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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

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.

If You Want

BARGAINS

Go to the NEW STORE,

The "NEW I DEA."

Everything Marked Way Down!

I will give you a few of my prices:

Ladies' and Gents' Striped Hose, 8, 10, 12c. and up.
Children's Hose, 6, 8, 10c., and up.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, 15c. and up.
Handkerchiefs 4, 6, 8c. and up.
Ladies' and Children's Lace Collars of the newest styles 8c. and up.
Gents' and Boys' white and col'd Shirts, 40c. and up.
Ladies' Silk and Lace Ties 12c. and up.
Ladies' Skirts of all kinds, 40c. and up.
Ladies', Gents' and Chil's Under Shirts, 15, 20, 25c. and up.
Corsets, all makes and kinds, 25, 30, 40c. and up.
Ladies' and Chil's Hats, newest shapes.
Feathers, Flowers, Satins, Ribbons, Velvets, all shades and widths, ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.
Ladies', Gents' and Children's GLOVES of all kinds.

I CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION

To Our Manufacture of

Ladies' and Children's FURS,

which we will sell very low. Furs altered and repaired.

SKINS of all kinds bought; the highest market price paid.

I hope you will give me an early call and be convinced of our low prices.

Our motto is "quick sales and small profits." Respectfully,

J. CANTORWITZ.
Opposite Post Office, Chestertown.
Oct. 7, 1882.

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.

LEGAL NOTICES.

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

E. M. WILKINS,
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 seventh day of June, 1883; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 28th day of December, 1882.

MARY A. WILKINS,
RICHARD HYNSON,
d2-4t. 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

PETER STOKES,
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 29th day of MAY, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of November, 1882.

WILLIAM STEVENS,
Nov. 25—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILLIAM DEFORD,
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 29th day of May, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of November, 1882.

WM. B. USILTON,
Nov. 25—4t. Adm'r.

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.

Harrison W. Vickers. J. Thomas Rowley.

VICKERS & ROWLEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
ap20y.

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.

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.

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.

TAX NOTICES.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

THE undersigned Collector of FIRST DISTRICT, hereby gives notice that he will be at the following places for the convenience of Tax Payers after this date, namely:

At CHESTERVILLE Tuesday afternoons.
At GALENA on Thursday mornings.
At SASSAFRAS Thursday afternoons.
At MASSEYS Saturday mornings.
At MILLINGTON Saturday afternoons of each week until further notice.

Tax Payers are urged to pay their taxes promptly.

JOHN F. WHITTINGTON,
n25-tf. Collector 1st 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

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

PAPA'S BLESSING.

"I have asked Wynn to come out this evening to talk over a little business, Dora. If he should arrive before I get here, you must see to him until I come. Be kind and polite to him, my dear. He is really a very well meaning and unassuming fellow, and the most useful book-keeper I have ever had. He has seemed a little out of sorts lately, and I am sure would be most grateful for any little attention from you."

This Richard Blair, the rich tea-merchant, had said to his daughter in the morning, on leaving his pretty villa at Richmond for the city, with an amount of pompous condescension which clearly manifested his sentiments with regard to book-keepers and their kind.

Dora was an obedient daughter, as her reception of her father's guest that evening plainly showed; but certainly the worthy tea-merchant would have found abundant cause to retract his opinion as to the same guest's modest and unassuming character if he had been a witness of his demeanor on that occasion; for no sooner had the door closed upon the servant who ushered him into the presence of his young mistress than—totally unabashed and unblushing—he took the young girl into his arms, only releasing her after leaving upon her ripe red lips at least half a dozen warm kisses.

Dora, not appearing the least surprised or disconcerted at this greeting, bore unflinchingly the situation for fully two minutes before she blushingly drew back and endeavored to bring into something like order her soft brown hair, which, with the dainty ruffles at her throat, had become somewhat disarranged by the welcome she had so obediently given her father's guest.

"It is a long time since I have seen you, Harry," she remarked, with a bewildering glance from beneath the thick lashes shading the large gray eyes.

"I should think so indeed—quite an age!" responded the book-keeper, dismally. "I managed to get away half an hour before the time your father told me he should be home, hoping to see you alone; but he'll be sure to turn up before he's expected—it's just my luck!"

"Harry, do you know why my father has sent for you to-night?"

"I haven't an idea, excepting that it's something about the branch of the business in Hong Kong."

"I can enlighten you a little then, though I hardly think you will be as pleased as my father seems to expect. One of the men in the house out there has just died; he had rather a responsible position, I believe, and papa wants to send you out to take his place."

