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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.

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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

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILLIAM H. MEETEER,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of May 1883, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of October, 1882.

MARGARET H. MEETEER, Executrix.
n4-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

ANDERSON W. MELVIN,

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 May, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 24th day of October, 1882.

SUSAN MELVIN,
MILTON MELVIN, Adm'rs.
n4-4t.

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

THOMAS H. KENNARD,

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 eighth day of May, 1883; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 31st day of October, 1882.

RACHEL E. TAYLOR, Adm'x.
n4-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

CATHARINE LUSBY,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 8th day of May, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 31st day of October, 1882.

CHAS. L. PEARSON, Executor.
n4-4t.

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

THOMAS R. PRICE,

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 8th of May, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 31st day of October, 1882.

MARTHA A. PRICE, Adm.
n4.4t.

TAX NOTICES.

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.

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 Sun Saloon, Chestertown, Aug. 30—tf.

SALT SHAD, Mackerel and Herring and fine Sugar Cured Hams and Broiling Beef, at
jy22. THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

T. D. PIERCE—

DEALER in BOOTS AND SHOES of every description;

PRICES always the lowest, and one price to all.

IMMENSE STOCK of BOOTS and SHOES to select from.

ELEGANT STYLES, QUALITY and FIT.

RELIABLE RUBBER GOODS a specialty.

CASH DEALING enables us to sell at small profit.

EVERY PAIR of BOOTS and SHOES guaranteed.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., Adjoining the Bank.
Nov. 11, 1882.

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.

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.

SAMUEL BURNS & CO.,

—LUMBER—

Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.,

104 LIGHT STREET WHARF,

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 Flue-Stop, Reversible, Gas-burning, Long Cross Piece, Double Short Centers, Heavy Ring Covers, 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.

New Fall and Winter MILLINERY!

MRS. KATE GILL Has just opened a beautiful line of Millinery and Fancy Goods, for FALL and WINTER 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,
Oct. 7. nearly opp. Voshell House.

Stoves! Stoves!

We have just received as fine a line of

COOK & HEATING STOVES

as was ever offered to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.

Our Fire Place HEATER

Is the FINEST on the MARKET,

and our DOUBLE HEATERS cannot be excelled for durability and finish.

We only ask an examination of our stock to convince any one that no finer stock was ever presented. PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Call and see us before purchasing.

T. L. HINES,
Next door to Kent National Bank.

STOVE CASTINGS.

We furnish CASTINGS for any Stove made. Also, Brick and Pipe.
Give us a call. T. L. HINES.

Fodder Yarn and Corn Baskets!

As low as can be bought. Our stock of Yarn is complete both as to quantity and quality. T. L. HINES.
Oct. 7, 1882.

Fall and Winter Stock
—OF—
NEW GOODS
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS'
CHESTERTOWN.

DRY GOODS—Kerseys, Cassimeres, Sacking, Wool Flannels, Canton Flannels, Prints, Muslins, Tickings, 5-4 and 10-4 Sheeting, Dress Goods, &c.

NOTIONS—Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' red & white Knit Underwear, Ladies' and Misses, Merino Vests, Shawls, Nubias, Skirts, silk and linen Handk'fs, Soaps, Perfumery, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES

A SPECIALTY.

Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, all grades and prices; Ladies', Misses' and Children's goat Button Shoes, Laced Morocco, grain and calf Shoes, Gents' and Boys' Congress Gaiters, English Ties, &c. Rubber Over Shoes. A Large Stock at prices that will not fail to please.

HATS and CAPS

Latest Fall and Winter Styles for Men and Boys.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

Queensware, Glassware and Groceries.

Our stock is very full in all branches; our prices are at rock bottom.

Butter, Eggs, Lard, &c., taken in exchange for goods.

J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 14, 1882.

A CARD.

IT having been rumored that I intend to discontinue the Coal business, I take this plan to inform my customers, and the public generally, that such a report is without any foundation, whatever, but have secured the services of J. B. McIntyre, who will attend promptly to all my business connected with the coal trade. I will keep constantly on hand at my yard, at the Chester River Steamboat Wharf, Chestertown, a full supply of the best quality of White Ash Coal of various sizes; also, Soft Coal for Engines and blacksmiths. Orders for Coal direct from the vessel a specialty, and respectfully solicited. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to business and by selling an article that is good, to continue a share of public patronage. Respectfully,

THOS. DEC. RUTH,

N. B.—J. B. Intyre will receipt for all bills due for Coal. Parties owing me will please settle at once, I need the money. T. DEC. R.
Aug. 15tf.

