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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, NOV. 25, 1882. No. 30.

**The Kent News:**

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

AS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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,
n4-4t. Executrix.

ESTATE OF DR. W. H. MEETEER.

I hereby constitute HOPE H. BARROLL my agent to collect, and sue in my name, for all bills due the estate of Dr. W. H. Meeteer, dec'd, and authorize him to receive all monies and receipt for the same. M. H. MEETEER,
n11-3t. Exec'x of Dr. Wm. H. Meeteer.

### 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,
n4-4t. Adm'rs.

### 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,
n4-4t. Adm'x.

### 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 A. 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,
n4-4t. Executor.

### 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 peceased'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,
n4-4t. Adm.

## 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 fo 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.


SPICES—STRICTLY PURE.
Whole and Ground.

Cloves, Allspice, Cinnamon, Ginger Mace, Black and Cayenne Peppers, Mustard Seed, (white and black,) Celery Seed, Ground Mustard, Tumeric, Pure Olive Salad Oils.

M. A. TOULSON, DRUGGIST,
Aug. 19. Bordley's Corner.

A GRAND DISPLAY
—OF—
CLOTHING
Is now on Exhibition at the Store-room of
BORDLEY BROS.

During the next **SIX WEEKS** they will be sold at such prices as will actually astonish customers. Now read carefully and see what we claim for our Clothing, viz.:

**1st.** We keep the Finest Fitting Goods that are sold on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

**2d.** As we buy only from the most responsible manufacturers of clothing in the country, we claim superior workmanship to those who try to deceive the community by advertising that they manufacture their own clothing.

**3d.** BORDLEY BROS'. stock of goods is Three Times Larger than any other clothing establishment in Kent county, and is undoubtedly the largest Clothing House on the Peninsula.

**4th.** We claim to sell Clothing for less money than the same goods can be bought from leading city clothiers, as our expenses are not so great and we can buy goods as cheap as any one else.

THERE IS ONE THING CERTAIN

You can find the best assortment, and all the Leading Styles, both in OVERCOATS and ULSTERS at BORDLEY BROS'. And we claim today that we have fairly earned the reputation that our sales are made upon—a square, solid basis, and no misrepresentation or deception is practiced in order to effect sales.

Reader do you want to purchase a SUIT, or an OVERCOAT? If you do, call at BORDLEY BROS., and we will offer you clothing for less money than you can get them in this county.

The Coming Christmas Holidays.

We have not forgotten the fact that a great many people buy their Clothing during the Holidays, and we have prepared for a large increase of sales. Our Store is packed full of Clothing, and we can supply all demands. Don't go to the city to buy your Clothing when home people can supply and satisfy you.

BORDLEY BROS.,
November 18, 1882. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

LOUIS K. STAM,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS,
PICTURES & PICTURE FRAMES, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER, LAMPS and LAMP GOODS, PAINTS, VARNISH, WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c., &c.

My Stock of FURNITURE is Large and Complete

and is offered at Reasonable Rates, and DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE to your door.

Having made arrangements with one of the Largest New York Houses to supply me with Samples, and with the aid of the LaForge Design Multiplier, I am prepared to offer you

CARPETS

At Exceedingly Low Rates. You will do well to call and examine. We are also Just Receiving a

Handsome Line of PICTURES.

PICTURE FRAMES Made to Order.
Large stock of LAMPS and LAMP GOODS;

I OFFER ONE LAMP

Which will give the Light of SIXTY CANDLES. CALL AND SEE IT.

WINDOW SHADES, many beautiful designs of Dado and Plain, made to order to fit your window.

Large Stock of Latest Patterns of WALL PAPER, to please the most fastidious.

WINDOW GLASS of all sizes, cut to fit any sash.

☞ Remember, Goods Delivered to Your Houses FREE OF CHARGE.

Always anxious and willing at all times to show you goods, even if you do not buy. [November 4, 1882.

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.

