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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. 43. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1882. No. 25.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

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

ADVERTISING:

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

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

JOB-PRINTING:

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

CORN SHELLERS

And HORSE POWERS.

I have now ready for delivery a large supply of the Celebrated

Hyland Corn Shellers & Horse Powers

which we think are unsurpassed, and we are selling them low.

ROLLERS.—We have the best Roller on the market, and persons wanting anything in this line should send in their orders at once.

THE CELEBRATED HYLAND
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.*

Please give these implements a trial, and you will find it to your interest.

WM. A. HYLAND,
CHESTERTOWN AND GALENA.
Oct. 7, 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.

THOS. J. MANN

HAS JUST OPENED

A NEW STOCK OF

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, &c,

embracing all goods usually kept in a first-class store.

☞ I am determined to sell at VERY CLOSE FIGURES for cash or Country Produce, and invite my friends and the public to give me a call.

SPECIAL!—In exchange for goods I will take LIVE STOCK—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, &c.

Come and see me, opp. the Bank.
THOS. J. MANN.

1882 1882

WHEATLEY'S UP TOWN GROCERY.

We have now in stock and shall keep constantly on hand a

Full line of GROCERIES

Such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, &c.

Bacon, Flour, Meal, Feed, Fish, &c

A choice lot of *Broiling Beef* and *Sugar cured Hams* kept on hand.

Also, TOBACCO and SEGARS.

We shall use every effort to please, and hope our friends and the public will remember us when making their purchases. All goods in our line will be sold as low as they can be bought in town.

WHEATLEY BROS.,
j14. Corner Store, Up Town.

WOOD! WOOD!

HICKORY, OAK and PINE.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks. WILLIAM PERKINS.

Rising San Saloon, Chestertown.
Aug. 30—tf.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A FULL STOCK
on hand,
READY FOR THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.
Also,
SCHOOL SUPPLIES GENERALLY.
OUR PRICES
Are Exceedingly Low.
COLIN F. STAM,
Sept. 2, 1882. DRUGGIST.

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.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO CALL AT THE

"STAR" CLOTHING HOUSE,

Under the Kent News Office, CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—AND—

Take a Look at the Large Display

Of READY MADE CLOTHING.

We have just received from New York one of the largest and best selected stocks of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods that were ever presented to the people of this county, if not the largest ever on the Shore.

A large assortment of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's OVER-COATS from $1.50 to $25.

We Sell MORE Clothing, BETTER Clothing, and CHEAPER Clothing

Than any one Store on the Shore.

For we buy our Clothing direct from the manufacturer and buy strictly for the CASH; therefore can afford to sell much lower than stores that are compelled to buy from jobbers on long credit, or who handle goods on commission.

Our stock consists of

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

Ready Made CLOTHING.

☞ OVER-COATS, BUSINESS and DRESS SUITS of every description to fit children from 3 years old up to the stoutest man.

Also, a large stock of the newest styles of Cashmere and Worsted PANTS from 75 cents up to $10 per pair. Our stock of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS is complete in every particular.

GIVE US A CALL, examine our stock and compare our goods and prices with any other house in the State is all we ask.

Sept. 30, 1882. **A. FRIEDMAN.**

DO YOU REALIZE

THAT RIGHT HERE IN CHESTERTOWN,

At PIERCE'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL BURNS & CO.,

LUMBER

Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.,

104 LIGHT STREET WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!

Having moved to the large and commodious Warehouse

168 W. PRATT ST.,

[Next to Corner of Light,]

I am prepared to furnish the public and trade generally WITH EVERYTHING APPERTAINING TO

GUNNING and FISHING.

as I have as complete stock as will be found in New York.

Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Leather Goods, Glass Balls, Glass Ball Traps, &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice.

W. P. PATTERSON,
July 2, 1881. 168 W. PRATT ST., Baltimore.

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES.

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

SIXTEEN DIFFERENT SIZES AND KINDS!
SIX SIZES WITH ENAMELED RESERVOIRS!
Adapted to all requirements, and priced to suit all Purses.