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. SAPPINGTON'S.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home,
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or pattering of an April shower
That make the daisies grow.
Ko-lang, ko-lang, kolingle-lingle,
Way down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home.
Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,
Dekamp, Bedrose and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess and Sylph and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo,"
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang, golingle-dingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringle-ringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of worldless psalm;
The same sweet June day rest and calm;
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachblossom and Phebe Phyllis,
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lillies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, tolinkle-linkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill:
Koling, ko-ling, kolingle-lingle,
With a ting-a-ling-a-ling and gingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

Boy Inventors.

The *Christian Advocate* justly considers that a boy's elders are guilty of a foolish act when they snub him because he says or does something which they don't understand. A boy's personality is entitled to as much respect as a man's, so long as he behaves himself. In the following anecdote wise and foolish elders are exhibited—one class respecting, and the other despising a boy.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was make by a mere boy.

Newcomer's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by hand.

He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve-levers; although this is not hard work, yet, it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves.

He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a perfect form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing.

He whittled one out with his jackknife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy went to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he would bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.

Our Patent Office shows many ingenious and useful inventions made by minors and women, and the above list of important inventions made by boys might be largely increased did space permit.—*Scientific American.*

The Transfer of Gold Coin in New York.

The last annual report of President William Dowd, to the Clearing House Association, showed that within the twelve months covered by his review, $375,000,000 in gold coin was taken through the streets of this city to meet the requirements of the three-score banks included in the association. This $75,000,000 weighed over 686 tons, coming from the sub-treasury to the clearing house on balances. Of course these balances vary from day to day. During the administration of Assistant Treasurer Acton, the largest debit noted for any one day was on July 3d last, when over $7,000,000 went out. Prior to the appointment of Mr. Acton the balance on one occasion reached over $8,5000,000, and to pay it 17 tons of gold had to be taken from the sub-treasury vaults and passed over to the clearing house authorities for proper distribution among the creditor banks.

Not the least interesting feature of this immense transfer of gold under the direction of the Clearing House Association is the fact that each and every dollar of the millions is carried thro' the streets and delivered by one man, or, rather, by one man and his assistants. That man is John C. Barkley, popularly known to every banker, broker and office boy in the city's financial centre as "Honest John Barkley."

Service for the clearing house by no means limits his work. Every dollar shipped to Europe or received from Europe is conveyed to or from the ship on his trucks, and scores and scores of fashionable families are never content to leave the city for summer homes until Barkley has transmitted their silver to safety vaults.

John C. Barkley does not work for nothing, nor for mere pleasure, nor for glory. He has a truck on which he can carry, in gold, $2,000,000, or 40 shipping kegs. The fee for each keg is $1, or for the trip out of Wall street to the steamship company's pier, $40. But this is far from excessive when consideration is given to the responsibilities attending the business.—*N. Y. Times.*

"If you don't like my sermons, pray what kind do you like?" said a minister to an overcandid parishoner. "Well," was the reply, "I like the kind that drives a man into the corner of his pew and makes him think that Satan is after him."

ROMANCE OF A VIOLIN.

Only a broken violin. There it lay in the mud, a worthless piece of wood, rudely snapped in twain, with a few loose fragments of strings, soundless, yet beside it, as reverently as though bending over something human that had died—with a passionate burst of grief, as for some dearly loved friend, knelt a lad of some thirteen summers.

Out from the mud, with tender, caressing touch, he lifted up the shattered remnants, his tears falling the while thick and fast, his slight frame convulsed with sobs which could not be repressed.

He made no outcry, but his face was white with the anguish of despair. He had lost his all—the friend to whom he poured out his woes; the companion who until now, never had failed him, his second, better, nobler self.

Not many paces distant on the sidewalk, stood the perpetrator of the outrage, a sort of unrefined remorse gnawing within his breast.

