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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

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. 20, 1883. No. 41.

Advertisements occupying the space of 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 for Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

MARY A. BRICE,

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 11th day of August, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of January, 1883.

BENJ. F. H. CAULK,
jan13-4t. Executor.

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,
s30-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

MISS MAGGIE L. MARSHALL, of Pittsburg, Pa., will give lessons in MUSIC, GERMAN and FRENCH, in Crumpton, Chesterville, Galena and Georgetown. Terms $12 a quarter for Music; $4 per quarter for German and French.

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

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' Ballriggan 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'n'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.

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.

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 ither 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.

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. je3.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

SPORTSMEN, LOOK!

Guns, Shot by the lb. or bag; Caps, Shells, Wads, Shot and Powder Flasks, Breech Loading Implements, pat. Cleaning Rods, &c. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

SNOWFLAKES.

Falling all the night-time,
Falling all the day,
Crystal-winged and voiceless,
On their downward way.

Falling through the darkness,
Falling through the light,
Covering with beauty
Vale and mountain height,—

Never summer blossom
Dwelt so fair as these;
Never lay like glory
On the fields and trees.

Rare the airy wreathing,
Deftly turned the scroll,
Hung in woodland arches,
Crowning meadow knoll.

Freest, chastest fancies,
Votive art, may be,
Winter's sculptors rear to
Summer's memory.

—*J. V. Cheney.*

THE FIRST CLIENT.

Several summers ago I happened to spend a few weeks in Concord, New Hampshire. My home, for the time being, was in a quiet family who took into their home several members of the State Legislature as boarders. Among these people there was a very talented young lawyer and his pretty wife. They were a bright, witty, sensible couple, dressed well, and I looked upon them as fortunes favorites, and wondered if the passing years would fling any shadows in their pathway, or if they had known care or sorrow. The young wife was a sweet singer and many an evening passed very pleasantly in listening to the piano touched by her practised fingers, and her songs were like the bird music in early spring time. Her gay laugh would ring out upon the air unmingled by a single note of sadness. The manly husband seemed devoted to his accomplished wife, finding his chief happiness in her society, and as I saw them daily I was reminded of Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Wife," and I fancied, too, was some city's "fair, pale daughter," who had found her husband among the New Hampshire hills. The lines would come to mind—

"We send the squire to general court
He takes his young wife thither,
No happier man election day,
Rides through the sweet June weather."

This made me interested in this happy pair, yet weeks glided away and I learned nothing definitely of their history during my sojourn in the city. But another summer came, and the same errand took me again to Concord, and I occupied the same old quarters. There were many new faces around the table, but the young lawyer and his wife were in their old seat, and apparently as happy as ever. We met as old acquaintances this time, and one evening we were all out upon the piazza watching the sunset and the crowds of people that promenaded at this hour, or rode leisurely past in their handsome carriages.

The conversation turned upon the struggles of young men of limited means in acquiring an education and a profession, and then a foothold in this busy, grasping world.

"I know all about it," exclaimed Mr. Weston, my young lawyer friend, "I had a time of it to get started, and if the Lord ever gives me plenty of money, I shall use a little of it in helping others."

"Tell me something of your history if you please," I asked, "I have had all manner of conjectures in regard to it, and now my curiosity must be satisfied."

"You may not care much for it," he replied smiling, "but I think I will tell you about my first client. To me, certainly, it was an interesting case."

Here his wife slipped her little hand out of his and went quietly into the house, and then I knew she was in some way connected with the story.

"Well, to begin, I was early left an orphan with only sixpence in my pocket, and a jackknife to whittle with. I believe I had a good share of energy or pluck, as they say, for I went through college, and studied law, supporting myself and owing no man a dollar. But the tug of war came when I went to the little village of W., where I now live, and hung out my shingle, expecting that business would come, of course. But weeks dragged into months, and no work came.

