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The Kent News:

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

JAMES H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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. 43. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882. No. 8.

ADVERTISI.

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.

Everything High except Clothing!

THAT IS TO SAY, AT THE

"STAR" CLOTHING HOUSE

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

It costs more to live to-day than it has for many years past, and yet to-day we sell better quality Clothing for less money than we ever did. The now and why of this remarkable exception would be a long story. The strictly cash nature of our business:—no credits asked in buying; no credits given in selling;—the careful economy secured by personal attention to details, are among the causes which make our goods cheaper to you than they can be elsewhere.

WE HAVE PAID FOR all our goods and they BELONG TO US, and we can afford to sell them at a very small profit. Not compelled to charge exorbitant or fancy prices that other houses do who sell goods on *commission* or *long credit*.

Some Strong Points:

AN EIGHT DOLLAR CASSIMER SUIT as good and the same kind other houses sell for TEN DOLLARS.
A TEN DOLLAR SUIT that is wonderful money's worth.

A wide and handsome variety to choose from.

Suits for dress in plain and fancy goods of the very latest and most stylish cuts at prices below the market in every case.
Our goods are all new and first class in every respect; never bought old stock and sold them as new goods as others do

COME and examine our stock, and be convinced that our goods are better and prices lower than any other house on the Shore.

BOYS' CLOTHING of all the nobby and reliable styles at special Low prices. Don't forget to give us a call and examine our goods.

A. FRIEDMAN,

May 27, 1882. Under the KENT NEWS Office, CHESTERTOWN, MD

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.

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

JOHN NAILOR,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 19th day of December, 1882; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of June, 1882.

LEWIS C. JUSTIS, JR.,
June 10—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

GEORGE W. JONES,

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 1st day of December, 1882, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 30th day of May, 1882.

DANIEL JONES, Adm'r.
June 3, 1882—4t.

ROAD NOTICE.

THE undersigned, thirty days after the date of this notice, intend to make application to the County Commissioners to

OPEN A NEW ROAD

from the road leading from Beck's Mill through the lands of V. Hendrickson, Geo. B. Westcott, W. D. Burchinal, and others, to intersect the road leading from Chestertown to Pomona at or near the road known as Wilkins' lane.

BENJ. F. BECK,
S. MERRITT,
E. M. WILKINS,
C. T. WESTCOTT,
J. A. GROVES,
R. HYNSON,
HIRAM M. BROWN,
May 27-5t. and others.

Roofing & Spouting,

TINWARE AND STOVES.

WM. A. BISCOE, Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of

ROOFING and SPOUTING

at the very lowest prices for cash.

TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work Stovepipe, Lard Cans, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.

REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty. A share of public patronage solicited.

W. A. BISCOE.
Nov. 6. 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.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

Do not forget, when you want to purchase a CLOCK, to give us a call and learn our prices, before making a selection. SPARKS.

Harrison W. Vickers. J. Thomas Rowley.

VICKERS & ROWLEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
ap29y.

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.

SPRING, 1882!

FAMILY GROCERIES

FLOUR and FEED.

WM. J. McFEELY,

At the old Post Office Corner, Chestertown,

Has now open 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.
m13. WM. J. McFEELEY.

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.

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.

Attention Farmers

This Certificate explains itself:

MR. E. T. COMEGYS,
of Locust Grove, Kent co., Md.

DEAR SIR:—It gives us great pleasure to be able to FULLY RECOMMEND the

McCormick SELF BINDER

which we had the pleasure of using last season. We cut with it in all conditions of grain. The machine has done all that was claimed for it, and more than come up to our expectations. We consider it one of the best labor-saving machines that we have on our farms, and the most economical, when we count the board and wages of binders and loss of grain in binding, handling, stacking and threshing after hand-bound grain. No farmer who has run a binder one season will think of running anything else. Would not part with ours for double its cost if we could not get another. For lightness of draft, thoroughness of cutting and binding, simplicity of construction and durability, we think the McCormick has no superior.

