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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, APRIL 15, 1882. No. 50.

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

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.

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.

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

GEORGE A. SCOTT, col'd,

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 17th of October, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 4th day of April, 1882.

EUGENE GOODING,
April 8—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

MARY J. LOUD,

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 17th day of October, 1882; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 4th day of April, 1882.

WM. J. YEATES,
April 8, 1882—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

ISAAC COTTON, col'd,

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 17th day of October 1882, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 4th day of April, 1882.

JOSEPH COTTON,
April 8, 1882—4t. Adm'r.

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.

Ratification Notice.

Rich'd A. Brice, John C. Brice, and Ella W. Ernest, assignees of Mary A. Brice,
versus
Wm. A. Brice, M. A. Brice.

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

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of Wm. A. Brice, made, and reported by Rich'd A. Brice, John C. Brice and Ella W. Ernest, assignees of a mortgage from Wm. A. Brice and Mary A. Brice to David C. Hopkins, dated Sept. 8, 1871, and duly recorded among the land records for Kent county in Liber J. K. H., No. 11, folio 151, &c., under the power contained therein, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the third day of June 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 third day of May next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $10,713.37¼.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
April 8, 1882—4t.

SPRING FERTILIZERS!

"STERLING," for Corn and Vegetables,

"P. P. GUANO," FOR CORN.

THE ABOVE BRANDS ARE SO WELL KNOWN that we deem it unnecessary to dwell upon their merits, and in claiming for them an equality with any, and in many cases a superiority over other Phosphates in the market, we are only doing that which

PAST TESTS FULLY JUSTIFY!

Full line of CHEMICALS on hand.

We respectfully solicit a continuation of the patronage of our Farmers, feeling assured that we can meet the trade either in quality of goods, prices or terms.

CONNELLY & DeFORD,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Parties in the Upper Districts of Kent can leave their orders with, or obtain any information from Mr. F. H. RIVERS, Galena, who is now in our employ. apr8-7t.

"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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 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. fel8.

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.

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. R. Lambert's factory.
jan28-tf. CHAS. H. JOHNSON.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.

☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address

COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FARMERS' GOODS!!

Farmers' Goods!

A Large assortment of

Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes,

Forks, Grub Hoes, Picks,

Tree Axes, Hedge Trimmers,

Pruning Knives, Shears,

Saws, Bill Hooks,

Bramble Scythes and Snaths,

Webbing & Buckles for Plow harness;

GARDEN SEEDS,

ROCK SALT! ROCK SALT!

Plow Lines, Traces, Hames, Farm Bells three sizes; Cow and Sheep Bells, and a large assortment of Sheep Shears.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
April 1, 1882.

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.

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.

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

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.

PUMPS. PUMPS.

REMOVAL.

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

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.

Ten True Friends.

Ten true friends you have
Who, five in a row,
Upon either side of you
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you're hungry,
They see that you're fed;

They wake up your dolly
And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes;

They buckle your skate-straps;
And haul at your sled;
Are in summer quite white
In winter quite red.

And, these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants
So trusty and true,
Pray who would be lazy
Or idle, would you?

Would you find out the name
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.

WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"Catherine, we must part. The king this morn contemptuously refused me further aid. Indignant at his want of faith, I retorted in measured terms, and am enjoined, on penalty of paying my life as a forfeit to my disobedience, to quit the kingdom, three days only being allowed me to prepare for my departure. I must return to Flanders, there to seek that support which is denied me here. Toils and dangers await me, to which I cannot consent to thy exposure. That tender form of thine, my love, is not suited to endure the buffet of my stormy fortune."

Such were the words of the husband of the Lady Catharine Gordon, on his return from an unsuccessful interview with James IV. of Scotland.

"And shall Huntley's daughter," replied the lady, "thus consent to desert her husband? No, my dear Richard, I have shared your short-lived splendor, let me participate in your reverses. Let us leave Scotland; let us together seek our exile, and a kindred fate be ours. Where thou goest will I go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

"Noble-minded woman!—but it must not be!" ejaculated the youth. "Catharine—for I dare not longer wear a mask—prepare thyself to curse thy unworthy husband. Thou deemest me the rightful heir to England's crown, but know me as an imposter. I won thy heart by a lie. Ambitiously aspiring to the heart of one fair and noble as thyself, have I entailed on a great and glorious race ruin and dishonor. Yet, oh! forgive me, and do not execrate my wild ambition."