Sometimes I would get a little writing to do, but the older lawyers took all the important cases, and I hardly earned enough to pay my board bills. Every morning I arose very early and took a long walk, then carefully swept my office and arranged my books so that if business did come I could be ready for it. But the months glided away and still I had nothing to do. Finally I began to get a little discouraged, and wondered if I had not mistaken my calling. I sometimes wished myself in Birmah, teaching the heathen, or anywhere else than in that quiet village. At length, one day in a fit of desperation I looked over my affairs, took an inventory of my possessions, which consisted of a few law books and two seedy suits of clothing, and asked myself what had better be done; I could endure this waiting no longer. 'Try your luck somewhere else, John,' I said to myself, 'these staid old New England villages went to seed thirty years ago. Go to Kansas and start afresh! That is just what I'll do if no work comes this week.'

But, at the close of that evening there came a low knock at my office door. I knew that it was not any of the fellows who came into chat awhile, and I threw down my newspaper and arose and opened the door. There stood a very handsome young lady dressed in mourning, and I was a little frightened and awkward, but I asked her to come in and take a seat.

"Mr. Weston, I believe," she asked.

"Yes, at your service."

"I am Minnie Ellery," she said, in a low, musical voice, "and I came to consult you on business."

"I shall be happy to hear your story," I answered, "as I happen to have a little leisure just now."

I was in a flutter of delight that Miss Ellery had chosen to consult me on business, yet I believe I distinctly heard all that she told me.

It seems that she was an adopted child of the rich Mr. Ellery, who had recently deceased. The old gentleman had never had legal papers of adoption made out; he had not regarded it as necessary, as the child had been given to his "care by her mother on her death bed." He had given her a happy home, and carefully educated her as his own daughter. Several years previously he had made a will, in which he had given her the bulk of his property, after providing handsomely for his wife during her lifetime. But now two brothers of the deceased came boldly forward and claimed the property, and the will could not be found.

"The will must be found," I exclaimed in my excitement, "you must look again."

She shook her head in sadness. "I have looked over every scrap of paper in papa's writing desk, and safe, and library, and mamma has helped me, but the will cannot be found."

"Have you any suspicion that either of these uncles have privately obtained possession of the missing will?" I asked.

"None at all," she frankly answered. "They have had no access to the papers, it is all a mystery."

I promised to do my best for this lady—my first client—and told her to renew her search for the important paper, and I would call at her home the next day and we would again talk the matter over and see what could be done.

Well, I did not sleep much that night; I looked up my authorities to see what could be done in case the will could not be found, and had determined upon my course, when I presented myself at the Ellery mansion the next morning. As Miss Minnie came into the parlor to greet me, she seemed more lovely than on the previous evening and I was charmed especially with her thoughtful attentions to her adopted mother. They had made another search for the will, but with no better success. I inspired them with courage by stating that under the circumstances the suit might be gained without it, particularly as one of the witnesses could readily be obtained and I believed that right would prevail.

I became so much interested in my first client and her case, that I forgot all about my Kansas project, and prepared myself for the trial. I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night.

The brothers of the deceased were sure of winning their suit, and employed the most skillful attorney in the State to assist them to secure their claim. As the time drew near for the trial I was deeply anxious, as my future might depend upon my success in this suit. I retired to rest one night, burdened with care in regard to it. "If a kind Providence would only put that will in my hands," I exclaimed, mentally, "I would never doubt him in future."

When at last I fell asleep, I was still busy with my law business. I dreamed that it was the day before the trial, and full of anxiety, I had called at the Ellery mansion and humbly asked leave to search the house myself for the missing will. Leave was readily obtained and the fair Minnie went with me to open closets, writing desks, etc.

"Have you cleaned house since the death of your father?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, laughing heartily at the strange question, we had our yearly cleaning in May."

"Where did you put your waste papers, that you regarded as of no account?"

"We threw a great many of them in the kindling basket, but a few, that we fancied we might want to look over again, we carried to the attic."

"Then I will go to these upper regions, if you please, and I will look over every scrap of paper that has any writing upon it."

We proceeded to the attic, and found a large wooden box full of old letters, and began to look them carefully over. Before we had been there an hour, I came to a bundle of paper tied with a green ribbon, and, opening the bundle, the lost will was in my hand. I jumped upon the floor in my joy, exclaiming 'Eureka!' and put it in my pocket, enjoining silence upon Minnie, who, of course, was as delighted as a child, and fairly wept for joy.

In a transport of ecstasy I awoke to find it only a dream; but soon I slept again, and the whole scene was repeated.

