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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

C. W. KENNARD. H. C. CHASE.

IMPORTANT to FARMERS!

TRADE MARK

INCREASE the YIELD of YOUR LAND by using

C. W. KENNARD & CO.'S

STANDARD PHOSPHATES

For all Spring Crops!

ABSOLUTELY PURE and in FIRST CLASS CONDITION.

Your attention is particularly directed to our

PEACH TREE GUANO.

THE BEST ARTICLE of the kind in the market.

Manufactured by C. W. KENNARD & CO., Chestertown, Maryland.

WAREHOUSE—AT MASSEYS. March 3—s.

HUBBARD'S STANDARD BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE TRADE MARK

Notice Important To Farmers. Announcement

OCEAN BIRD GUANO!

Office of T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

Sole Proprietors and Importers of the O. B. GUANO,

FOUND IN LARGE CAVES IN THE WEST INDIES.

The deposits were discovered some two years ago by the owners, who last Fall sent samples to this country by a sea captain, which we obtained, and by analysis found it to be very valuable, containing all the elements of plant food—being a complete fertilizer without manipulation. The Island was visited by our senior in December, 1882, for the purpose of exploring and contracting with the natives, the original owners, for the entire deposits, which arrangement has been effected. Samples, with full analysis made by Dr. G. A. Liebig, can be seen at our office, and the goods now in stock at our Factory *WILL BE PUT ON THE MARKET THIS SPRING* in connection with **Our STANDARD and EXTANT BONE SUPER PHOSPHATES,** at prices based upon cash value, adding interest upon all bills sold on time. Will also furnish the "O. B." from warehouse in Baltimore City to any parties desiring large lots of which we propose to sell very close above the price of importation.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Feb. 17, 1883—13t. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

THOS. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS.

CORN PHOSPHATE.

WE OFFER TO THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES:

CHAPPELL'S IMPERIAL MANURE,

made expressly for **CORN.** It is put up in 200 lb. bags and is highly recommended by those who have used it as an article especially satisfactory and in excellent condition. This MANURE has been sold in Western Maryland for years, and the increase of sales each year is of itself a guarantee of its value. The Price strongly recommends and those who have used it state positively that

IT PREVENTS CORN FROM FRENCHING.

Samples of this manure can be seen at our HARDWARE STORE.

PRICE $25.00 PER TON

Delivered in Chestertown.

Call and Examine it or send for Circulars.

HINES & CLEMENTS,
February 24—tfm. *Adjoining the Bank, CHESTERTOWN.*

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALES!

Entire Stock of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,

And GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

WILL BE SOLD AT A **GREAT REDUCTION** FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY in order to make room for Spring stock. We mean business, and guarantee GREAT BARGAINS to EVERY BUYER. For want of space we can only mention a few articles and prices:

GOOD MELTON OVERCOAT ..... worth $2.75 selling for $2.00
HEAVY CHINCHILLA " ..... " 5.00 " " 2.75
FINE " " ..... " 8.00 " " 6.00
" Double Bo. P. Overcoat, light and dark 6.00 to 12.00, selling for 4.00 to 8.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Overcoats worth 2.50 to 3.50, selling for 2.00 to 6.00
All other fine Overcoats reduced in like proportion
MEN'S GOOD SUITS worth $7.00 ..... selling for $5.00
BUSINESS all-wool Suits " 11.00 ..... " 7.50
FINE DRESS " 15 to 18.00 ..... " ..... 11.00 to 13.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits reduced in like proportion.

We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine. You will see for yourself that

The STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Under the KENT NEWS OFFICE,

is the place to buy your Clothing.

Feb. 3, 1883. **A. FRIEDMAN.**

TREES! TREES!

A general assortment of NURSERY STOCK for sale:
20,000 First Class PEACH TREES;
10,000 Second " " "
The late yellow canning varieties predominate.
10,000 Apple Trees, largely of Lankford's Seedling and Gresham.
6,000 Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees.
200,000 Strawberry Plants and a quantity of Raspberry and Blackberry Plants are specialties.

We will be pleased if customers will visit our grounds and view our stock.

Two Young Horses taken in exchange.

Catalogues now ready.

N. BARNARD,
fe10-10t. STANLEY P. O., MD.

WANTED!