ROBERT COMLY, Locust Grove,
DAVID GRANTLIN, " "
C. S. HILL, " "
SAM'L J. HILL, " "
G. MAXWELL, " "
SAM'L A. MERRITT, " "
J. W. HURTT, " "
W. E. SANDERS, " "
JULIAN HURTT, " "
WM. T. MILLER, Chesterville,
SAM'L TAYLOR, Kennedyville.

Mr. WM. W. COSDEN, Lankford, Kent co., Md., Oct. 1, 1881, writes:

"The Self-Binder I bought of your agent this season, Mr. E. T. Comegys, Locust Grove, Md., has given perfect satisfaction in every respect. I cut 110 acres of wheat this season, and broke only one link of reel chain. I also cut 30 acres for my uncle, and helped a neighbor to cut who had used a different Binder. The McCormick Binder was acknowledged to be a horse lighter in draft."

Buy the McCormick Self Binder!

a Machine of 50 years standing. If upon two days trial the machine will not work satisfactorily, it will be taken back and all costs refunded to the farmer.

E. T. COMEGYS,
LOCUST GROVE, KENT CO., MD.
March 11, 1882.

THE "OSBORNE" SELF-BINDER

This celebrated machine is offered to the farmers of Kent. The pioneer in all valuable improvements, the OSBORNE Self-Binding Harvester leads all others in its capacity for work.

The simplicity of the Osborne Self-Binder is acknowledged by all. The machine works with automatic precision; without leaving his seat the driver can raise or lower the reel for long or short grain; can adjust the bands to any part of the sheaf; can suspend the binding in thin grain until enough has been elevated to make a good bundle, and can lower the knives to pick up the worst down grain.

The OSBORNE is a strong-made, durable macaine. The materials and workmanship are first-class, and its performance in the field is of the most satisfactory character. Its draft is remarkably light, that of the eight foot cut being less than some machines cutting but six feet. No farmer who consults his own interest will purchase a Self-binder until he has examined the OSBORNE and its splendid record.

There were more of these machines sold in Kent county last year than any other on the market.

For sale by

T. W. WICKES, Chestertown,
J. C. SUTTON, Locust Grove.

Extract from the Osborne circular:

THE GRAND SUCCESS
of our IMPROVED SELF-BINDER in the Argentine Confederation, where the harvest of 1882 is ended, promises well for the coming harvest in our own country. The slight defects in the binding apparatus, which were apparent in some of last year's machines, have been completely obviated by our improvements, and we can safely promise not only that there will be no like trouble in the future, but that the machine and its work shall be perfect in every respect. As to those of last year's machines which did not reach the high standard of excellence marked out for all Osborne Harvesting Machinery, *we have made them good in every instance, without expense to the purchaser*, where the matter has been brought to our notice. In this fact lies the secret of our great success in the manufacture of harvesting machinery. For more than a quarter of a century we have kept faith with our patrons by making everything as good as we represented it to be. Our friends, the farmers, can wish for nothing better than this. It is the key-note of our policy, and every farmer can read therein our willingness and our determination to redeem every pledge. Have any other manufacturers ever done this? Has any other manufacturer of agricultural machinery of any kind ever been known to pay transportation thereon to and from the factory in order to add improvements free of cost to the farmer? In purchasing harvesting machinery every farmer should remember this. By so doing he will perceive that he runs no risk when he buys an Osborne Machine.

April 29—2m.

PAINTS.

We have secured the full control in Kent County, of the

Girard Ready Mixed PAINTS,

and can furnish all shades, either by the pint, quart or gallon, at bottom prices. These paints are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Any one finding them other wise than as represented, will be furnished any other paint desired free of charge

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, White Lead, Linseed Oil, Japan Drying, Putty, &c. Give us a call.
d3. HINES & CO.