When I awoke again old chanticleer was announcing the dawn of day, and I arose, fully determined to search the Ellery attic. Who knows but it may be true? God revealed his will in ancient times in dreams. May he not sometimes do it still? I thought of the cases given in Mental Philosophy, the sister of Major Andre dreaming that her brother was before the court martial for being a spy; and all of the particulars of the trial were vividly impressed upon her mind, just as they really occurred. Washington and Knox were particularly designated, though she had never seen them, for the waves of the broad Atlantic rolled between them.

I was so much in earnest that I did not wait even for breakfast, but went to call upon Minnie. I put the same questions as in my dream, and, by a strange coincidence, received the same answers. We went to the attic and the lost will was in my possession in less than an hour after I entered the house. Then I went to breakfast, and ate with a relish, for I was as happy as if I had a million dollars in my pocket. I knew that the tide of my affairs had turned at last, and I was in the way of a little good fortune.

The day of the trial came, and the judge and jury were all in their places, and the court-house was crowded with people, for Minnie was a general favorite in the village, and the case was exciting the deepest interest. We had kept the secret of the will being found and the lawyer for the uncles opened his case with a flourish of trumpets of what was natural and just, that the property should go to legal, family heirs, instead of to a strange child, who had already, for eighteen years, enjoyed the charity of her kind benefactor. True, he had learned that there was once a rumor of a will; but had such a document ever existed, it had probably been destroyed by the same hand that made it, as there was no trace of it as far as he could learn.

When it came my turn to speak, I simply announced that the lost will was found, and proceeded to read it word for word. When I had finished the crowd began to cheer, and this over, the judge decided the case on the spot without it going to the jury. Minnie and her mother came and stood behind me, and together we received the congratulations of the villagers. It was the happiest day of my life, for that very evening I asked Minnie to marry me, and she said yes, and I believe she has never yet regretted. I had business enough after that, the people trusted me, and I have tried to do my duty. I am now in the Legislature, and may yet turn up in Congress, or be Governor of the State. At any rate I am a happy and contented man, and grateful to a kind Father for all his love and care.

This ended the story of the lawyer's first client. I was deeply interested, and from that evening we were friends. Last summer these New Hampshire friends were my guests for a week, in my new home on the banks of the Susquehanna. We rowed together over the placid waters of the Otsego Lake, and ate our picnic dinners upon the shores, and lived over again those summers at Concord.

Time, that had brought so many changes to me and mine, had left them just the same, prosperous and happy. The young wife's voice is as musical as ever, and though the husband is not yet in Congress, when he is there he will be the right man in the right place.

The Hour Will Come.

Oh, love as long as ever you can,
Oh, love as long as ever you may,
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When on graves you'll stand and pray!
And ever keep your heart aglow,
That love it fosters, love it feels.

As long as still another heart,
To you for tender love appeals,
And ever watch your tongue with care—
How quick an evil word is said!
Oh, God! there was no evil meant;
Too late, too late, another friendship dead.

"FULTZ wheat" springs from three beautiful heads of wheat which attracted the attention of Abraham Fultz, of Allensville, Pa., upwards of twenty years ago. The three heads the first year produced a half pint, the second year a gallon, the third a half bushel.

THE failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

Messrs. Editors:—Please allow space in the columns of your valuable paper for a few lines concerning a grand entertainment given by public school No. 7, situated in this neighborhood, on Christmas night:

The first piece on the program was the anniversary song rendered by the school, which rendition could not have been surpassed by a well-trained choir of older people.

2. "The Rosebud," a paper gotten up expressly for the occasion, by the highest class in the school and the teacher.

1. "Near the Cross," a tableau, was beyond question, a beautiful and edifying sight.

4. "Mrs. Caudle's Lecture," by Annie Neal, a recitation, was also executed in a creditable manner.

5. "Woodland Stream," a solo by the teacher, with organ accompaniment, was exquisite.

6. "Saved," a play, representing some scenes in life with which we are so often made acquainted, where the head of a family, regardless of the misery he is causing in his family, gives himself up to the intoxicating cup, but is finally reformed.

7. "What I love to see," by Hattie Neal, was appropriate to the occasion and well rendered.