For mere bravado he had wrenched from the hands of the little musician his instrument, and broken it across his knee, and throwed it in the mud.

Realizing that he had committed a coward's and bully's act, he took from his pocket a small coin and tossed it towards the boy.

"Take that," he cried, "and stop your whimpering. You have got no business to play music in the public streets. You're a beggar and a nuisance."

But in an instant with flashing eyes and head thrown proudly back, the little Arab had thrown the money back.

"You think you can pay me thus!" he replied in frenzied tones. "It is I who owe you a debt. I will yet live to see it wiped out."

They stood one instant looking steadily into each other's eyes—one the senior of the other some three or four years, tall and powerful, clad in broadcloth and fine linen—one a little, shrinking lad, his ragged clothes bespattered with the mud of the street.

At this moment an open carriage rolled by, but the little girl seated within it had, with her quick eyes, discovered something amiss.

She had seen the disdainful return of the rejected coin; she had heard the boy's words; she had marked the traces of a passionate grief upon his face, and with a hasty command to the coachman to stop, she called him to her.

"What are you about to do, Miss Selma?" questioned the lady with her, her governess.

"Nothing naughty, dear Miss Irwin," she replied. "This poor boy—see his violin is broken. I am so sorry for him."

The lad had slowly approached the carriage, in obedience to her command; but there was no light in his face, no eagerness in his step.

"How did that happen?" asked the little girl.

Carl looked up. Was this an angel who spoke to him? He had never seen any one half so lovely. Her hair floated about her shoulders in a shower of gold, and resting on it was a white hat, with a long, white plume, drooping far behind; her eyes were like the flush of sunrise; her lips were as the carnation, though they quivered with her unspoken sympathy.

The boy held up the broken piece of his violin.

"It was my all," he said. "I loved it—I loved it because it talked to me, and with it I was never lonely."

"But can you not buy another?"

"I have no money, Miss. I can never make enough, since this has gone. I had hoped one day to buy something better than this, but the day will never come."

A shade of thoughtfulness crept over the sweet face. In the little gloved hand she held a tiny purse, and within it, three, bright, glittering gold pieces shone. They were to purchase a coveted doll, her fond father's birthday gift.

She turned hastily to her governess.

"Please, Miss Irwin, do you think papa will be displessed if I do not buy my doll? No no—I know he would not."

Then, waiting for no reply, she pressed the purse into the boy's hand.

"Go buy your violin," she said. "No, you must not return this as you returned the other money; but some day, when you are a great musician, you shall repay me. Who knows? You may play at my wedding."

And with a little laugh, as the carriage started forward, the child, with a wave of her hand disappeared.

The boy stood motionless wrapped in a sort of ecstasy. No doubt that a veritable angel had visited him crossed his mind. Had he been dreaming? No, for within his hand lay the dainty little purse. Opening it with reverence, the shining pieces of gold met his gaze; but something else as well—a little piece of pasteboard, and upon it written a name and address. The lad lifted it to his lips.

"It is another debt I owe," he said softly to himself.

* * * * * * *

Ten years later, and on a bright, starlight night in January, the New York Academy of Music was filled from pit to dome. The great violinist, Herr Carl Seiberg, was to appear. He was very young, not twenty-three, the critics said he had reached the zenith of his fame. A great wave of applause greeted him as he came forward to the centre of the stage. He was tall, but slight, with large eyes, whose sensitiveness the blonde mustache could not wholly hide. With a soft, caressing motion, he drew the bow across the strings. An almost human voice of exquisite melody seemed to respond. The house held its breath to listen.

In one of the lower proscenium boxes sat a girl of nineteen. She wore no hat, and in her golden hair gleamed a diamond star. She was beautiful with rare loveliness. There was no fairer face in all that crowded assemblage. Behind her, leaning on the back of the chair, a young man whose gaze of rapt admiration never withdrew itself—a man of superb height and breadth of form, and with eyes and hair as dark as night—eyes which glowed with feeling as they dwelt upon her face, for the hope nearest Fairfax Farley's heart was to win the woman for his wife.

She turned towards him as the music died out, with a quick indrawing of her breath.

"Tell me," she whispered, 'was it not perfect.'

"I did not hear it, I was thinking but of you."