C. M. LUCAS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
Two doors below T. W. Eliason, Jr

Has a nice stock of New and Fashionable

JEWELRY,

consisting of WATCHES and CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, &c.

Also, an assortment of Rogers' Silver Plated Ware, from the Meriden Factory, Conn. Call and examine my stock, as these Goods have been carefully selected, and among them will be found many BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS. Jan. 1, 1881.

The BEST and the CHEAPEST!

The American

FRUIT DRIER

OR

PNEUMATIC EVAPORATOR.

THE undersigned, agents for the American Manufacturing Co., of Pennsylvania, for the sale of their AMERICAN FRUIT DRIER in Kent County, respectfully request all FRUIT GROWERS who are in want of a

FRUIT DRIER

to call on either of them and examine this Drier before purchasing. It is built in

FIVE SIZES,

with capacities from 6 to 150 baskets of Peaches per day, and is the *CHEAPEST DRIER IN THE MARKET* considering its many advantages. A full descriptive catalogue furnished on application.

Address WM. P. NORRIS,
Lynch's, Kent co., Md.,
J. C. SLAUGHTER,
apr8-tf. Chestertown, AGENTS.

THE CELEBRATED

HYLAND & CO.

FARM WAGON And Iron Frame Cultivator

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 best IRON FRAME CULTIVATOR now on the market, the teeth of which are made of the best polished steel. Its weight is less than sixty pounds, which is a great advantage over the old style. We guarantee every one that we sell. We will make the price to suit the purchaser. Please call and examine the Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth before buying elsewhere. We also have on hand TWO CHAMPION DROP REAPERS and *ONE BUCKEYE TABLE-RAKE.*—Persons wanting a Good Second-Hand Reaper will do well to call and examine them. We also sell the

Deering Twine Binder,

which is taking the lead over all others in the West. Its 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.
May 27, 1882.

CHESTERTOWN, Kent Co., Md.,
APRIL 8, 1882.

FARMERS, MERCHANTS and CITIZENS GENERALLY OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

AS THE PAINTING SEASON is rapidly advancing, I call your attention to my immense stock of all kinds of PAINTING MATERIALS. My prices are city prices, and all goods guaranteed as represented.

I make a specialty of Tinted Lead.—This lead is a strictly good article, and is tinted the color you want. It requires linseed oil and dryer. Guaranteed not to crack, peel nor blister, and will not fade within a reasonable time. I have also a full line of Liquid Paints in any quantity desired, and of the most reliable kinds.

Walnut and Oak Stainings, Carriage Varnishes, Kalsomine, and in fact I have everything you want in the Paint line.

My stock of Paint & Whitewash Brushes is also very large.

Here allow me to draw your attention to Lubricating Oils. I know my stock is larger than any on the Shore, and my prices are just as low as honesty allows me to make them.

You will also find a beautiful line of Wall Papers, selected with great care, and I believe you will be pleased if you call.

I also desire to refer to Baby Carriages, Children's Express Wagons, Shoo Flys, &c. I will run a large stock during the spring. I think the styles will suit you. It is my constant aim to please my customers, and by offering you good and reliable goods at low figures, I hope to merit your patronage. You will find it much to your advantage to call and get my prices before buying elsewhere.

Respectfully,
LOUIS K. STAM.

N. B.—My stock of FURNITURE is large. Goods delivered to your homes free of charge.
April 8, 1882.

New Spring Goods!

AT

N. C. CROW'S,

UP TOWN!

I have just opened a full line of goods for Spring, embracing

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, &c.

Fine lot of Fruits, dried and fresh,

Provisions, Tobacco and Cigars, Crockeryware, Glass-ware, Wood and Willow-ware.

SHOES! SHOES!

I make a specialty of SHOES for Ladies and Gentlemen, and sell at lowest 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. a22.

The Objects of My Love.