LEADING FEATURES:—Double wood doors, Patent wood grate, Adjustable Damper, Interchangeable Automatic Shelf, Broiling Door, Swinging Hearth-Plate, Swinging Illuminated Fire Doors, Nickel Knobs, Nickel Panels, etc.

☞ Unequalled in Material, in Finish and in Operation. ☜

Manufactured by
ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.
And for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE, Chestertown, Md. 43.

Western Maryland College

FOR STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES IN SEPARATE DEPARTMENTS.

Organized under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant Church, 1867.

Incorporated by Act of Assembly, 1868.

Occupies one of the most beautiful and healthful sites in the State. Receives annual appropriation from the Legislature for the Free Board of one student from each Senatorial District.—Provides a comfortable room for each two students. Has a full corps of competent instructors. Course of study ample and thorough both in the Preparatory and Collegiate Departments. Discipline strict, but kind. Terms very moderate.—A Scholarship for Three Years' Tuition for $100, and (to students having such scholarship) board, Room, Washing, Fuel and Light at the rate of $166.67 per year. Has been in successful operation for 15 years.

The Thirty-first Semi-Annual Session began Sept. 5, 1882, and ends Jan. 26, 1883. For catalogue and further information address

J. T. WARD, D. D., PRESIDENT,
sep30-m. Westminster, Md.

I. FRANK,
Real Estate & Loan Agent
MEXICO, MO.

Refers to all old citizens of Kent county, having lived in Chestertown from 1858 to 1865.
Sept. 23, 1882—7t.

☞ GO TO ☜

Chapman & Lambert's

AND GET A GOOD

IRON FRAME CULTIVATOR,

for putting your ground in order for Wheat. They keep on hand also a large lot of CULTIVATOR TEETH for Fall cultivating. sep23.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE

FIFTH DISTRICT.

TAXES for the present year are now due, and it is to the interest of all tax-payers to make early payments.—My tax bills are all made out and ready to be receipted.

Until further notice I shall be in Chestertown on Tuesdays, and at ADKINSON & BOULTER'S store at Edesville at other times. B. B. ADKINSON.
s30-tf. Coll'r 5 Dist.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE
SECOND ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE undersigned, Tax Collector, respectfully informs the Tax-payers of the Second District that for their accommodation he will be at Kennedyville on Saturday, August 19; Locust Grove on Wednesday, Aug. 23; Still Pond, Saturday, Aug. 26; Chesterville, Wednesday, Aug. 30, and at each of the above places every successive two weeks from the dates above named.

WM. F. ROEDER,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 2d District.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE

THIRD ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE Books are in my hands for collection, and for the convenience of tax-payers I will be at Smithville every Saturday morning; at Worton Heights every Saturday evening, and in Chestertown every Tuesday. Please settle your taxes early. S. AMOS REED,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 3d District.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE
FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE tax accounts are made out and ready for settlement. For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown all day on Tuesday and every Saturday afternoon, until further notice. Prompt payment is respectfully solicited. J. M. J. BYRON,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 4th District.

R. J. FOARD. J. D. BACCHUS.

NEW

COAL and WOOD YARD,

ON CANNON STREET, NEAR DAVIS' LIVERY STABLES,

Where there can be found constantly on hand a full stock of the best White Ash Cumberland & Lehigh

COALS.

We are now soliciting orders to be delivered from boat at much lower figures than what will be later. Orders left with the firm or at PLATT'S HARDWARE STORE will receive prompt attention. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.

FOARD & BACCHUS.

☞ We are also agents for the

STAR BONE PHOSPHATE

Manufactured by J. E. TYGERT & CO., Smyrna, Del. aug26.

Merchant Tailoring.

SCHWARTZ

Has returned to Town and located in the GARDNER STORE HOUSE. He has a Beautiful Line of Goods and guarantees a Perfect Fit. Old friends, please call and I will again satisfy you.

☞ N. B.—Special attention given to Altering, Repairing, Cutting & Cleaning.
July 29, 1882.

TO PARENTS and TEACHERS!

SCHOOL BOOKS, &c.

