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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, MARCH 18, 1882. No. 46.

**The Kent News:**

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

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

**PLUMMER & USILTON,**
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

**Terms of Subscription:**

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

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

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



**ADVERTISING:**

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

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

***JOB-PRINTING:***

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


## LEGAL NOTICES.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOSHUA WALBERT,
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 3d day of October 1882, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of March, 1882.

ISRAEL F. WALBERT,
March 18, 1882—4t. Adm'r.

### 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

EMELINE E. FRAZIER,
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 26th day of September, 1882, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of March, 1882.

WM. B. USILTON,
March 11—4t. Executor.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOSEPH C. SHRIVER,
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 undersigned, on or before the 25th day of September, 1882, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 21st day of February, 1882.

DAVID E. SHRIVER,
WILLIAM FORD,
Feb. 25, 1882—4t. Adm'rs.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

AUGUSTUS L. VANNORT,
late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th of September, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 28th day of February, 1882.

ARILLA A. VANNORT,
mar4-4t. Adm'x.

### Ratification Notice.

H. C. Kennard and J. A. Pearce, executors of T. C. Kennard,
*versus*
James M. Davis, Hannah Melvin.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, January Term, 1882.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of James M. Davis, made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 8th day of May 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 8th day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
March 11, 1882—4t.


### 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 practiceds 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. Lamber:'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 $245. 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 103 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.

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. 280 W. Balt. st., Baltimore, Md

PLOW CASTINGS.
A full line of CASTINGS constantly on hand and for sale at manufacturer's prices, by
mh11. T. L. HINES & CO.

SUGAR-CURED HAMS, Shoulders & Broiling Beef, Bacon Shoulders and Sides, and Breakfast Bacon, at
aug6. THOMPSON'S, up town.

N. Y. SEED POTATOES packed and shipped to any part of the county free of charge. T. L. HINES & CO.

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 IDEA**

with 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. VANTORWITZ,*
opp. Post Office,
One door 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, Glassware, Wood and Willow-ware.

**Fine lot of Fruits, dried and fresh,**

Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Cranberries, Mince Meat, Peaches 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 Grocery.

☞Cash or trade in exchange for all kinds of Produce. 7.

**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.

**Sale of Valuable Mill Property**

AND OTHER REAL ESTATE.

ALSO, ONE

**12 Horse Power Portable Steam Engine**

Manuf. by S. W. Wood, of Clyde, N. Y.,

**And Other PERSONAL PROPERTY**

THE subscriber will sell under a power of Attorney from the heirs at law of the late GEORGE GRIFFIN, of Church Hill, Queen Anne's co., Maryland, on

**TUESDAY, the 2d of May, 1882,**

between the hours of 2 and 6 P. M., in the town of Centreville, Maryland, ALL THAT VALUABLE REAL ESTATE of the aforesaid George Griffin, dec'd, commonly known as the

**CHURCH HILL MILL PROPERTY**

One 12-Horse Portable Agricultural Steam Engine,
1 one-story double Dwelling and Lot,
1 two-story single Dwelling and Lot,
Also, small lot of Personal Property.

TERMS:—One-third of the purchase money of all real estate and steam engine to be paid on day of sale, or negotiable note and security, payable in Centreville National Bank, interest added.—On personal property: Cash for all purchases of $10 and under; over that amount eight months credit on notes with approved endorsers. On the deferred payments of the real estate, one and two years' time will be given, the purchaser to give note and security, payable in Centreville Nat'l Bank, interest added. Possession of property given on compliance with terms of sale.

The above property will be offered in FOUR PARCELS and afterwards as a whole, and the subscriber reserves the right to accept either, viz

1st, will be offered, The Church Hill Mill Property proper, with pond, race, dam, mill gearing, &c., including lot of land and stable. Total acreage of nearly forty acres.

2d—The 12-horse Portable Steam Engine above described.

3d—The one-story double House and Lot containing about one acre.

4th—The two-story single House and Lot of near one acre.

This is admitted to be ONE OF THE BEST STANDS FOR A CUSTOM MILL ON THE PENINSULA; it is in running order, at present operated by Messrs. Cole & Elemens, who will cheerfully show to visitors the entire property.

This property is located in the thriving town of Church Hill, wherein are five Churches, two Schools, one Amusement Hall, Mechanical Industry, &c., and surrounded by a fine agricultural section.

