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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, JAN. 13, 1883. No. 40.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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.

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

HANNAH R. LUCAS,
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 4th day of August, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 2d day of January, 1883.

GEORGE T. WILLIAMS,
jan6-4t. Executor.

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

ANDREW J. HACKETT,
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 subscribers on or before the fourth day of August, 1883; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 2d day of January, 1883.

MARY E. HACKETT,
JAMES M. SEVERSON,
Jan. 6—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

JOHN H. SAPPINGTON,
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 25th day of June, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 19th day of December, 1882.

WM. L. SAPPINGTON,
Dec. 23—4t. Adm'r.

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

DANIEL CREW,
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 21st day of June, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 19th day of December, 1882.

AMANDA M. CREW,
JAMES S. HARRIS,
d23-4t. Adm'rs.

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

ISAAC PERKINS,
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 21st day of June, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 19th day of December, 1882.

MARGARET E. PERKINS,
d23-4t. Exec'x.

ORDER NISI.

In the Orphans' Court of Kent county,
DECEMBER 19, 1882.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Robert J. Lusby, late of Kent county, deceased, made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, Trustee, under the will of the said deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twentieth day of February next,—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 19th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $12,533.75.

ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOS. J. SHALLCROSS,
R. B. WILLSON,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

True copy—Attest:
JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,
d23-4t. Register of Wills.

Harrison W. Vickers. J. Thomas Rowley.

VICKERS & ROWLEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
ap29y.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned hereby offers his services to the public.

Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Esq., (Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md.,) will be promptly attended to. Can be seen in Chestertown on Saturday afternoons, or

Address COMEGYS BROWN,
a30-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DENTISTRY.

Talk is Cheap When it is not Backed Up.

IF you want any Dentistry done, teeth Filled, Inserted or Extracted (with or without Gas,) call and see me and if I don't give you as good a job as any Dentist in the United States, I will return your money. J. T. TWILLEY,
Nov. 11-3m. Chestertown.

LIVERY

And EXCHANGE STABLES

CANNON ST., CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange Stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.
ag7-tf. CHAS. H. DAVIS.

HAMS, Bacon, Lard and Broiling Beef, at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

The New Year! 1883!

AT

WHEATLEY'S

UP TOWN!

RAISINS, CURRANTS,
MINCE MEAT, APPLE BUTTER,
PRESERVED DAMSONS,
CRANBERRIES, &c., &c.

—AT—

WHEATLEY BROS',
UP TOWN.
Jan. 6, 1883.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

W. H. LAMBERT

DEALER IN

Family Groceries Specially,

Has just opened a large stock of RAISINS, PRUNES, CITRON, Currants, Dates, Candies and Nuts, and a large variety of Fancy Cakes

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

All kinds of CANNED GOODS, Plum Puddings, Potted Meats, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Jellies, Preserves, Mince Meat, &c., constantly on hand.

☞ FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO a specialty, at lowest prices.

Give me a call.
jan6. W. H. LAMBERT.

New Goods! New Goods!

For a Full Stock of

Fresh Seasonable Goods

CALL AT

N. C. CROW'S, UP TOWN.

I have just opened a full line of

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, &c.

Fine lot of Fruits, dried and fresh,

Provisions, Tobacco and Cigars, Crockeryware, Glass-ware, Wood and Willow-ware.

SHOES! SHOES!

I make a specialty of SHOES for Ladies and Gentlemen, and sell at lowest prices.

My stock is all new, and bought at bottom cash prices.

Respect'y, **N. C. CROW,**
Up Town,
Adjoining Mrs. Gruber's bakery.

☞ Cash or trade in exchange for all kinds of Produce. d3.

Wm. J. McFeely & Son

Desire to call attention to their very large line of

CHOICE GROCERIES

And Confectionery

especially suited to the present season. Buckwheat, Hominy, Beans, CANNED GOODS of all kinds in Meats, Vegetables and Fruits; PLUM PUDDING, &c.

