msa_sc2901_scm1624-0954 ©Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAMES H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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, JULY 8, 1882. No. 10.

ADVERTISING:

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

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

JOB-PRINTING:

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

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.

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 how and why of this remarkable execution 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

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

SAMUEL DERRY, colored,

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 22d of December, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of June, 1882.

JAMES H. BAKER, Adm'r.

June 24—4t.

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

JESSE LAKE,

late of New Castle Co., Del., 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 22d day of December, 1882, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of June, 1882.

NATHANIEL WILLIAMS, Adm'r.

June 24, 1882—4t.

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.

MACHINERY OIL, CASTER OIL, Lard Oil, Golden Machine Oil, Black Oil, &c. Bottom prices.

may 27. TOULSON, Druggist.

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, Chestertown, AGENTS.

apr8-tf.

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.

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.

Go to the New Dea!

NEW STORE!

New Goods!

BALTIMORE & PHILA. PRICES!

The undersigned respectfully informs the inhabitants of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened a FINE STORE in Chestertown, with a large and well selected stock of

BONNETS.

JOCKEYS, trimmed and untrimmed, of the latest styles; also, a large stock of

Gross Grain & Satin Sash & Trimming, Ribbons, all shades, colors & widths, Flowers, Feathers and Laces of every description.

Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Satins, Fringes, Crapes, Ladies & Gents' Undergarments, Ladies', Gents' & Children's Kid and other kinds of Gloves.

Jewelry, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Corsets,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

NOTIONS of all kinds and many different articles too numerous to mention. We buy all our goods for cash, and therefore are able to sell all goods as cheap, if not cheaper than any Baltimore or Phila. store. Our motto is Quick Sales and Small Profits.

J. CANTORWITZ, opp. Post Office, CHESTERTOWN.

April 15.

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.

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

MILLINERY!

MRS. KATE GILL Has just opened a beautiful line of Millinery and Fancy Goods, for Spring and Summer wear, which includes the latest styles in

HATS, BONNETS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Neck Wear, and all the various kinds of goods in the Millinery line.

I am selling at the very lowest prices, and the ladies will find it to their interest to call.

MRS. KATE GILL,

May 6. nearly opp. Voshell House.

CHESTERTOWN

Marble Yard

W. REGISTER,

MARBLE CUTTER,

CHESTERTOWN,

Is prepared to make MARBLE MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES, of any pattern, and warranted not to fade after put in place.

He flatters himself that his work and prices offer extra inducements to persons wanting anything in his line.

Call and examine specimens of work at his Yard near the Market House.

April 9, 1881—y.

FARMERS Will find it to their interest to examine our stock of goods before purchasing. Our stock of TRACES, LINES, PLOW CASTING and FARM HARDWARE generally will be found complete, and prices as low as the lowest.

m4. T. L. HINES & CO.

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

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.

1882 *1882*

T. W. WICKES,

CHESTERTOWN MD.,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

We have in stock and are constantly receiving Fresh Drugs, which we secure from only reliable and first class wholesale dealers.

Our PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT cannot be surpassed in this county for reliability or promptness.

We also keep on hand the most reliable patent preparations.

In connection wth our Drug business we propose this year to push our trade in Stationery, Books and Fancy Articles. Our large sales the past season encourage us in giving special attention in this direction.

We shall continue to give personal attention to every department of our business, and leave no effort untried to give pefect satisfaction to all who favor us with their patronage.

T. W. WICKES,

Jan. 14, 1882. DRUGGIST.

1882. *1882.*

To the General Public

Please accept my thanks for your kind patronage during the past ten years, and I hope I may conduct my business in the future so as to not only retain the same but gain more.

We have commenced this year with a genuine assortment of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions Provisions,

TOBACCO and CIGARS, BOOTS and SHOES,

Tinware, Hardware, Queensware, &c.,

all bought exclusively for the cash which enables us to sell them

AT VERY CLOSE FIGURES.

We do not sell any one article at or below cost as an inducement to buyers, but sell ALL at a small advance above cost.

We make a specialty of

Boots and Shoes, and Lime & Hair

All we ask is a general inspection of goods and prices to sell them.

Country Produce of all kinds wanted in exchange for goods or cash.

The public's ob't serv't,

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,

jan21. Up Town.

TAKE NOTICE.

THE undersigned WILL CONTINUE BUSINESS at his **Old Stand** on Cross Street, opposite Hudgins' Bakery, and has opened a

FRESH STOCK

OF

GROCERIES, Domestic Dry Goods

NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, STONEWARE,

And a General Stock of Merchandise.