"As if anything could induce me to leave England and you, Dora!" cried the young man. "Why the separation would probably be for years!"

"I am afraid you must go, Harry," was the girl's rather sorrowful response. "You know my father; your refusal to obey his wishes would probably make something very like an enemy of him, and render matters between us even more hopeless than they are at present."

"Dora, I must speak to your father," cried the young man excitedly. "When he finds that his daughter's happiness is involved, he can't be heartless enough to refuse our united prayers. He seems to feel rather kindly towards me. Anything would be better than uncertainty!"

"No, dear Harry. Believe me, it would only be exchanging uncertainty for positive resignation of all our hopes. I know my father well, and it is useless to hide from myself and you that he loves money far better than his child. He has declared over and over again that he will never give his consent to my marriage with a poorer man than himself; and I know he will never retract his word."

"And you advise me to go off to China, with the probability of never seeing you again, Dora? Nothing can be worse than that, surely!"

"Oh, Harry, I must have time to think! I heard of it only this morning," cried Dora, on the verge of tears. "There comes papa now, and I have so much still to say to you. I must see you again. Could you manage to come down on Thursday at this time for half an hour? My father is going to a dinner in the city on that evening."

"Of course I can," responded Harry, just as the door opened to admit the master of the establishment.

"Oh, Wynn, you arrived first! Prompt as ever—a most excellent quality in a young man. I hope my daughter has made you comfortable—eh, Dora?"

"I tried to do so, papa," responded the young lady demurely. "I suppose my company can be dispensed with now?"

"Yes, my dear, you may go. By-the-way, you may send us a bottle of wine, please."

"Well, Wynn," began the merchant, when the two men were left alone, as he walked up and down the room, evidently satisfied with himself and all the world, "I have to tell you that there is excellent news from America. We have closed the contract with that firm in New York of which you have heard me speak, and the transaction will bring us in something very like £20,000. Not at all a bad job, eh, Wynn?"

"You are usually fortunate, sir," answered Wynn, a little bitterly.

"I have something else to say which will interest you more nearly, my boy. We have just heard of the death of Jones, our secretary at Hong Kong, and I am called upon to send some one to fill his place. It's rather a good position, and we need some one we can trust. I've been rather pleased with the way you've done your duties lately, and I've been thinking—hem!—in short, I have made up my mind to give you the place."

"But, sir," began Wynn, in desperation.

"Oh, no thanks! I know you appreciate it and all that, of course, and I'm sure we shall be satisfied with you. Could you be ready to go next month?"

"I will think it over, sir. I suppose it is not necessary to give you my answer for a day or two?"

"No, certainly not," replied the merchant, a little surprised at Wynn's way of receiving such a piece of good fortune.

Then followed an announcement which, for an instant, caused the book-keeper to turn hot and cold with lightning rapidity.

"Perhaps you will be interested in a piece of family news which has given me the greatest satisfaction, Wynn. My daughter is soon to be married."

"Impossible! I mean, sir, I had heard nothing of it," stammered poor Wynn.

"Eh?" exclaimed the merchant, staring at his companion in astonishment. "No, I suppose not. The fact of the matter is, Miss Blair doesn't know of it herself yet; but she will, of course, be as pleased as I am. The letter only came today from an old friend of mine who has made millions—millions, my boy—in sugar, and writes proposing a marriage between his only son and my daughter. The young man has seen my Dora somewhere it seems, and was quite smitten with the sly little puss. He is coming to us on a visit next week. Now, haven't I cause for rejoicing today, Wynn?"

"Pray accept my congratulations, sir," replied the book-keeper lugubriously.

"By-the-way, Wynn," the merchant went on, after a moment's pause devoted to golden anticipations, "it has struck me that you have been rather down in the mouth lately. Are you out of health?"

"Oh, no, sir, thank you—not at all!" responded the young man hurriedly, rather disconcerted by this unusual solicitude in his behalf.

The delight with which the merchant had that day heard of the success of business schemes likely to make an important addition to the banking account of the firm, and especially anticipations of the brilliant marriage to be made by his daughter, had filled his head with a sort of comfortable condescending benevolence and good-will to all the world, which descended even to the affairs of so unimportant a personage as his book-keeper.

"Have you had any bad news?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps you are in debt. Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, Wynn. I feel quite a fatherly interest in you, and I might do something to help you. I shouldn't at all mind advancing a hundred pounds or so."

"I thank you most gratefully, Mr. Blair; but I have no debts."

"Then there is nothing else for it, boy; you certainly are in love."