WE have just received a Large Stock of SCHOOL BOOKS and

School Supplies,

which we are offering at the LOWEST PRICES. Call and compare the prices.

M. A. TOULSON, Druggist,
aug27. BORDLEY'S CORNER.

AT W. H. LAMBERT'S is the place to get Bargains in all kinds of Groceries and Meats. s30.

45 CENTS a Pound for good, sound TOBACCO. Try it, at J. B. BAPPINGTON'S.

CANNED MACKEREL and Cooked Corn Beef, at LAMBERT'S.

In Memoriam.

DR. THOMAS H. WHALAND.

A great oak twists and bends before it dies,
And lightning-stricken, in its ashes lies;
A useful life is ended in this world,
No! no! it has not ended, but goes on;
Even the seed sown on our earthly soil,
Do multiply, and flower in beauty
Year after year. Famed are God's instruments
For certain ends; thus DOCTOR WHALAND's life
Itself prolonged, soothed pain and suffering
With a skillful touch. We saw him once bend
O'er a little child, whose parents looked
On him with hope and awe, as if on his
Great skill they did depend. Who knows what then
Was passing through his soul—what prayer through theirs?
The boy was healed, and now to manhood grown,
Is shedding tears upon his new-made grave.
Methinks along the roads, and through the woods
He hath so often crossed, he will be missed;
Not only human households tears do shed,
And kindred voices mournful dirges sing.
When morning breaks the lark will droop its wing,
And from the air dew-drops will kiss the flowers,
And rivulets will slowly, sadly stray,
All Nature breathing, sad and plaintive lays;
Each miss his journeyings to the sick man's bed,
Evening comes, and still he passes not,
The stars shine and perchance one is his home;
We look, and trusting, hope he happy is,
Amid the white-robed band around the throne.

Wilmington, Oct. 13. MATILDA CANBY.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

There lived, about five or six miles from Easton, Pennsylvania, a few years since, an honest farmer named Henderson, who had two very pretty daughters, Ellen and Maude. The first was about twenty-three years of age, while the latter was but nineteen. The farmer was a thrifty, well-to-do man, though by no means rich; but the family lived in excellent style, and the daughters had received good educations.

Both of these girls were pretty, but Maude was perhaps the handsomer. There was no lack of attentive young gentlemen at the farm, though the neighborhood was not very thickly settled. But "beauty draws us with a single hair," and the young ladies were the centre of a gay little circle of friends.

By-and-by it came about that an earnest, handsome, and sturdy young farmer fell desperately in love with Maude and proposed to her. On her part she loved Henry Masters above all the young fellows she knew, and told him frankly that he might speak to her father. In the meantime she confided the matter to her mother, a kind-hearted sympathetic parent, who saw no objection to the choice of her fair daughter, but all was left with the father to decide.

Henderson was a very straight-forward and open-mouthed man. That is, he said exactly what he meant, no more or less, and that he uttered freely. When Harry Masters called him off one side and told his especial errand as to Maude, the father said, "Well, Mr. Masters, Maude is young. I wanted Ellen to be married first; she is oldest, and I have got a marriage portion of $1,200 to give her; but I haven't laid by anything yet for Maude."

"I have got pretty well beforehand, Mr. Henderson, for a man but twenty-four years old, and we shall be able to do very well, I have no doubt."

"You mean you'll take Maude without any marriage portion?" said the father.

"Yes, sir, very gladly."

"Well, it is pleasant to hear you say so, because it shows your honest affection, Mr. Masters, but I am too proud to let Maude marry until I can give her a thousand or two towards housekeeping."

"It is not worth waiting for, sir, as long as we really don't need it and both are content."

"Then again, I'd rather Maude wouldn't marry until her sister is married, because she's so much older, do you see, it will actually make her an old maid. It isn't fair, Mr. Masters."

"Ellen is very popular with the gentlemen, and will soon be married," said the other.

"That's just what I've said to myself, and then I shall begin to pick up a marriage portion for Maude."

"I trust that is the only objection, Mr. Henderson?" said Harry Masters.