8. "Old Arm Chair," by Mary Goodman, was delivered in a manner which did not lessen it's beauty and effect.

9. "Guardian Angel," a tableau.

10. "Hungry man from Harlem," by Wright Chambers, was recited in a very creditable manner and was highly appreciated.

11. "Over the Garden Wall," was sung in a very pleasing and creditable manner.

12. "Carrie's little Sister," by Emma Hadaway, a beautiful little poem, was remarkably rendered for one so young, she being not more than six or seven years of age.

13. "First Lessons in Love," a pantomime, that must have convinced those present that in some respects and upon some subjects "actions speak louder than words."

14. "He cannot keep Still," by Bedford Titter, another poem recited by one of the little ones, very creditably.

15. "Little Mischief Makers," tableau—a very comic and entertaining picture.

16. "Boarding Around," a play—was comic in the extreme.

17. "Love one another," by Julia Titter—a little poem, was delivered in a manner that no one could question.

18. Music—a march, elegantly performed.

19. "Psalm of Life," by Thomas Brown, this poem, delivered by one of the little ones, was very creditably rendered.

20. Quotations and Tableaux, by school—this consisted of recitations by each scholar.

21. "Mother and poet," was beautifully recited.

22. "Charity," a tableau—this was a picture with a real charm.

23. "Annie and Willie's Prayer," by Jennie Rite—this was a very pleasing and lengthy poem delivered in an unfaltering and perfect manner.

24. "Music hath Charms," a tableau, was decidedly a charming picture.

25. Was the last but not the least; the scholars were called upon the stage and with the aid of their teacher at the organ sang a beautiful piece called the "Christmas Tree" very sweetly, and while they were singing, "Old Kris" made his appearance laden with plenty of candies and nuts and made liberal presents to each scholar. During these proceedings the Rev. E. C. Macnichol very briefly and pointedly informed the audience that a collection would be taken up for the purpose of helping to defray expenses, which collection we believe was very satisfactory.

SPECTATOR.

"A LEGEND OF NIAGARA."

Chapter I.

Our story opens with an evening in 18—, at Sir Charles Smith's Castle, on Blue Island Avenue, Chicago. The moon is rising with her customary ability, and is throwing her soft, silvery radiance over the terraced wood-shed in first-class style. The wind is also moaning very fairly through the lofty picket fence, and the low sighings of the pup in the back kitchen contribute to make the scene one of the weirdest and most gloomily magnificent known to modern times. Two figures are seated on the terrace, the æsthetic Marmaduke W. Jones, and the Lady Agatha Smith. "Yes, Marmaduke," said the girl, tapping the ground lightly with the delicate slipper on her off foot, "I do love you—I have always loved you. To you I gave my earliest prayers, my earliest hopes. To you I now give my virgin love, pure as the moon-beams which glitter in yonder dewdrops."

"Then," said Marmaduke, in an ecstasy of triumph, "if it's a go, I reckon we had better tackle the old man."

Chapter II.

Sir Charles Smith was seated in his lofty study, overlooking an extensive prospect of wood and dale. He was a man who had seen life in all its myriad phases; a scholar, a gentleman, and a traveler. It was even said that he had formerly penetrated far into the fabled regions of the West, even at one time reaching the awful solitudes of St. Louis.

He looked up quickly with a glance of interrogation as his child entered, leading Marmaduke by the hand. "What's the racket, anyway?" he yelled, as he observed Marmaduke kneel at a signal from his companion.

"We are come, papa," said the girl, simply, and with a willing pathos, "to ask you to crown with your blessing a union which the angels look down on and rejoice as they see, and which shall be, as everlasting as the adamantine stars."

"Crown the devil!" yelled the old man, as he shattered a costly Louis XV. peach-can with a savage kick. "Crown the union of a $6.75 a week tapeworm with the Lady Agatha Smith! Never-r-r! Begone, beggar!! Never darken my doors again to ask my daughter in marriage, unless you have at least $50,000. Begone, I say,"

"Well," said the young man, as he went out of the door, "you will see the time when you will be proud to give me your daughter's hand in marriage."

With these scathing words he left the room.

* * * * * *

Chapter III.