Wynn started, blushing to the very roots of his hair, but could find no words to reply, while the merchant stared at him for a moment, and then laughed uproariously, rubbing his hands with glee as he exclaimed—

"There, I have it at last. Come, out with it, young man; what's the trouble? Won't she have you?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Wynn, in an agony; "but she is rich and I am poor. Her father would never consent."

"Pooh, pooh! Is that all? You surely ought to be able to manage that somehow. Is it indiscreet to ask who the young lady is? Do I know the family?"

"I am afraid—it wouldn't do—to mention her name," said poor Wynn, looking wildly about for some means of escape.

"Well, do I know the father?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant reflected for a moment, then brought his fist down upon the table with a vehemence which made the wine-glasses rattle.

"I have it now!"

Wynn turned fairly cold.

"You needn't say 'Yes' or 'No,' nor commit yourself in anyway; but I think I've got your secret. It's old Brooks's daughter! I've seen you twice with the young woman lately. Old Brooks got the better of me in a business transaction the other day, and I'd like to be even with him. Any way, whoever the girl is I am disposed to help you."

"How, sir?" gasped Wynn.

"Why—hem!—if the old fellow won't give his consent, why shouldn't you do without it? What do you think of eloping with her?"

"What, sir?" cried Wynn, hardly believing his ears. "You really advise me to do that?"

"Yes—why not? What's more, I'll give you the price of the license for a wedding present, and lend you my carriage any night you like to be off, besides throwing in my blessing in the bargain! I know a clergyman a few miles from here who would do the job for you willingly, especially if I give you a note to him. I did him a favor once."

"And you positively will give us your assistance and blessing, no matter who the young lady may be?" exclaimed the book-keeper, almost involuntarily.

"Positively," replied his employer, firm in the conviction that here was a delightful opportunity of becoming revenged upon a man who had assailed him in his weakest point—his pocket. "I will help you without asking any questions. We must teach the grasping old sinner that his daughter's affections are not an article of merchandise. Nobody need be ashamed of you for a son-in-law, Wynn, my boy."

"Thank you, sir," responded the young man faintly.

"Just consult the young woman, and, if all is right in that quarter, let me know the day, and the carriage and the price of the license shall not be wanting. I shall not go back from my promise."

"Wynn did not fail to keep his appointment at Richmond on the following Thursday evening, finding Dora at home and alone, as he had hoped; and the next morning, when Mr. Blair entered his counting-house, he found his book-keeper waiting anxiously to speak with him.

"Well, Wynn, is anything the matter?" asked the merchant, a little surprised at seeing the young man at so unusual an hour. "Has anything new turned up about the American affair?"

"No, sir," Wynn stammered blushing like the veriest school girl. "I am not here to speak of business. I must beg your pardon for trespassing upon your time at this hour; but you were so very kind a few days ago as to promise—"

"Well, out with it, man?"

"That you would assist me—"

"Aha—the young woman! I remember now!" exclaimed Mr. Blair, laughing heartily. "So you have seen her? What does she think of my plan?"

"She has consented sir," faltered the book-keeper, keeping his face carefully hidden behind the lid of a desk in which, to all appearance, he was searching busily. "On the day after to-morrow evening, if convenient to you—"

"The sooner the better! My boy, I am quite ready to keep my word." As he spoke the merchant turned to his desk and filled up a check, which he handed to his companion. "There is the wedding present of which I spoke. Of course, you must get a special license. My carriage will also be at your service at whatever time and place you choose to appoint. By the way, what does the young lady think of the China project? I hope your marriage will not affect your decision with regard to it."

"She is anxious that I should do whatever is most pleasing to you, sir."

"Ah, I see she is a sensible woman! I should like to call in the course of the evening, after the ceremony is over, and offer my congratulations, if you and Mrs Wynn intend to remain in London."

"Thank you, sir, I was going to ask something of the kind. We expect to be at the Grosvenor Hotel."

"Should you like a week's holiday?"

"Not at present, thank you," answered Wynn feeling afraid that he was extremely likely to be given a much more prolonged holiday than he desired.

"Very well, my boy. I wish you all manner of luck. Return in the course of the morning, and I will give you the letter I promised to my friend the clergyman."

About 9 o'clock P. M. on the day of the marriage, Mr. Blair, adorned with the usual splendor of light kid gloves and a white necktie, and carrying an enormous boquet of roses and orange blossoms, entered the Grosvenor Hotel and inquired for Mr. and Mrs. Wynn. He was told that the gentleman had been at the hotel in the morning and engaged rooms for himself and wife, but had not as yet appeared with the lady.

"Then I will wait in their rooms until they arrive; it can't be long now," replied the merchant; and he was shown into the pleasant little sitting-room reserved for the pair whom the astute clerk had already settled in his own mind to be bride and groom.