FALL and WINTER
Millinery and Fancy Goods

MRS. L. J. DAVIS.
Has just opened
A Fresh and Beautiful assortment of
*FALL and WINTER*
MILLINERY!!
embracing HATS, BONNETS, GLOVES, Handkerchiefs, Hoisery, &c., &c.

A large and varied assortment of every description of goods usually found in a first class millinery store is open to the inspection of the ladies and a visit is solicited.

Agency for Demorest's Reliable Patterns. "What to Wear and How to Make it"—portfolio patterns.

☞ Give her a call at the old stand.
Nov. 18-tf. MRS. L. J. DAVIS.

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.


### 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. 15-tf.


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.

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.

NEWEST styles of Fall and Winter HATS at J. H. SIMPERS.


Original.

*"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."*
ISA. 64-6.

How soon the rolling seasons pass!
The years have wings and swiftly fly,
As birds o'erhead in autumn sky.
All human things how like the grass,
Fresh and green for a day or so,
Then dead or covered with the snow.

Earthly glory how like the leaf,
Now unfolding in the bud,
Blending now with dust or mud.
Our brightest hopes how like the sheaf,
Blooming now so gay and blithe,
Now cut off by mower's scythe.

Human life, how like a dream,
Now real and bright as Summer day,
Now like a shadow passed away.
The course of time, how like a stream,
Now dancing here in merry glee,
Now out on bosom of the sea.

How the generations come and go:
Like actors on the stage they play,
Only to step down and pass away.
All! all how like a bustling show;
Joyous or sad we laugh or cry,
In turn we live, in turn we die.

CECILTON, MD., Nov. 10, 1882. JAY BEE.

## A BRAZILIAN ROMANCE.

The hour is midnight, and I have just come in a trifle jaded, but before retiring I purpose, while yet the facts are vivid in my mind, to give you some account of a wedding I attended this evening. It was a wedding, I make bold to say, the like of which was never celebrated on either continent. The high contracting parties were Malia, only daughter of De Souza Cabral, the great diamond king of South America, and George Arthur Throckmorton, a native of Kentucky, United States of America, who, for the past five years, has been successfully engaged in railroading in this country, with headquarters at Rio Janeiro. De Souza Cabral is principal owner of nine of the richest diamond mines in South America, and from them in the aggregate, he derives an annual income of not less than $20,000,000. His interest in gold mines probably amounts to as much more, and I am cognizant of the fact that last August he sold a one-tenth interest in the celebrated Bahia Mine—of which, until then, he had been sole proprietor, for $3,500,000 in gold. His diamond interests in South Africa and Siberia he lately estimated under oath (in some legal proceedings before court in Minas Geraes) at the enormous sum of $50,000,000! He has, besides, a great *penchant* for real estate, and I was but recently informed by one of his agents, a trustworthy man, that Cabral's rentals in London and Glasgow alone yielded over £150,000 annually. In 1869 he purchased the patent of a machine for making eyelets from a poor fellow whom he found starving in a garret at Marranham, for such a bagatelle as $183. Today the machine is extensively used all over the world, and Cabral draws $2,500 a day from this source alone. And then there are his sewing machine royalties that yield him something over $5,000 a day. (The correctness of this last item is vouched for by a friend of mine, who is the manager of the leading sewing machine company in Brazil.) Indeed it is easy to tell what he is interested in, but hard to think of something that is anything in which he is not. It would be a puzzle to name a leading railroad in South America or England in which he has not a stake. He takes in something over a million and a-half a year from his steamship stock, and probably twice as much more from other sources. A cool, clear-headed man of sixty, six feet high, straight as an arrow, with an eye like an eagle, a judgment as unerring as fate and a decision as quick as lightning, with superb nerve, unconquerable boldness, and an apparent incapacity for blundering. De Souza Cabral stands today the wealthiest man on the globe. He was lately asked by an intimate friend, in my presence, if he had any conception of the sum total of his possessions? He thought for a moment and then quietly replied: "I could not swear that I was not worth—presuming that I could realize on all my property—$50,000,000,000." He made this astounding exhibit with perfect *sang froid*, but I must confess that as he spoke I felt something very like pity for him. I could not think but how specially difficult it might be for him to satisfactorily solve the problem of the camel and the needle's eye.