3,000 LBS. Country MIDDLINGS
3,000 lbs. " SHOULDERS,
2,000 " " HAMS,
2,000 lbs. LARD. 1,000 lbs. JOWLS,
2,000 lbs. Printed BUTTER,
2,000 doz. EGGS, for all of which we will pay good prices.

J. B. BURCHINAL.

We have a good article of New Orleans Molasses. J. B. BURCHINAL.
fe17-4t. Chestertown.

EGGS WANTED

I am paying the highest market price in CASH for EGGS.

Those having Eggs to sell will find it to their interest to call and see me.

A. SCHWARTZ,
fe10-tf. opp. Voshell House.

Travilla Poultry Yards!

FOR SALE:

20 Pairs Light Brahma Chickens, J. K. Felch's stock. 20 Pairs Plymouth Rocks.
5 Dark Brahma Cockerals, of Hulcome stock.
5 Trios of Pekin Ducks.

EDWARD SLAUGHTER,
jan6-3m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

GO TO

J. W. BIRD'S New Flour & Feed Store

(Nearly opp. the Voshell House, adjoining Mrs. L. J. Davis',) to buy

ALL KINDS OF FEED, such as FLOUR, MEAL, CORN shelled or in the ear; Oats, Bran, Chop, Ship, Middlings, &c., &c.

The best Cecil county HAY, in bales, kept constantly on hand.

EARLY ROSE SEED POTATOES.

Give us a call and be convinced that *our prices are the Cheapest in Town.*

Feb. 10—tf. J. W. BIRD.

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 in ther 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.

Don't You Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,

GROCERIES a SPECIALTY,

Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.

1 lb. Good Sugar for 8 cents.

11 lbs. Good WHITE SUGAR for $1.

Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!

Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.

All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.

Feb. 10, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

THE PLACE

To Buy Harness.

MY WHOLE STOCK AT

THE VERY LOWEST PRICES!

Great reductions have been made for this Spring's trade. I can suit all, and guarantee satisfaction. After 14 years' experience in the harness business I feel that I can and will give satisfaction in all dealings.

Call and examine my stock of COLLARS, BRIDLES, HALTERS, HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, BITTS, TRUNKS, and a full stock of everything in my line. Be sure and call at

J. F. HOWARD'S, Court St.,

next door to C. F. Stam's drug store, if you want anything in the Harness line. I can accommodate you at lowest prices.

REPAIRING

of all kinds, done at the shortest notice and at reduced prices.

JOHN F. HOWARD,
March 1. Court Street.

Kent Co. Commissioners' ANNUAL NOTICE.

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS of KENT COUNTY, will meet at their office in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY,

The 6th day of March, 1883,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same place and hour

EVERY TUESDAY,

Until the 8th day of May, next,

for the purpose of noting transfers and correcting assessments.

All persons who have sold or transferred any assessable property since last sitting for said purpose, are particularly requested to attend at an early day to have their assessments corrected and adjusted.

After TUESDAY, the 15th day of May next,

NO ALTERATIONS or corrections in Assessments will be made for the present year.

Trustees of the Poor

will be appointed on

The 2d MONDAY, 9th day of April next.

COLLECTORS

OF STATE AND COUNTY TAXES,

from each Election District,

And a KEEPER of the STANDARDS of WEIGHTS and MEASURES,

Will be appointed on

TUESDAY, the 10th of April, next.

All persons having ACCOUNTS against the County are requested to present the same on or before

Tuesday, the 5th day of June, next,

otherwise they will be excluded from the levy of this year. All accounts properly chargeable to the county are required to be made out in a clear manner and itemized, and rendered under oath.

All applications for PENSIONS must be made in writing, stating the condition and circumstances of the applicants, and vouched for by three or four freeholders having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

N. B.—All persons neglecting to have their assessments corrected are hereby notified that no allowance for taxes paid in error in consequence of such neglect will be made.

T. R. STRONG, PRES'T,
C. P. LOPER,
TILGHMAN SHAFER,
RICHARD C. SMYTH,
V. HENDRICKSON.

ATTEST:—
T. W. RUSSELL, Clerk.
March 3, 1883.

Facts! Facts!

I do not propose to be Outstripped in Business!

And OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE REQUESTED

Not to Forget It!