Also, a splendid variety of Candy, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Nuts in variety; MINCE MEAT Preserves, Cheese, Seasoning Extracts, Spices, &c.

Call and see the largest Grocery Store on the Shore.

WM. J. McFEELY & SON,
d16. Chestertown.

BOOTS and SHOES

—AT—

LOW PRICES.

A GENERAL INVITATION is extended to visit the BOOT and SHOE STORE OF

James A. Shaw,

COURT ST., CHESTERTOWN,

Where can be found a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys. He is anxious to sell them at low prices and will guarantee that the same quality of goods cannot be bought for less money either here or anywhere else in the State.

He will also have a large lot of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.

☞ Fine Boots and Shoes MADE TO ORDER, and a fit guaranteed.
aug12. J. A. SHAW.

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.

THE largest and best assortment of Pocket and Table Cutlery in Kent county. Scissors, Razors, Razor Straps, &c. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

1882 —AND— 1883

NEW STOCK!

S. R. STEPHENS & SON

MAMMOTH STORE.

At MASSEYS, Kent Co., Md.

ALL KINDS OF GOODS for LADIES GENTLEMEN and CHILDREN

AT CITY PRICES!

1500 Yards CARPETINGS,

consisting of Brussels, all wool and half wool Ingrains, Hemp, Cottage and Stair Carpets from 20 to 85c. per yard.

Fine CASHMERES and all kinds of LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

SILK TRIMMINGS,

Fine Col'd and Black Silk Gloves,
New Style Ladies' Collars;
Ladies' and Gents' Water-proof Gossimer Coats,
Ladies' Fine City Made Gaiters,
Ladies' Latest Style Hats,
A large stock of Men's and Boys' First Class CLOTHING, ready made or to order.
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Blankets and Comfortables from 1 to $4.50
Clocks, Looking Glasses, &c.

Notions, Hardware, Tinware, and all goods can be had at very low prices. Our friends and the public will please call and see our stock.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods
Agents for Wanamaker & Brown.
Agents for Lucas' Paint.

S. R. STEPHENS & SON
Sept. 30—6m.

If You Want

BARGAINS

Go to the NEW STORE,

The "NEW IDEA."

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.
Jan. 13, 1883.

THOMPSON, Up Town!

RAISINS CURRANTS,
CITRON, PRUNES,
APPLE BUTTER,
MINCE MEAT
and NUTS of all kinds, at
THOMPSON'S, up town.

Hecker's Self-raising and New York and Penna. Buckwheat by the lb. or bag, at Thompson's, up town.

Cheap and Good Brown Sugar, Pulv., Standard A, Granulated and Cut Loaf Sugars, at Thompson's, up town.

Who'd have thought it? A pound of Splendid Green or Roasted Coffee 12½c. and a pair of 21 in. Leg Boots with thick heavy soles, for $2.50! and an Undershirt or pair of Drawers for 25c., at Thompson's, up town.

Protect Yourselves!—A full plated 7 Shot Revolver for only $1.00 at Thompson's, up town.

Gum Boots and Shoes—for the little and big, at Thompson's, up town.

Hominy, Beans, Dried Fruit; Canned Goods & Jelly, at Thompson's, up town.

C. A. Gambrill and Wm. Lea & Sons. brands of Flour, always on hand by the barrel or pound, at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.
Dec. 16, 1882.

J. W. Shallcross,

KENNEDYVILLE,

Dealer in GROCERIES,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.

☞ Also, keeps **COAL** on hand at the depot to supply the wants of the community, at the lowest prices. je8.

NOTICE.

J. W. IVENS has opened a *NEW DRUG STORE* AT WORTON STATION, and will keep on hand a full line of Fresh Drugs. I have secured an experienced Druggist, and Prescriptions will be carefully compounded.

DR. J. B. MERRITT will be at my store Mondays and Thursdays from 2 to 5 P. M., to attend to any business in his line.
apr22-tf. J. W. IVENS.

KITTY'S PRAYER.

