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The Kent News:
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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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.

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.

WHY SHOULD THE PUBLIC BUY
PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL?

BECAUSE it is uniform in quality, and after the distribution of from 20 to 200,000,000 gallons in the past fifteen years, there

NEVER HAS BEEN AN ACCIDENT

occasioned by its use. It is a *PERFECTLY SAFE and UNIFORMLY GOOD ARTICLE.* It can always be depended on as such, and being sold at retail at the present very low price, it affords the

CHEAPEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD!

This would seem to be an unanswerable reason why the public should not take any risk whatever in choosing their burning oils. According to the best calculation, if inferior Oil is used, an ordinary family could not save more than from seventy-five cents to one dollar on the consumption of an entire year.

A little careful consideration on the part of housekeepers would lead them to confine their entire consumption to PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. If there is any kind, we should be glad to be informed of its nature, and from whom the Oil was purchased. The public are *particularly cautioned against the deception practiced by unprincipled dealers* palming off inferior Oil for PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL. This is done to an enormous extent, and necessitates the utmost caution on part of consumers when purchasing.

CHAS. PRATT & CO., New York,
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

For Sale by LOUIS K. STAM, Chestertown, Md.

The Secret of Successful Farming.

USE
ORCHILLA GUANO!
A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT
Rich in Phosphates and Alkaline Salts.

WOOLDRIDGE, TRAVERSE & CO.,
Importers,
64 Buchanan's Whf., Baltimore.

I have secured the control of this very superior Crop Producer for Kent county and am able to offer it

AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.

ORCHILLA is endorsed by the Deer Creek Farmers' Club, of Harford co., Md. It contains but little ammonia, hence is no stimulant. It contains no vitriol—hence gives no encouragement to sour grass. Call on or address the agent for full particulars.

WM. HEPBRON, Lynch's, Md.
Crop time given for a satisfactory note. mr3-2m.

CORN FERTILIZER

THE HOME IMPROVED
In Fine, Dry Condition for Drilling.

Price $25 per Ton

Manufactured and for sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
March 8, 1883.

CORN PHOSPHATE.
OLD KENT No. 2
I again offer to the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties my
Standard Phosphate
—FOR—
CORN, OATS, VEGETABLES, and FRUITS.
It will prevent Corn from
FRENCHING
And the Worms from Injuring
FRUIT TREES.
Call at my office on Court Street and read the certificates of some of our best Farmers.

"OLD KENT"
has been used now for Five or Six Years with ENTIRE SATISFACTION to those who have used it.
J. W. HINES.
March 10—3t.

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, Soups, 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,
f.24. R. F. PARKS.

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.

Is It You

Reader, who said you would like to get such nice fitting Clothing as City people wear, rather than the wholesale goods commonly sold in most stores? This will tell you how to do it. The very large increase in our business the past season allows us to make a still lower scale of Prices than ever before, and you can save enough in buying from us to pay for your trip to our city.

The Garments we sell are manufactured under our personal supervision, upon the premises, thereby securing the best sewed and fitting Clothing ever produced. Our Goods are made for the individual wear of our patrons, and not for wholesaling. We sell them with a positive guarantee; therefore no one runs any risk in buying at our house. We indulge in no kind of show or pretension that can only result in increased prices, but depend on the merits of our Goods and genuine Low Prices to hold and gain patronage.

Upon these statements we invite you to call and look through our immense Stock of New Styles and Fashionable Designs. Any garment not entirely satisfactory will be gladly exchanged or money refunded.

Be sure and first call upon
C. N. Oehm & Son,
Clothiers of Men, Boys and Children,
230 W. Pratt St.,
THROUGH TO
55 Hanover St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT attached for those who prefer their Clothing made to measure. mh10.

A New Departure

W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.
Galena, Md.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.

Department No. 1: DRY GOODS, PRINTS, Muslins, Ginghams, Satins, Cashmeres, Lawns White Goods, Flannels, Cottonades, Notions, Hosiery, Gloves—the celebrated Alexandria Kid Glove, warranted. Hamburg Edgings, Corsets; Ladies', Gents' and Misses' Waterproof Gossimer Coats; Satchels, Clocks.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes.
SHOES! SHOES! SHOES! for the large and small.

HATS and CAPS, Queensware, Hardware, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy & Staple Groceries.

Depart. No. 2—Syrups, Molasses, Oils, Salt, &c.

Depart. No. 3—Men's and Boys' *READY-MADE CLOTHING.* Men's Suits $5, $8, $10, $12, $15, $18, $20.