I carry a FULL LINE OF GOODS generally, embracing—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions,

Beautiful line of HAMBURGS, Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Oil Cloths from 2½ down to 1 yard wide. CARPETS, &c., &c.

I buy goods closely, cautiously, and carefully. In this way, and by looking to my customers' interest—as I am by 14 years' experience in business taught that I *must* do—propose to make it to everybody's interest to come to

PARKS'.

It is a fact, and the people know it too, that I carry one of—if not *the* best—stock of goods in Kent county. The coming season further additions you may expect.

As to SHOES, BOOTS, Tobacco, Coffees, Sugars, Soaps, as well as Dry Goods and Notions, will say that those who undersell us *have got to get up early!*

I am selling a Tobacco for 50c. lb. that can't be beat; a Black Cashmere for 50 & 75c., ladies from the city say is cheap.

ANOTHER FACT—an effort to accommodate is our aim.

All kinds trade taken in exchange for goods, and do not limit the *quantity.*

Very truly,
fe24. R. F. PARKS.

ROAD PETITIONERS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned citizens of the Fifth Election District of Kent county, hereby give notice that in thirty days from the date hereof they intend to apply to the Hon. Board of County Commissioners to improve the

Eastern Neck Road,

beginning at the road leading to Grey's Inn wharf, and running down to the new road recently made through the lands of S. W. Watkins and David Jones on Eastern Neck Island; by widening same to a uniform width of not less than forty feet for road bed and ten additional feet for ditches and dirt supply, making entire width not less than fifty feet, and properly shaping and grading the same.

JAMES B. WILLSON,
DAVID JONES,
BENJ. F SAPPINGTON,
ALEXANDER HARRIS,
DAVID A. SMITH,
R. BENNETT WILLSON,
Feb. 24, 1883—5t. and 25 others.

W. H. READ'S Compound Syrup of BLACKBERRY ROOT. Is a sure cure for Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus and Cholera Infantum And elegant for Children Teething: has been tried and proven so by several families in this town and county, and can be obtained at 50 cts. per bottle, at

jy22. THOMPSON'S, Up Town

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

COMING HOME AT LAST.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load:
And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet, pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And wheresoe'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown;
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grow dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

—Will Carlton in Harper's Weekly.

IN THE MABERLY MINE.

BY CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

"John Wallace!" called the mine superintendent through the speaking-pipe, "some visitors are coming down in the cage. You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."

"Visitors!" I repeated to myself. "I must be lackey, too, as well as drudge! Well, so be it. It is only another stick to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back so much the better. I shall be done with it."

When at my father's death, finding his estate heavily encumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself, socially speaking, in ice water. Those who had known me in my happier days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest were now as impenetrable as their owners' ignorance of my existence. I could have borne all this well enough had only one home remained open to me—the home of Eve Guion.

She was a beautiful girl, young, and, as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.

But that, too, was over. A polite note from her father informed me his daughter could henceforth dispense with my attentions, and as I received no intimation to the contrary from Eve herself I concluded she, too, had declared my ostracism. After this, I lost hope and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.

I left the village and after two years of wandering, often in destitution, I stranded myself on the Maberly coal mine as gang master in the pits.

Our mine had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents.—Consequently, we were rarely troubled by visitors from the upper earth.

This was a godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was living only on condition of not being reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to me

It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signalled from above.

As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom of all humanity I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father!

Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? No. Who could identify the name of gang-master John Wallace with Wallace Grover? Besides, I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Maberly Mine. It was merely a simple sight-seeing tour after all. Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance so that I was sure neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.

I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent underground.

My head swam and my heart beat quick and loud, as I stood before her—more beautiful, because more serious and womanly, than when we had been intimate, two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler, and that there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me. The season I had spent in wretchedness had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Not, of course, on my account; such a notion never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we were preparing to descend into the mine thoroughly," I answered, evasively.

"My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve, coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I must trust to your gallantry, Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no far-away hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round arm.

We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as necessary, to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion.

She loitered on one pretext or another until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved she watched my face intently. Had she detected me and was she seeking an opportunity of making her discovery known without betraying me to her father?

I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that I should lose my self-control and all of my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent. I therefore was careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father that she might speak to me.

But I foiled her quietly but skillfully and, after the galleries had been explored twice over and there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.

As we entered the upper level we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber, which I had deemed unsafe to be visited.

Eve's eye caught sight of it.