I would not have devoted so much space to the father of the bride this evening were it not for the fact that otherwise the account that follows of the wedding might be received with incredulity. The bridegroom, young Throckmorton, is descended from one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the "blue-grass country," as he calls it. He came to Brazil with a matter of half a million in his own right, and since has prospered famously, so that today he cannot be worth less than $6,000,000. But a poor pittance in comparison with his father-in-law's overwhelmingly gigantic fortune, but still quite sufficient to relieve him from the imputation of marrying the fair Malia Cabral for money. He met her first at a ball at Pernambuco, and the result was a case of love at first sight on both their parts (at least so "they say.") They make an exceedingly prepossessing couple—he tall, broad-shouldered, yellow of hair and moustache, and she a tiny, graceful, lovely-faced brunette.

And now if I but had the hand of a ready writer to describe to you in fitting terms the unqualified and immeasurable pomp and circumstance of their wedding. But, alas, I cannot, and as I cast about for a beginning of my narrative I am much embarrassed with the riches that wait to be treated of. There were the invitations for instance. They were written on parchment by artistic hands, in quaint text, exquisitely illuminated. Instead of being inclosed in paper envelopes they were sent to their favored recipients each in its dainty box of sandal-wood. These boxes, 1,000 in number, were manufactured to order expressly for this wedding at Canton. Each one of them was furnished with a lock and key of solid gold, was exquisitely carved with Cupids and hearts and other designs appropriate to the occasion, and cost $150 each. My own invitation lies beside me as I write, and I catch the delicate scent of the sandal.

The residence of the great Diamond King, at which the marriage took place, is situated a little over a half a mile from Diamentina, which is, you know, the chief town of the diamond district. I may attempt to describe its magnificence in another letter; let it suffice to say that the house is the complete realization of the ideal castles of the regulation English novels, and that the grounds connected with it are the last expression of nature at her lovliest reinforced by art at its most consummate. This evening the place seemed a paradise. Wax-candles by the thousand, each caught and held in its place by a bronze figure, flooded the rooms within and the miles of grounds without, with a soft yet brilliant light. Here and there, on the green slopes, or in the rustic bowers, or at the edge of some romantic ravine, large music-boxes imbedded and completely hidden from view in the moss, played a soft and dreamy accompaniment to the voice of the fountains. One hundred music-boxes were employed in this service, and the tunes that were picked on their cylinders were composed especially for the nuptial night by no less celebrated a musician than Liszt. He received a draft of $25,000 for his witching work, and who shall say that he did not earn it? Certainly no one that listened to the music, which was little short of heavenly. The music-boxes will be distributed on the morrow among the bridesmaids and other guests of this evening, as unique remembrance of the wedding. Each one of them was imported from Paris, is cased in mosaic, and elaborately finished in gold, silver and a variety of precious stones. The hundred boxes cost as many thousand dollars. The drawing-room in which the Kentuckian and his "dark Brazilian bride" were made one flesh, had one feature in its adornment which excited the most fervent expressions of delight and amazement from all present. I allude to the decorations of the four walls. They were one mass of full-blown white camelias from floor to ceiling, and a good sized diamond was inserted in the centre of each to cunningly counterfeit the dewdrop. The effect was simply ravishing. "Words and phrases," as Mr. Webster said of eloquence, "may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot express it." Its every suggestion was sweetness, and light and purity. It is estimated that the adornment of this one room called for an expenditure of not less than ten millions of dollars. No diamond was given the role of the dewdrop that was not white and perfect "as the bosom of a star."

