msa_sc2901_scm1624-0902 ©Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

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

JAMES 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, APRIL 8, 1882. No. 49.

GRAND OPENING!!

—AT THE—

"STAR" CLOTHING HOUSE

Under the "Kent News" Office, CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—OF—

Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's CLOTHING,

Of the Very Latest Spring Styles,

and for quality and neatness of cut will excell any stock ever offered to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Our stock is large and complete in every respect, and were bought at the very lowest cash prices. *We are prepared to sell at MUCH LOWER PRICES than any other house on the Shore.*

Give us a call. We take great pleasure in showing our goods.

We think it will be to your interest to examine our stock and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

We respectfully invite everybody to visit the STAR CLOTHING HOUSE, under the "Kent News" office, Chestertown, Md.

We are also prepared to do all kinds of Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing. Respectfully,

April 1, 1882. **A. FRIEDMAN.**

DO YOU REALIZE

THAT RIGHT HERE IN CHESTERTOWN,

At PIERCE'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Is the Neatest, Nicest and CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT of BOOTS AND SHOES you ever saw?

T. D. PIERCE GIVES his exclusive attention to the **BOOT and SHOE Business,** and has a perfect collection of SPRING & SUMMER FOOT WEAR unsurpassed in Style, Elegance and Finish. We are prepared to prove it. Call and see for yourself.

T. D. PIERCE, Chestertown, Md.
OPPOSITE THE BANK.

N. B.—Measures taken for Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes. Fits guaranteed.

"LISTER."

—()—

Persons who intend to use FERTILIZERS on their CORN and POTATO CROPS or FRUIT TREES; are invited to an inspection of the samples of the various preparations of LISTER BROS.

m25-10t. **W. N. E. WICKES.**

1882. SPRING. 1882.

Climax Super Phosphate,

ACME SUPER PHOSPHATE,

HIGHEST GRADE. LOWEST PRICES.

The attention of FARMERS and GARDENERS is directed to the above brands of Phosphate, prepared by us specially for CORN and VEGETABLES, and containing all the elements of plant food required by these crops.

These goods are equal to any in the market and are offered at the Lowest Prices consistent with purity.

Pure Fertilizing Chemicals
Of all kinds, in lots and at Prices to suit.

Samples, Price Lists, and any other information promptly furnished upon application.

Your early orders are respectfully solicited,

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in FERTILIZERS, CHEMICALS, &c.
Office:—MARKET SPACE, CHESTERTOWN.
Factory:—MASSEYS. March 25, 1882.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN W. FRANCIS,
late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 21st day of Sept., 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of March, 1882.

HARRY S. FRANCIS,
March 25—4t. Adm'r.

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.

KENT CO., To Wit:

I hereby certify that William Duyer, farmer, of Kent county, brought before me, the subscriber, this 18th day of Feb., 1882, as an estray trespassing upon his enclosures a blueish colored STEER, about two years old. Given under my hand.

W. K. EVERETT, J. P.

The owner of said Steer is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

March 25—3t. WM. DUYER.

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.

PUMPS. PUMPS.

REMOVAL.

SAMUEL GORMAN, Practical Pump Maker, has removed to Calvert street, opposite Wm. Burke's shoe shop. j7-tf.

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

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

Corn Phosphate!

"OLD KENT!"

"Old Kent!"

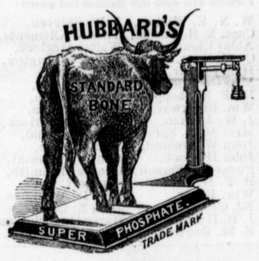
The undersigned is still selling the reliable "OLD KENT" CORN PHOSPHATE. IT HAS NEVER BEEN EXCELLED. Parties who used it last year are already handing in their orders for this Spring.

OFFICE next door to James A. Shaw's, Court street.

JOHN W. HINES,
mh18-2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF



—AND—

Pure Ground Bone

Chestertown, Maryland.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for CRUDE BONES delivered at our Factory. mh18-10t.

THE CELEBRATED

Hyland & Co.

FARM WAGON.