Depart. No. 4—(second floor)—*FURNITURE AND BEDDING.* Cottage Suits, Tables, Chairs and Lounges at City Prices.

Depart. No. 5—(second floor)—*CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS.*

We also buy the Sigwalt Singer Pattern Sewing Machine, and sell at less than list prices.

We would ask our friends and the public to please call and examine our stock.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.,
Main Street, GALENA, MD.
March 3, 1883.

LUMBER
For the SPRING of 1883.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.,
Takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of

WHITE PINE, VIRGINIA PINE,
and GEORGIA PINE
LUMBER
on the Peninsula, embracing in part—
White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " " undressed;
" " 6-4 Plank, "
" " 8-4 " "
" " 4-4 Picks & Select, dressed.
" " 7-8 Rabbeted Weatherboarding
" " Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " Cull " 12 in. stk. 16 ft.
" " 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft
" " 5-8 Siding, dressed & und'ssed
" " 4-4 12 inch stk. dressed;
" " Frame Stuff,
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff,
" " Flooring.
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.

A large lot of Cypress Fencing to arrive. SHINGLES, LATHS, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, Window Frames, Sash, Mouldings, &c.

Specially low price to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.

TERMS LIBERAL.

Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.
Feb. 24, 1883. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

To Whom it May Concern:

I AM prepared to furnish at short notice and reasonable rates, all kinds of LUMBER, namely:

Frame, Bridge and Wheelwright
LUMBER,

the last named a specialty. OAK SILLS, Posts and Braces; Oak, Gum and Poplar JOISTS & STUDDING; Sheathing or Shingling LATHS; Red or White Oak BRIDGE LUMBER; Piling, any size or length.

Small profits, large sales.
Please call on or address
JAMES COX,
Cox's Station, Queen Anne's co., Md.
MERRICKTON P. O. jan20-6m*

FANCY BASKETS, Work Baskets and Satchels, at SPARKS'.

FINE CONFECTIONERY at W. H. LAMBERT'S.

NOT THAT WAY.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

Do you know you've asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life?
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you've asked for this priceless thing
As a child might have asked for a toy—
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your dinner should always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts should be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you want for stockings and shirts—
I want a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

AUTUMN BLOSSOMS.

How was it that I came to be an old bachelor? Not because of hating women I am sure, for I liked them very much, and never could have spoken to one rudely or discourteously in my life. As nearly as I know, it was in this wise:

My father died, leaving a family of children, a wife, and an old father and mother, of whom only myself was able to earn a shilling. He had never saved anything.

So, after the first grief, when we had calmed down, and were able to look matters quietly in the face, there was a wretched sort of prospect for us. I was only an accountant, and had a young fellow's way of wasting my small salary in a thousand different ways. I had been "paying attention" to Elsie Hall, who, young and childish as she was, had a way of leading her admirers into extravagance. Of all the trials of that never-to-be-forgotten time, I think the greatest was appearing to be niggardly in those baby blue eyes. I did not mind wearing plain suits, discarding kid gloves, and renouncing the opera; but not to lay those boquets, and books, and music, and dainty bits of jewelry, and multitudinous trifles at Elsie's feet was a terrible ordeal I passed through; and if ever a man had reason to be thankful I had, for the acquisitive little beauty jilted me in a month for Tom Tandem, who was rich and lavish of gifts, and who ran away from her, after a marriage of ten months.

I worked night and day, and managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Sometimes I used to think how well it was for Elsie that she had not really loved me, for she could have had nothing but a dismal prospect of wearing out her youth in a dreary, hopeless engagement to one too poor to marry. That was until Tom ran off. Then I thought it would have been even far better for her to have shared our humble home and poor fare, and the love I could have given her, than to be deserted so.—And I pitied her, as if she had not proven herself heartless. But I never went near her, of course, and I never even spoke of her to my mother.

I grew no younger all this while, and every year seemed to add five years to my looks. I had never been handsome or very merry, and soon I became conscious of a peculiar, middle-aged look, which settles down upon some people very early.

Strangers, too, began to take me for the head of the family; and once, in a new neighborhood, the butcher alluded to "my wife." I found that he meant my mother, and only wondered that it was not dear old grannie.

She was eighty, grandfather ninety, and they died one bright autumn day before prosperity came to us, died within an hour of each other—for grannie just said, "I think I'll lie down a bit now, Lemuel don't need me. I'm very tired."

