dozen or more gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen on horseback. They were all finely mounted, and a number of sleek, handsome dogs ran gracefully on either side of the brilliant cavalcade.

"The little Massachusetts boy was so overawed and confused by the picturesqueness and grandness of the sight and the majesty of the great general's presence that he followed his first inclination, which was to run behind a corner of the immense barn, near which he was standing, thinking he could look out from that point of safety and see the company sweep by, himself remaining unobserved.

"Upon his starting to run, a fierce little dog rushed away from the party and flew yelping after him. The boy ran on and the dog followed in hot pursuit. Soon the frightened boy became conscious that not only the dog, but a flying horseman was also pursuing him.

Matthew had no idea of the extent of one side of that sixteen-sided barn, but it seemed a long distance for his short legs to accomplish. He looked back each time he turned a corner, to see the head of a white horse appearing at the corner behind him.

"He supposed the general considered him an intruder, and was determined to take him into custody. For knowing what fearful fate awaited him should he be caught, he exerted every nerve to escape, still turning corner after corner, the dog in hot pursuit, the horseman close behind.

"Almost ready to drop from fatigue, shame and terror, the poor lad turned another corner, only to find himself directly in front of the mounted party, who were drawn up near the wide, open doors, where heaps of grain were being measured before it should be tranferred to the boat.

"Here he was brought to a stand-still, by an authoritative command of '*Halt!*' It was but one word, and that not loudly spoken, but that there was power in the voice was evident by the alacrity with which it was obeyed by both pursuer and pursued.

"The dreaded horseman that Matthew now saw in full view was a lad not much older than himself, mounted on a pretty white pony.

"'What does this mean, Danebridge?' inquired General Washington, in severe tones.

"'Madge always runs after anything that tries to run away from her, uncle, and I only thought I would see the chase out,' exclaimed the boy, in a voice that quivered and with a perturbed air.

"'And who are you, my lad, and what do you want here?' asked the General, in a softened tone, turning to Matthew, who was trembling from head to foot.

"'I am Matthew Hale, sir, from Massachusetts,' said our Yankee boy, not forgetting, in his excitement, to remove his hat and make a graceful bow. 'I came on, with my mother, to visit my uncle Barker, who lives at the Donge Creek mill, and I am here at the brick barn to see the Father of my Country.'

"'Thank you, my boy,' said the General, very kindly. 'I am always proud and happy to see my Massachusetts friends. You must come and call at Mount Vernon to-morrow afternoon. I shall be at home at two o'clock.'

"And, lifting his hat, the general rode away, followed by the whole party.

"The old parson used to say that the chase around that sixteen-sided brick barn, when he supposed General Washington, mounted on his white charger, was behind him, was a terrible experience. It had its abundant compensation, for he went to Mount Vernon at the time appointed, when the general received him very cordially, asked him a great many questions about his studies and what he read, and inquired kindly and particularly about his family.

"Upon learning that Matthew's father had died from a wound received in the Revolutionary War, Washington manifested a new interest in the lad; asked to see his widowed mother when next he went to the mill, and befriended them both in many ways.

"As soon as the lad was old enough he was sent by the general to the academy at Alexandria, where he remained for several years.

"General Washington paid an annuity to this institution for the support of orphans for many years during his lifetime, and at his death left a fund of five thousand dollars for the same purpose.

"So the chase around that sixteen-sided barn resulted in the Yankee lad's being educated as a clergyman—one who did effective work in his own field of labor, and died greatly lamented and respected."—BY MRS. ANNIE E. PRESTON, in *Golden Days.*

How to Run.

Very few boys know how to run. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty of those who may read this who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping? It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us? Take the smallest terrier dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. And then a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than 350 miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping. Then you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying despatches and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who cannot run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners. But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I am going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose!

Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they cannot get air enough through their noses. There are many reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surface of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hairy network. Then the passages of the nose are longer and smaller and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go on puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan they will soon see the difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up. Keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this.—*St. Nicholas.*

A WAY PASSENGER.—He was a 'cullid tramp,' and approached Capt. Jase Phillips as the train hauled up at Pewee. "Is you de capt'in ob de kears?" "Yes," replied Jase. "Don't want fo' to hire any deck hands, does ye?" "No, I'm not running a steamboat." "Zac'ly! Mout I ride straddle ob de cowsnatcher to de nex' landin'—I'se busted an' a long ways from home." "Get on," and the negro straddled the "cowsnatcher." Ed. Gilligan pulled the throttle wide open, and the train had not gone more than half a mile before the engine collided with a cow. Next day, coming down, the negro limped up to Jase at the same depot and said: "Boss I didn't ride fur wid you on dat cowsnatcher. Kase de cow wanted to ride dar, too, and dar wan't room fo' bofe of us, so we got off to godder in a c'on field fo' to rest. De next time I ride wid you I'll freeze to de tail ob de wagon—hit's safer."

A LITTLE girl, three years old, who was charged with breaking a flower from its stem, said very decidedly, "No, I didn't break it." The one who had charged her with doing it insisted that she must have done it, as no one else had been in the room, but she said, "'Deed, 'deed, I didn't." Thinking to make her confess, the other said: "Now, Ada, I see a story in your eye." Her reply was, "Well, that's one I told the other day, for I didn't break the flower." And it was found that she didn't.

"PEARS to me your mill goes awful slow," said an impatient farmer boy to a miller. "I could eat that meal faster'n you can grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" quoth the miller. "Till I starve to death," answered the boy.

"TOMMY," said a mother to her little boy, "you must not interrupt me when I'm talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, then you can talk." "But you never stop," replied the boy.

A MUZZLE to wear on the left arm would be a mighty handy thing to have in the family.—*Oil City Derrick.*