Mr. Blair had not long to wait, though in his present state of good humor he could very easily have borne a longer delay than the half hour he passed in well-satisfied musing over the good luck which lately seemed to have attended his every movement. He had received a letter that morning from the young man whom he hoped to call his son-in-law, appointing a day for his visit to Richmond, and the prospect of this marriage was above all a source of self-congratulation with him.

Then too this evening's event afforded him indescribable amusement, as he pictured to himself the wrath and consternation of the man, who he had firmly convinced himself had injured him deeply, when he discovered that his only daughter had bestowed herself upon an impecunious book-keeper. All alone to himself Mr. Blair chuckled with malicious enjoyment over this most delightful of jokes, and rejoiced in his own share in bringing his enemy to confusion.

"I wonder how soon papa is to be told of the happy event," he soliloquized. "Who knows? Perhaps it will be a family party to-night!"

Later the merchant had taken out his pocket-book and was deep in an abstruse calculation as to certain weighty transactions which might be undertaken when a little of the wealth of his prospective son-in-law had filtered into the firm, when there was a sound of voices and footsteps in the hall, pausing at the door, and Mr. Blair knew that the bridal party had arrived.

Thrusting the book into his pocket and seizing the boquet, he rose and stood in readiness, when the door was thrown open by the waiter, and, sure enough, Wynn entered, having on his arm a lady closely veiled.

The merchant advanced, bowing low, with outstretched hand, which was rather hesitatingly taken by the book-keeper, who muttered only a few half-incoherent words of thanks in reply to the congratulations offered him. Mr. Blair scarcely noticed the young man's evident confusion, so occupied was he in vainly trying to discover his companion's identity through the thick veil which she had not as yet raised. There seemed to him something oddly familiar in her figure, though, much to his chagrin, he saw instantly that she was certainly some inches shorter than Miss Brooks.

"And your wife? Am I not to have the pleasure of making her acquaintance?" he said, feeling somehow vaguely uneasy.

Then the veil was slowly raised, to reveal the face of the merchant's own daughter, pale, frightened, beseeching, but still for a moment the man failed to understand.

"Dora!" he said, in bewilderment. "What are you doing here?"

Dead silence followed, and then the fairest of the merchant's castles in Spain fell with a crash.

"Can it be possible that you are this man's wife?"

"Yes, dear father, it is quite true," said the girl's pleading voice. "Won't you try to forgive us? It can't make very much difference to you. You can't miss me, you know, for you never needed me, and I needed, so sorely, some one to love me!"

The book-keeper was holding his wife's hand firmly all the time, and only drew her a little closer to him as he added—

"We are far from deserving it, I know, but I hope you don't forget that you promised us your blessing, Mr. Blair."

The merchant was about to speak, but suddenly checked himself and, turning abruptly, walked to the window, where in total silence he stood motionless for a few moments, battling with the bitterest disappointment of his life.

To his own surprise, even in the midst of his almost uncontrollable anger, something in his daughter's pathetic words caused him a pang of genuine self-reproach, as he suddenly realized what a lonely, neglected life his child had led, while he, in his pursuit of wealth, had never known or cared for any needs she might have which money could not supply. Was it strange that she should have sought abroad what she could never hope to find in her own home? Then too, the deed was irrevocable; no amount of opposition could render the marriage illegal; and, after all, Dora might have done worse, for what Wynn lacked in fortune he partly supplied in business capacity. While these thoughts were rapidly passing through his mind, something else struck Mr. Blair most uncomfortably. If he were to cast off these young people in anger, might they not in return make known to all their friends his own ridiculous part of this affair! Might it not even come to the ears of the detested Brooks? This decided him.

"This is a great disappointment to me, as you of course must know, Dora," he said at last, turning to his companions, who were awaiting his words in almost breathless suspense. "However, the deed is done, and I suppose the most sensible thing is to make the best of what I must consider rather a bad job. I promised you my blessing, Wynn, and you shall have it, upon two conditions. The first is, that you—and I suppose your wife—shall go to China, as I proposed."

"We are quite willing, sir," the book-keeper replied eagerly. "And the second condition?"

"That you never, either of you, disclose to any human being who was the promoter and instigator of your elopement."

"I promise, papa," said Dora.

"And so do I, sir," said the young husband immediately afterwards.

How Does a Little Girl Grow?

This is only a little girl;
But how does she grow?
Does any one know?
With her hair of gold and her teeth of pearl!
From a baby so wee
She will grow to be
A maiden as fair as a blooming rose;
But no one can say,
As day follows day,
How a blade of grass or a little girl grows.