We shall continue to keep on sale the best brands of

FAMILY and EXTRA FLOUR.

We thank our friends for the support we have received in the past, and hope they will continue to favor us with their orders. We shall do our best both in quality and prices.

WANTED—Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Bacon, Lard, and Country Produce generally, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Give us a call, and we will sell you good Cheap Goods. Respectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON.

Dec. 24, 1881. CHESTERTOWN.

STRAW.

THE Chestertown Straw Board Company desires to purchase STRAW, either to be delivered at their Mill or to be hauled by the Company. Those anticipating a sale of their Straw should have it well put up in stacks or ricks, so as to keep it dry and sound. It must also be FREE FROM CHAFF.

The Company is now prepared to make purchases for future delivery.

For further information call on or address

C. T. WESTCOTT, PRES'T,

or T. W. ELIASON, JR., TREAS'R,

Chestertown, Md.

June 17, 1882—tf.

EXCELSIOR!

SUMMER is here, and with its advent we announce our readiness to meet and satisfactorily fill all orders and requirements on the part of the public. In the width and length of Maryland there is no stock of Clothing for Men, Boys and Children to equal the unrivalled assortment we now have to offer, whether in the matter of style, durability, finish or general excellence. Furthermore, every transaction is executed under the fair and square conditions originated by us: "Goods exchanged or money refunded." In other words, it is "satisfaction, or no sale!" To those living at a distance we say: if unable personally to visit us, write for our self-measurement blanks, and trust to us to send you C. O. D., as good a suit, and as perfect fitting one, as you could personally select. As a

SPECIAL OFFER

we agree with customers living within one hundred miles of Baltimore city, and for all purchases over firteen dollars to pay one-half the traveling expenses incurred, on exhibition of the ticket or tickets vouching for the same. Make your purchase before exhibiting your ticket, and thus convince yourself that we share with you the expense of the trip. "Excelsior" is the only Clothing House in the United States that makes this great offer! Bear in mind that our Furnishing Goods Department is one of the finest in the land, and that the lowness of our prices is a matter of surprise to all.

Do not forget the cardinal principles of our house, the rounds of our ladder of success: Fair Dealing! One Price! Permanent Popularity!

Satisfaction or no sale!

With unrivalled stock and facilities, and selling at Lowest Living Rates, we ask you to call upon the

"EXCELSIOR,"

S. W. Corner Baltimore and Light Sts., Largest Clothing and Furnishing Establishment in Maryland.

Special Attention

Is called to our stock of Goods, which is full and complete in every department and prices to suit all reasonable persons. We sell no second class goods at first class prices, but always aim to sell goods that will give satisfaction and induce you to call again. SPARKS, opposite Court House.

Glassware.—We always keep a good line of these goods but at this time our stock is unusually large. We keep a finer class of goods than any house in town, which can be proved by an examination of our stock. SPARKS.

Cigars.—We honestly believe we have the finest 5c. Cigar in town. Try the "H. B. Vennor," or "Hobby." We have also a tip top 2 for 5. SPARKS.

Confectionery of all kinds from the old reliable house of Clark & Jones, than which there is none better in any city. Foreign Fruits in season. SPARKS, opp. Court House.

Hammocks.—Buy one—take it home—hang it in a tree and take life easy. To be found at SPARKS'.

Clocks, Lamps, Chimneys and Fixtures of all kinds, at SPARKS'.

Fine Tea Sets lower than you can buy them elsewhere. Call and see for yourself. SPARKS.

Tobacco—Gravely, Durham, Bob White, and other brands of Smoking Tobacco, at SPARKS'.

Pocket Books, Purses, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Perfumeries, Envelopes, Paper, Checkers, Jewelry, Plated ware, Razors, Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Mouth Organs, Looking Glasses, Base Balls, Gum Balls, Croquet.

Pure Spices, Pickles, Chocolate, Cocoa, Corn Starch, Jellies, Chow-Chow, Extracts, Blacking, and lots of other goods. Call and get bargains. SPARKS, opp. Court House.

June 17, 1882.

SUMMER GOODS

—AT—

Attractive Prices!

NEW STOCK

DRY GOODS! NOTIONS!

SHOES! SHOES!

MATTINGS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

GROCERIES, &c.,

AT

J. H. SIMPERS'

CHESTERTOWN.