"Why, yes; you are a promising and respectable young man and come of good family," said the farmer; "but I can't let Maude go until I have got together a respectable marriage portion to give with her hand."

"Perhaps you will think more favorably about it," said the lover. "I'll speak with you again."

"All right, Mr. Masters."

Harry and Maude were very fond of each other, and now talked over the matter very seriously. Maude could not blame her father and did not herself like the idea of going to Harry without a proper portion to contribute toward their joint partnership in domestic life.

"Never mind, Harry," said the handsome young girl; "Ellen will soon be married. I have pretty good reasons for knowing."

"Ah, but then your father says he wants time to pick up a marriage portion for you, and that will take three or four years, perhaps."

"That is a good while, is it not, Harry?" said Maude, just blushing a little, for fear it sounded forward and bold.

"It's ages!" said the young fellow. "Think of waiting three long years—why, we shall be old folks by that time!"

"Not quite as bad as that," said Maude.

"I'm sure my hair will be gray by that time!"

"Nonsense, Harry! Now you are joking."

"I was never more in earnest in my life," said he, as he stole a kiss from her pretty lips, and ran away, so as not to hear her chide him for his boldness.

"Maude," said her father, coming into the house from the barn, "I wish you would ride the sorrel mare into Easton and get this hundred-dollar bill changed at the bank. The workmen have got done with the roofing of the barn and I want to pay them off to-night."

"Very well, father. Let John put the side saddle on, and I will be ready in five minutes."

The sorrel mare was brought up to the door, and Maude was soon on her way at an easy hand gallop toward Easton. She had an excellent seat, and was a good horse-woman. As she knew this very well, she would not have objected to have Harry see her just now; but he had gone a few minutes before in an opposite direction.

When Maude got into Easton she rode directly to the bank, but was unfortunate enough to find that it was already closed. After a few moments thought, she resolved to try to get the note changed at the grocer's or at some of the other stores, and went immediately to do so. Fate seemed against her, for no one had small change enough to accommodate Miss Henderson.

At one of the stores where she stopped a very gentlemanly looking person took out his pocket-book and said he thought he could change it for her, and she handed him the bill; but he returned it saying, after all, he had not so much small money. He seemed to regret this, however, and even followed Maude to the door and assisted her to remount her horse.

She was forced to give up her errand, as she did not like to run about among strangers, asking them to change her a bill, especially as no one seemed able to do so. She therefore turned her horse's head once more toward home. Scarcely had she passed the outskirts of the town when she was overtaken by the stranger who had spoken with her in the last store, and who at first thought he could change her bill. He was upon a fine-looking bay horse, and saluted her respectfully as he came alongside.

"Did you get your bill changed?" he asked.

"No; small bills seemed scarce," she replied.

"Do you live near here?"

"About five miles off."

"Quite a ride."

"Oh, we don't mind five miles in the country."

"You are an excellent rider."

"I have ridden since I was six years old," she said; but my sister Ellen is a better rider than I am."

"You are generous to admit it," said the stranger.

"Why, it is only the truth," she answered, frankly.

After they had passed over about two miles, they came to a very lonely piece of road, quite removed from any dwelling-houses. Still, as the stranger appeared so gentlemanly, and had addressed her so politely, she had not the least suspicion of any evil intention on his part.

Presently he said, suddenly, "I will thank you for that bill."

"What?" said she, half smiling.

"Please to give me that bill."

"What do you mean?" asked Maude.

"Just what I say!" he replied suddenly.

"I shall do no such thing!" she answered, firmly.

"I am sorry to draw a pistol upon a lady," he continued, suiting the action to the word, "but I must have that hundred dollar bill at once."

"Do you mean to rob me?"

"I must have the money!"

It was still with difficulty that she could believe that the man was in earnest; but when he now cocked his pistol and held it toward her with one hand, while he extended the other for the bill, she was forced to yield to the situation. She was a brave-hearted girl, and even now did not turn pale or tremble in the least, but saw that she could not help herself, and so made the best of it.