"The misthress is dyin', the doctors have said so,
Oh, who'd be a docthor to bring us our deaths?
To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so,
A feelin' the pulses, an' countin the breaths!
To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately,
Outstretchin' the hand for a fee on the sly,
To settle our deaths for us very complately,
And very contintedly leave us to die!

"The misthress is dyin'—it is such a pity—
The master just worships the ground neath her tread,
She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an' pretty,
Is there no cross old woman could go in her stead?
She trates us so kindly, we think it an honor
To larn from herself her own iligant ways;
I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,
An' what will I do whin she's dead, if you please?

"I hate our fine docthor! he ought to be cryin',
But smiled as he ran to his carriage an' book,
Jist afther he told us the darlint was dyin'—
Shure if she recovered how quare he would look!
I know he's a janius—the best in the city—
But God's above all—even docthors—who knows
I am a poor little sarvint," says Kitty,
"But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose?"

So down on her knees in a whirl of emotion,
With anger and grief in a terrible swing,
Her Irish tongue praying with utter devotion,
In faith that but few to their praying can bring.
The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implored with a force that my verse cannot give,
With the zeal of a saint, and the glow of a lover!
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupefied sorrow—just holding her hand—
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in;
In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce understand.
Her delicate lips had a painful contraction,
Her sensitive eyes seeming sunken and glazed;
He knew in his heart there could be no reaction;
He just sat and saw her—in fact, he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver—
Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise—
Grim Death retrogrades with a sad little shiver,
She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes;
A wonderful hope—is it hope? is it terror?
Leaps up in his heart while he watches his wife.
Is it life before death! is it fancy's sweet error?
Or is it—or can it be—verily life?

Oh, send for the doctor—death hangs on each minute—
They wait for his fiat as that of a god—
Who sagely remarks that there is something in it,
Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod.
Joy rings through the house that was silent in sadness,
The master believes that he ne'er felt despair,
And Kitty, the servant, laughs out, 'mid her gladness,
To think that they none of them knew of her prayer.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

SOME REMARKABLE CASES.

Cases exhibiting the precarious nature of circumstantial evidence, independently of the deep interest which generally attaches to them as mere narratives, are calculated to work so beneficial an effect on the public mind, that they can not, it seems to us, be too frequently or too prominently brought forward in pages adapted for popular reading. By no other means can mankind be so strongly impressed with a salutary conviction of the necessity of making the strictest and most minute investigations, ere the life of a fellow creature be arbitrarily shortened, or guilt of whatever kind be decisively laid to one's charge. The following cases of circumstantial evidence are collected from various sources. The first we find in the able notes to a Scotch edition of Bentham's Works, and the authority adduced is one of the collections of French criminal causes that have been published at various times. The case is given in the original French, of which the following is a literal translation:

The Shop Boy and the Murdered Keeper.

Previous to the rebuilding of that long range of houses which line the Place St. Michel, at Paris, in front of the Rue St. Hyacinth, an aged widow lived near that spot, being the occupant of a small shop, to which was attached a back parlor where she slept. She was belived by the neighbors to have amassed a considerable amount of money. One young lad constituted, for a long time her entire household. He slept on the fourth floor of the same building, but the staircase leading to his apartment had no communication with the dwelling of his mistress. The lad was obliged to go round by the street, when he had to enter the shop, and when he left it to go to bed, he shut the outer door, and carried away the key, of which he was the sole depository. One morning the shop door was noticed to be earlier open than usual, while at the same time no movement indicated that either the old shop-keeper or assistant had arisen. The quietness alarmed some of the neighbors. On entering, they perceived no marks of violence about the door, but they found a bloody knife lying in the middle of the shop, and on her bed, in the back apartment, lay the shopmistress, dead—stabbed, to all appearance, with the weapon mentioned. The corpse held in one hand a small handful of hair, and in the other a cravat or neckcloth. Near the bed was the money-box, which had been forced and pillaged. The young shop assistant was immediately seized, and he admitted that the bloody knife belonged to him. The cravat which the murdered woman held in her hand was his. They compared his hair with that grasped in the other hand; the two were the same, in color and in every other respect. Finally, the key of the shop was in his possession; he alone had the power, by means of that key, of entering the shop without resorting to force. On the strength of this accumulation of evidence he was put to the torture; under its agonies, he admitted the crime, and was broken on the wheel.