BY THE LATE DR. S. S. ROSZELL, OF THE METH. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

[The stanzas appended by the late Rev. S. S. Roszell, D. D., must be appreciated not only for their beauty, but also for the sake of the lamented author, whose talent as a writer and whose eloquence as a preacher were universally admitted:)

I love the green earth, with its fruits and its flowers,
Its buds and its blossoms, its sunshine and showers;
The mist and the mountain, the meadow and moor,
The lowly and the lofty, the proud, the poor.

I love the bright sun, as he comes from afar,
And rides up the sky in his rose-colored car;
How radiant his smile as he rises from rest,
How sweet are his beams as he sinks in the west!

I love the pale moon, the fair empress of night,
As she softly diffuses her silvery light;
And I fancy the stars as they twinkle on high,
Are gold pieces coined in the mint of the sky.

I love to look up at the beautiful blue,
And see the rich clouds gliding gracefully thro',
Like the chariots of angels, they're grand to behold,
Some burnished with silver and others with gold.

I love the deep sea, as I stand on the shore,
And hear the rich music that swells in its roar;
It looks like the glass in which seraphims trace
Their features of beauty and movements of grace.

I love everything that the Lord ever made,
The beast in the forest, the bird in the shade;
The one with his growl makes the wilderness ring,
While the others delight in the bower to sing.

I love blooming youth, and I seldom upbraid
The frolicksome boy or the sweet blushing maid;
He looks like a flower just blooming in pride,
And she like another that blooms at its side.

But of all the fair creatures that ever I've seen,
That play in the parlor or glide o'er the green,
By far the most lovely are they, who, in truth,
Give their hearts unto God in the days of their youth.

DISPOSSESSING A WIDOW.

"I have a mind to put up a job on our client, Truesdell," said Charlie Monier to his law partner, Sam Norton.

"I have observed that you were becoming demoralized lately, but did not suppose you would be ready to sell out a client," replied Norton. "Let us know, however, what the job is, and if it has an innocent look perhaps I will go in for chances and shares."

Allen Truesdell, against whom this plot was forming, had been in the hands of these lawyers only a few weeks. He had lately come from another part of the State, and had been buying through them, a valuable paper-mill property, located on the river a few miles below the city. Monier and Norton had been his attorneys in the transaction, and had realized a handsome professional fee. In connection with that business there had also been some collateral transactions through which an overdue mortgage had come into the hands of their client. The property held by the mortgage was a handsome homestead, belonging to a widow lady, Mrs. Trowbridge, young—or at least not very old—not more than thirty-two—and a beautiful woman.

Mr. Truesdell had not yet seen the property or its owner. The mortgage had been taken on the assurance of his attorneys that the security was ample.

The lady's deceased husband, Charles Trowbridge, had died suddenly three years before, and left considerable real estate in a badly entangled condition. He had been a bold, ambitious operator, and not very prudent; made new purchases continually with money raised by mortgaging anything on which a mortgage could be placed, until even his family residence, the property of his wife, had, by her consent, reluctantly given, become involved to the extent of more than half its real value.

Mrs. Trowbridge had one child living, her little boy, Ruby, now six years old, and for his sake she had been doing her utmost to save what she could of the property her husband left, and she had managed so successfully thus far that when a sale was inevitable she had been able to effect it herself, and not leave that ceremony to be performed by the sheriff.

The reader has probably suspected by this time that the job those lawyers were preparing to put up on their client was not likely to be very serious or damaging. They had learned from incidental remarks of his that he had been a widower for several years and had a family consisting of two little daughters and his youngest sister, also a maiden aunt of his deceased wife, who was managing his family affairs, but not in a satisfactory way.

"The Trowbridge property," said Mr. Monier to his partner, "will just suit our client for a residence, and the right and easy way for him to get it will be to bid it in under a foreclosure sale and then dispossess the widow."

"A charming idea," said Norton, "but of course he must see the property in the first place, and determine how much he will be willing to give for it."