June 15, 1882.

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 otherwise 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 Meridan 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 MAGIC OF A SONG.

BY CLIDE RAYMOND.

They were "comin' thro' the rye," Roger Stanhope and Clara Mitchell, slowly strolling through the fields of waving grain, over which the setting sun shed its golden light, and I am sorry to relate it, they were quarrelling every step of the way.

The quarrel was concerning some foolish little affair, trifling in itself, and unworthy to create an hour's dissension between two who loved each other as well as they. Besides, one might have thought that the peaceful beauty of the scene would have lured them into something of its own tranquility.

But Roger felt himself to be seriously aggrieved and expressed that opinion in terms much more strong than tender; while Clara, on her part, possessed some degree of pride—as what woman does not? and naturally resented being found fault with for such a trifling matter, though conscious that she was somewhat in the wrong.

So by the time they gained the stile separating the field from the county road they had reached that pitch of pride and obstinacy at which neither could bear to think of yielding a single point to the other. So Clara was scarcely surprised when Roger turned, just there, and remarked in a tone of frigid politeness:

"I suppose my escort is no longer needed or desired. You are almost home, permit to say good-bye."

"For how long, Roger?"

There was a pathetic quiver in the sweet voice that ought to have melted a heart of stone. But this was their first quarrel, and Roger must maintain his masculine dignity. A great deal of importance might depend upon how he comported himself at this critical period; therefore, he replied with unbending hauteur:

"Until you are willing to acknowledge that I am right in the matter."

A painful look came into Clara's deep, blue eyes, but she answered, with firm composure:

"Then I am sorry; but if it depends upon that it will be good-bye forever."

"As you please, Miss Mitchell;" and with as much cool indifference as he could assume, he crossed the stile without another word, and walked, with head proudly erect, down the white and dusty road leading to the village hotel.

Once he glanced back, involuntarily, and saw Clara leaning against the stile, just where he had left her, making such a pure, sweet picture in her simple white dress and blue ribbons, with the straw hat swinging idly in her hand, and the setting sun lighting up the silken masses of yellow hair with golden radiance, that he longed to go back, take her in his arms, and end the foolish quarrel there and then. But pride whispered, "Don't do it," and we all know what a demon of mischief pride is when it once gets admitted into the human heart.

So Roger walked rapidly onward to the hotel, where a number of young ladies were also stopping, and tried hard to convince himself that there were other girls in the world quite as pretty and attractive as Clara Mitchell.

That he succeeded in that endeavor seemed certain enough, if one could believe Madam Rumor who in less than a month, had him actually engaged to the prettiest girl in the hotel. In reality he had appeared in the role of that young lady's escort just three times; but what did that matter? All their world knew that he and Clara had quarreled and Rumor considered it her duty to make the gulf between them as wide and deep as possible.

In the meantime, Clara, not caring to pose before her friends as love-lorn maiden, had accepted the attention of another gentleman, and Roger had the pleasure of hearing from several disinterested friends that it would certainly be a match, and a splendid one, too. And the result of it all was that Roger avoided the girl he loved more and more, while he became exceedingly attentive to the one for whom he did not care a straw.

As to Clara, she played her part bravely, never giving away at all, so far as lookers-on could discover. But she was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve. She loved Roger Stanhope with the first, deep, earnest love of life, and she felt that come what might, she could never cease to love him. She would have been the happiest girl in the world could she have brought him back to her side without humiliating herself too deeply.

She knew that she had been slightly to blame, and had their positions been reversed, she would have gone to him and frankly acknowledged it and asked forgiveness; but, being a woman what could she do? She did not believe that he loved anyone else, yet, if that terrible gulf between them were not soon bridged, he might propose to Miss Miller through pure pique. Such things had been, she knew.

Affairs were at this crisis when the little *coterie* of visitors at this pleasant summer resort decided to give a grand entertainment in which songs and tableaux were to play an important part. The evening came, and the brilliantly lighted impromptu theatre was well-filled with a fashionable and appreciative audience. Roger was there, for Clara, who was one of the "stars," slyly surveyed the house from behind the scenes and saw him sitting beside her very pretty rival at no great distance from the footlights.

Clara took part in several tableaux.

But the crowning effort was the song near the close of the evening, which had been of her own selection. It was "Comin' thro' the rye." The curtain rose upon a scene set to represent, as near as possible, the field of waving grain, while in the foreground was a rustic stile. But instead of the Scottish plaid usually worn upon such occasions, Clara stood before her audience in the simple white dress and blue ribbons, and the white straw hat in which she had parted from Roger on that never-to-be-forgotten day.