The State and County taxes will be paid to day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser. The cause of sale is, that all the heirs are living and doing business at a distance.

GEORGE J. GRIFFIN,
147 Ontario Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
mar4-ts. [Cent. Observer copy.]

**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.

**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 Carry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and is satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone Vein bed by my father in his life-time.
4m. NATHAN RAMBO.

**WALL PAPER.**

*HOWELL & BROTHERS,*
Manufacturers of
**Wall Papers & Window Shades,**
260 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Being anxious of enlarging their trade with Country merchants, are prepared with their large stock of goods at prices that defy competition. We will send Sample Books of Wall Papers FREE OF CHARGE, to all Country Merchants who will address us by letter for the same. WINDOW SHADES of every quality and variety at lowest prices. mh11-m.

CHAIN ROPE TRACES, Plow Lines, Hames, Back Bands and Buckles, Plow Hearts, Points, Landsides, Mould Boards, &c., by
mh11. THOS. L. HINES & CO.

**Mortgagees' Sale**

—OF—

**A Valuable Farm,**

NEAR SASSAFRAS, KENT CO., MD.

THE undersigned, assignees of Mary A. Brice, by virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from William A. Brice and Mary A. Brice to David C. Hopkins, dated September 8th, 1871, and duly recorded in Liber J.K.H. No. 11, folio 151, &c., among the land records for Kent county, Maryland; and by virtue of an assignment of said mortgage from the said David C. Hopkins to said Mary A. Brice, and from said Mary A. Brice to the undersigned, as will appear by reference to said Land Records; and in pursuance of an order of the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause in said Court designated as No. 604 on the Equity docket of said Court, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

**WEDNESDAY,**
The 29th day of March, 1882,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown'
ALL THAT

**TRACT OF LAND,**

situated in the First Election District of Kent county aforesaid, on the public road leading from Galena to Sassafras, adjoining the lands of David C. Blackiston, Hon. Jas. B. Groome, and others, known as the

**Home Farm of the late Wm. A. Brice**

and now occupied by Mr. John C. Brice, containing

**200 ACRES**

AND

**3 ROODS OF LAND, more or less.**

This farm is good soil and very productive. It is divided into five fields, under good fencing, containing 150 acres, of which Twelve Acres are in

**PEACH TREES of GOOD VARIETIES,**

and Seven Acres in APPLES & PEARS. The residue is in CHESTNUT TIMBER and in Branch Land.

**The IMPROVEMENTS**

consist of a

**Two-Story Brick DWELLING**

in good repair, containing seven rooms. Granary, Stable, Carriage and Wagon House, all in complete order and ample for the use of the farm.

*THE TERMS OF SALE*

Will be as follows: $3,000 cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments in six and twelve months from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the undersigned.

Possession given January 1, 1883, with privilege of seeding the wheat crop next fall. Crops of the current year reserved. The tenant will take pleasure in showing the premises to any wishing to buy.

Deed at cost of purchaser.

RICHARD A. BRICE,
JOHN C. BRICE,
ELLA W. ERNEST,
ASSIGNEES.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r.
March 4, 1882—ts.

**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.

**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.

**PUMPS.** PUMPS.

*REMOVAL.*

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


### AN EMPTY NEST.

E. E. REXFORD.

An empty nest in branches bare
I see to-day,
A poem in the autumn air,
And of the May
I dream, as to and fro it swings—
Of hope's sweet stress,
And then, ah me! of vanished wings
And loneliness!

I think about the Summer days
That came and went,
Free from the care that robs *our* ways
Of sweet content.
I hear the robin's song at dawn
Beside his nest,
And, when the long sweet day was gone,
His song of rest.

I see the brooding bird that sings,
The long day through,
In silent song, of unfledged wings
In spheres of blue.
So stirs the mother-heart with bliss
She cannot speak
Ere she has felt her baby's kiss
Upon her cheek.

I see the nestlings in the nest,
So empty now,
Rocked by the winds of east and west
On the green bough;
And then—the little wings are tried
In keen delight!
The world of birds and men is wide
For loss and flight!

See! on the branch a lonely bird
Beside the nest.
Oh, who shall say what longings stirred
In her small breast!
She comes when all her kind have flown,
To linger here
Where happy dreams and days were known
Ere skies grew drear.