"Oh, Richard, was this deception generous? Yet hold, my swelling heart, and let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride. My husband, avert not from me thus thy tearful eyes. Who'er thou art, thou hast been to me all tenderness. It will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catharine Gordon's love was unalloyed by interest and ambition. If she adored thee when, amid thy gallant train, thou stoodest unmatched, 'twas not the splendor of thy royal name that bade me wish I thee mine. Yes, my husband, I loved thee, and still I love thee, for thyself alone. Let us, then, fly these shores; desist from the wild pursuit of what thou hast no claim to, and let us seek a happy, a contented privacy."

"Alas, my beloved! it is impossible. Bound by a solemn oath to pursue, while I have being, the claim I have asserted, no rest remains to me. Leave me to my woes—leave me to my dishonor. Why—why should we both be wretched?"

As the unhappy speaker concluded he folded in his arms his faithful wife, and ineffectually endeavored to subdue her determination to share his fortunes.

The reader will, ere this, have discovered in the husband of the Lady Catharine, the youth who, during the reign of Henry VII., had arrogated to himself the title of Richard, duke of York, second son of Edward IV., who, with his brother, had been murdered in the Tower by the inhuman Richard III.

Possessed of every accomplishment that could engage affection, the youth, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming, had gained the ready respect and confidence of many persons of rank in England.

After the failure, however, of his endeavors to excite a revolt in that country, which was discovered by the vigilance of the king, and frustrated by the immediate execution of his adherents, he had repaired to Scotland and solicited the assistance of James IV., to place him on the throne of England.

James, whose credulity was equal to his valor, was easily prevailed on to support his pretensions.

He received him with the highest distinction, and in a short time consented to his union with a relative of his own, the Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the earl of Huntly.

Between the "White Rose of Scotland"—for such was the appellation which the extraordinary beauty of this young lady had gained her—and the adventurer an ardent attachment had existed from the earliest period of his arrival in Scotland.

But, finding the English people by no means disposed to join the fictitious prince, the Scottish king gave up the cause as hopeless.

* * * * *

The sun was attaining his meridian height when the unhappy adventurer and his devoted bride embarked at Leith for Flanders.

"Bless the leddie! bestow a bawbee in charity on poor auld witless Mansie?"

Such were the words addressed by a wretched-looking figure to the Lady Catharine, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she appeared on the beach.

She threw her a small coin, which the beggar received, ejaculating:

"Many thanks, leddie. Mansie's prayers shall swell the breeze that wafts thee over the wide, saut wave. But," almost shrieked she, gazing on the astonished Catharine, "muckle fear hae I ye need na wish a speedy voyage—better a watery grave than a broken heart—better a pillow on the foaming brine than a sleepless bed in a foreign land."

"What meanest thou?" earnestly demanded Catharine, whose curiosity and alarm were strongly excited by the words of the beggar.

"Ah, leddie, dinna ask. Gin ye saw wi' auld Mansie's een, ye wad no leave the land o' yer forbears to roam mang ruthless faes, a lanely exile. Fareweel, fareweel, leddie; dinna forget the warnin' o' auld Mansie!"

As she spoke she turned from the disappointed Catharine, who, with her husband, repaired to the vessel which was about to waft her forever from her native land.

As the boat was rowed from the shore, the beggar's discordant voice was heard chanting the following song:

"The White Rose has bloomed
Through a brief Summer day,
Yet the White Rose is doomed
To a rapid decay.

Thy smile may impart
A' its sweetness for awhile,
Yet the worm's in thy heart
That shall banish that smile.

Farewell—oh, farewell!
'Mid the tempest that blows
In my ear rings the knell
O' Scotland's White rose.

Swift to bear thee away,
Round the hoarse billows swell
Once again, an' for aye,
Rose o' Scotland, farewell!"

As the last words of the song pealed on the ears of the terror-smitten Catharine, she ascended the side of the vessel, and with eyes tearless from agony, perceived the shores of her native land receding fast from her view.

By an agreement between the English and Flemish courts, all English rebels had been excluded from the Low Countries.

Perkin, though born in England, was a Fleming by extraction, and might, therefore, have claimed admission into Flanders.

But, as he must have dismissed his English retainers, the brave companions of his dangers, and as he had to apprehend a cold reception from a people who were determined to maintain an amicable footing with the English courts, he resolved not to hazard the experiment, but repaired to Ireland, where he remained for some time in insecure and comfortless exile.