A vivid flush, almost of annoyance, rose to her brow; but at that moment the young musician, recalled by the thundering plaudits of the people reappeared.

His gaze now wandering over the house, finally rested on that exquisite face. He gave a sudden start. Of what and whom did it remind him? For a few seconds their eyes met; then with a sudden inspiration he drew his bow.

What was he playing? It was a cadence no man had ever heard before. It seemed to tell an unknown story, if one could but interpret it. It began in a storm, a grief of passionate despair, unreasoning, hopeless, then followed a rift of clouds, a sudden gleam of sunshine, then a heavy toiling of weary feet, often torn and bleeding, but with that rift of sunshine never quite hidden by the clouds overhead, no matter how dark or how dense they gathered; then came a burst of triumph, a song of victory, a transport of passion, and then peace.

The last note seemed to have no ending, its echoes lingered in a melodious hush, and rang in the pæans of applause.

The girl in the box tore the violets from her breast, and threw them at Herr Seiberg's feet. Flowers rained everywhere, but those only he stopped to gather. These he held so tightly that their crushed fragrance was wafted to his senses as he bowed his adieu.

The young musician was the lion of the hour. Fashionable ladies sought him out. Invitations to fetes and receptions and dinners rained upon him. It was at one of these latter that he and Miss Laurence met.

"I have pressed your flowers," he said to her in a low voice.

"My flowers?" she inquired with a blush.

Then she remembered the violets she had so impulsively thrown to him.

"I had almost forgotten," she added. "What was it, Herr Seiberg, that you played? It has haunted me ever since."

"Some day," he replied, "I will tell you. Now you shall only know that you were the inspiration."

Were his words presumptious? She could not answer; neither could she know the strange power which ever swayed her in this man's presence.

"You do not teach?" she said to him one day.

"No," he answered. "But if you will be my pupil, it will be indeed a pleasure."

"And your terms?"

His face flushed.

"I need no gold," he responded. "It is that some day you shall hear my story."

* * * * * * *

"I see nothing of you Selma," said Fairfax Farley, during this time. "Do you forget that I have some claims?"

"No, I forget nothing," she said.

But there was sadness rather than happiness in her voice.

"Are you not ready to give me your answer, dear?" the man continued. "Why do you hold me in suspense? Why, darling, may I not have the sweet promise that you have let me hope for?"

Did she shudder? If so, but momentarily, as the sweet, young voice made answer.

"True," she said, "you have been very patient; but be so yet a little longer. Let me be sure of myself. It is only for this assurance, Fairfax, that I wait."

But underneath Fairfax Farley's courteous calm was a seething maelstrom, a burning jealousy.

Two weeks later he waited outside Miss Laurence's home until Herr Seiberg stood on the steps in the moonlight. He had been passing the evening with her. An hour before Mr. Farley had made his adieu.

"Herr Seiberg?"

It was his voice addressing the musician.

"Yes," he responded, his surprise showing in his tone.

"I have waited for you," continued Mr. Farley, "in order to ask of you a favor. It is a great favor, but money need be no object between us. I am willing to pay you any price however fabulous; and, although I know it is out of your line, I want very much that you should play one solo at my wedding."

In the moonlight Herr Seiberg's face showed a strange pallor.

"At your wedding! You are to be married? May I inquire to whom?"

"Miss Laurence is my betrothed. Have you not heard?"

Both in question and answer rang a strange intensity; but the silence that followed had in its dumbness more force than either. Herr Seiberg spoke.

"To-morrow night at this hour you shall have my decision," he said, and rapidly strode away.

Before noon, the day following, Miss Laurence received Herr Seiberg's card; penciled on it were these words:

"Pardon my intrusion, and grant me half an hour's interview in which to bid you farewell."

Farewell! There was a certain spasmodic fluttering over her heart as she dimly recognized its purport.

What did this sudden departure portend! and why—why did it cause this faint sickness which stole through every pulse and fibre of her heart!

"Show Herr Seiberg up," she said to the servant, then schooling herself to be calm, sat awaiting him.

On the threshold of the room he paused.

"You asked me once, Miss Laurence," he began, "the story my violin told on the night we met. I answered that some day you should know. Would it weary you to hear it now?"

She bowed assent, and motioned him to a chair, but he still stood.