One stolen glance at his face assured her that he remembered it only too well, and she sang the beautiful coquettish Scotch song with a spirited *abandon* which won her rounds of the heartiest applause.

She was enthusiastically *encored*, and as the curtain rose once more, it disclosed her leaning in an attitude of patient sadness, too real to be mistaken, against the stile. One moment's hesitation, and then the clear, pure, and highly cultivated soprano voice began, with thrilling sweetness, that exquisitely touching appeal, "Then You'll Remember Me."

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may, perhaps, in such a scene
Some recollections be
Of days that have as happy been
Then you'll remember me!"

And then, with pale cheeks and pleading eyes, she lingered with passionate earnestness over the last sad lines—

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twill break your own to see
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll rememember me?"

There was an indescribable pathos in both words and voice that went straight to every heaat.

But Clara thought not of that. She was singing to one alone of all that company, and she had thrown the whole power of her soul into the song.

He must understand it; he must know that she sang to him! And if he failed to respond to this earnest appeal she would know that he cared for her no longer. But if—

Clara did not trust herself to think of the other possibility.

As the sweet, clear voice quivered pleadingly over the last notes, she looked, for the first time straight into Roger Stanhope's face.

After that glance she hardly knew how she bowed her acknowledgements and made her exit from the stage. But she knew that she had won.

"Clara," said Roger, a little later, bending close to her for one instant as the crowd swayed about them, "tell me the plain simple truth. Was that meant for me?"

"Yes."

And thus the chasm which had threatened to become impassable was bridged in a moment by "the magic of a song."

A NEIGHBORING editor who probably had some reason to complain, speaks in this manner: We like to hear a man refuse to take his home paper, and all the time sponge on his neighbor for the reading of it. We like to hear a man complain when asked to subscribe for his home paper that he takes more papers than he reads now, and then go around the corner and borrow hit neighbor's or loaf around until he gathers in all the news from it. We like to see a man run down his home paper as not worth taking, and every now and then beg editorial notice. We like to see a mechanic or merchant refuse to advertise in his home paper, and then try to get a share of the trade which newspapers bring to town. We like to see these things, it looks very economical, thrifty, progressive and cheeky.—*Exchange.*

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

"I would like to see an editor," said a lady of prepossessing appearance, as she opened the door of the editorial room and glanced furtively into the apartment. "That is not a particularly herculean task, miss," said the horse reporter. "The Tribune has now on draught almost any brand of editorial thought that you can call for," and the adherent of Iroquois smiled a bland 2:10½ smile, which seemed to reassure the young lady amazingly.

"Well," said the young lady, "I am going to graduate next week, and mamma said that perhaps if I read my essay to some editor he would point out any little defects in it and show how they could be remedied."

"Mamma told you that, did she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your maternal ancestor," said the horse reporter, "is evidently a person of great mental fertility. She could not by any possibility have given you a more correct pointer. What is the title of your essay?"

"Life's Possibilities," was the reply.

"That is certainly a comprehensive subject," replied the compiler of the 2:30 list, "and in the case of lovely women may include anything from being mistress of the White House to hanging out red flannel shirts on the West Side. You have got a pretty good nerve to tackle a subject of so sweeping a nature."

The coming graduate seated herself alongside of the horse reporter's desk. Shall I begin at the beginning?" she asked.

"I think you might better," was the reply.

"Schoolmates," began the girl, "we stand upon the verge of a shoreless sea, the—"

"Hold on," said the horse reporter. "Come back and get the word again."

"Why, what is the matter, sir?" asked the young lady.

"That's all wrong," was the reply. "How can anyone stand upon the verge of a shoreless sea? If a sea's got a verge it isn't shoreless by quite considerable. You must rig that sentence up differently."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly I do. You might as well say you were sitting in the arm-chair of a chairless parlor. I suppose you have been there."

The young lady blushed and said she really didn't know. "Perhaps, then, you would be kind enough to suggest the outline of an essay for me. I hardly think the one I have written would suit you."

"Well," said the horse reporter, "you want to say sometning that will catch the old men that have nice young sons—something that will carry the old toughs back into the misty past with its flood of tender recollections, and make 'em feel as if they ought to have died early. The Ship of Life racket is a pretty good one."

"The what?" asked the young lady.