Oh, lingering bird, how many hearts
Are like to you!
The gladness and the dream departs
That Summer knew.
But in life's late November day,
With wild unrest,
They come to find—alas for May!—
The empty nest!

### Who Kissed Away the Tear?

Is anything stranger than the human heart? Nature sends a frail, green vine creeping across the earth to reach a grim wall and cover its ugliness—to reach a dead branch and cover it with life. We bless nature as we see these things, and yet we do not realize that human hearts are ever doing the same. One day, months ago, a rosy-faced child, looking from a window, saw a queer old man go limping past. I tapped on the pane and the old man looked up. The sight of that sweet face opened his old heart, and he went on his way feeling richer than for a month past. He was the grim wall—the child was the green vine. He passed again, and again the child was at the window, and for days and weeks they never missed seeing each other. At each meeting the vine crept nearer to the wall—the wall appeared less grim and forbidding. One day the "wall" laid aside his old hat for a better one. Another day he had a new coat. Again he was clean-shaven, and the "vine" scarcely recognized him. No one knew the old man, but all knew that he was feeling the influence of the vine.

A week ago as the old man passed he missed the face at the window. Was he too early or too late? He lingered and looked and seemed lost. It was the same next day, but a kind heart pitied him, and sent out word that the child was sick. The green vine had reached the wall only to be blighted. Two days more and there was crape on the door. The child had fallen asleep in death without a struggle, knowing nothing of the grand hereafter, but having no fear. On its pale cheek was a tear—a single tear which glistened like a diamond. No hand dared wipe that tear away. It seemed a tie between the present and the past—the living and the dead.

"Please can I see the child?" It was the old man—the grim wall—who knocked timidly at the door and spoke thus. They knew him by sight, and they led him into the room where the vine lay dead. He stood over the coffin for a moment, lips quivering and eyes full of tears, and then he bent over and kissed the face which would watch him no more. When he had gone they looked for the tear. He had kissed it away! Old and poor and unknown, he had reaped a treasure such as all the millions of the world could not buy.

### On the Safe Side.

A Michigander who was riding along the highway near Charlestown, Va., some time since, came across a negro who was grubbing out a stump near the meadow fence, and after a few questions about farm products the Wolverine asked:

"What do you get for taking that stump out?"

"Jist fifty cents," was the reply.

"How long have you been working at it?"

"Wall, nigh 'bout a week I reckon?"

"And how much longer will it take?"

"Wall, I 'spects I could finish it to-morrow, but I reckon I won't do it afore Friday."

"Why?"

"Wall, heah am de pints. If I finish it to-morrow an' git my money, I'll be bound to drap down to Halltown and bet on a race an' lose it all. Ef I wait till Friday, I kin hab de means of gwine inter de circus at Charlestown. I know my weakness, boss, an' so I'ze gwine to sot heah an' dig a leetle an' sleep a leetle an' chop off de las' root when I heah de circus ho'ns blowin' on top de red skule house hill.

A CHANCE FOR A YOUNG MAN.—The News, alive to the interest of all, and especially to the needs of our young men, copied the following advertisement from a "down the Shore" paper, for their benefit: "An accomplished and refined young lady, of fair proportions, desires the acquaintance of a congenial gentleman between 25 and 30 years of age, with a view to matrimony. The only requisite necessary is that he be a good dancer." Surely no properly constituted young man can ask easier terms than this. For particulars address Ledger, Easton, Maryland.

LITTLE JIMMY is laid up with measles and suffers a great deal, but when he was asked how he liked the measles he brightened up and exclaimed: "The doctor says I can't go to school for a week. That's how I like it."

"DIDN'T you guarantee the horse would not shy before the firing of a cannon?" "Yes I did, and I'll stick to it. He never shies until after the cannon is fired."

### SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE,

Sauce for the Gander.

As a rule detectives do not care to relate incidents in which they have figured unsuccessfully, but the following story illustrates the cleverness with which they often have to deal.

I was in Paris, enjoying a few weeks' vacation. Among the acquaintances which I picked up there was a certain Francois Dalton, a lawyer.

To say how I became acquainted would be rather puzzling. The proffered cigar, an exchange of newspapers, or a passing recognition, had ripened under his friendly gaiety into familiarity.

I had passed more than one evening at his snug office in the Rue de Ligne, where he received his clients.

He remarked one evening, with his irresistible smile: "Ah, monsieur, how would you like a scamper across the Continent?"