Just as she held out the bill to him, a sudden puff of wind blew it into the road and carried it gently several yards from them. The stranger slighted to get it, and quick as thought Maude struck her horse a smart blow, in order to get out of the robber's power. The sorrel mare was a spirited little creature, and sprung into a smart gallop at once, while the stranger's horse, which had been left standing beside her, also started off at full speed in her company.

Bang! went the robber's pistol after them, having only the effect to increase the speed of the horses both of whom were now on the dead run. Maude did not care how fast she rode, the sorrel was as easy as a cradle at that speed, and in ten minutes she dashed into her father's yard followed by the riderless horse.

Her story was soon told, and her father was with difficulty prevented from starting after the robber with his pistols and rifle, but he knew the scoundrel would naturally take at once to the woods, where he could not follow or find him.

"Well we've got his horse, at any rate," said the farmer, "and he is worth more than $100."

"Hallo!" said the man, John, who had been taking the saddle-bags from the strange horse.

"What is it, John?"

"These bags is full of something."

"I should think so," said the farmer, as he unstrapped the leather bags.

They were found to contain some counterfeit plates, a quantity of counterfeit money, in various bills, and also a little over $1,500 in good money!

"Huzza!" cried the farmer.

"What is it, father?" said Maude.

"Why your trip to Easton has proved a very profitable one, at all events. Here's over $1,500 good money!"

"Ah, but it will be claimed by the owner."

"Do you think a counterfeiter will dare to come for the tools that would convict him?—to say nothing of highway robbery?"

"I didn't think of that."

That evening Henderson sent John over to young Masters with a message to call round and see him, to which Harry responded instantly.

"Mr. Masters," said the farmer, as he came into the large, old-fashioned sitting-room, "you remember what you asked of me this afternoon?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, I give my consent. Maude has just furnished her own marriage portion. Take her my boy and be happy."

TEARS AND KISSES.

Two little Italians accompanied a man with a harp out of the city along the country roads, skirted by fields and woods, and here and there was a farm-house by the way.

He played the harp and they sang at every door. The voices were sweet, and the words in an unknown tongue.

The old ladies came out of the door, and held their hands above their eyes to see what it all meant, and from behind them peered the flaxen heads of timid children.

Not knowing how to make themselves understood, the little children, when they had finished singing, shyly held out their little brown hands or aprons to get anything that might be given them, and take it to the dark man out at the gate, who stood ready to receive it.

One day the dark harpist went to sleep, and the little boy and girl, becoming very tired of waiting for him, went off to a cottage under the hill and began to sing under the window.

They sang sweetly as the voices of birds. Presently the blinds were opened wide, and they saw by the window a fair lady on a sick bed regarding them.

Her eyes shone with a feverish light, and the color of her cheeks was like a beautiful peach.

She smiled, and asked them if their feet were tired. They said a few words softly in their own tongue.

She said, "Are the green fields not better than your city?"

They shook their heads.

She asked them, "Have you a mother?"

They looked perplexed.

She said, "What do you think while you walk along the country roads?"

They thought she asked for another song, so eager was the face, and they sang at once a song full of sweetness and pity, so sweet that the tears came into her eyes.

That was a language they both had learned; so they sang one sweeter still.

At this she kissed her hand and waved it to them. Their beautiful faces kindled, and like a flash the timid hands waved back a kiss.

She pointed upward toward the sky, and sent a kiss thither.

At this they sank upon their knees and also pointed thither, as much as asking, "Do you also know the good God?"

A lady leaning by the window said, "So tears and kisses belt the earth, and make the whole world kin." And the sick one added, "And God is over all."—*Sunday School Times.*

Life Compared to a River.

BY M. E. M.

On like a river our life swiftly flows,
And whither it tendeth no mortal knows;
The grave is its end, but heaven its goal,
Death claims our body, the angels our soul.

On sparkles the streamlet, rippling and light;
Like children's gay play is its merry flight;
And, like a child, it will brook no control
As onward its wavelets so swiftly roll.

Now it is gaining in swiftness and speed
Swiftly it passes by mountain and mead,
Dashing impetuously onward it goes
Like gayety of youth its bright water flows.