"The Ship of Life racket," replied the horse reporter; and seeing that you have started out on a sort of marine essay, perhaps it would be the best way to have it head. You take that sentence about the shimmering sea being kissed by the horizon for a starter and then go ahead. You want to describe the squall in all its dreadful splendor, and tell a nice, easy lie about a stately ship that has come from the far-away islands of the Southern sea where the breezes are laden with the balmy odor of spices, and all that kind of rubbish, you know. Then work up the peroration. Tell how the good ship, almost in sight of home, is attacked by the tempest. Give 'em a great talk about the erstwhile placid surface of the mighty deep being lashed into ungovernable fury by the fierce winds that laugh a wild, demoniac laugh in very glee at the destruction they are causing. And then, when everything looks as dreary, and desolate, and hopeless as the editorial page of a Milwaukee paper, lug out the light gleaming in all its pure radiance again, and have the ship get safely into port. Then say that the ship is the "Ship of Life" and the light the light of a mother's love, or something like that, and sit down. You'll be sure to hit 'em hard if you'll do this."

"Do you really think so?"

"It's dead certain."

"Then I shall follow your advice, and let me thank you for your kindness," said the girl, as she started for the door.

"Au revoir," said the horse reporter. "Come in again after you are married and I will put you on to a nice name for your first baby."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Only the General Manager.

At a station on one of the railroads leading out of Detroit the train had arrived and departed, the other day, when the station agent, who had been in the place about three weeks, and was looking for a call every hour to come to Detroit and take charge of the line, was approached by a quick, well-dressed man, smoking a cigar, who asked:

"Keep you pretty busy here?"

"Yum," was the jerky reply.

"Business on the increase?"

"Yum," again.

"Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after a turn on the platform.

"Nobody else runs it!" growled the agent. "Have you got a patent car-coupler?"

"Oh, no."

"I was going to tell you to go to thunder with it if you had. Want special freight rates, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"I don't give any passes."

"I don't want any."

"Waiting for the next train?"

"Not particularly."

"Want to charter a car?"

"No."

The agent left him on the platform and entered his office and busied himself for half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked:

"What's the salary of a position like this?"

"That's my business," was the prompt reply.

"What's the income from this station?"

"Ask the baggageman."

"Your name is ——, isn't it?"

"Suppose it is?"

"Oh, nothing much—only I'm the general manager of the line, and I'd like to exchange cards with you?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

NO MAN can be a gentleman, though ever so genial abroad who is a tyrant or habitual faultfinder at home; and no woman is a lady who is not a lady at home in her morning wrapper, as well as in silk in her neighbor's parlor. One member of a family who begins the day with fretful words and harsh tones, is generally enough to spoil the happiness and temper of the whole for the day. Not all who hear the impatient word give the angry answer, for many choose to suffer in silence; but every such word makes somebody's heart ache; and, as a rule, it is somebody whom we love and would do any thing for, except to keep back the unkind, sarcastic word. Then do not let us make ourselves and others miserable by being fretful at home.

CAPTURING WILD HORSES.

A large mob of wild horses is described, coming towards the riders, over a distant rise. As they draw near, and see themselves headed by mounted men, they wheel sharply on one side, and, with manes and tails streaming in the wind, and their flanks shining with moisture, they gallop off in another direction, but only to find enemies wherever they turn. At last, in desperation, they make for the widest gap they see in the circle. The two men between whom they hope to escape leap off their back horses, which they quickly hobble and leave loose, and, mounting bareback on the spare one, will wait for the right moment for closing in on the flying and already distressed bagaules as they make their final rush. If they do so too soon, of course the mob swerves to one side and goes behind the hunter; but, if they manage well, the two simultaneously close in on the drove, boleadoras in hand, ready to cast, and at the moment the horses pass, each singles out a good-looking colt, whirls the balls around his head, and letting fly, entangles them around both hind legs so effectually that the victim, after struggling on some fifty yards, is obliged to submit, and falls heavily over. After the first cast the hunter presses on close to the heels of the escaping mob, and loosening his second pair from round his waist, often secures another colt. Then he dismounts, and after tying the prostrate animal's fore hoofs close together with some of the many rawhide thongs about his person or his horse, he leaves it struggling, but secure, and resumes his place in the circle as before, in case there is more game still within it. And here let me give a brief description of the boleadoras, for it is these that are chiefly used—and not the lazo as is commonly supposed—for catching the wild horse of the Pampas. Three double twisted thongs of raw horse hide, each about three feet six inches long, are softened by rubbing and working them in the hands, and when in a pliant state, are tied together at one end. At the other end of one is fastened a stone ball, covered with hide, and shaped so as to fit the grasp of the hand; and in the other two ends are bound wooden balls, (of the size of a small croquet ball,) also cased in hide. Grasping firmly the stone one, the hunter whirls the others around his head, and when the right moment has arrived, he lets go, (as a boy does half his sling,) and the three balls twist the thongs around whatever they are thrown at. But to resume. After all the baguales inclosed have escaped or been caught, we look after the ostriches, which have, as a rule, remained, hiding themselves about the middle of the circle. Any who have singly tried to run off previously, have been allowed to do so; but if a troop should have made a rush, (during the horse hunt,) three or four of the men pursue and generally bag one apiece. Many others will drop into the low grass, hoping not to be seen; but the corredores are too keen-sighted and experienced, and, galloping up and down they beat the ground like spaniels, shouting and whistling, until the birds are flushed, one by one, and have to run for it. On these expeditions any deer and guanacos (a species of llama) are not hunted; only so when neither baguales nor ostriches have been inclosed.—*The London Field.*