"Well enough," said I, "but my funds—"

"Do not speak of money. I can offer you a splendid chance to combine business and pleasure."

"Indeed! May I ask where and how?"

"Twenty miles beyond Buda—on the Danube—at Kisochati, a beautiful manor."

"Well?"

"You will simply take charge of the only son of a wealthy baron, Emil von Magar," adding, in his bright, bland way: "He is but fifteen, and has been placed in a Paris school; but alas! disease has developed itself, and the father is determined to recall him. It is important that he should seek the quiet of his native valley.'

Another questioning brought out the facts that a liberal sum per week and expenses were to be paid, and that it might require some caution to pass through Austria—for Hungary, where the baron lived was then under ban. The baron it seems was already suspected for complicity in plots, and the son had small discretion of speech.

It chimed in well with my inclinations. I desired greatly to see the home of that proud Magyar people, of whom Kossuth was so noble an example.

"Really," thought I, "this is lucky. I am to be paid for doing the very thing I long for."

As it was necessary to have a passport, I, in company with Francois Dalton, visited the school where Emil was at present.

On entering the apartment, from the lawyer's description, I at once recognized the lad from among some forty or fifty youths. There could be no mistaking the sharp features, raven hair and black eyes.

"This is the gentleman, Emil, who has consented to take you home," said the lawyer.

Emil looked into my face with a questioning glance, and then, grasping my hand, said with such outspoken sincerity that I felt drawn to him at once.

"Sir I shall have no fear with you."

It was the hearty expression of an unsophisticated mind. Dalton then spoke:

"He is an American, and he will be kind to you. Remember to obey him exactly."

"Then he hates the Austrians! He is one of that nation where all are free; where our grand Kossuth was treated like a prince. This good American shall see how our noble people are treated by the despicable tyrants."

"Hush, hush, Emil; you must not talk like this!" Then turning to me, he said: "The very children of that proud race are filled with the deep sense of wrong."

"Not to be wondered at," said I, as I recalled the accounts which M. Dalton had given me.

"When I am a man," exclaimed the handsome lad, "I will kill Austrians—they are not fit to live."

"Emil," I soothingly replied, "my dear boy, repress this feeling, or we never shall reach your home alive."

The following day I and my charge started. In due time we reached Vienna. A hundred miles up the Danube, and we should be at the baron's castle.

Uneventful days they were. I actually suffered with the emotions of my little friend; I learned to admire his proud spirit as I watched his flashing eye, whenever he spoke of his beloved country, or when he shrank from the questioning of some distrustful official.

I saw his quivering lip and distended nostril when, after some of the close questions of an Austrian officer, he sank back in his seat muttering, "I trust all to the good American."

After dinner I stood on the door-step of my hotel, and was accosted by a police agent, asking me about my passport.

"I have never been in Austria before," I said: "but in France I have given a gendarme a couple of francs to take my paper to the bureau of police."

"The same may be done here," the official politely answered.

Happy to be rid of the journey, I submitted the document. He hurried off, after comparing the description.

After Emil, who was greatly fatigued, retired, I started to the Grand Opera House, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the splendid music.

I presume I had been there about a half-hour, when a tap on the shoulder called my attention.

"Your passport?"

I explained matters, but to no purpose. The officer was obdurate. I must go to the police bureau and account for myself. Going around with me to the hotel, I learned that the paper had not yet been returned.

"Well," I thought, "it will be all right. I can explain matters to the chief."

Vain hope! After exhausting my eloquence, I was superciliously informed:

"Until the passport is found, Herr must remain in prison."

In vain I pleaded the unprotected condition of my charge. To prison I must go. Once inside the bars I felt how often I had been instrumental in sending others there. I was mad as a hornet—mad enough to bite a nail in two. I have often since thought of the proverb, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," but it did not occur to me then.

When morning came, I found my dander rising very high. I demanded to be brought before the American consul.

When we (for the police agent had me still in tow) reached the embassy, I began to feel improved in spirits, as I thought of the American eagle, the stars and stripes and other inspiring thoughts.

I meant to give our proud bird a chance to soar a little, and strike off in a second the Austrian chains.

An emaciated spindly youth, with gold eye-glasses, was present, scanning the Herald. The exquisite "never turned a hair" at my entrance. He went on reading, giving an occasional yawn. I ventured a delicate little cough, as a signal that I was anxious to interview one of the tail-feathers of the American eagle.