"Here's a chamber we have not seen," she said.

"No, madam," I interposed, "it is no longer worked. The water has broken into it twice and it is considered dangerous."

"I mean to see it at all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I am sure."

She cast a strange, significant look at me, that said almost as plainly as words:

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."

Then she entered the chamber.

But she had miscalculated my tact. I turned to her father and requested him to enter with me in order to dissuade her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. She gave me a reproachful look as we entered, and I heard her sigh.

The moment I put my foot into the chamber, my senses, trained by long experience to note the varying phenomena of the under-world, detected a hint of coming danger.

There was a faint rumbling in the earth. The air was close, and had a taint of electricity in it similar to that which precedes a thunderstorm. There was surely peril in the mine, but how and whence it would come I could not guess.

As I turned to urge my visitor to a hasty retreat I caught sight of some small fragments of wet earth, dropping from the wall near at hand, followed by a jet of water. Then I knew what was coming.

"Out! out for your lives!" I cried, springing toward the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine. Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warning. With a cry of terror he sprang out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. Then followed the shouts and trampling of the escaping men. I knew if I could hold the water in check for ten minutes I could save the lives of every one of them. As for my own—well, one life, and that a useless one, seemed a good exchange for a hundred fathers of families.

When I first saw it, the jet was no larger than a man's finger; but in a moment it had enlarged to the size of my arm, and a heavy stream of water began to pour into the chamber. There was no apparatus at hand, neither clay nor sand-bags to check it, as I well knew.

A happy inspiration came to me. With a Titanic effort I managed to thrust my arm into the fissure, and for the time being I succeeded in checking the leak.

Then, with my arm in the wall, I turned half around toward the opening in the chamber, and there, to my horror, still stood Eve Guion. I saw that her face was very pale, but firm and self-possessed.

"What are you doing here?" I cried. "This place will be full of water in five minutes."

"And what are you doing here?" she asked, quietly.

"My duty," I replied. "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape."

"Then you will be drowned!" she exclaimed.

"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated. "I tell you you have only a bare chance to get out as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

"Then I will stay and help you, Wallace," she said, in a strangely gentle voice.

"Ah, you know me!" I cried.

"I have known you from the moment I entered the mine. I came here to see you."

"To taunt me with my poverty!" I cried.—"When your father turned me away from your doors, when I became outcast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortunes from your eyes."

"It is because my father used you so cruelly that I am here," she said. "I was not to blame, Wallace. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Maberly Mine, and on the bare chance of identifying him with Wallace Grover I influenced my father to bring me here."

"Well," said I sorrowfully, "it is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eve. Go and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with him."

"You persist in remaining here?" she asked.

"I must!" I said. "I should be a coward and a wretch to desert my post now."

"Then," she replied, very quietly, "I will stay with you."

"Why?" I asked, amazedly; "are you jesting with me?"

"Can I jest with death, Wallace, or—love?"

Then, before I could comprehend her words, she came to my side as I stood with my wrist in the wall, and, putting her arm around my neck, drew my cheek down upon hers.

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace," she said, sweetly, "but it would be harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with false delicacy. I know that you have loved me many years and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at least cannot separate us."

With death staring me in the face—not five minutes off—I have never known a happier moment in my life.

As I stood there with my arm in the fissure, with the blood surging in my head, and all my muscles straining with the effort to keep my position, I knew nothing more than that I felt the heart of the woman I loved beating against my own, her warm young cheek touching my cold one in the embrace of love and death.

Then consciousness of her position rushed upon me again.

"No, no!" I cried. "You must not die. Go live, my darling—live until it comes your time to meet me in the other world, where I shall be before you. Go, and believe no man ever met death so gloriously as I shall."

"We go out together, or we die together," she said firmly. "Speak of it no more."

Then a solemn silence fell upon us. The men must have nearly all escaped as I could tell by their distant shouts.

The earth was breaking away around my arm, and the water was already nearly two feet deep upon the floor of the chamber. I could hear the subterranean stream roaring more threateningly in the bowels of the mine. Another pound of pressure and I should be flung down and the chamber would fill.

Then came a great desire for life. How could I bear to have my new found joy so suddenly smothered in the ground? Was there not yet one hope?

The sounds of the escaping men had ceased.—If we could get the cage down once more in time we might perhaps escape after all. I explained my hope to Eve.