It is not to be expected that we shall follow the historian in a detail of his subsequent attempt upon England, of his landing in Cornwall, being joined by the populace, and taking upon himself for the first time the title of Richard IV., king of England.

It was at this period that his too faithful wife, following the fortunes of her unhappy husband, fell into the hands of the enemy.

This was a fatal blow to the adventurer.

In all his wanderings she had shared his fortunes.

With all his faults he had still adored his lovely, his ill-fated bride, his fair, spotless "White Rose."

We shall not depict the humiliating scene of his surrender to King Henry, of the exposure of his fictitious claims, of his ignominious treatment and close confinement, of his repeated efforts to escape, and lastly, of his arraignment and condemnation, but pass on to the scene of execution.

* * * * *

The last morn that ever broke upon the eyes of the unhappy pretender to royalty dawned heavily and slowly.

At an early hour the roads and lanes adjacent to the hill of Tyburn, the place of execution, were thronged with anxious and expecting thousands.

A detachment of soldiers surrounded the sledge on which the culprit and his confessor were placed.

As the procession approached the fatal spot, Perkin threw his eyes on the gallows that frowned on the hill, and observed to his confessor, with a smile of bitter disappointment:

"Yonder is the throne to which ambition has exalted me."

The father entreated him to dismiss from his thoughts everything that might distract him from the awful duty of preparing to meet his Maker, adding that though disappointed of an earthly throne, the present place was to be a stepping-stone to an eternal one.

"Were not these arms pinioned," cried the prisoner, "I would embrace the tree; and, since my tongue is not restrained, I thank thee for the blest assurance."

He was now urged to a public confession of his imposture.

"Is not then your master yet content?" said he, adding, "but I consent and thus proclaim my infamy. Urged on by restless ambition, but more as the ready tool of others' designing, I have disturbed the quiet realms, and sought a crown to which I had no claim. Father," he added, lowering his voice, "Heaven is my witness that had I not been bound by oath, I had long ago discontinued this iniquitous, futile enterprise. My unhappy Catharine! how does my heart bleed at thought of her. She long, long entreated me to resign my ambitious claim. That angel woman, father, in the flower of youth, in beauty's hour of pride, resigned her fate to my keeping; the descendant of a line of princes, she brooked alliance with a wanderer, an outcast.

"She loved me—she wedded me—she joined in all my miseries, to prove the fervor of her truth. Oft has she wiped my burning brow, streaming with drops of anguish—oft has she cheered, with sounds of hope my sinking heart. But now, now, father, she pines in bitter restraint, the captive of your master. Heaven's curse light upon him if he give her gentle bosom aught of pain! 'Twas well for both we were spared the misery of the last adieu. I deemed it, in thy king, refinement of hatred to deny a final interview, but my heart now tells me that he did it more in mercy than in anger. But no more. I have done with earth—I have done with Catharine."

He knelt, and, crossing his hands on his breast, ejaculated a silent prayer.

At that moment a stir was perceived among the crowd, and a female broke through the soldiers that surrounded the drop, and threw herself into the arms of the criminal.

"Not yet! not yet! Spare him a little longer! Tear him not so soon from my arms!" she ejaculated.

"My poor mourner, 'tis too late," replied the condemned.

"Oh, no, no, no!" replied Catharine. "It is never too late for mercy. Take him back to his dungeon—respite him but a few hours. I will go again to the king, throw myself at his feet, nor cease till he forgives!"

Nature could do no more.

She sank insensible into the arms of her husband.

"Now is the time," cried he, printing a last kiss on her pale cheek, as he consigned her to his confessor, directing him to remove her from the spot. "The bitterness of death is past," ejaculated he, as he threw on her one lingering look, and calmly submitted to the hands of the executioner.

The motion attending the removal of the Lady Catharine restored animation.

Involuntarily she turned her eyes towards the fatal spot.

What she saw may be conceived from the sequel.

"The fiends have murdered him!" she shrieked.

They were the last words of expiring reason that burst from the lips of the White Rose of Scotland.

A Comical Wedding.

Years ago, in New Hampshire, a young lady and her lover were placed in a ludicrous position by not heeding the advice—

"Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."

It was the custom in those days to choose all town officers at the annual March meeting. After a batch had been chosen they were marched off to a justice of the peace and sworn into office.

Squire Chase, the father of the late Chief Justice Chase, being a prominent justice of Cornish, usually did the work for that town. As the officers were numerous, the task kept him busy from morning till night.