Shortly afterwards, a tavern boy was taken up for some crime of a different nature. In the declaration emitted by him after conviction and condemnation, he confessed that he was the sole actor in the assassination of the old woman in the Place St. Michel. The tavern where he served adjoined her shop, and he was on familiar terms with her shop boy. To the latter he acted as hair-dresser, so far as regarded the periodical arrangement of the lad's hair *en queue*; and always when he used the comb, he carefully gathered those hairs which the instrument detached. By little and little he thus collected the handful which was found in the grasp of the murdered woman. The knife, and one of the cravats of the lad, he had procured without difficulty, and the terms of intimacy on which they were, enabled him with equal ease to take an impression in wax of the shop-key, for the fabrication of a false one. By these means he entered and committed the deed, leaving the things in the state which has been related. Such is the story as told by a French writer. Seldom has there been a piece of villainy so coolly planned and so ruthlessly executed, at the foreseen and expected cost of existence to two unfortunate beings. The succeeding two cases are of a similar order, exhibiting the fall of innocence before premeditated villiany, and are from the Causes Celebres, first series, volume third (Amsterdam edition of 1775).

The Entrapped Jews.

In a hotel or lodging-house at Milan, a Frenchman and two Jews were resident at one and the same time. The Jews occupied a chamber adjoining that of the Frenchman, who formed an acquaintance with them in consequence. He observed them to be very rich, as they often counted great bags of Spanish pistoles in his presence. This led him to the following guilty device. He cut or tore off a considerable portion of a night-wrapper or gown belonging to him, and contrived not only to leave it in the chamber of the Jews, but to watch the use they made of it. They employed it to wrap up a parcel of one hundred pistoles. On the morning after observing this, the Frenchman, as soon as he arose, alarmed the house with cries of "robbery!" Everybody ran to his chamber, and there heard him tell a melancholy tale of the loss of one hundred pistoles, which he had wrapped up in the front of his gown. He asserted that some one must have entered while he slept, and cut away the part of the gown with the money. The officers of justice were called in to examine the house. In the chamber of the Jews was found the portion of the gown, and the Frenchman then called out, "There is my money!" The Jews were timorous men, and were thrown into confusion. This strengthened the case against them, and the consequence was that they were executed. At an after period, the guilty author of their death confessed the conspiracy by which he had implicated them.

The Flemish Curate.

Another victim of a plot of this nature was a Flemish curate, who lived near the commencement of the eighteenth century. He was a man of remarkable piety, and exhibited in his conversation and deportment all the virtues which ought to adorn the character of him who assumes to be the teacher of others. In his parish resided a man of violent passion, who entertained a mortal enmity against another parishioner and neighbor and resolved to assassinate him. Casting his eyes deliberately about him to discover a mode of doing this with safety, this wretch noticed a habit which the curate had of throwing off his walking-coat whenever he entered his own house, and putting on a short cassock in its stead, leaving the coat carelessly in the outer-room or lobby, which was open to friend or stranger at almost any time. Observing this custom the man alluded to resolved upon taking a diabolical advantage of it. He fixed upon a time when he knew the curate to be usually engaged in composing the sermon for the following Sunday's service and entered the lobby, whence he carried off the coat, and a neckerchief, which he found also there. He knew that immediately after this time, the person whose assassination he meditated would pass by a retired spot near the village. The villain had planned his time well. The victim came up to the spot as expected, and perished under the knife or dagger of his enemy, who afterwards returned, without delay to the curate's house. Favored by the dusk, he placed the coat, neckerchief and dagger, in the lobby whence he had taken them, and then went off to the nearest magistrate, and denounced the curate as the murderer, declaring that he himself, from a little distance, had beheld the commission of the crime. The magistrate hurried to the reported scene of the deed, saw and recognized the body, and then proceeded to the house of the unfortunate and unconscious clergyman. Half hidden in the lobby were found the coat, the kerchief, and the dagger, all of them more or less stained with blood. The curate was arrested and thrown into prison.