Years have rolled on since the tragic scenes narrated in the last chapter were enacted. Time always passes on. It is not known why this is. Prof. Agassiz once took a clock apart, and didn't even then find out the reason.

Again it is night over the Smith castle, and again the moon is rising. Suddenly a fog-horn is heard in the distance, and immediately a solitary hack drives at break-neck speed up to the draw-bridge. A hundred servants rush to open the gate, and hold back the bull pup, now grown to be a large spotted dog. A man clad in strange garb springs from the hack, and kicks at the door of the castle in frantic haste. Lights flash from window to window, and finally all the population are congregated in the great hall. The door is opened and the man rushes in. It is Marmaduke.

Agatha gave a wild shriek, fell over the rocking-chair, and fainted dead away.

"Ha, ha," yelled Sir Charles. "Well bragart, dost thou again brave my wrath? What cans't thou show for thyself now?"

Marmaduke gave a low, chuckling laugh, and, opening his satchel, threw down $50,000 in U. S. bonds, and two quarts of gold dollars.

"What do I see?" gasped Sir Charles. "Marmaduke, and with money!"

"Yes, Sir Charles," said the young man, organizing himself into a withering tableau, "it is money, and is but a fragment of my great wealth."

"But where in the —— did you get it?" howled the old man, absolutely paralyzed with wonder.

"I am a Niagara Hackman," said the young man, simply.

The happy couple were married next day, and got 14 butter dishes, 15 pickle castors, and 13 card receivers, for wedding presents. All the newspapers remarked, with striking originality, that it was a *recherche* affair, and that by this marriage, society was robbed of one of its brightest ornaments, in the person of the Lady Agatha Smith.

A Kentuck ian's definition of life insurance: "I don't make none o' them bets, stranger, that a man must die before he wins."

A YORKSHIRE LOVE LEGEND.

Some 300 years ago a very poor man kept a shop underneath the Minister towers. His business was as poor as he was; he had already five children, and one morning his wife gave birth to a sixth, a fine little girl. The poor father sighed; he took the child into the shop and laid it upon the counter. Then he fairly broke down and sobbed over his new possession. Now, the shop was an open one, and a knight who happened to be riding by stopped his horse when he saw the poor man's distress.

"What ails you, friend?" he asked.

"Alas," said the father, "I have already five young ones, and know not how to find food for them, and lo, my wife has but now given me another. I would that I had not come into this suffering world."

"I will see what will happen to her," the knight said; for he was a sorcerer, and he always carried his great Book of Fate at his saddle-bow.

The poor man gazed at him as he read. All at once he saw the knight turn pale, his hair bristle on his head, but he spoke with a smiling face to the distressed father:

"Be consoled, friend; I have no daughter, and if you will give me your unwelcome infant, I will adopt it and make it heir to my possessions."

The father's delight was great; he loaded the knight with thanks, and placed the baby in his arms. The knight spurred his horse and rode swiftly to the banks of the Ouse at some distance from the city. Here he dismounted and flung the baby into the middle of the river, for in the Book of Fate he had read that this new-born babe was destined to marry his only son.

Then he rode away rejoicing. But the river was more compassionate than the knight. It washed the baby ashore and a fisherman hearing its cries carried it home to his cottage.

Fifteen years after the knight with many of his friends came riding along the banks of the Ouse, and stopped at the fisherman's cottage to buy a fish. A young girl came to the door, and the knight and all his friends were startled by her wonderful beauty. Her manner, too, was so sweet and gracious that as they went on their way they continued to praise her and her loveliness, till the knight said with a laugh—

"I will search my book and see which of you is destined to be the fisher-maiden's husband."

But his laughter ceased and his face grew white when he read that this was the very maiden he had flung into the stream long ago.

He soon made an excuse to leave his friends, and, going back to the cottage, asked the fisherman if he would allow his daughter to carry a message from him to his brother, a noble knight who lived at Scarborough.

The fisherman consented, and then the knight wrote a letter, and sealing it gave it to the girl. She put the letter into her purse and started at once on her journey. When night fell, she went to a little inn, where she asked for a bed, and slept soundly. Now, it happened that a thief found his way into the inn that night, and prowling about he came into the maiden's room and saw her purse lying on the table. In it he found the letter which he opened and read. It contained these words:

"Dear brother—Take bearer and put her to death immediately."