"Run," said I, "ring for the cage. I will hold on here a moment more. If we can reach it we are safe."

Eve looked at me sharply an instant—she feared I meant to deceive her into escaping while I remained behind, but she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she seized the light, lifted her skirts and ran through the water out of the chamber. The next thirty seconds seemed like hours.

I desperately held my own against the water, while every vein seemed bursting with the strain. I heard the bell ring for the cage, heard it slowly descend, then the water overcame me.

I was flung down as by a giant's hand. There was a roar and rush as of a Niagara, and, with a whirl of lights and faces, a chaos of confusion and terror, I knew no more.

When I slowly struggled back to life, after many days, I was far from Maberly Mine. I was no longer, John Wallace, gang-master, but Wallace Grover, gentleman. I was in my father's house.

My old servants were around me, and, like a fairy who had worked a wonderful transformation, sweet Eve Guion was the dominant angel of the scene.

My affairs had been settled with my creditors very much more to my benefit than I had imagined could be possible. My ancestral home and a modest competence were still left to me.

This, too, was the work of Eve Guion, whose love and faith in me had never faltered in all my wretchedness and exile, and whose strong will had drawn comfort and happiness for me out of the depths of sorrow.

If Mr. Guion objected to the turn affairs were taking he had the sense to offer no fruitless opposition to his daughter's inclination; and I will do him the justice to say that he performed his part at our wedding with a very good grace.

LITTLE FOLK'S DICTIONARY.

A writer in the *School-Day Magazine* has gathered together the following dictionary words as defined by certain small people here and there:

Back-biter—A flea.
Bed-time—Shut-eye time.
Dust—Mud, with the juice squeezed out.
Fan—A thing to brush warm off with.
Fins—A fish's wings.
Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.
Monkey—A very little boy with a tail.
Nest-egg—The egg that the old hen measures by to make new ones.
Pig—A hog's little boy.
Salt—What makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on.
Snoring—Letting off sleep.
Stars—The moon's eggs.
Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.

THERE is in a graveyard in Pennsylvania a tombstone inscribed: "Methuselah Smith, aged one year."

THE following legend is written in a Leadville church: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best."

KEEP clear of the man who does not value his own character.

SOME MORE ABOUT THE BAD BOY.

His Father Invents a Stove—An Early Breakfast—A Cold Bath—"Who Tied that Twine to the Dog's Tail?"

"Ha! Ha! Now I have got you," said the grocery man to the bad boy, the other morning, as he came in and jumped upon the counter and tied the end of a ball of twine to the tail of a dog, and "sicked" the dog on another that was following a passing sleigh, causing the twine to play out until the whole ball was scattered along the block. "Condemn you, I've a notion to choke the liver out of you. Who tied the twine to that dog's tail?"

The boy choked up with emotion, and the tears came into his eyes, and he said he didn't know anything about the twine or the dog. He said he noticed the dog come in, and wag his tail around the twine, but he supposed the dog was a friend of the family, and did not disturb him. "Everybody lays everything that is done to me," said the boy, as he put his handkerchief to his nose, "and they will be sorry for it when I die. I have a good notion to poison myself by eating some of your glucose sugar."

"Yes, and you do about everything that is mean. The other day a lady came in and told me to send up to her house some of my country sausage, done up in muslin bags, and while she was examining it she noticed something hard inside the bags, and asked me what it was, and I opened it, and I hope to die if there wasn't a little brass padlock and a piece of a red morocco dog collar imbedded in the sausage. Now how do you suppose that got in there?" and the grocery man looked savage.

The boy looked interested, and put on an expression as though in deep thought, and finally said, "I suppose the farmer that put up the sausage did not strain the dog meat. Sausage meat ought to be strained."

The grocery man pulled in about half a block of twine, after the dog had run against a fence and broken it, and told the boy he knew perfectly well how the brass padlock came to be in the sausage, but thinking that it was safer to have the good will of the boy than the ill will, he offered him a handful of prunes.

"No," says the boy, "I have sworn off on mouldy prunes. I am no kindergarten any more. For years I have been eating rotten peaches around this store, and everything you couldn't sell, and I have turned over a new leaf now, and after this nothing is too good for me. Since pa has got to be an inventor we are going to live high."