When the matter sustained a judicial examination the "bold, bad man" who had projected the double murder, adhered to his story, and as nobody was with the curate at the time in his dwelling, the accused had no exculpatory evidence to offer, except what was afforded by his simple protestation of innocence, and the sanctity of his former character. All his flock, and indeed all who knew him, believed him to be utterly incapable of such a crime; but the law, and the judges of the law, regarded the criminatory testimony as too strong to be doubted, and held it to be their duty to condemn the accused. The best of men, it was argued by the public persecutors, have been known to be hurried by the violence of temporary passion into the commission of crime, and such was but too propably the case here. When the sentence was known, a great sensation was excited over the whole country. The whole community was in favor of the curate, but this could not save him from the *stake*, to which he was doomed. He died with a degree of calm resignation, which drew tears of admiring pity from all who saw him.

Four years after his execution, the villian who had caused his end involved himself in another, and on this occasion the crime was brought home to him. He was condemed to be broken on the wheel—a death too horrible for even such a criminal as he was. Before he died, he confessed the whole facts of the curate's case. The memory of the latter was thenceforth honored like that of the saints.

The Barber's Apprentice.

"September 14, 1772, came on, at the sessions at the Old Bailey, the trial of one Male, a barber's apprentice, for robbing Mrs. Ryan, of Portland street, on the highway, on the 17th of June last. The witnesses swore positively to the identity of the lad, and the whole court imagined him guilty. He said nothing in his defence, but that he was innocent, and his evidences would prove it. His evidences were the books of the court, to which reference being made, it appeared that on the day and hour when the robbery was swore to be committed, the lad was on his trial at the bar where he then stood, for another robbery, in which he was likewise unfortunate enough to be mistaken for the person who committed it; on which he was honorably acquitted."

KANKAKEE has a justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula:

"Have 'er?"
"Yes."
"Have 'im?"
"Yes."
"Married, $2."

TWO LADIES were talking about house-keeping. One of them remarked:

"I sent twenty-five cents to New York last week for a simple receipt to keep red ants out of the sugar bowl."

"Did you get any answer?" inquired the other.

"O, yes; the answer came all right."

"What was it, pray?"

"Keep your sugar in an oyster can."

A FAILURE establishes only this, that our determination to do something was not strong enough.

THE greatest fool God ever made is he who thinks every body else a fool but himself.

IT is more common to make a virtue of necessity than a necessity of virtue.

THE OLD LOVE.

By the author of "Dot," "Edith's Secret," "The Captain's Daughter," "Mark Archer's Choice," &c., &c., &c.

The sunshine falls pleasantly through the vine-leaves on the broad, white threshold; soft breezes rustle over the corn-field and through beeches and past the fragrant garden and the low homestead, laden with a thousand perfumes and a thousand happy signs; the bees fly hither and thither, intent upon their summer toil; the swallows sweep in glad rejoicing life through the blue air; snatches of song break from weary human lips, so bright is the summer afternoon.

That home among the meadows the green hills have known many years. Ivy is thick around its windows, and moss and lichen hide the time-stains on its gabled roof. But its old age is well cared for. Not a spot dims the brightness of the low casements, the gravel walks are trim and clean, the garden is bright with roses and carnations and stately tiger-lilies. Look through this lower lattice, left open to the air. It is the keeping-room of the farm, with scrupulously white floor and shining oak tables and chairs. Green fir branches are piled up on the hearth, and a big china bowl of roses is on the side-table between the family Bible and the few volumes that form the library of the house. A cat is sleeping on the low stone sill in the sunshine, but the room is empty. The busy mistress of the house is in the kitchen beyond; the light of the hearth flashes out of the open door, and there is the murmur of voices. It is ironing day, and the servants are hard at work over the stout shirts of the large household of boys and men.