The thief turned his lantern on the face of the sleeper, and seeing how young and beautiful she was he felt compassion. "She deserves a better fate," he said, "and she shall have it." Then he wrote a note in the hand-writing of the knight:

"Dear brother—Take the bearer and marry her at once to my son."

He then sealed the letter and placed it into the girl's purse instead of the other.

Next morning the girl waked early and hurried on to Scarborough. The knight's brother received her kindly, but when he had read the letter he embraced her, and went to seek his nephew, who happened to be on a visit to his castle. As soon as the youth beheld the maiden he became enamored of her, and desired to be wedded next day; and the marriage was celebrated with much splendor, the bride looking more beautiful than ever in her wedding garments.

After a day or two the knight told his nephew that he must go to York to seek the knight, his father, and tell him that he had obeyed his commands. The young husband was unwilling to leave his wife; however he departed with many promises of a speedy return.

He had not been gone long when his father arrived—they had missed each other on the road—and when the York knight learned what had happened he was almost mad with rage. He asked his daughter-in-law to come with him outside the castle, then, seizing her by the hair, he dragged her to the sea-shore and drew a dagger. She fell on her knees.

"Spare my life," she said, "and tell me how I have angered you?"

At this he told her her history, and bade her prepare for death; but at last her tears and entreaties so far softened him that he sheathed his dagger; then, plucking a ring from his finger, he flung it into the sea.

"Swear to me," he said, "that you will not come into my sight or that of my son till that ring is found on your finger, and I will spare your life."

She swore, and then she fled in wild terror, till she found herself in a strange place, obliged to beg for food.

At last, after long wanderings, she became cook to a nobleman.

One day, as she looked out of the window at the guests arriving for a banquet, she saw her cruel enemy and his son, her dearly beloved husband. She drew back hastily, and then she trembled so that she could hardly cook dinner. Just before it was ready a fisherman came to the door. He had brought a splendid fish for sale, and she took it in and began to clean it. All at once she saw something glitter inside it.

She looked closer; it was the knight's ring; then she ceased trembling, her fear changed to joy, and she cooked dinner to perfection.

"Who is your cook, my lord?" asked the knight, who, notwithstanding his cruelty, was extremely fond of good eating.

"She is a strange girl, but she is fair to see," his host answered; "she came begging to my door, and I took her in from charity," then turning to the servants behind him: "Some of you bid the cook come up into the dining-hall."

The girl washed her face and smoothed her hair, then she put on her best clothes, and with the ring on her finger she entered the hall.

The guests looked at her with wonder, for she seemed to them as lovely as a rose."

But the knight uttered a fierce yell and started from his seat. He drew his sword, and made a rush at her, but she smiled and held up her hand. On it he saw the ring which he had cast into the sea. He saw, too, that her young husband stood beside her and clasped her in his arms. Then the knight bent his head, for he saw that fate had been too strong for him, and he suffered her to dwell peacefully with her loving husband, and she became famous through the country for her beauty, her courtesy and her goodness.—*Belgravia.*

The Model Civil Service Reformers.

[New York Sun.]

"The kind of reform we want,"
Say Sherman and all those fellows,
"Is to keep our own friends in place
To blow our political bellows.

"The idea of reform we like,
It includes some new Commissions,
Which ought to insure to our friends
A number of nice positions.

"The only reform we oppose
Is that which the Democrats favor,
Because it undoubtedly has
A too economical flavor.

"They prate of the Jefferson plan,
But clearly we see that too rough is his
Crude style of official reform
By simply reducing the offices.

"The offices—that is the point
Which well we have cause to remember,
Although we were nearly knocked out
In spite of them all last November.

"Our zeal for the cause of reform
At present is truly ecstatic,
As we fear the appointing power
May be, before long, Democratic.

"So the kind of reform we want
Is that which will head off those fellows,
And keep our own friends in place
To blow our political bellows."

OBTAINING VACCINE VIRUS.

The Inoculation of Heifers and the Preparation of Lymph for Use.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The national vaccine establishment, Washington, D. C., Dr. Ralph Wash, director, is being rapidly extended to meet the continuous demands on it for virus. Not only does it largely supply