To Our Friends and the Public:

In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula, we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public. It seems to be the unanimous verdict of Farmers that our Wagons track better and run lighter than any others made on the Peninsula. This was the decision of the Judges of the Worton Fair, held in September, 1881. Every piece is carefully selected, and nothing but the best material is used.

Our DEARBORNS and CARTS are

Excelled by None.

We are also selling the celebrated OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, and intend to keep on hand all the Extras. We will sell them for less money than they can be bought elsewhere. We are still making the Concave, Minor & Horton, Wileys and the Two-furrowed Plows. We intend to Grind and Chill the Castings, which will make them equal to any other plows.

And we also have on hand CULTIVATORS and CULTIVATOR TEETH, both the Old Style and the Reversible Tooth. Also, Harrows, Plows, Hames, Single, Double and Three-horse Trees, Door and Gate Hinges, and the best ROLLERS made in the State.

We also sell the

Deering Twine Binder,

which is taking the lead over all others in the West. It name has become the very synonym of a perfect Grain Binder. It is not an experiment to use this Binder; the purchaser is to be his own judge and jury upon its merits. In every field trial it has proved itself a Victor. It will save 30 yards of Twine out of every hundred over any other machine. It is from 400 to 500 pounds lighter than any other, and three horses can pull it with ease.

W. A. HYLAND & CO.
CHESTERTOWN AND GALENA
Feb. 11, 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 5c.; 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. feb8.

BELTING!

WE offer the Farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties,

Rubber or Leather Belting,

as low as can be bought in the city; 2, 3 or 4-ply Rubber Belting, best quality always on hand. Give us a call, and you will find it to your interest.

March 4, 1882. T. L. HINES & CO.

BEST assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Queensware-Glassware, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Carpeting, &c., at R. F. PARKS'.

TRAVILLA Poultry Yards!

I AM now prepared to furnish EGGS for setting from the following varieties of Land and Water Fowls, and guarantee them as pure as I shall use myself:

Mammoth Bronze Turkeys	$3 per 13 Eggs.
White Holland Turkeys	3 " " "
Light Brahmas	2 " " "
Plymouth Rocks	2 " " "
Houdans	2 " " "
Pekin Ducks	2 " " "

Two settings of Chicken or Duck Eggs for $3.

I shall have no Langshan or Embden Geese Eggs for sale. EDW. SLAUGHTER,
mh18-3m. Chestertown, Md.

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.

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 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.

FRESH GROCERIES

UP TOWN!

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.

Our stock comprises

SUGAR, COFFEE,

TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.

COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at

WHALAND'S,
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN
Feb. 5, 1882—tf.

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.

BEST brands of FLOUR, viz: Clifton Mills, White Rose, Snow Flake, &c., constantly on hand and for sale by bbl., bag or lb. R. F. PARKS.

To the Youths of Kent Co.

A FRIEND of the Kent County Agricultural Association (through the Society,) offers a PREMIUM of TWENTY DOLLARS TO THE YOUTH WHO SHALL RAISE THE

Best Crop of Corn this Season.

The Association offers a premium of $13.00 for the second best crop, and $7.00 for the third best crop. Competitors must comply with the following conditions, viz:

That the amount of land be one-fourth of an acre; that no fertilizer containing animal organic matter shall be applied; any salt, such as nitrate of soda, or sulphate of ammonia may be used; stable manure may be applied.

2d. That competitors shall be residents of Kent county, and less than twenty-one years of age, and shall give in writing over their true names, the mode of tillage in full, including the time of planting. The crops shall be measured by a committee appointed by the Society, who shall make full report in writing, stating the amount and kind of corn grown, the character of soil, and such facts as may be of interest to agriculturists.

3d. Competitors must report their names to the Society in person or through the Secretary in writing at some meeting prior the First Monday in June next. HENRY T. MASSEY, Sec.
March 18, 1882—3t.

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.

TO THE LADIES!

Miss Mamie Nertney & Mrs. Sarah E. Legg,
Will continue
FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKING,

at the old stand at Rock Hall Cross Roads.—Thankful for the very kind and generous support we have received in the past, we hope to continue in your confidence and appreciation.
March 25—3t.

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.

SUITS made to Order

AND

FITS GUARANTEED.

A SPLENDID LINE of SAMPLES.