Work is not pleasant to think of on such a heavenly day; there is a picture more suitable in the vine-wreathed porch. A girl is sitting on the stone seat, with some blue knitting in her hand and a book upon her knees. But she is not knitting or reading; her hands have fallen upon the open page. She leans back against the stone arch of the door, gazing out at the corn-field and the trees and the village tower.

They see nothing of these things, those grave dark brown eyes; the sight of something more than outward form fills their vision. She is looking at Life—Life as the young see it, that wonderful mystical unreality—Life as it appears with the halo of first love on its fair brow.

A sweet, pleasant face she has, frank and clear and truthful. It is the face of one who has never known much trouble, of one who has lived a happy innocent life, with kindly people, in the beautiful country. Her book is a pretty copy of Longfellow's poems. There are marks here and there which have been made by a strong masculine hand, and the pages fall open naturally where these are thickest. It is plain that Miss Millie has a guide in her reading. The shadows of the vine tremble on her dark brown hair, and over her simple gray dress; the faint rustle of the vine leaves seems an echo of her thoughts, and whispers of love and hope and happy days to come.

She rises presently and passes down the little garden path, knitting as she walks. From the garden gate one can see along the footpath under the elms. She stands there looking. Somebody crosses the stile, and comes along the narrow way; but it is not "the somebody." It is only a woman—but no common every-day visitor at the farm; and Millie's brown eyes open in wonder, and she stands hesitating, with a shy flush on her face, not daring to run away, but longing to do so, and asking herself in intense astonishment what has brought Miss Ingleston from the Manor House.

Miss Ingleston seems quite unconscious of Millie's gaze. She comes along with a rapid, imperious step, swinging her white parasol and calling now and then to her dog, which seems tempted to rush into Farmer Leighton's corn.—The quick step and the haughty carriage of her head suit the masculine beauty and the stately figure of the heiress of the Manor.

"I have come to see you," she says, sitting down on the mossy mounting-stone and throwing her parasol in the grass. "I came from London yesterday," she goes on, after Millie's shy expression of thanks. "How bright you look here! Your garden is in its glory."

"Will you come in and have some flowers, Miss Ingleston?" asks Millie.

But Miss Ingleston shakes her head and begins to play with her dog's silky ears.

There are strange, sad memories between these two women, so widely parted by wealth and rank. Years ago, in early girlhood, they had been fast friends, but pride had stepped in and torn their friendship asunder, and the heiress had been away from her village home, in the great world of fashion, almost ever since. They have met but seldom, and then in the presence of others. This is the first time, since their old familiar companionship has been broken, that they have been alone together. The consciousness of it keeps them silent, and Millie's pulses beat wildly and the cheek of the heiress grows pale with sad thought.

"You are going to be married?" she says presently, looking up at the farmer's daughter.

"Yes," replies Millie briefly.

"So should I be. The world says so." Miss Ingleston hesitates, and the remainder of her speech is spoken with a proud composure that cannot hide the deep feeling prompting the question. "Have you heard from your cousin lately."

Millie's simple glance cannot see the pain of the dark eyes hidden under their drooping lids. She thinks her companion cold and stern, and answers quickly—

"He is coming home, Miss Ingleston."

"When?"

"Now—soon—for a little time, to take his mother back with him, and his wife."

Miss Ingleston makes no remarks on the news. For a time she goes on playing with her dog; then suddenly she lifts her proud head and looks Millie in the face.

"Who is the woman he is going to marry?" Millie's gentle face shadows.

"Didn't you know, Miss Ingleston? He is coming back to marry me."

"You!"

The word sounds like a cry. The dog barks sharply and hurries away from his mistress. It is no wonder for her delicate hands have torn and wounded its ear in the blindness of her pain.

"You are surprised," says Millie. "But I always loved him, even when——"

"Oh, hush!" interrupts the heiress.

She gets up with an ordinary remark, for some village folk are coming along the footpath, and in silence she turns away.