O youth—gay, bright youth—so happy and free,
Danger and sorrow are strangers to thee,
Dashing along in thy frolicksome flight;
Life, like the stream reflects only the light.

Broad, silent river, so still and so deep
On in your pathway you steadily keep,
Like manhood's full prime you pass on your way;
For joy or for sorrow you pause not, nor stay.

On t'wards the ocean thy dark waters roll,
On t'wards our Saviour is passing our soul,
The ocean, so vast, engulfs the broad stream,
The brief life of man is gone like a dream.

Why Frank was Forgiven.

It happened one day that Frank the son of an eminent clergyman, was sent into the garden to play with the other children, and, in a short time, fixed his longing eyes upon a favorite cherry tree of his papa's, the fruit of which all the little ones had been forbidden to touch; but the temptation was too strong for poor Frank. He looked again, and then tasted, after which he returned to his companions, and, in a few moments after, his father entered the garden. Seeing what had been done he called the children to him, and inquired what had become of the missing cherries. For a moment all were silent, when little Frank looked up, and said:

"I cannot tell a lie—I did it."

"How many have you taken?" was the next question asked by his father.

"Three," replied Frank.

"Then," said Mr. C——, "for the next three days, sir, you will live on bread and water as a punishment for your disobedience."

For two days the plate of dry bread and a cup of cold water waited for poor Frank at meal times instead of his usual fare, and, on the morning of the third day, while standing at the breakfast-table, his father asked him how he liked his fare. The child answered:

"I can eat it very well, papa, but don't much like it."

And, after standing in silence a few minutes, he looked up, and said:

"Can't you please forgive me, papa?"

"No, sir, I cannot. My word has passed and you must take your three days, as I told you."

The question was again asked.

"But can't you really forgive me, papa?"

"No," was the answer; "I cannot now break my word."

Frank instantly said:

"Then, papa, how could you say the Lord's Prayer this morning?"

Mr. C—— ordered the bread and water to be removed, and, turning to his little one, said, with evident pleasure:

"My boy, you have preached me a better sermon than I ever preached in my life."

A FEMALE JESSE JAMES.

The Lynching of Mary Sullivan in Caldwell County, Ky.—A True Story of Lawless Love and Lawless Hate—A Woman of Iron Nerve and Dauntless Courage.

The following strange story of lawless love and lawless hate connected with the hanging of Mary Sullivan by a mob in Caldwell county, Ky., on the 29th of September, is given in a recent dispatch to the Louisville Commercial:

About ten years ago there lived in the bottoms along Tradewater river, in the northern part of Caldwell county, two families destined to most terrible ends—the Campbells, Reilly, J. B. and Budd; and the Sullivans, Tom and his sister Mary. They were considered neither better nor worse than those around them. They were ignorant and rather shiftless, but so were many others in the neighborhood. Soon, however, the county people round about began to say strange things of

THE GIRL MARY SULLIVAN.

She was a bright, quick girl of twenty, with light hair, light blue eyes, and a little above the medium in size. No man for miles about could outlift her. With gun or pistol she was a dead shot. On horseback there wasn't a boy in the county who could ride faster over rougher country, or who dared to commit half the dare-devil pranks that Mary constantly delighted in.

The effect of all this in a quiet country neighborhood can hardly be imagined. Mary Sullivan's name became the by-word for all that was infamous, and the staid country matrons lulled their babies to sleep with stories of the horrible Mary and her midnight rides and crimes. Then rumor turned to other things. Mary was often seen with the Campbell boys, and once or twice she was seen with them and her brother late at night, dashing at her usual breakneck speed over the county roads. About this time the most daring robberies began to be committed in the northern end of the county. Farmers found their smoke-houses open night after night. Several stores were broken into and robbed, and strange to say, no one knew who committed the crime. One old farmer began to talk very freely, saying he recognized Mary Sullivan at the head of the Campbell's break into his smoke-house. A day or so afterwards Mary galloped up to his house, called him out, and asked him what he meant by saying what he did.