CALL AT

WHEATLEY BRO.'S, Up Town,

and examine their line of SAMPLES for Spring and Summer wear. They guarantee a fit in every case or no sale. WHEATLEY BROS.
March 11, 1882.

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.

WALL PAPER.

HOWELL & BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of

Wall Papers & Window Shades,

200 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Being desirous of enlarging their trade with Country Merchants, are prepared with their large stock to offer goods at prices that defy competition. We will send Sample Books of Wall Papers FREE OF CHARGE, to all Country Merchants who will apply to us by letter for the same.

WINDOW SHADES of every quality and variety at lowest prices. mh11-m.

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.

THE "Star" Cucumber PUMP is the best on the market, for sale by
mh11. THOS. L. HINES & CO.

BRIDLES, Collars, Traces, Back-bands, Lines, &c., at
mh25. R. F. PARKS.

AN EASTER ANTHEM.

Christ has risen! this is the day,
We flowers upon His altars lay,
And with the sunbeams Heavenward stray.

Upon our hearts we press the rose,
It seems Christ's blood upon it glows,
And thorns upon the stems repose.

Softly we lay the lilies down,
On Sharon's field the seeds were sown,
That rise from earth His brow to crown.

We scatter violets all around,
Beneath whose wings sweet songs do sound,
As if they moved the icy ground.

Old legends tell us they first grew,
From drops of blood the soft winds blew,
Beneath the Cross, dipped in fresh dew.

At Easter when God was untombed,
The white and purple violets bloomed,
And brought sweet oil to cure sin's wound.

Christ has arisen! bring the flowers;
Sheltered by rocks and woody bowers,
That slumbered through the wintry hours.

Hark! hear ye not the angels say
"Remember this is Easter-day,"
Among the flowers 'tis meet to pray.

To Paradise the anthems swell,
Angels and men the story tell,
Jesus hath vanquished death and hell.

Easter 1882. MATILDA CANBY.

An April Girl.

The girl that is born on an April day
Has a right to be merry, lightsome, gay;
And that is the reason I dance and play
And frisk like a note in a sunny ray—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to cry, they say;
And so I sometimes do give way
When things get crooked or all astray—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girls of March love noise and fray,
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;
But I belong to the time midway—
And so I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day,
Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And cry when I must; for that's my way.
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

St. Nicholas.

Published by Request.

Messrs. Editors:—An article styled "Pastor and People," published in your paper of last week, complains of the evil done in the church by "disloyal Catholics." No doubt there are in the world *disloyal Catholics* just as there have been renegade and apostate priests; but I trust that both characters are few and far between.

Finding fault with Catholics for want of love and respect towards their church and pastors is like accusing mothers of not loving their children. A "half-Catholic" is as great an anomaly as an unloving mother. I choose the mother's love for a comparison because it is the strongest and most disinterested, next to Divine love, known on earth.

The church of God is the one thing on earth that is perfect, because it is a divine, not a human institution; and those who have received the gift of faith prize it and love it above all things.

Catholics are more frequently accused of a blind love and veneration for both their church and their pastors, and indeed, a worthy priest who is a *true* shepherd, is more apt to be embarrassed by excess of kindness from his flock than to be troubled with disloyalty and misconstruction. I have heard a most excellent priest once say that the greatest difficulty was to keep people off; another spoke feelingly and regretfully of having been somewhat distant and cool sometimes to callers, to prevent too great encroachment upon his time. My own old pastor, who has been my best friend for a quarter of a century, is never heard to utter a suspicion against "croakers," nor does he trouble himself about gossip or gossips. His great mind and heart are filled with zeal for souls, and consequently he feels an interest in *all;* so much real kindness overflows his heart towards all human creatures that those with whom he comes in contact instinctively feel that he is their friend and eagerly give him all their confidence and it is never abused or misplaced. Even his Protestant neighbors share some of this feeling. He once took a ride of forty miles to reconcile a Protestant friend of his to her Protestant daughter from whom she was estranged because she had married against her wishes. The result was a happy making up. In so doing he had no earthly advantage in prospect; pure charity was his motive and the good God blessed him and his work. He has been heard to say that he could not sleep at night for thinking of little children that are neglected and that have none to instruct them. Speaking one day of the Irish, he said: "They love the priest so much! They are all heart!" Who could imagine a number of disaffected, gossiping croakers, instilling slanders into the minds of their little children and others, against such a man?