Not a quiver in the attitude of the dandy.

I was not accustomed to such impertinence, so I let out a little plain Yankee talk.

Down went the newspaper, the gold eye-glasses were directed toward me; a drawling voice informed me that the chief of the embassy was away.

The old Adam in me grew as big as a circus tent. I yelled:

"You are placed here by the American government to afford protection to American subjects!"

"Lawd, my good man, I cawn't do nawthing."

"You were placed here either for use or ornament, you little whipper-snapper! But you are a dod-gasted failure in either capacity!"

The now thoroughly frightened clerk drawled out again:

"Here, Sam-muel show this pawson the door."

Out I rushed, followed by the bewildered Austrian.

I need not tell of the few hours additional labor, the result of which was my release, however. I was driven to my hotel. My heart was in my mouth when I learned that Emil was not there.

I visited every hospital and police station in Vienna. All in vain. My heart bled for the poor Hungarian boy—the gentle lad who was doubtless languishing down deep in an Austrian prison.

A day or two of fruitless labor and anxiety followed, until I was compelled to confess myself beaten—I, a Yankee detective.

The poor, trusting youth, with his oft-repeated assurances of faith in the "good American" the heart-broken baron, the distracted Dalton—oh, I was in a pretty pickle.

I telegraphed to M. Dalton:

"Emil is lost! For God's sake, come on at once."

I received answer shortly:

"M. Dalton gone. Left no address."

I cursed my carelessness, and flashed to the baron at Kisochati:

"Your son has mysteriously disappeared from my charge. Hasten here:

The answer drove me mad almost:

"Baron von Magar not known; no such place at Kisochati."

Was I in a dream? I could not sleep for thinking of those big pleading eyes which seemed to follow me wherever I turned.

I grew haggard and must eventually have fallen into brain fever, had I not been recalled to Paris by a telegram from one of my own agents.

Not knowing what else to do, I returned to that magnificent city. The first person I met, while stepping off the train, was Philander Phog, an old acquaintance.

He was amazed at my condition, for I had grown thin, and anxiety was doubtless painted on my face.

Philander hurried me to his room, and lashing me fast to a bottle of wine, wanted to know what was up.

I gave him the history of my case.

"What was the date of your departure from Paris?"

"November 17—Wednesday."

"Just a month ago," he exclaimed.

With a bound he had taken down a newspaper file, and was turning over its pages.

Presently, with a guffaw that shook the rafters, he fell back into a chair, shouting between his spells:

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! The best detective in America taken in—done for!"

The blood rushed to my face as I angrily demanded an explanation; but it was impossible for him to do or say more.

He rolled over the floor and held his sides. I grew mad, as was natural—even madder than when I was superciliously treated by the young fop at the American Legation.

I, too, turned to the newspaper. In an instant I saw it all. I had actually smuggled one of the most adroit little thieves and confidence operators out of Paris—right under the noses of the police.

I had immortalized myself by chaperoning Clara Richat out of the reach of justice. The police had tracked her, after the most tedious operations, to a certain point.

Emil was the very princess of adventuressess—spy, thief, forger and murderer. Her last feat had been to rob the Countess de Blazonis of her jewels.

By the connivance of Francois Dalton she had been admitted to the school as a Hungarian boy. At that point the French detectives lost her.

The cordon of French and Flemish agents were dying to know how and where she had crossed the frontier, for they had made every point secure.

The proprietor of the school was innocent, and he declared that Emil had been his most docile, his most intelligent pupil.

M. Dalton, it had since been ascertained, was the man of reference, the "fence," who directed her game. It was believed that he had eloped with the handsome queen of the criminals.

No wonder, indeed, that Philander ejaculated "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" nor that I beat a hasty retreat from Paris.

The story leaves a bad taste in my mouth to this day, I confess.

"YES, dear, love will keep out the cold better than any of your new-fangled furnaces or patent window shutters. If there's a pane of glass out of your window, darling, and the wind comes howling through it, stop it up with a newspaper. With love and a newspaper you can keep a good deal warmer than the fashionable lady whose heart is cold. You can take charge of the love, and let the old man have his pipe and newspaper."—*New York Commercial.*

"CONDUCTOR," said a lady passenger on the train, pointing over her shoulder to a man who was resting his feet on the window sill behind her, "I wish you would request that brute to take his feet down." "I daren't, ma'am," replied the polite but cautious ticket fiend, "he's a member of the legislature."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### UNREFORMED REFORMATION.