* * * * * * * *

"Mrs. Trowbridge, I believe?"

A graceful bow was the lady's answer, and the visitor added,—

"Mr. Truesdell."

"I am pleased to see you, Mr. Truesdell," said the widow, as with a motion of the hand, she invited him to resume the seat from which he had risen on her entrance.

"I have called, madam, to look at this property, which I understand is for sale," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; I will show you the property with much pleasure. But I must first ask you to excuse me for a few moments. My little boy will entertain you until I return," and Ruby came forward with ready confidence, and signified his willingness to make himself agreeable.

"I hope you will buy our place, sir," he said, when they were alone. "If my dear papa had lived we would have kept it, but now mamma says we cannot."

"How long has your papa been dead?" asked Mr. Truesdell.

"Three years, sir. Did you ever see my papa?"

"No. I have been living more than a hundred miles from here, and have made no acquaintance in this vicinity until lately," the visitor answered, smiling.

"Mamma has told me of some cousins of papa's that I have never seen, and when I first looked at you I thought you might be one of them, because it seems to me you look like my papa. He had side whiskers, just like you have, and his hair was the same color, and he was about as large as you. Here is his picture," and he pointed to a very fine oil painting on the opposite wall.

Mr. Truesdell was standing before the picture, studying it with much interest, when Mrs. Trowbridge returned and announced that he might now see the house and grounds. An hour or more was spent in this way, affording an opportunity for such casual and incidental remarks as the occasion called for. Ruby was one of the party, of course.

"Is this little boy your only child, madam?" asked Mr. Truesdell.

"The only one living. I have lost two dear little girls, one younger than Ruby and the other two years older."

"I have two little girls," said Mr. Truesdell, "and had one boy, who, if living, would be about the age of yours. He died three years ago, soon after the death of his mother."

"Don't you think, mamma, this gentleman looks like papa?" interposed Ruby.

"Well, yes, a little, perhaps," said his mother smiling.

"I am much pleased with the general appearance of the property, madam," Mr. Truesdell remarked, "and may see you again in regard to it."

"You probably know, sir," said Mrs. Trowbridge, "that my interest is less than half the real value. A mortgage, now overdue, holds the larger share."

Mr. Truesdell did not intimate that he had lately become the owner of the mortgage, but simply remarked that if he concluded to buy the property the mortgage would of course give her no further trouble.

"I wish you would buy the house, and come here to live, and let mamma and me live here, too," exclaimed Ruby, looking up wistfully into the face of Mr. Truesdell and at the same time firmly grasping his hand.

If the mother could have got hold of the boy at that moment she would have given him an impressive shake, but he was on the other side of Mr. Truesdell, and any attempt to stop him with words might lead to something worse, so she simply said,—

"I have several other pieces of property, some of which I have been trying to dispose of, with the hope of saving this, but the best bids, thus far, have been very low."

"Are these pieces of property also encumbered?"

"Yes, sir; every one, more or less. The property that my husband held was rising in nominal value when those mortgages was put on, and he thought he could carry them safely, but a reaction came, and now my interest in property on which he placed a high value amounts to but little."

"Your experience, madam, has been like that of many others," said Mr. Truesdell. "But you are fortunate in having even a little left. I will have some conversation with my attorneys, Monier & Norton, in regard to this property, and will probably call again within a day or two. Good-day, madam; good-by Ruby."

"Good-by!" responded the little fellow. "Do come and see mamma and me again. I want to see you, you look so much like my papa. Don't you want to see Mr. Truesdell again, mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear," said his mother. "I shall be much pleased to have the gentleman call."

The lady and gentleman thus casually meeting had unconsciously and almost unavoidably learned certain leading facts in regard to each other. Of course no remark designed to be in the least degree suggestive of any special or personal interest had been made by either, and yet the circumstances themselves were suggestive.

"Well, how did you like the Trowbridge property, Mr. Truesdell?" asked Mr. Monier as his client returned.