Kindness rules the world, it warms and vivifies the heart of man as the sun in the heavens does the earth and all living things upon it. The great secret of the love and veneration that Catholics cherish for their priests is the christian kindness and devotion of the clergy themselves. The greater number of them are noble pastors, not only ready and willing even to expose and sacrifice their lives for their beloved people, as they frequently do in times of pestilence and other dangers, but, under all circumstances as true representatives of Christ, "in spirit fervent, serving the Lord," they are kind, they are "all things to all men," to gain souls. When once they have secured the confidence of their flocks by Christ-like manners they can like true fathers rule, rebuke and influence as it seems to them right and proper.

But, as it is said there are exceptions to all general rules, I am forced to admit that there may be priests, who, from the infirmities of nature and other causes, are not Christ-like in their demeanor, who give bad example, and, by a forbidding exterior, chill confidence, especially in the timid and sensitive,—"hide their light under a bushel," and fail in their life-work from not understanding human nature, and how to deal with it. Such cases, however, I trust and believe are very rare. Father Faber, in one of his most beautiful works, compares kind acts to veiled angels. How shall we estimate the power of kindness in the hands of a wise and earnest priest, whose life is a shining exemplification of all the virtues, and whose heart, enkindled with divine charity, desires, above all things, the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls?

A CATHOLIC.

THE Balt. Sun says: By all means let the girls learn how to cook. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she cannot superintend properly unless she has some practical knowledge herself. Most men marry without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal, and it is a pity he is so short-sighted, as his health, his cheerfulness, and indeed his success in life depend in a very great degree upon the kind of food he eats; in fact the whole household is influenced by their diet. Feed them on fried cakes, fried meats and hot bread and other indigestible viands, day by day, and they will need medicine to make them well. A man will take alcohol to counteract the evil effects of such food, and the wife and children must be physicked.

A NOVEL FEATURE of European immigration has to be recorded. On board the steamer Chateau Leoville, which arrived at New York last week from Havre, were eight large bears, brought here by a party of French laboring men, who had caught them in the Pyrenees. The bears are to be taken West, where they will be put to the drawing of agricultural vehicles and the performance of other farm work. The animals with their keepers, passed up Broadway, during the afternoon, and excited much attention. As they crossed Wall street the other kind of "bears" indigenous to that locality crowded out of their office dens to have a look at them and to eye them as if with a "fellow-feeling."

A WILD RIDE FOR LIFE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FLIGHT OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH FROM WASHINGTON.

Harry V. O'Connor, in Boston Traveler.

On a cool, cloudy day in March, '69, I drove with a wagon and team of horses over the ground covered by Booth in his wild flight from Washington the night he assassinated Lincoln. I followed the exact route Booth pursued, for a distance of nearly forty miles, to the house of Dr. Mudd, near the village of Beantown, Charles county, Maryland, where he had his broken ankle set. After this he and his companion, Harold, rode seven miles farther, where they struck the ferry on the Potomac to Virginia, crossed the river, and penetrated as far as Garrett's farm, where the one was shot and killed and the other made a prisoner.

The object of my mission was an interview with Dr. Mudd, one of the alleged conspirators in the murder of Lincoln. He had returned to his home from the Dry Tortugas, where he had been banished for life, but was pardoned by President Johnson after four years' confinement. On the trial of the conspirators he came within an ace of being hanged; in fact, it was as close a shave of the noose as any I ever remember—and yet, practically, Mudd had no more to do with the assassination of Lincoln than the child unborn. But in those days (1865) a fierce and vindictive wave of passion rolled over the country, and victims were demanded to appease the cry for blood. Any one against whom the least suspicion existed was ruthlessly seized and hurried off to the old Capitol Prison in Washington.

Booth's original intention was to abduct President Lincoln, and to carry him down to Virginia, over precisely the same route that he took when he attempted to make his escape, and deliver him over to the rebels.