One day when the town meeting had tired the squire out, he returned home, threw himself into an easy chair, and was soon in a sound sleep. An anxious couple who had been impatiently awaiting the squire's return that he might marry them, again called at the house. Mrs. Chase, being somewhat agitated, led them immediately before the sleeping justice.

"Mr. Chase!" she shouted, shaking him by the shoulder; "wake up! here's a couple come to be married!"

Half awakened, the justice rubbed his eyes, and supposed he saw in the couple two persons waiting to be sworn into office.

"Hold up your hands!" he said.

As they had never seen the marriage ceremony performed in that style, they hesitated.

"Hold up your hands!" exclaimed the squire peremptorily, and they obeyed.

"You severally and solemnly swear," he continued, "that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office respectively, according to your best skill and judgement—so help you God!"

The couple looked at each other, and then at the squire.

"That's all, excepting the fee—one dollar," he added, soothingly.

It was dropped into the extended hand, and they went out, doubting if the squire had tied the knot as it should be done.

After a little conversation, they concluded that if they lived up to the oath they would be much better married than most of their friends, and so the matter rested.

Save Your Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper is yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the heart that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solem consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary out-pourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters.

TWO WEEKS ago a Georgia politician arrived in Washington in search of an office. Deceived by the flattering promises held out to him, he telegraphed home: "Things are working; will be home in a few days." A couple of days since he again telegraphed home. This time the dispatch read as follows: "Things have worked; send me $25 to get home." This is a sample of how things "work" for thousands of office-seekers.

W. W. WADDELL.

Old Mr. Jones, senior partner of Jones & Son, considered it a good stroke of business when he had a telephone put in his grocery. It took the old gentleman several days to get the hang of the thing; but it paid to have customers order goods by telephone of him from a distance, when, before he had a telephone, they would run to the nearest shop. Mr. Jones was congratulating himself upon this the other morning, when the telephone bell rang. After the usual number of hellos, he distinctly caught an order for ten pounds of sugar, two pounds of coffee, a pound of cracker, half a bushel of potatoes, a peck of apple and a codfish to be delivered; but he didn't quite catch the name. After several vain trials, he asked the other party to spell it, while with his pencil he prepared to write it down on a sheet of wrapping paper.

"Double u," said the voice. Jones wrote it down and said, "Yes."

"Double u."

"I've got that."

"Well, put it down again."

"Yes; go ahead."

"Double u."

"Why, I've got that."

"Put it down again."

"But I have it down twice."

"Well, put it down three times." Jones sighed and wrote it again.

"A double d."

"A double d—that's add," soliloquized Jones; then he shouted back, "add what?"

"Add nothing. Just put down a double d."

"This is infernal nonsense!" muttered Jones; but he cheerfully called back, "Yes go ahead."

"E double l."

"Wha-a-t?"

"E double l."

Mr. Jones stamped on the floor and pulled his whiskers savagely; but he put it down and sweetly answered, "Yes."

"That's all."

"All what?"

"All the name."

Then Mr. Jones studied his paper carefully a moment, when he had written thus:

"U u u u u a d d e l l," and remarked to himself, "Why, that's confounded nonsense." He then halloed through the telephone in vain, and rang up the central office and inquired in vain who had been talking with him. Then he studied the writing some more. Pretty soon, in came his son, the junior partner. Mr. Jones showed him the letters and told how he got them. The junior partner studied them hard, read them both ways, looked on the back of the paper, and finally said it was the infernalest bosh he ever saw. They showed the paper to the bookkeeper, and he said it was sheer foolishness. The big clerk said it was absurd. The little clerk thought somebody was crazy. Finally the errand boy looked at it and was told it was meant for some customer's name; thereupon he asked Mr. Jones to call off the letters as near as he could remember the same as he had received by telephone. Mr. Jones did so when the errand boy nearly choked with laughing, and said, "Why, that's perfectly plane; it's W. W. Waddell." Mr. Jones never felt such an immense relief since he went into business.

A SON OF TEXAS.—"How is your son coming on?"

"Oh, I am having a power of trouble with him."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well, you know I couldn't send him to school because, thanks to Governor Roberts, there are no free schools, and I could not afford to send him to a private school."

"Yes, I know that is so."

"Well, I sent him away from Galveston, out to the frontier, and as luck would have it, he was convicted of horse-stealing and got five years in the penitentiary."

"That was bad."

"No, it wasn't, for you see, at the penitentiary he could learn a trade and become a useful citizen."

"Well, that's good."