The entire distance from the Cabral mansion to the nearest railway station, something less than a quarter of a mile, was literally a way of flowers—not under foot, but in graceful arches overhead. Thus a long, snow-white bower, fashioned entirely of roses, was the connecting link between the drawing-room and drawing-room car. The demand made on Flora for this picturesque covered way was unprecedented. The flower bill for the wedding—exclusive of the item of hand boquets—amounted to $50,000. But the strangest thing in regard to this bower I have yet to tell. Its floor for the entire length was covered with camel's hair shawls, to my own mind a piece of preposterous extravagance. But the father of the bride declared that so long as it was his only daughter and only child whose marriage he was celebrating, he would send her out of her home to the steam carriage that was to carry her away from him over a pavement not likely to be imitated in the future history of marriages in South America. The shawls were purchased in London, the order being for "the best that can be had for gold," and the bill for the item amounted to the enormous sum of $568,500. After the bridal party entered the train the shawls were gathered up and to-morrow they will be distributed among the poor of the district.

And now a few words about the bride's presents. They were, by actual count, 1,840 in number, and the greater part of them I noticed took the form of either gold or diamonds. The mother's gift was a dinner set of 250 pieces of gold. Each piece bears the monogram of Cabral and Throckmorton in diamonds. The cost of this proof of maternal affection was something over $4,000,000 in gold. In addition Mme. Cabral gladdened the bride's heart with 1,000 yards of point lace; 365 morning, afternoon and evening costumes, one for each social division of every day in the year; and to crown all, a certificate of deposit issued by the Bank of England—England being the objective point of the bridal tour—for £1,000,000. Does this last item seem the very apotheosis of prodigality? It does seem so until you hear what the father did for his darling, and then it takes a subordinate position. He gave her title-deeds of a magnificent town and country-house in all the leading capitals of the the world and the more famous watering places. These many mansions are thoroughly furnished, and in each, as a tender reminder to Malia of her maidenhood, there is an apartment that corresponds exactly in furniture and adornments to her own room at her father's house. Not contenting himself with this display of his bounty, Cabral presented her with as fine a steamship as could be built on the Clyde, with full complement of sailors under contract for ten years service, and with salaries paid in advance for the full term; one dozen milk-white Arabian horses, and—this as a joke—1,000 pounds of caramels, a confection for which the bride is said to have a pronounced liking. But his crowning gift was a necklace that deserves to rank among the enumerated wonders of the world. Sixteen years ago, soon after Malia's birth, he began to collect the diamonds of which it is composed. Whenever or whatever he heard of a marvelous stone he was on hand in person or by agent and secured it. He had all Europe, Asia and Africa ransacked in behalf of the proposed necklace, and one time actually made overtures for the celebrated Pitt diamond, which cost the duke of Orleans, according to history, $576,000, and which Napoleon at one time wore on his sword hilt. He was baffled in this attempt, however, much to his disappointment, but after ten years of unremitting hunting, he at last got together thirty of the largest and purest diamonds in the world, no one of which was much inferior to the Pitt gem. Taking these to Amsterdam, he summoned the best talent in that city, famous for its diamond cutters, and stated what he desired—which was that each one of the thirty stones should have a fantastic face cut upon it. Amsterdam at first said that the task was more than herculean—that it was impossible. But when Cabral stated the stupendous sum that he was willing to pay for the fulfillment of his wishes, Amsterdam reconsidered and consented to do its best for five years day and night, and the result was that a week before the wedding, the diamonds, cut, carved, set on a golden string, and all ready to embrace the neck of the bride, were placed in the hands of the jubilant Cabral. I happened to be present when Malia was first shown the necklace, a couple of days before she was married. She wore a black silk at the time, and her father, after throwing the brilliants that contrasted so strongly with the color of the dress, over her head, stepped back a few paces to note the effect. Having gazed at the flashing necklace for a minute or so he suddenly broke into a loud laugh and cried out merrily, "My dear, on my life you'd do for the headlight of a locomotive." This necklace cost De Souza Cabral, stones, cutting and carving, $116,000,080 88. Cabral showed me the receipts yesterday, so that I am able to give exact figures. And yet this doting father, in naming the cost to me, added that he would willingly have paid what he did twice over rather than have missed his aim, or been unable to give his darling the wedding present he had designed for her while she was yet in her cradle. There you have the man in his unbounded expenditure of money to obtain his ends, and in his absorbing love for his daughter.