"What's your pa invented? I saw a hearse and three hacks go up your street the other day, and I thought maybe you had killed your pa."

"Not much. There will be more than three hacks when I kill pa, and don't you forget it. Well, sir, pa has struck a fortune, if he can make this thing work. He has got an idea about coal stoves that will bring him in several million dollars, if he gets a royalty of five dollars on every coal stove in the world. His idea is to have a coal stove on castors with the pipe made to telescope out and in, and rubber hose for one joint, so you can pull the stove all around the room and warm any particular place. Well, sir, to hear pa tell about it, you would think it would revolutionize the country, and maybe it will when he gets it perfected; but he came near burning the house up, and scared us all half to death this morning, and burned his shirt off, and he is all covered with cotton and sweet oil on it, and smells like salad dressing. You see, pa had a pipe made and some castors put on our coal stove, and he tied a rope to the hearth of the stove, and had me put in some kindling wood and coal last night, so he could draw the stove up to the bed and light the fire without getting up. Ma told him he would put his foot in it, and he told her to dry up and let him run the stove business. He said it took a man with brains to run a patent right, and ma she pulled the clothes over her head and let pa do the act. She has been building the fires for twenty years, and thought she would let pa see how good it was. Well, pa pulled the stove to the bed and touched off the kindling wood. I guess maybe I got a bundle of kindling wood that the hired girl had put kerosene on, because it blazed up awful and smoked, and the blaze bursted out the doors and windows of the stove, and pa yelled fire, and I jumped out of bed and rushed in, and he was the scarest man you ever see, and you'd a dide to see how he kicked when I threw a pail of water on his legs and put his shirt out. Ma did not get burned, but she was pretty wet, and she told pa she would pay the five dollars royalty on that stove and take the castors off and let it remain stationary. Pa says he will make it work if he burns the house down. I think it was real mean in pa to get mad at me because I threw cold water on him, instead of warm water, to put his shirt out. If I had waited till I could heat water to the right temperature I would have been an orphan and pa would have been a burnt offering. But some men always kick at everything. Pa has given up business entirely, and says he shall devote the remainder of his life curing himself of the different troubles that I get him into. He has retained a doctor by the year, and buys liniment by the gallon."

"What was it about your folks getting up in the night to eat? The hired girl was over here after some soup the other morning, and she said she was going to leave your house."

"Well, that was a picnic. Pa said he wanted breakfast earlier than we had been in the habit of having it, and he said I might see to it that the house was awake early enough. The other night I awoke with the awfulest pain you ever heard of. It was that night you gave me and my old chum the bottle of pickled oysters that had begun to work. Well, I couldn't sleep, and I thought I would call the hired girls and they got up and got breakfast to going and then I rapped on pa's and ma's door and told them that breakfast was getting cold, and they got up and came down. We eat breakfast by gaslight, and pa yawned and said it made a man feel good to get up and get ready for work before daylight, the way he used to on the farm, and ma she yawned and agreed with pa, 'cause she has to, or have a row. After breakfast we sat around for an hour, and pa said it was a long time getting daylight, and bimeby pa looked at his watch. When he begun to pull out his watch I lit out and hid in the store-room, and pretty soon I heard pa and ma come up stairs and go to bed, and then the hired girls they went to bed, and when it was all still, and the pain had stopped inside of my clothes, I went to bed, and I looked to see what time it was, and it was two o'clock in the morning. We got dinner at eight o'clock in the morning, and pa said he would call up the house after this, so I have lost another job, and it was all on account of that bottle of pickled oysters you gave me. My chum says he had colic, too, but he didn't call up his folks. It was all he could do to get up himself. Why don't you sometimes give away something that is not spiled?"

The grocery man said he guessed he knew what to give away, and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery that he had made on wrapping paper with red chalk, which read: "Rotten eggs, good enough for custard pies, for 18 cents a dozen."—*Peck's Sun.*

A WHISTLE OF A PIG'S TAIL.

One of the best Known of Old Proverbs Proven to be Untrue.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

It came in a sheath of card-board and at first sight looked like a whistle made from a chamois' horn. On examining it more closely, however, there was seen some sparsely colored black hairs and the substance was found to be skin and not horn. Blown into, the sound of the whistle was heard to be shrill and clear, but who the sender was or what the material might be of why it should come to the *Chronicle* office was by no means so clear. Turning over the case a letter fell out and as it is as unique as the whistle and self-explanatory it is herewith appended:

SAN QUENTIN, Feb. 1, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Chronicle*:

"A pig he is a handsome bird,
But he who tries will fail
To make a silk purse of his ear,
Or a whistle of his tail."