"A very handsome place," was the gentleman's reply.

"And shall we commence foreclosure proceedings immediately?" asked Mr. Monier, with a sly wink at his partner, which was noticed by Mr. Truesdell. "The dispossession of the present occupant will be simple and easy, and that part of the business we will turn over to you."

"It is not worth while to make any cost in that direction just now," was the quiet, but significant answer.

* * * * * * * *

"I am glad you have come again!" exclaimed Ruby, bounding into the parlor. "I told mamma I knew you would come."

"Yes, my boy, I have come to look at your mamma's house once more," but he did not tell Master Ruby that this was not his second, or even his third call, and that his mother had probably not thought it necessary to invite him to be present on every occasion.

"Don't you want to see mamma, too? She will be here in a minute. She is fixing herself up a little more before she comes in."

Unfortunately for Ruby the last remark was heard by his mother, who was entering the parlor at that moment. That boy was soon on his way out, led by a servant, but the outrage was duly resented.

"My mamma shan't treat me this way after you come here to live, shall she, Mr. Truesdell?" was his daring shot.

"I would just like to know, mamma," said Ruby one day, about six weeks after this incident, "why I can't stay in the parlor when Mr. Truesdell comes to talk to you about buying our house?"

"Never mind, my dear," said his mother; "perhaps Mr. Truesdell will not buy the house after all."

"Will he come here to live, mamma, and let us live here too; and be my papa, and—and—you be his wife?"

"Yes, my darling boy," exclaimed the fond mother, clasping her little child to her heart.

Two hours only had passed then since the engagement had been sealed with a ring in which a glowing ruby had been set. In a rapture of joy Mrs. Trowbridge explained to her child, as well as she could, the meaning of the ring and of the precious stone he saw there.

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"Mr. Monier would like to speak with Mrs. Trowbridge a moment," was pencilled on a card that was handed to the widow.

"Nothing wrong I hope," was the thought that startled the lady for an instant.

The marriage ceremony was to take place the next morning, and it was now half past eight in the evening. Her prospective husband had left her half an hour before, and she was puzzled to conjecture what reason his lawyer could possibly have for calling just then.

"I have called, madam," said Mr. Monier, "to hand you this document, which is, as you see a release of the mortgage on your property."

"Why, how is this?" said the lady in surprise. "Has Mr. Truesdell paid off this mortgage?"

"Mr. Truesdell has been the owner of the mortgage, madam, for several months, having purchased it through me, before he became acquainted with you. In order to restore to you the full and absolute ownership of the property in the easiest and most direct way, he has, by our advice, executed this release while your name was still Mrs. Trowbridge."

"A name sir, that I have always thought it an honor to bear, but now other emotions fill my heart. If you report to Mr. Truesdell that you have left me in tears, please tell him they were tears not of sorrow, but of the deepest gratitude. Good-night."

Mrs. Trowbridge became Mrs. Truesdell at ten the next morning.

"And so this is the way you dispossess the widow," said Monier, as soon as he could get near enough to his client, after the ceremony, to whisper a word in his ear.

"I thought I would rather possess her," was the reply.

POOR MEN'S WIVES.

The trouble is, none of our young women are willing to become poor men's wives, professedly, even though they may be so in reality. The girl who marries upon $1,000 a year looks forward to a life spent in second rate boarding-houses from which she will squeeze out a certain cheap domesticity and some expensive pleasures. The children which Heaven may send are not thought of or provided for.

It is a question whether the young wife can make herself a dress or provide herself a wholesome meal of victuals. She marries for freedom, to have a good time, to spend money she neither earns, nor helps to earn—for Heaven knows what—but certainly not to make a comfortable, if humble home, for her husband.