"Did you see me and the Campbells at your smoke-house?" asked she, at the same time pulling a big revolver and shoving it under his nose.

The old man stammered out an apology, and was never afterward heard to say a word against the Campbells. Among the most bitter denouncers of the gang was an old man named Felkers, who lived a few miles away from them on the Tradewater. One night just three years ago two men, afterwards discovered to be Tom Sullivan and Reilly Campbell, rode up to old man Felkers', took him and his old wife out and beat them severely. They then rode off. This affair caused the most intense excitement. A mob was hurriedly organized and some forty men rode over to the Campbell's. Mary Sullivan had in some way heard that they were coming several hours beforehand. She and her brother Tom went over to the little log hut of the Campbells' and barricaded themselves. When the mob came up they demanded the instant surrender of the whole gang. Mary yelled out tauntingly:

"Come on and get us, you cowardly dogs!"

Fire was opened by the mob, and the Campbells and Sullivans promptly returned it. After a little the beseiged made it so hot for the mob that it had to retire. The only man hurt was Tom Sullivan, who was shot in the breast, but soon recovered.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

The gang became more bold after this and robberies became more frequent. At this time an event happened which was destined to cause the entire destruction of the entire band. Mary Sullivan met Crockett Jenkins. The meeting itself was romantic enough to merit its being told. Mary was riding along the Tradewater one spring day two years ago when she saw a man on the other side preparing to come over. The water was deep, the little river having been raised by frequent rains, and she yelled over to him not to attempt to cross there. He either did not hear or paid no attention, for he plunged his horse in. The current was too strong for the horse and he soon threw his rider off and tried to save himself. Then with his heavy winter clothes on Jenkins would most certainly have been drowned but for Mary's dashing out into the stream with her horse and rescuing him at the peril of her life. She brought the man up to her brother Tom's to let him dry his clothes. A mutual admiration soon sprang up, which quickly warmed into love. From that time on Mary Sullivan and Crockett Jenkins were warm lovers. Jenkins, who lived some miles away, moved over to Sullivan's, and the illicit love of the two was the talk of the county. From that time on the gang had no more faithful follower than Crockett Jenkins. About a month ago, however, Jenkins tired of Mary and began paying his attentions to another woman. For some time Mary was ignorant of what was going on, but when she heard it her jealous hate was terrible.

"I will kill Crockett Jenkins if he dares to betray me," she had said to more than one. At length the storm burst. One night about a month ago Mary accused Crockett of his infidelity. He laughed at her. She was too excited to get her pistol, but sprang at his throat. A struggle followed, and Mary would, have strangled him then and there but for interference. Crockett left the house. Some time before this the band moved up from Tradewater bottoms, and had hired a little grocery some four miles away on a public road leading to Princeton. A day or so after the fuss between Mary and Crockett a crowd of men from Princeton were riding by the little grocery, all drinking very freely, when one of them, in a moment of recklessness, fired off his pistol. The Campbells, thinking the mob was on them again, rushed out of the grocery and began firing. The men returned the shots and then galloped on to town. This created another tempest of excitement, and the next day a mob was got together to

EXTERMINATE THE CAMPBELLS.

The next night forty men, armed to the teeth, with masks on their faces and hatred in their hearts, swept down the road towards the little log cabin where the Campbells kept their grocery. The leaders were picked men, and they were followed by some of the most desperate men in the county. It was resolved to do no half work this time but to make a sure job of it. At a dead gallop they rushed up to the house and in an instant it was surrounded. The forty men sat on their horses like statutes, and each man with a shot gun in his hand, the hammer raised, finger on trigger, ready for work. In the house was a family named McMurtry, an old man and some small children. The only other inmates were Reilly Campbell and his brother Budd. The leader of the mob called out to the McMurtry's to leave the house, which they instantly did, standing out in the woods shivering and waiting for what horror they hardly knew. Preparations were instantly made by the two men in the house for a fight to the death. Quarter was neither asked or given. The mob opened fire and the Campbells answered them. Then the firing came fierce and fast. A groan and muttered curse came from the outside, and a little group hurried a man off in their arms. It was Hick Johnson, a well-to-do, respectable farmer. He had a ball through his breast, and bled to death out on the road with pistol balls flying over his head singing his requiem. Then came groans from within, and Reilly Campbell fell in a pool of blood at his brother's feet—a corpse. But Budd stood to his guns, doggedly firing away into the night whenever he saw the flash of an enemy's gun. How long this wild warfare might have lasted no man knows. But Budd's ammunition gave out and his shots became less frequent. The mob closed in on him. Thirty-nine to one, surely it was madness to resist longer. Budd did resist however, and, barricading doors and windows, he stood ready with a clubbed gun in his hand to defend his life to the last. Suddenly he began to smell smoke about him. Then he knew the horror of his fate.