GROANING AND WORRYING.

A not very poetical person, desiring to leave behind him something which would serve either as an inscription for his tombstone or a condensed history of his experience as an invalid, wrote somewhat in this wise: "Pain was my portion; physic was my food; groans were my devotion; drugs did me no good." To the cheerful soul who will in the light of this composition study the mental make-up of the sufferer who indited it, is easy to see why "drugs did him no good." Pain is discouraging; physic is indigestible; but a devotional diet of groans is as unsatisfactory spiritual refreshment as can be devised. The state into which a man can by this process worry himself, is one not to be aimed at by any reasonable human being. And possibly those who give up to a habit of groaning and complaining are a little wrong-minded. Unhappily there are many people whose experience takes this turn. They are not always invalids, but are often those who are blessed with a fair share of health and other good things and might be happy if they would.

The habit of groaning and lamenting is an evil one. It lightens no burden, cheers no sorrow, helps no task. It shuts out the sunshine and deepens the gloom. It chills thankfulness and promotes sour asperity. It ruins the disposition of children who come within its influence. It makes those who indulge in it blind to everything that produces happiness and keenly alive to everything that promotes misery. By long experience in bewailing and complaining, people can reach a depth of woe they never contemplated when they first set out. To meet such people is to come under an unpleasant influence. No matter how bright the day, or how cheery the circumstance to those who have the heart and eyes for the bright and delightful, these groaners are always plaintively finding something which is not exactly the way they would have it, and which they fear will be worse to-morrow than it is to-day.

Every mortal has his burdens and discomforts. By picking the burden up fifty times a day and weighing it, it becomes no lighter, but rather produces an increased sense of heaviness. By worrying over the discomforts, they become none the more comfortable, but are harder to endure, and cause for more and more worry and complaint. To ignore them may be impossible. We are not called upon to do that. But by turning the sunlight on them with the merriest laugh we can raise, we can lighten them and melt them as cakes of ice are melted in the noonday sun, so that when we look for them they are gone and wonder who has carried them away. Blessed be the sunshine that comes with its benediction to the weary and lightens the burden of the heavy heart.—*Phila. Times.*

NOT LOST.

Fret not because the promise of the buds
The fruit does not fulfill;
Was not the hope and fragrance which they brought
To us a blessing still?

Nor count as lost the seed we sow in faith
Upon a barren land
And reap not. Doth not God the purpose know,
And bless the sower's hand?

Spurn not the vow the eager spirit makes
That weak flesh cannot keep;
The ocean-bubbles break, but underneath
There flows a current deep.

The buds that blossom not, the withered seed,
The vows we leave undone,
Are gems we drop; yet angels mark their fall,
And raise them to the crown.

Summer Clothes for Horses.

Few horse owners, perhaps, take the trouble to give their animals a cool summer dress. Most harnesses are cool and airy, but the tug and heat are concentrated about the collar, and there is no reason why the collar should not be cool and airy. In the State of New York, near Cayuga Lake, there are miles of meadow, or swamp, in which catkins grow in rank confusion. In progress there for some time has been the industry of making, from leaves of the catkins, or flags, horse-collars. They have been made of husks and straw, but the flag collar has been more generally used. A flag collar costs but a dollar and a quarter, and the amount