If reformation don't reform,
What is the use of reformation?
Why should we worry, toil and strive
To keep the ancient seed alive
And aggravate the old vexation!

Of what avail are splits,
With all their trouble and dissension,
If still the party must endure
The evils that it sought to cure,
And find no method of prevention?

All manner of corruption needs
A thorough, careful fumigation;
But if the garments of the dead
About the room are newly spread;
That's not a thorough reformation.

Old cloth in garments that are new
Is not a wise amalgamation.
And when a ringster of the past
Turns up to lead reform at last,
That's not a thorough reformation.

For such reform the men who vote
Can hardly care a copper's tossing,
Nor do they claim to clearly see
What an advantage it will be
To change one man's for another's bossing.

### A BACHELOR'S VIEWS.

RUSKIN'S IDEAL WIFE—VOICE FROM A BEAR.

*From the Balto. Sun.*

The following communication from "A Bachelor" will doubtless be read with interest, if not indorsed, by some of our recent lady correspondents:

"Being a bachelor with an income just about double my wants, and having always been a marrying man without being able to find a woman who would enter matrimony with me on a basis of recognition of practical facts, I think I may have a right to refute some of the charges heaped by your numerous lady correspondents on my unoffending sex. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, I know that all men are anxious to marry, but not quite all are hot-blooded enough to count the cost. The woman of today is an expensive animal. Without useful accomplishments, such as spinning, drawing, cooking, she makes nothing she uses, but buys everything. She dresses to meet the criticism of other women, not for her own comfort or her husband's approval. She values nothing for what it is, but for what it appears—to others. Hence she is extravagant. She wishes to shine, and does not hesitate to make a strain upon the family finances to get the last new trifle. The spring bonnet costs from $10 to $30; my hat costs me $3. A bonnet ribbon alone often costs $6. No woman is ever happy without a sealskin sacque, costing from $200 to $500. She has a half dozen dresses a year, made up by extortionate milliners, and costing from $20 to $90 apiece. When these trifles of her wardrobe cost so much, what are we to expect of the substantial? I shrink from the estimate. I can see that the average girl cannot live on what my living costs me, but requires twice as much. Her habits demand it. She may fancy in the early stages of her love that she can forego her expensive tastes, but the sacrifice, if she makes it, tells on her spirits, affects her digestion, undermines her health, and carries her to an early grave. Seeing this, no man with a tender and truly sympathetic heart will wish to tempt her to dismal effort. She may after marriage try to conceal it, but it is plain that the woman who is unable to defy the criticism of her neighbors in dress, furniture, blue china and ornamental ginger jars is never a happy woman. This brings me to the principle involved. It is this: that the American women nowadays finds the stimulus and interest of her life not at home in the arms and smile of approval of the lord of her heart, but out of doors, on the street, at church, in the dry goods stores, at china auctions, and at church fares. Man loves the fireside, and when on matrimony intent it is upon the prospective domestic hearth that his fancy fixes. That warms his heart and prompts the soft confusion. But woman nowadays does not centre her interests there. Her fancy roves abroad, and as in this country her liberty is greater than her discretion, abroad she goes to see and be seen; to bring back expensive bric-a-brac, which she lacks the taste to create or select; to engage in the dissipations of society, or religion, until she has little energy left to devote to making home comfortable for her husband. Exhausted with her foreign expeditions, she has no patience with her husband's demand for well-cooked food, such as he was formerly accustomed to in the happy days of his boarding-house existence. In a word, Mr. Editor, if I could find a woman who could cease to live wholly for herself and become able to live partly for somebody else, I'd court."

RUSKIN'S DEFINITION OF A WIFE.

As a partial answer to the question of a wife's true duties and position, we give Ruskin's eloquent definition: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that femine. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must either be housewives or house-moths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Whenever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire of her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.

"How beautiful the dome of heaven this evening," said Angelica, as she leaned heavily on his arm. "The stars seem to look down upon us—" "Oh, yes," said practical John, "it's impossible for them to look up to us, you know. They cawn't." Sudden check to an evening's fill of most delightful sentimentality.—*Weaver.*

"HAVE you Lenten jokes this week, Mr. Spicer?" asked "a constant reader