"No, It isn't, for Governor Roberts has pardoned him out on account of his youth and ignorance."—*Galveston News.*

HOME is more to a woman than to a man. It is her temple. She is its goddess, its priestess—but oftener its janitor. A man doesn't look so longingly back at the old home, though it never cost him a cent, bought all his clothes and sent him to college. A man likes his home when he gets acquainted in it, because there his stupidity passes for the profoundest wisdom. His jokes are all laughed at (though it needs a glossary to get at their meaning) if he only indicates the laughing place. When a man dies he is wept for at home, but the cold world moves right along as if nothing had happened; found lovers come to his graveyard even, wear his tombstone smooth sitting on it, contract bad poetry and worse rheumatism, and burden the air with labial confectionery. I've heard that there were skeletons in many homes. They never get there unless they are brought.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

THE women who go into society at Washington have to be trained with something of the care and rigor which are devoted to boating men and prize-fighters, otherwise they would break down before the season is over. As soon as they come from a ball or reception at 2 or 3 in the morning, their maids undress them, sponge them down, rub them well, give them hot beef tea and and let them sleep until noon. On waking, they are given beef tea or eggs, and treated just as if they were ill. They have nothing to do but to rest and recover from the fatigues of one night in order to be ready for the next, all through the season.

ELI PERKINS is responsible for the following wicked story: The other day a Kalamazoo clergyman thus gave out a church announcement: "My dearly beloved brethren," he said, "service will be held in this church next Sabbath, Providence permitting, and it isn't good fishing in the river." One night Rev. Mr. Moore announced: "The Lord willing, and there being no minstrel troupe in town, there will be a prayer meeting in this church next Thursday evening."

JOHNNY wanted to go to the circus, and his father said: "Johnny, I rather you'd go to school and study, and maybe you'll be President some day." Said Johnny; "Father, there's about a million boys in the United States, isn't there?" "Yes." "And every one of them stands a chance of being President?" "Yes." "Well, dad, I'll sell out my chance for a circus ticket."

WHAT is that which has three feet but no legs, is all body but no limbs, has no toes on the feet, no head, moves a great deal but never its feet for that purpose, has one foot at each end and one in the center of the body? It never walks out, but goes with one foot where the head might be, dragging the other feet behind. Answer—A yard-stick.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"KINDER close is she?" "Close? Why, last month her husband died—fourth husband, mind—I'm blamed if she didn't take the door-plate off the front door, had his age added, and then nailed on the coffin. Said she guessed likely she'd be wanting a new name on the door soon, anyway."

"Now, my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter a dozen, bring them back." The boy went as directed, and came back, saying: "Father, it takes me to make a trade. They all tried to get 'em for forty cents, but I screwed 'em down to twenty-five."

"You told me, sir, that the horse was entirely without fault, and yet he is blind." The dealer looked blandly into the irritated countenance of the loser by the transaction, and said, with a charming innocence, "I do not regard blindness as a fault, sir; it is a misfortune."—*N. Y. Post.*

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied slowly, "our choice of partner for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared to yours."—*Boston Transcript.*

"FATHER," said an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relatives who never give you a cent." The boy said the old man, then, was the "closest" relations he'd got.—*N. Y. Post.*

DON'T let us return to loose trousers. After a man has got into the habit of greasing his legs, every morning, so as to make them slide into his trousers, he rather gets to like it, and don't want to stop it. We're all creatures of habit anyway.—*Boston Post.*

HE had owned a setter dog and this was the story he told; "Yes sir; the way that dog was devoted to me was just amazing. Why, he heard me say to my wife that I was pressed for money and he went and died the day before the dog tax was assessed."

"ELLA, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did, with perfect success.

DULL of Comprehension: "Is anybody waiting on you, Miss?" said a polite dry-goods clerk to a young girl from the country. "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel, "that's my fellow outside; he wouldn't come in the store."

A WAG describes a teacher's institute as a place where the males go to look at the females, and the females to look at each other, while bits of learning are sandwiched in like the young man goes out for between the acts.

OLD PETE'S wisest remark: "Ef de descendants ob de rooster what crowed at Peter was ter make a noise ebery time a lie was told, der wud be sich a noise in de world dat yer couldn't hear de hens cackle.

NICARAGUA will enter into the postal union May 1. There is nobody in Nicaragua who can write, but the natives enjoy opening the letters of the American consul.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WRITE plainly on all postal cards. The time of a postmistress is valuable.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*