For six months before the fatal Good Friday evening, April 14, 1865, Booth had frequently traveled over this route between Washington and Virginia via Maryland, and had made himself acquainted with every house, every tree, and every turn on the road. He visited the houses of the people, paid attention to the girls, stood unlimited whisky to the men, and made himself generally popular. All this time he was preparing for the abduction of Lincoln, and it is understood by those who know the facts of the case best that the idea of assassination never came into his head, and was never hinted at until the surrender of Gen. Lee, less than a week before the awful crime was committed. Among those whose acquaintance he cultivated was Dr. Mudd, but to none with whom he sought to ingratiate himself did he breathe the purpose he had in view. He pretended to be very fond of hunting and fowling, and as Charles county, Maryland, is famed for its wild game and sportsmen, no suspicion of his motives was ever entertained. There was a numerous Catholic population in the county, and Booth was on the best terms with Father Flanegan, parish priest of his congregation. At a place called by two letters, T. B., was a tavern where Booth was well known, and where hundreds of dollars were spent by him in drinks for the rustic frequenters.

At the moment when Booth shot Lincoln, Spangler, the stage carpenter of Ford's Theatre, was standing in the lane back of the rear entrance to the stage holding Booth's horse, a fine, well-groomed, blooded bay. It took less than three minutes from the time Booth jumped on the stage from the President's box, after doing the fatal deed, until he was mounted on his horse and breaking way down the cobble-paved lane with the speed of the wind, the sparks flying from his horse's hoofs as they struck the uneven paving stones. From the lane he turned into F street, continued along to Four and a Half street, and then down to Pennsylvania avenue, wheeling to the east and bearing on by the north wing of the Capitol. He swept swiftly past the east front of the white and silent buildings and struck the continuation of Pennsylvania avenue. Here he gave his horse full rein, for he had a straight and level course before him, as far as the bridge leading across the east branch of the Potomac into Maryland. At the Marine Hospital, Harold, mounted on a horse waiting to receive him, and here the course of the narrative has to be checked for a momentary digression.

During the war, and for a while after its close, military sentinels were posted at both ends of the bridge that crosses the Anacostian or east branch of the Potomac from the District of Columbia to Maryland. These sharply challenged and inquired the business of every one crossing the bridge. To get over this difficulty it was arranged between Booth and Harold that the latter should stay in Union City, on the Maryland side, until night, and then about 10 o'clock, ride down to and cross the bridge, answering the challenge of the sentry of "Who goes there?" by replying, "A messenger going for a doctor." This answer was, of course bound to pass him over. On returning, and after meeting Booth near the Marine Hospital, Harold was to ride back ahead, and after answering the sentry's challenge again of "Who goes there?" by saying, "The messenger who went for the doctor," Booth was to ride up, and to the challenge of "Who goes there?" answer, "The doctor."

This arrangement worked to a charm. Harold met Booth at the appointed place and then crossed over to Union City, a small village on the Maryland side, without suspicion or molestation. At the other side of the bridge the road turned to the left, and for some distance was up hill. The night was fine but cloudy. The roads were heavy here and there from recent rains, but Booth took little thought of that. When the level road was reached he dashed ahead at the fullest possible speed, and never drew rein till he reached the place, oddly called T. B., sixteen miles from Washington, where he was forced to dismount owing to a broken saddle girth. This was quickly repaired by a handy man in the tavern, who remembered well four years after, what an enormous drink of brandy Booth swallowed before remounting his horse. No time was lost in getting forward. Both fugitives kept well together on the wings of the wind. Beyond T. B. the road becomes very lonely, and the country wears a desolate and deserted look. Groves of tall pine trees on one side, and dreary stretches of marshland on the other are visible.

Flying along this dark and gloomy highway, what thoughts must have filled Booth's mind! In every nodding pine branch he must have imagined an arm of vengeance stretched out across the road to smite him! When nine miles from Beantown he had to turn to the left, and take a kind of bridle path through the strip of pine forest. Who will envy his thoughts as in the darkness and solitude created by the overarching trees he could not help reflecting, that, no matter to what end of the earth he might fly, the avenging hand of an outraged nation would reach him and punish him for his unpardonable crime? After emerging from the forest path he had to ride through a number of fields, the road taking that course along the headlands.