THE MOB HAD FIRED THE CABIN.

Thirty-nine men stood ranged around just outside, with leveled guns, waiting for him. Death by fire within, death by bullet without; which would he choose? The smoke became denser, he could hardly grope around the room. The blaze was leaping up around him like a mad wolf. The roof was a mass of fire. Then the door was burst open, and out of the fire and the blinding smoke that man could not breathe and live, out of this very mouth of hell staggered a man with singed clothes and grimy face and bleared eyes, clinging to the end of a gun. Twenty pistols were leveled at him, but he fell before the hands that were so anxious to pull the trigger could move. A dozen men gathered about him, bound him, and dazed and half-dead as he was, dragged him down into the woods. A rope was quickly brought, and as the smoke of the burning cabin floated through the trees it touched and moved the dangling body of Budd Campbell.

Nobody knew were Mary Sullivan was all this time. More than one of the mob afterwards confessed that if Mary had been there the job would not have been such an easy one. A night or so later some men returning from a visit to a neighbor's thought they heard a man's voice pleading with some one for mercy. They were not positive, but thought the person addressed was "Mary." The next day the lifeless body of Crockett Jenkins was found swinging from a limb of a giant oak at the top of a tall hill. The moral proof that Mary committed the crime, assisted by her mother and sister, seemed to be conclusive, but there was no positive proof. And so when Mary and her mother and sister were arrested nothing could be done to them. They were all discharged, and when Mary went back home she found

DEATH'S HEAD NOTICES

glaring at her, warning her to leave the neighborhood. All the rest of her friends were either dead or wounded or had left. Bud Campbell was dead; Reilly Campbell was dead; Crockett Jenkins was dead; her brother Tom had gone away to recover from his wound, which had begun to trouble him again; her mother and sister had fled; she was an outcast and alone. But in spite of all this the woman's indomitable courage never failed her. She went off to make arrangements about selling some cows, primed and oiled her pistols and then wrote defiant notes to her enemies. On the 29th of September she rode over to old farmer Hubbell's and asked for lodgings for the night. She had her little five-year-old child with her. About 10 o'clock a voice called her to the door. Her usual prudence seems to have deserted her. She did not even take her pistol which for five years had never left her hand day or night. She reached the door, opened it and peeped out. The night was dark and windy. Heavy, rainy clouds hid everything, as she failed to see the five men with pistols in their hands standing within five feet of her. She opened the door and stepped out. Three strong pairs of arms reached out from the darkness, and in an instant she was whirled away out to the public road. She knew what fate lay in store for her, but uttered neither threats nor entreaty. She said never a word, but walked along quietly with her captors. They bound her arms and feet, and, tossing her over a horse as though she was a mealsack, they joined the mob which was waiting for them on the road. They rode on till Mary recognized with a thrill of horror that they were approaching the place where Jenkins was hung. They halted under the very tree, and the leader, taking a rope from behind it, solemnly fastened the noose about the woman's neck. She never flinched. They took her off the horse, dragged her to the foot of the tree, threw the rope over the same limb from which Crockett Jenkins had dangled a week before and drew the woman up. A convulsive, horrible shudder ran through her frame, but she spoke never a word. The wind moaned dismally through the branches of the wood, whispering to the trees as it went that a woman's body, cold and stiff in death, was swinging from the tallest branch of the old oak tree.

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