"I must go back many years," he said, "to the time when I was a little lad, footsore and friendless. Nay, not friendless! I had one friend—a poor little piece of wood with strings across it; but I forgot that it was. In my hour of loneliness and grief and sadness I would talk to it, and then by idly drawing the bow across the strings, it would answer me. Ah! no one would have believed it but myself, but it painted to me the future—it told me all that I might be. It whispered courage—it breathed hope. Well, one day strolling through the streets, touching its chords, asking no alms—I never begged—a boy older than I, taller, stronger, a boy richly dressed with a gold chain hanging at his vest, stopped and mocked me. I walked on silently. He followed me, and, in an unprepared moment, snatched my violin, and snapping it across his knee threw it into the filth and mud of the street."

"I was stunned. The magnitude of my loss overwhelmed me. The surging tide of my despair closed in about my soul. I saw neither earth nor sky—naught save the voiceless, shattered wood. Then he who had wrought the wanton, wicked act, threw me a coin. It roused me from my stupor. I caught and hurled it back. Not thus might he pay the debt he owed to me."

"In that moment a carriage passed. Seated within was a beautiful child—a little girl. She ordered the coachman to stop. She had seen something of what had happened. She inquired the cause of my distress. Then, with a tender pity in her eyes, and a voice like music, she put her purse into my hands and bade me use its contents as I would."

"'Some day,' she said, 'when you are a great musician, you shall repay me. Who knows! you may play at my wedding.'"

The girl's head was bowed. Her bosom rose and fell. Two sparkling tears glistened on the lashes, which swept her cheek. Like a dream it all came back to her; like a vision she saw the boyish face uplifted to her through a mist of tears.

Herr Seiberg strode to her side. He put his hand within his coat and drew something forth. Instinctively she knew it to be the little purse.

"It has never left me," he said, hoarsely. "I owe all that I am to you. The gulf is as wide now as then. I have never hoped to cross it. You are the heiress of a rich man. I, too, have wealth, but that cannot wipe out the spot. Let me tell you, though, what I did. I took your money and bought with it my violin. The man who sold it to me had a kindly face, and when I paid him for it I asked of him a favor."

"The money with which I purchase this was lent to me," I said. "I would like—oh, so very much! to keep this same gold. Will you lay it aside for three months, when I may redeem it? I do not know that I can, but I will save every penny that I earn, if you will but do this for me."

"The man smiled and consented."

"He marked the gold in my sight and laid it away. Within the time I had gained possession of it. It is here Miss Laurence. It seems a trifling sum now to both of us, but remember that it has made me all that I am! Yet its payment does not pay my debt. You say perhaps I might play at your wedding. Command me and I obey even though I thus forswear my second debt to the boy who a second time, in my manhood causes me the deepest misery my life has known."

He paused, and held outstretched toward her the open purse. His face was like marble; his eyes shone with a wonderful fire.

"Of what are you speaking?" she said, gently. "Whom am I to marry?"

"Last night he told me you were his betrothed."

"He! Who?"

"Fairfax Farley."

"It is not true. He has wished it so, but I did not know my own heart and asked that he should wait. I know that it can never be. Carl, you spoke of a gulf between us. Is it one that love will not bridge?"

The next night Fairfax Farley and Herr Seiberg met.

"You have decided?" asked the former.

"It is impossible," Carl replied; "but since you have kindly asked me to play at your wedding, may I not ask you to dance at mine?"

"Ah, you are betrothed then?"

"Yes."

"And to whom?"

"Miss Laurence," the young musician answered, proudly.

Two little words—a name soon to be merged into another; but their momentary utterance had canceled his twofold debt—redeemed his boyhood's vow.

How the Days were Named.

In the Museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have the representations of the idols, from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course around the world. The idol of the moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and is represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Ther, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed with twelve stars over his head, holding a sceptre in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand and a bow in her left. Seatre, from which is Saturday, has the appearence of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

A VISITOR to a baby show down in Maine thus sums up his conclusions: "For pure, undiluted foolishness about a baby, a father can 'outfoolish' all the rest of the family—yes, and I will throw in the grand-mother on the mother's side."

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-hal 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.

Pen Photos of some of Ye Old Folks.