You must not expect from me any description of the ornate and bewildering toilets worn at the wedding—no, not even of the bride's rare raiment. I do not understand such matters, and, venturing to discourse concerning them, likely enough I should call lace, gimp, and peasant waists, polonaises. Let me briefly state that, so far as I could judge, the great heiress was married in clothes befitting her position. I am indebted to a lady guest for the information that her dress was of point lace, flounced or rather garlanded, to the waist with strings of seed pearls, with the voluminous train edged with a filagree of diamonds. Her neck was encircled by her father's wonderful offering, besides which there were diamonds banded on her hair and in bracelets on her wrists. She was certainly the most blazing beauty I ever gazed upon.

There was one feature of the wedding arrangements which struck me might better have been omitted entirely, or at least, materially modified, but which, nevertheless, in the mock it made of expense, was quite in keeping with all the other features. I allude to the phenomenally hospitable provision made for the hackmen who drove the guests to and from the festivities. On the velvet lawn just outside the Cabral mansion, a dozen or more exquisite Sevres vases were set—corresponding in size and make to an American peach basket—each one of which was heaped to the brim with the gold coin of the country. The drivers as they dropped their loads had their attention called to the currency in the vases, and were cordially invited to help themselves *ad libitum*. As often as the vases were emptied, they were promptly replenished by servants detailed for that sole purpose. One of the hackmen responded so heartily to the invitation that when the time came for him to drive back to town he was forced to request his two passengers to favor him by taking a seat on the box. He explained, not without blushes and stammering, that the inside of the coach was occupied by the gold pieces he had accumulated during the evening, and that he would not have taken so many had it not been for the thought of a sick wife at home. Having listened to him, his passengers, before mounting the box, returned to the house and related the incident to Cabral, who was so touched at the mention of the sick wife, that, on sudden impulse, he proposed a subscription for her benefit. The response was general and in a short time the snug sum of $10,000 was raised among the guests, to which Cabral added his own check for $40,000 more, saying that he did not wish any heart to be sad on that joyful occasion. When the $50,000 were handed to the hackman, "a cordial for your ailing wife, my man," as Cabral put it, he burst into tears, declaring that there never was such a man in the world as De Souza Cabral. And he was right.—*Diamentina, Brazil, Correspondence of Albany Journal.*

## Mosaics.

In life, as in chess, forethought wins.

It is one thing to see the road, another to cut it.

Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues.

Honors come by diligence; riches spring from economy.

We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one whom we love.

The deepest truths are the best read between the lines, and for the most part, refuse to be written.

We should try to succeed by merit, and not by favor. All, who does well will always have patrons enough.

Without woman the two extremities of life would be without help, and the middle of it without pleasure.

GOVERNOR-ELECT BUTLER wants the Lord to aid him in the administration of his office. If any man on top of the earth needs the aid of the Lord, it is B. F. B.

## MISS MERRIWEATHER.

"Sixty dollars—and I've earned it, mercy knows!"

And Miss Merriweather glanced down at the little heap of money, lying upon the whitely scoured table, in a retrospective manner.

"Just to think of the batches of turkeys I've rose—pampered them up as if they were babies, too. Yes, I do say I've earned it well."

"And you ought to put it in the bank, and it will accumulate interest."

Miss Prue's sister, Mrs. Potter, a little wilted-looking woman, with a small nub of dusty, flaxen hair pinned tightly at the back of her head, who was manufacturing preserves in a big brass kettle, swung over the blaze in the fire-place, had one single idea of solid comfort—money at interest.