In this respect we consider the British girl has an immense advantage over the American. From the highest to the lowest circles of society in Britain, girls are trained to make good and useful wives, inasmuch as ladies preside over the departments of their household and see that everything is kept clean, and the food is well cooked; so also in the lower classes mothers teach their daughters to do the same for themselves, without suffering any loss of dignity in the doing of it.

Many of our American girls will be surprised to learn that the Princess Louise frequently makes her pastry—and makes it well, too. On one occasion, some apricot tarts of her making being praised by a guest, the royal lady wrote the recipe, with the words underlined, "if you desire to have an apricot tart well cooked, always make it with an upper crust!" The story has point, and the point is, that one can never know how to do a thing too well.

One of the great hindrances against getting a good wife arises from the false basis upon which society is constructed. The idea that equality is the peculiar brightness of all Americans is erroneous. Where every person thinks he or she is as good as the next, there is always the positive proof of incompetency. A person is neither better nor worse than another except in the degree of worth which is honestly sought to be obtained. But the disposition of the young women of the present day (and the same may be said largely of young men, though perhaps not to the same extent) as to think that they are as good as any one else, without taking the trouble to be so. From this erroneous belief arises many of the evils from which society suffers.

By one decisive argument
Tom gained his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day,
"Why in such haste, dear Tom, to wed
I shall not change my mind," she said.
"But then" says he, "I *may*."

"DEAR UNCLE," writes a boy at school, "I caught a 'grounder' in my left eye yesterday, and I ain't what you'd call a thing of beauty. I think one of my fingers is broken, too, in trying to catch a fly—but as we beat and I got out three fellows and got in three runs, it don't make much difference."

A BROOKLYN man has been sent to jail for kissing his girl good night. This should teach Brooklyn young men to remain a couple of hours longer and kiss her good morning.—*Peck's Sun.*

SEWARD'S ASSASSIN.

Lewis Powell's Daring Enterprises, Hand-to-Hand Fights, and Hair-Breadth Escapes.

Lewis Payne, formerly United States attorney for Wyoming Territory, was put to considerable trouble in his youth because Booth's fellow conspirator, who attempted to kill Mr. Seward, assumed his name. Mr. Payne's interest in the assassination has caused him to search closely into the history of that remarkable person, and the outcome of the search is the following wonderfully interesting narrative, published in the Philadelphia Times. The adventurer's right name is Lewis Powell.

Powell was one of the men who made the celebrated calico raid in the valley in the fall of 1864, when a train load of calico was captured and the calico strewn all over the country for miles around. In retaliation for shooting Gen. Hunter's men, a soldier named Anderson and several others were captured and shot by the Federals at Front Royal. The speed of Powell's mare was all that saved his neck from being stretched on that occasion. He escaped with seventeen bullet holes through his clothing!

On one occasion the house in which Powell was stopping was surrounded by the Federals, when Powell blacked his face with lampblack and walked out of the house.

I might give a great many incidents of this kind in the career and adventures of Powell, but it is unnecessary. Such things occur in the lives of many soldiers. Powell had the reputation of having killed a great many men, and when any desperate matter was to be undertaken he was selected.

Powell's favorite mare was a blood bay. This animal had a habit of foaming at the mouth and exposing the whites of her eyes. Mounted on this mare, the strange man "rode fast and far to share war's fiercest perils." The people here in Virginia who remember Powell as he appeared twenty years ago with his pale face, slouch hat and mysterious ways, mounted on that bay mare dashing and splashing through the woods, across fields, over ditches and fences, by day, at night, and through all kinds of weather, almost believe that he must have been a stray knight from the black forest.

During the cannonading of Jackson and Banks across the Shenandoah river, a shell entered the gable end of a house on the Valley pike, exploded, struck a bureau at which a young lady was dressing her hair in an upper room, chipped off a large wedge-shaped piece of the bureau and drove it into her back under the right shoulder blade. The same day a young Confederate soldier was brought to the house by some of his companions, shot through the lungs. The name of the girl was Lily Bowie; the name of the soldier was Lewis Powell. Miss Bowie was the daughter of a gentleman from Alabama, who had married a Virginia lady. Under these singular circumstances these two young Southern people met in Virginia, wounded also unto death, and formed an attachment for each other which only ended when the one breathed out the last of life upon the scaffold in Washington, and the other returned a broken-hearted woman to her far-away home in the South.