INITIATED INTO MASONRY.

THE BAD BOY GIVES HIS FATHER THE ROYAL BUMPER DEGREE.

From the Milwaukee Sun.

"Say, are you a Mason, or a Nodfellow, or anything?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am; what set you to thinking of that?" asked the grocery man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with half a pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do the gaots bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow, who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"O nuthin', only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellows did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could join the lodges when we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt if we had a play lodge in my room and purtend to nishiate, and Pa said it wouldn't do any harm. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable and carried him up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, but the goat blated so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we had to put some baby socks on his feet. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could bunt a picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nolidge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intellect. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over his blating, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps.

"We went up stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say 'a pilgrim who wants to jine your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nishiate a man in your Mason's lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just before you turn him loose. You can get three times as much to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and got on his knees a laffing, and I tied a towel around his eyes and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right towards the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was a laffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low base tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers as the goat was loaded for beer, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole business, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead not to blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: 'Bring forth the Royal Bumper, and let him Bump!' Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's mustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he sees the larger beer goat rearing up, and he started for it just like a cow-catcher and blated. Pa is real fat, but he knew he had got bit, and he grunted and said: 'Hell's-fire! what you boys doin'!' and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder, and ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blating, and sneezing, and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said: 'Howly mother, protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blated, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister who comes to see ma three times a week, was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated, too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk blating and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was sickened, and then pa came out of the room with his suspenders hanging down, and, as he didn't know the minister was there he said cuss words, and ma cried and told him he would go to hell sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that cussed goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to his people, and none of them set down but ma, cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they was talkin' religion with their mouths, and kussin the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night, and I hain't been home since; but I don't believe pa will lick me, cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat hisself, and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, guess I will go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, cause the goat wasn't loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good-by, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

As the boy went away, and skipped over the back fence, the grocery man said to his brother Odd-Fellow, "If that boy don't beat the devil then I never saw one that did. The old man ought to have him sent to a lunatic asylum."

PREMIUM CORN CROPS.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN KENT BOYS.

MANNER OF CULTIVATING, &C.

The contest between Kent county boys for the championship in raising corn has been brought to a close and the "belt" is awarded to Master Edward A. Corey, son of John W. Corey, Esq. The following report gives particulars. We also give below the reports of the boys, describing the manner of planting, fertilizing and cultivating:

REPORT OF THE AWARDING COMMITTEE.

To Kent Co. Ag'l Association:—Gents:—The undersigned having been appointed a committee to award the premiums offered by Dr. A. P. Sharp, (a member of the Society) and Kent Co. Ag'l Association, to the youths of Kent Co. for the best 1-4 acre of corn, make the following report:

Having carefully examined the different statements of the several contestants, together with the statements of the parties measuring the different crops, we find the youths have complied with the conditions in all important particulars. The result is as follows:

Jas. R. L. Crouch	21¼
Medford T. Porter	25¼
Jno. C. Norris	22¼
Frank Walraven	18¾
Jno. E. Morris	23¾
Edward Morris	25¼
Edw. A. Corey	28¼

We therefore award the first premium of $20 to Edw. A. Corey; second premium of $13 to Edward Morris; third premium of $7 to Medford T. Porter; all of which is respectfully submitted.

WM. W. STEPHENS,
J. P. NICHOLSON,
H. P. SMITH, } COMM.
HENRY T. MASSEY.

REPORTS OF THE BOYS.

My land was flushed May 26, and harrowed three times; signed out 3½ feet, and corn planted in steps on the 28th May. A mixture of hen-house manure and dirt was applied to each hill of corn. After the corn came up I harrowed it. It was nearly all destroyed by insect, and was replanted June 15th. I bar-plowed it, then cultivated it; threw the furrow to it, then cultivated it again; recultivated it, ploughed it again and then hoed it. JAMES R. L. CROUCH.

I spread five loads of barn-yard manure, flushed with two-horse plow, crossed one way 3½ ft., dropped it 1½ feet apart; harrowed first, then bar plowed; cultivated down, put furrow to it and levelled down, put woods manure and plaster in the hill. Planted white corn and covered with plow. MEDFORD T. PORTER.

My ground was a year old clover sod; I used ten wagon loads of good stable manure on top and ploughed in, harrowed it a good many times then run the rows 3½ feet apart, used rich dirt mixed with ashes and hen-house manure in the rows, planted the corn about 15 inches apart in the rows, covered with plow, thinned it down to two stalks in the hill. Cultivated several times, hoed it once and plowed once throwing the furrow to it