"Banks ain't always safe," remarked Miss Prue, half to herself; "and I don't see the use of money either if you keep it always in a bank, so as you can't get it if you want to. I reckon I'll have some good out of this, anyhow. I'm going to give a ——"

"A party!" screamed Meg Potter, a bouncing, black-eyed girl in a red jacket, who was watering a thrifty crocus that dwelt in an ancient coffee-boiler in the kitchen window. "Oh, yes, do Aunt Prue! and I'll help you to make the cakes, and we'll invite those charming Thompsons that have just come from the city, and——"

"No we won't," said Miss Prue, decisively. "It ain't a-going to be no such affair; and I tell you, once for all, it's only going to be a party for poor folks—those that don't have turkey or plum pudding. I'm going to search around in all the highways and byways for the poorest and most miserable, and make them all come; and I'm going to give them one good feed of frosted pound-cake and lemon pies, and boned-turkey, and currant jelley, and other delicacies."

"Nonsense!" grumbled Meg, thumping her watering-pot down with emphasis, "that won't be nice."

"Goodness, gracious!" groaned Mrs. Potter, "you always was queer, Prue Merriweather; but this beats all. They'll most likely get ill, and blame you for it, and call you names, and your money will all be wasted, when you might save it up. If you're afraid of a bank, lend it out——"

"I'm going to," interrupted Miss Prue. "Whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. I'm going to lend this much to the Lord, anyway."

"But you won't get no interest," mourned her sister, stirring up her preserves with much dejection.

"I ain't afraid of getting cheated, anyhow," said Miss Prue, dryly.

And as there was no hope whatever of persuading her to change her mind, her sister and niece were constrained to make the best of it and help along with the preparations.

"It looks as if you were cooking your wedding dinner, Prue Merriweather," tittered Miss Jemima Jonquill, appearing in the doorway with a purple calico apron pinned over her head, and glancing critically at the row of pies upon the cupboard, besides which stood a great cake studded with raisins and citron. "I came to fetch your pattern back, and smelling nutmegs and things here, I came here this way."

Miss Jonquill was fat and fair, and had an insinuating manner and light gray eyes.

"Dear me," she continued, gliding in and plumping herself down into a chair by the fire. "If it ain't this very day ten years ago that you were cooking things just like you are now, because you thought Jim Griggs would be back next day. We told you not to put faith in his promising—that it was quite likely he wouldn't come, he was always so careless; but you was so headstrong you would prepare for him, and have a party to welcome him anyhow. I suppose you thought it would be your wedding day if he took a notion to suggest it—for I suppose he hadn't spoke already."

"You needn't bother yourself about whether he had or not," said Miss Prue, flushing. "He didn't come, so I hope you are satisfied."

"Oh, now, Prue," said Miss Jemima, reproachfully, "you know I was awfully sorry when he didn't come, you looked so distressed, and I pitied you ever since.

"You seemed as though you thought such a lot of Jim. If he had only returned you might have been Mrs. Greggs all this time. He must be married long ago, and I suppose you don't expect to be nothing but an old maid now."

Miss Jonquill being fully six months younger than Miss Merriweather, could afford this taunt.

"I don't expect anything only what Providence sends," said Miss Prue composedly, setting a plate of tarts in the window to cool.

A great fire roared in Miss Merriweather's parlor next day, and the strange guests were soon assembled, enjoying the novelty and exchanging greetings, comments and criticisms.

"Dear me," said an old lady in a linsey shawl, who earned a scanty living by knitting socks, "if there ain't Jane Higgs, and looking as if she was as good as anybody."

"And just see old Daddy Skifkins, with his eyes and bristles! I know he'll spoil my appetite," remarked Mrs. Baker, who was almost helpless with dropsy. "I do think he might have sense enough to stay away."

Miss Prue felt that she had an ample reward in the happiness she had the means of bestowing upon these poor creatures, into whose lives so few such glearns had fallen.

"If people would only seek happiness in this manner they would find it oftener," she thought.

Meg, who was helping her aunt lay the table, found the affair father an interesting experiment, and even Mrs. Potter conceded that lending to the Lord was not a bad investment.

Miss Merriweather was just finishing off her table arrangements with a great dish of oranges, when Daddy Skifkins came skipping out, in much excitement.