At 4 o'clock in the morning he reached the fence that surrounds the plot on which stood Dr. Mudd's dwelling. Booth and Harold dismounted. The latter opened the wicket in the fence, with Booth leaning heavily on his shoulder, for his broken ankle was now giving him great pain; both moved forward to the entrance door. The knock was answered by Mrs. Mudd, with a light in her hand, and, as she told me four years subsequently, she was shocked at the appearance of Booth. "His eyes," she said, "had a most unnatural expression, either from excessive drinking or excessive mental excitement, I don't know which. His hair was in disorder, his clothes covered with mud, and he appeared unable to stand." Booth was taken into the parlor and laid upon a lounge.

Dr. Mudd was then called and asked by Booth to examine his leg and see what was the matter with it. To do this it would be necessary to pull off his boot, but, as it was very close fitting, the pain of the operation would be excessive, so the doctor took out his knife and cut the bootleg down from the top and around at the instep. He then slipped off the remainder of the boot from the foot, and Mrs. Mudd offered one of her soft woolen slippers in its place.

The doctor spent some time feeling for a fracture or an induration, and could discover none, but at last found that it was a clean break of the leg, just as a stick of candy might be broken in the middle and leave two clean smooth surfaces. He then dressed the leg and bound it tightly at the point where the break had occurred, putting on a boot made of pasteboard, extending from the instep to a point below the knee. The bootleg that he cut off he threw away in a corner, and never thought more about it and yet it was this bootleg that came within a hair of having him hanged, and as it was had him sentenced to the Dry Tortugas for life.

Neither Mudd nor his wife had the faintest idea that Booth had assassinated the President, and in that remote part of the country where he lived were not likely to hear the newsfor several days. Booth told them a plausible story about being out hunting and falling off his horse. After an hour's stay in Mudd's house, during which time Booth consumed a bottle of whisky and three ham sandwiches, both he and Harold started on horseback, Booth feeling much pain from his leg, for the Virginia ferry, several miles away. They crossed the ferry with their horses and pulled up at Garrett's farm, where Booth was killed a few days' after, and that was the end of the wild ride for life of John Wilkes Booth.

To go back to Dr. Mudd. Little did that unsophisticated physician dream of the trouble he was destined to undergo from having entertained Lincoln's assassin.

On the following Monday a company of cavalry, under the command of Col. O'Beirne, which was then in conjunction with several other companies, scouring the country in all directions, stopped at Mudd's house and made search for Booth. One of the cavalrymen picked up the discarded bootleg lying in the corner, and scrutinizing it all over found inside on the leather the initials "J. W. B." That was enough. To the cavalrymen it was proof strong as holy writ that Mudd was one of the conspirators. They then threw a rope around his neck, fastened one end to the pommel of a saddle, and literally dragged him on foot all the way to Washington, leaving his beautiful wife in an agony of grief, and with a family of four children to look after.

Booth rode the forty miles from Washington to Mudd's house in six hours. It took my team of fast steppers ten hours to cover the same distance. The breaking of his saddle girth was an evidence of the helter-skelter pace at which he rode, but in vain the riding, for if he had ridden to the end of the earth he could not have escaped the fate that befell him.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A letter from an army officer in Montana contains the following account of a terrible and almost fatal adventure in an alkali desert, experienced by the writer of the letter during the past summer:

"I was lost in an alkali desert. I was without food or water, and made a determined effort to reach the river. My mules became exhausted from thirst and hunger, then I walked. I led the mules while my driver went behind and pushed on the wagon. In this way, after a desperate struggle, we reached the river's bank, only to encounter new difficulties which were wholly unsurmountable. The bank was sandstone, about 700 feet high and perpendicular. I followed it up and down for miles, occasionally finding a broken place, but no place were a decent could be made without danger. I was almost dying of thirst, and looking down upon the shining waters below, whose musical ripple only taunted my sufferings. I returned to the wagon, night came on, and I concluded to give up the struggle and die there. Then I thought it would not be a brave thing to give up and die like that, but resolved to die manfully, fighting for life. So I took my rifle and spent the night firing signals of distress, and as the sounds would roll across the dreary waste they would only be answered by the howling wolves, who were on hand in force anticipating my situation and thinking of a good square meal. To tell the truth they made me mad, and I resolved to fool them, and even looked over the brink and thought of throwing myself down. It was about as lonesome a night as I ever spent. The driver, a big, strong fellow, did the sleeping, the mules did the groaning, while I stood my ground and fought the wolves. As the morning began to dawn I took a survey of my situation, and resolved upon another struggle. The driver was a little rested, but we had been forty-eight hours without food or drink. The mules were used up and not able to pull the wagon, so I abandoned everything taking only my rifle and amunition, and started across the desert on foot in search of the camp. Nothing but the pen of an inspired writer could describe the sufferings of that day's march. It was a dreadful hot day; there was not a tree, a shrub, or even a blade of grass to protect me from the burning sands, which reflected the hot rays of the sun like blasts from a fiery furnace. Not a living thing was there, even to a fly or a grasshopper. There were only the ravenous wolves that were following in my rear, ready to pick up our bones before life became extinct. Several times I laid down to die, but after a little rest I would change my mind on the subject, rally and go on. I got beyond the point of hunger, or I would have killed the poor unfortunate mules, who was plodding sorrowfully along with us, a partner in our sufferings. The resolution to struggle on grew stronger with me while it grew weaker with the driver, and I found it hard to rally him. I felt that I was losing my reason; fancied that I saw fountains and waterfalls in the distance, and greeted the driver as a party sent to my relief. One thing I kept uppermost in my mind was to struggle on and never give up. Then I thought of family and friends and all I had to live for, and the whisper would come almost audibly, "Push on! push on!" As the sun was descending I reached camp, staggered to my tent, fell upon my bed and it was all over. The light glimmer of expiring reason went out and left me in the gloom of insanity, which led me back again to the desert. For days and nights I renewed the struggle across the burning sands, and sometimes would get almost home only to be swept back again. My constant cry was for water, and I drank at shady fountains that never quenched my thirst, but always lured me on. My wife came and nursed me back to health and reason, but it was long and tedious. The horrors haunted me in my dreams for weeks, I and never went to bed without my canteen of water. Even now I am thirsty talking of it."

The Grafting Season.

Every farmer and gatherer should know how to do his own grafting. It is the easiest thing in the world to do, after paying a little attention to one who is at work. The few implements necessary should be always on hand, to wit: a grafting knife, which can be purchased at any seed store; a very fine saw, a long handle screw-driver to keep open the split stock, a tincup in which to prepare and keep warm the wax, and a thin wooden paddle, or rather spatula, with which to apply the wax.

The cherry can be grafted now, as the sap of this tree begins to run early, and there is a small chance of a cherry scion growing after this has taken place. The apple and pear can be set at any time up to the middle or even to the end of May, if the scions have been carefully preserved and have not yet started to sprout. There is no danger of a graft not growing if the stock be split so that the bark shall not be bruised, and shaping the scion wedge-fashion, both ways, preserving also the bark uninjured, and placing the rim of the wood of both stock and scion exactly together, or at least crossing each other, so that the sap can intermingle. We prefer two eyes or buds to a graft, and would rather have only one than more than two. One year's wood should always be used when it can be obtained, as it is more certain to take and growns more vigorously, and the graft should be cut from bearing branches.

We wish to remind those preparing grafting wax, that we have found four parts of rosin, one part of beeswax, and one part of tallow, to be the best proportions. Melt them together in a skillet, (which is best,) or a tincup, and mix well. It should remain in the vessel and be used as needed. Twenty or thirty scions can be waxed with one heating-up. When much grafting is to be done, a little fire for heating the wax should be made on the spot between bricks.

How to Set a Hen.

A correspondent writing to the American Agriculturist for April, has the following to say on this subject: "There is a right as well as wrong way to set a hen to secure a "good hatch." Poor hatching may be due, in some cases, to the infertility of the eggs, yet most of it is due either to a restless hen or to her not having been properly set. If the eggs become too dry, which they are apt to do in early Spring, when high winds prevail, or if set high up in a nesting box and the nest made of dry absorbent material, the chicks will be found dead in the shell, even though they are about to hatch.