"DEAR SIR: I was reading in my cell a few nights since and came across the soul-inspiring lines at the head of this page. They set me thinking; the result of my cogitations was that the next day I procured a pig's tail, went to work on it and finally succeeded in making quite a presentable whistle, which I have the liberty of sending to you as a curiosity. I have therefore proved one part of the adage to be untrue. I have not as yet experimented on the other portion, as I did not have the material (a sow's ear) handy, but if any one will send me a good-sized ear—I don't mind if the sow herself is attached to it—I will see what I can do towards making a purse of it. The author of the time-honored proverb evidently had no idea of what San Quentin genius can evolve or he would doubtless have put in a proviso. AN OLD COX.

TROUBLE OF A BRIDAL PARTY.

Commercial "Drummers" Personate Hotel Waiters, and Sleeping-Car Servants Keep the Wedded Couple Awake Too Long.

"Say, what kind of hotel do you keep?" said a green looking man, as he stepped up to the hotel counter and registered his name, and added "and wife" after it. "Can a new married couple settle down here for two or three days and have a quiet visit with each other, and not be scared out of their boots?"

The hotel man said they could go right to their room and stay there three days or three weeks, and never come to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat. "But what is the matter? Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed! That don't express it. We were married day before yesterday, at St. Paul, and went to a hotel. I live about sixty miles West of St. Paul, and the travelingmen put up a job to make me tired. There were about a hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell boys and porters to let them act for them, and when we rung the bell for the bell boy, a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory came in and wanted to know what was wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice water and a Milwaukee drummer for a grocery house brought it in, and looked at my wife, who is bashful, and made her feel real bad. I didn't know they were drummers until the next day, or I should have killed some of them. I rung the bell for coal, and a traveling man who posted railroad cards around, and works up excursions, he came in and fixed the fire, and he stayed and poked it for half an hour, and he had more gall than I ever see. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married that I wanted to thump him, but my wife said we didn't want to have no row the first day we were married. I rung for a chambermaid to clean up the room and bring some towels, and it was about half an hour before she came, and I went down to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid stayed about half an hour, and was very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate sort of a creature, far above her station, and I tell you I was mad when I found out that it was a smooth faced handsome young Jewish drummer for a Milwaukee clothing house, who was in with the gang, and he gave the chambermaid three dollars to loan him an old dress so he could play chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid patted her on the cheek, and said she was the sweetest bride that was ever in the hotel, and asked for a kiss, and my wife said she thought it would be no harm to kiss a poor chambermaid, and encouraged her, I wanted to kill him, and I went down to the office next morning, but the smooth face cuss had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well, while we were at supper somebody got into the room and put cracker crumbs in our bed, and we found a cold oil-cloth floor mat over the top sheet, enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got comfortably in bed when there was a knock at the door and I got up, and the watchman was there, and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire escape so I could get out in case of fire, and I went out in the hall and he took me way out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter came in the room and told her to fly, and save herself, and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and we got back into our room half froze. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire escape is a drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits travels for a hearse factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says she would know him, because he has a big gray moustache, and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter, at the time. They woke us up several times in the night, to tell us what to do in case we were sick, and in the morning, before we were up, a waiter brought up our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood around until we had to sit up in bed and eat breakfast. I thought at the time that it was kind in the landlord to send up our breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a traveling man for a resper factory at Rockford and remembered how darned impudent he looked at my wife I could have murdered him, but the clerk said he had gone to Winnipeg. It was just about as bad coming down here on the sleeping car, and I think half the passengers on the car, were those same drummers that were snowed in. It was colder than Alaska, and I would order extra blankets, and they would steal them. I had more than twenty blankets put on the bed and in the morning there was nothing but a sheet over us. And every time there was a blanket spread over us there was a different porter put it on, and I think they were all traveling men. Every little while somebody would pull open the curtains and sit down on my berth and begin to pull off his boots, and I would tell him the berth was occupied and that he must have made a mistake, and he would look around at us as