"Miss Prue," he exclaimed, there's a fellow outside says can he come in, as it is snowing so fast? And Mrs. Baker and Granny Larkins says he shan't come in; but it seems rather rough on a fellow that he has no place to go to, and I don't think he has, and——"

"Of course he can come in," said Miss Prue, settling the large orange. "Wait—I'll let him in myself."

As she opened the door a tall form in a rough gray overcoat, all dappled with snow, walked in.

"Prue!" exclaimed a deep voice just a little tremulous.

And without further notice the tall and saucy stranger gave Miss Prue a very snowy hug.

"Jim—Jim Greggs—is it really you?" cried Miss Prue, returning the hug, in the face of all the guests, who had trouped into the hall, with Mrs. Potter and Meg close behind.

"It's Jim Greggs and nobody else," returned the stranger cheerily. "And every year for this past ten it's been my intention to come home on this very day of this very month, because it's the anniversary of that day I promised to come, when I got albut killed and robbed afterwards; and when I got in a travelling condition to come back I wouldn't with never a penny, when I had made a fortune; and I vowed a vow not to come till I had made it back—which I have done at last—and to come this night when I did. Letters we poor wretches couldn't send oftener than once in six months, then they mostly went astray; so I wouldn't risk it, not being any hand to write anyway. I knew you'd wait for me, Prue, my darling, and here you are, with everything and everybody to welcome back the prodigal."

Mr. Greggs finished his explanation before the bounteous fire, with Daddy Skifkins revolving around him in a perfect ecstacy, and everybody talking at once.

Miss Prue took the opportunity to indulge in a thankful little cry behind the dining-room door.

But it somehow happened that while the guests were enjoying their banquet—for which Mrs. Baker's appetite did not seem to be seriously impaired by Dady Skifkins presence—Mr. Greggs persuaded Miss Prue to take a little walk with him as far as the minister's residence.

"It appears like it was her wedding dinner she had cooked after all," said Mrs. Jonquill when she heard the news. "But, law sakes!" she added with a titter, "it wasn't a very stylish affair. I wouldn't have such a wedding."

Which remark did not trouble the late Miss Merriweather in the least.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.—The *Scientific American* gives the following information to those who wish to get rid of stumps on the farm: In autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eight inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre, fill the hole with water and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in a gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away, without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes.

A WHALE caught fire on a railway dock in Boston, and the fire department was called out to save the skeleton. He had been mounted for exhibition, and the loss is stated at $9,500.

## ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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 a reasonable prices.

## *LONGFELLOW'S FINEST SONNET.*

The New York Evening Post considers this Longfellow's finest sonnet:

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.

THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE HORSE THAT APPEARED TO A CAMBRIDGE PARSON.

Recently at a dinner party in Easton, the Rev. Thos. P. Barber, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, being present, related the following ghost story, whereupon the Rev. Dr. Robt. Wilson, of Easton, also one of the guests, and a contributor to Lippincott's Magazine, furnished that periodical with the ghost story as furnished by Dr. Barber, (only substituting other names for the real ones), and from which we copy in full, and with the permission of the author of the story, give the correct names:

"The Rev. Dr. Barber is and has been for thirty years the rector of a prominent parish on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. He is a resident of the town of Cambridge, and has—or had some twenty years ago when this happened—a mission charge in the village of Vienna, sixteen miles distant, and between these places he was constantly on the road. About half a mile from Cambridge was the country residence of Judge B. J. Goldsborough, a well known and venerable parishoner of the worthy doctor. The gentleman had been dead about six weeks when Dr. Barber happened to be returning from Vienna to Cambridge one afternoon in a carriage with Mr. Allen, a prominent citizen of the former place. It was in broad daylight, just about sunset, and not far from Judge Goldsborough's gate, when a carriage, drawn by a white horse, passed them rapidly from behind and was soon out of sight.

"That fellow must be in a hurry to reach Cambridge," remarked the doctor.

"Did you notice anything particular about that vehicle?" inquired his companion.

"Only that it moves very quietly