Number X.

A Horse Trade—A Sad Death and a Disgraceful Funeral—Doctor Timothy Clowes.

Just then William Coburn, another justice of the peace, rode up to the store, and Corse appealed to him for the order to punish Joe for his disobedience.

Both Justices represented how cruel and unjust it would be to give the order asked for, and then be compelled to issue a similar order on complaint of Arguedine. Both positively refused. "Then, I'll sell him," said the master, "I will not keep a slave who will not do what I bid him do." One of the magistrates remarked on the folly of parting with an able and valuable hand at so busy a season. But all to no purpose; he ordered Joe to remount and go with him to Chestertown. Instead however of taking the direct road to town he turned westward at Lynch's Corner, drove around by the I. U. and Union churches, and stopped at the house of Josiah Gears. Here he met with a considerable number of acquaintances and the whiskey decanter. Among these visitors was the younger John Ashley, commonly called 'Red-head John,' to distinguish him from the brother-in-law of Joe Rasin, who owned the farm opposite to Gears, now known as the "Potter farm." This Ashley, Red-head John, owned a very beautiful grey mare, young and fleet. Corse was the owner of a very large, fine chestnut horse, for which he gave three hundred and twenty-five dollars at the sale of the personal estate of Philip Crane, not long before deceased. I was then but a boy not quite fourteen, and remember standing on tiptoe to reach the turret in which the check rein was hooked. Good horses were then worth from forty to sixty dollars. Ashley held his mare at one hundred and fifty dollars because he had neither desire or need to sell her. Corse proposed a trade of the horses, and Ashley, made many excuses. At length the former offered his horse and one hundred dollars. "But," said Ashley, "my mare has never been in harness, and I cannot warrant that she is safe." "I'll take that risk," said Corse, and he ordered Joe to take the harness from the horse and put the mare to the sulkey. Corse mounted and took the reins while Joe ran ahead to open a gate which separated the lawn from the field about half-way between the house and the public road. The mare moved off gently and beautifully to this gate, when the driver, with a long whip, gave her a blow which sent the whip twirling around her; she sprang forward with instant suddenness and impetuosity, the traces snapped like pack-thread. Joe seeing the danger immediately closed the gate, but not quickly enough to avoid catching the head of the frightened animal, which, to escape the gate, reared up, and the driver falling back from the sulkey was soon dead. Joe cut the harness from the mare, and mounting, rode in hot haste for William Coburn to bleed the unfortunate man. He was not at home, but Frank Usilton happened to be passing and being mounted on a racing animal, he, with Joe, soon reached the scene of the disaster. But, alas! too late; the heart had ceased its pulsations. His neck was broken. The dead body was taken to the house and preparation made for the funeral. Dr. Timothy Clowes, officiated, and it was positively asserted by a lady who attended, that there was not one sober man in the house; the clergyman being about the drunkest.

It is proper to state that the doctor was afterward deposed from the ministry for 'contumacy,' refusing to appear and answer other charges of immoral conduct; but not, as far as I know, for drunkenness.

Clowes went to New York and wrote a school arithmetic; and, many years after, I met him there canvassing for his book. He was, beyond dispute, a very learned man.

SEPTUAGENARIUS.

Shop-Keeping in the White House.

HOW TAD LINCOLN KEPT IN POCKET MONEY.

Mingled with his boyish simplicity, Tad had a great deal of natural shrewdness. The White House was infested with a numerous horde of office seekers. From day to day these men crowded the corridors leading to the President's office. Sometimes they were so numerous as to line the halls all the way down the stairs. It was not long before Tad found out what the assemblage mean; and it then became one of his greatest diversions, when other resources failed, to go around among the office seekers and sympathetically inquire what they wanted, how long they had waited, and how much longer they proposed to wait. To some he gave good advice, telling them to go home and chop wood for a living. Others he tried to dismiss by volunteering to speak to his father in their behalf, if they would promise not to come again. Many of these people were at the White House for weeks and even months, never missing a day, unless they learned that the President was out of town, or otherwise absent from the house.

Tad levied tribute on the men whose faces he had learned to know. Once he mounted guard at the foot of the staircase and compelled every passenger to pay an admission fee of five cents, "for the benefit of