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The Manor is a small unpretending house, though the finest park in the county surrounds it. There is one room worthy of the owner's wealth and rank—the billiard-room which is built in the west wing. At the lower part of the room is an immense bay window that looks out upon a croquet lawn.

One bright morning, soon after her conversation with Millie, Miss Ingleston stands in this bay window, by a little round lapis-lazuli table. A desk is open on it, and she is turning over its contents. They are very few—half a dozen letters, in a bold manly hand, a little silver cross attached to a curiously-worked chain, and a portrait. This last Miss Ingleston takes out and looks at earnestly. It is the picture of a young, eager, handsome face, with eyes that smile and lips that seem trembling with fun.

Eight years ago, when Miss Ingleston had been a penniless girl of seventeen, living with her mother close to Millicent Leighton's home, being a daily visitor at the farm, Mr. Leighton's nephew had come to the village for change of air after a long illness. He was the son of the farmer's only sister, who had married a clergyman, a poor curate, and their only child was trained and educated carefully by his clever, refined, scholarly father and his bright, original mother. He was a child of "many prayers," and he well fulfilled his friends dearest wishes. When Miss Ingleston first saw him, he was in his early manhood, bright, eager and impassioned, and it was no wonder that he soon learned to love the girl who seemed to understand all his vague longings for fame, and who alone, of all the friends of the farmer's household, could appreciate his scholarship and his varied knowledge of books.

They seemed one of those couples whose course of true love was indeed fated to run smooth.—They were engaged, and everybody was delighted; and no shadow was in the future but the shadow of brief parting. Ernest was an engineer and he had just obtained an appointment under the Russian Government. It was decided that he should go out and prepare his home, and that Eleanor should go to him. The future appeared as sure as the past, when by a freak of fortune, Eleanor's uncle became the lord of the manor. Eleanor was his heiress; and she and her mother left the little cottage for the Manor House, and a new life began for the heiress. Alas, love was not proof against the new temptations, and there were those around her ever willing to lure her to neglect her old friends! Her lover was too proud to try to win back the heart which pride was stealing from him; and, before he started for Russia, their engagement was broken and Eleanor was set free.

Eight years have passed since then, and she is still free—the thought sends a strange thrill through her heart—free, and he is coming home—her old love, her only love! Pride cannot stand in the way, for he is a fitting mate in rank and wealth now for the heiress, and the world would smile upon their union.

She puts the picture back, and with a smile locks the little desk. There is a mirror in the room, and Eleanor looks into it for a moment as she passes out. Those eight years have only ripened her beauty; and, looking into her rich dark eyes, she thinks of Millicent Leighton's simple face, and smiles again.

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Millie is in the fragrant garden, but not alone. One would not recognize the face of the bearded man beside her for the original of the portrait in Miss Ingleston's desk; but the eyes are the same still, though their smile has grown more thoughtful. His arm is round his companion, and he is looking down at her blushing, happy face as he talks and tells her of the home that is ready for her in Russia.

"Only for a time Millie; then we will come home, and settle down in some pleasant English house."

"And you will love me always, Ernest?"

"Always, darling—for ever and ever. I am going to dine at the Rectory," he continues after a pause. "Any message, Millie?"

She shakes her head, and laughs and blushes at his gay whisper. He goes away presently and Millie watches him across the meadows and along the lane to the red-brick parsonage. The Rector comes to meet his guest across the lawn.

"Miss Ingleston is here, Ernest," he says. "Do you care to meet her?"

A painful flush crosses Ernest's face, but he answers carelessly—

"My old wound has left no scar behind."

The Rector takes him into the house. Eleanor is talking to the hostess when the gentlemen enter, and Ernest has a good look at her before he is introduced. He would have known her instantly, though she is much altered—for the better as regards beauty of color and outline—and her dress is exquisite; but Ernest misses the fresh glow of youth and the bright, pure expression that had charmed him so in the years gone by. Rather a desultory conversation follows, and soon Miss Ingleston goes away; but Ernest finds himself thinking of her brief words very often during the quiet dinner. He has believed in the healing of his old wounds, but the enchantment of her glance has power to touch him yet.