When Powell had recovered from his wound he went to Richmond as a guard to some prisoners. While in Richmond he attended the theatre for the first time in his life. John Wilkes Booth, who was in Richmond at the time, appeared in the cast.

Powell was so delighted with Booth's acting that he sought his acquaintance and gained it. At that time Booth was engaged in his plan to abduct the President of the United States and his cabinet. He saw in Powell material to be used in his plot. As Burr wound himself into the open heart of the unfortunate Blennerhasset by the elegance of his manners, the beauty of his conversation, and the power of his eloquence, so Booth infused the venom of his own ambition into the credulous heart of this gawky and impressible country-boy, and found him an easy conquest.

Suavity of pretended friends, overflowing bowls, jellies, ices, and champagnes have turned older heads than Powell's, and if he had no strength to resist the blandishments of John Wilkes Booth, he at least paid for his weakness with his life. Powell was a brave man, and it is a pity he was not brave enough to resist the wiles of his evil genius. But he was not; on the contrary, from the hour he first met Booth he was his to do as he pleased with. Leaving Richmond, Powell returned to the Piedmont section a changed man.

Powell soon began to sell off his horses and dispose of his effects, saying he would be gone for several months on his Maryland expedition. Powell left Fauquier some time in January, 1865. Miss Lily Bowie quite naturally gives a feeling description of her parting with Powell, who promised to return within a few months. She never saw him again.

The first intimation Miss Bowie had that Powell was one of the Lincoln conspirators was seeing his picture in the illustrated report of the trial.

When we were told a man named Payne had stabbed Seward it nearly frightened us to death. We all expected to be hanged. Miss Bowie went to Washington during the trial, but did not succeed in obtaining an interview with Powell.—She wrote to him but does not believe her letters were delivered, as she received no response to her letters. She applied to Secretary Stanton, but he refused her permission to visit the jail, and as the military commission by which he was tried sat with closed doors, all efforts to see her lover were in vain.

After leaving Fauquier, Powell went to Nokesville, on the Virginia Midland railroad, where he left his horse and exchanged his uniform for a suit of citizen's clothes. He then proceeded to walk down the railroad toward Alexandria.—Near Alexandria he met some Federal pickets, and representing himself as a refugee, was conveyed to Alexandria, where he took the oath of allegiance to the United States government as "Lewis Payne, of Fauquier county, Va.," and was allowed to pass through the lines. His reasons for assuming the name of "Payne" can only be accounted for upon the two-fold hypothesis, first, that he wanted to hail from a section of the country with the people and geography of which he was familiar, and to select a name identified with that section of the country; second, he probably desired to take a name easily remembered, and one with the connection and relationship of which he was familiar.

Precisely at the hour when these terrible scenes were being enacted in Ford's theatre on Tenth street in Washington, when Booth had sent his fatal ball crashing through the brain of Abraham Lincoln, and had leaped from the box to the stage, brandishing a dagger and crying "Sic semper tyrannus," and the whole audience was shocked amazed and stunned, and the wounded President clutched and gasped for life, Lewis Powell presented himself at the residence of Secretary Seward, who had been thrown from his buggy a few days before and was confined to his bed, and asked to be shown the secretary's room. He was met at the door by Wm. H. Bell, a colored butler, who told Powell that he could not see the secretary.

Powell had a small vial of medicine in his left hand, with his right hand in his coat front. He wore a dark grey coat, black trousers, with light overcoat and slouch felt hat bent down over his eyes. He spoke in a firm but low tone of voice, and said he had been sent by Dr. Verd