They meet again next day. Ernest is walking from the village to the farm, and they come face to face in the green lane. He takes off his hat; but she stops, holding out her hand with a bewitching smile.

"Friendship is love without wings. We have both forgotten and forgiven. Let us begin afresh, and be friends again."

Who could resist such a greeting? Ernest's reserve soon melts away, and he turns back with her to the park. She does most of the talking, and few know better what words to say. Before they have strolled long under the stately trees, Ernest, in the glamour that she casts over his better judgment, begins to think that, after all, their terrible parting had been only a foolish misunderstanding, and that he was in the wrong. He goes with her to the Manor, and parts with her on the steps of the terrace.

"And so you are going to be married?" she says, as they shake hands, and her little fingers lie trembling in his clasp.

The witchery of her eyes is upon him, and his face flushes, and his voice trembles like a boy's.

"Oh that we had never been parted, Eleanor!" he says hastily; then, dropping her hand, he leaves her.

The farm-house and Millie—bright little Millie—seem tame enough that afternoon.

A month passes, and Millie's wedding-day draws near. But the girl's sweet face is growing white with a trouble which no one guesses.—Ernest is kind and attentive still, but love has keen sense, and Millie feels that he is changed.—All the soul has gone out of his tender words. It is very hard to bear.

There is a concert to be given in the next town by some London artists. Millie is passionately fond of music, and her white little face brightens up when Ernest tells her one morning that he is going to take her.

"Look your best, little one," he says. "We will go with the Rectory party, and you must wear your prettiest dress."

She slips her hand into his arm, looking wistfully into his face.

"Do you really care how I look, Ernest?"

"You always look nice," he answers lightly.

"But I have thought sometimes lately that—that—— Ernest, dear, I would gladly suffer anything in order that you should be happy. Even if you didn't love me, and I never married you, I could bear it if you were happy."

"Little unselfish thing! But my happiness is yours, dear. Don't let me see a shadow on your face, Millie. You at least shall be happy."

"And you really love me best?"

His answer is not in words, but it satisfies the little aching heart. The question haunts him all day—Whom does he love best?

The concert is given in the Town Hall, in a large room over the market. It is crowded in every part. The Rectory party are late, and Ernest has some difficulty in getting a seat for Millie. Miss Ingleston beckons him to her side, where there is a vacant chair. He puts Millie in it, and stands there while the concert goes on.—Miss Ingleston is looking radiant; Ernest can hardly take his eyes from her brilliant, beautiful face. Presently he manages to get a chair, and sits down on the other side of the heiress, away from Millie. Poor Millie has a sickening pain at her heart, and she hears not a strain of the music—only the murmur of voices beside, talking low and eagerly, with never a word for her. They are all utter strangers around her, and scarcely any one notices the pale, shrinking girl beside Miss Ingleston, who is the most beautiful woman in the room.

The concert is half over, and a stately duet on harp and pianoforte has just begun, when there is a stir at the doors, a sudden wild movement, and then a cry arises of "Fire!"

It is caught up from row to row, and the excitement flies over the room. Volumes of smoke began to pour out of a half-open door behind the orchestra, and, with a wild cry of terror, the people rush towards the doors. In a moment Millie is swept away from Eleanor's side among the maddened crowd, and Eleanor turns and clings to her companion.

"Save me—save me, Ernest!"

But he has caught sight of a pale little face, of two wild hands held out silently to him; and in that moment of terrible fear his heart speaks clearly. Beauty may charm and bewitch for a moment; but real danger sweeps lighter feelings away, and shows us the truth.

"There is little danger," he says soothingly to Eleanor; and, giving her up to the charge of a gentleman who has hastened to her help, Ernest quickly makes his way to Millie's side.

The gentleman looks admiringly at Eleanor's calm face. But she has no thought for any danger. In that mo