Then she kissed me and said, "You've been a good boy to your grandma, Edward. You'll have that to think of."

And when we next looked at her she was dead, with her hand upon her cheek like a sleeping child.

So two were gone, and we were sadder than before. And then Jean, my eldest sister, married at sixteen a physician, who carried her off to Hindostan in her honeymoon.

And we could none of us feel the wedding a happy thing.

But prosperity did come at last. I had worked for it, and anything a man makes his sole object in this life, he is very sure to attain.

We were comfortable — easy. Ah, what a word that is after years of struggle! At last, we were rich. But by that time I was five and forty — a large, dark, middle-aged man, with a face that looked to myself in the glass as though it were perpetually intent on figures. The girls were married. Dick had taken to the sea, and we saw him once a year or so; and Ashton was at home with mother and myself—the only really handsome member of our family, and just two-and-twenty. And it was on his birthday, I remember, that the letter came to me from poor Hunter—that letter which began: "When these lines reach you, Ned Sandford, I shall have my six feet of earth—all I ever owned, or would if I had lived to be a hundred."

We had been young together, though he was really older than I, and we had been close friends once; but a roving fit had seized him, and we had not met for years. I knew he had married a young Kentish girl, and knew no more, but now he told me that she was dead, and that his death would leave his daughter an orphan.

"She is not quite penniless," he wrote, "for her mother had a little income, which, poor as I was, I was never brute enough to meddle with, and it has descended to her. But I have been a rolling stone, gathering no moss all my life, and we never stayed long enough in one place to make friends. Will you be her guardian? It is a dying man's last request."

And then he wrote some words, coming from his heart, I knew, which being of myself, I could not think that I deserved them.

And the result of that letter, and another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one spring day found me on board a great steamer, which lay at rest after her voyage in the protecting arms of Liverpool, with two little hands in mine, and a pair of great brown eyes lifted to my face, and a sweet voice choked with sobs saying something of "poor papa," and of how much he had spoken of me, and of the lonely voyage, and the green graves left behind, and I, who had gone to meet a child and found a woman, looking at her and feeling toward her as I had never looked upon nor felt to any other.

Not to Elsie Hall. It was not the boyish love dream again.

Analyzing my emotion, I found only a great longing to protect and comfort her—to guard her from every pain and ill, and I said to myself: "This is as a father must feel to a daughter; I can be a parent to George Hunter's child, in very truth." And I took her home to the old house, and to my old mother. I thought only of them; somehow I never thought of Ashton.

Shall I ever forget how she brightened the sombre rooms? How, as her sadness wore away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a something which made the return home, and the long hours of the evening, seem so much brighter than they had ever been before, stole into my life. I never went to sleep in church now; I kept awake to look at Olive Hunter—to listen to her pure contralto, as she joined in the singing. Sometimes I caught her eye—her great unfathomable brown eye—for she had a habit of looking at me. Was she wondering how a face could be so stern and grim? I used to ask myself.

Ashton used to look at her also. He had been away when she first came to us, and when he returned she was a grand surprise to him.

"Oh, how lovely she is!" he had said to me.

"She is very pretty," I replied.

Ashton laughed.

"May I never be an old bachelor if it brings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said, and I felt conscious that my cheeks flushed, and I felt angry that he should have spoken of me thus, though I had never cared before.

They liked each other very much—those two young things. A pretty picture they made in the Venetian window in the sunset. He a fair-haired, blue-eyed, Saxon-looking youth; she so exquisitely dark and glowing.

Everyone liked her. Even my old clerk, Stephen Madly, used to say her presence lit the office more than a dozen lamps, the nearest approach to a poetical speech of which old Stephen was ever known to be guilty; and I never knew how much she was to me until one evening, when, coming home earlier than usual, I saw in that Venetian window where Ashton and Olive had made so many pleasant pictures for me, one that I never forgot—that I never shall forget as long as I live.

She stood with her back to me. Ashton was kneeling at her feet. The sound of the opening door dissolved the picture, but I had seen it, and I stole away to hide the stab it had given me.

I sat down in my own room and hid my face in my hands, and would have been glad to hide it beneath my coffin-lid. I knew now that I loved her, not as an old man might love the woman who ought to be his wife—better than I had loved Elsie Hall; for it was not boyish passion, but earnest, heartfelt love.

I in love! I arose and looked in the mirror, and my broad-shouldered reflection flashed before my gaze.

The springtime of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamed of love's bud and blossom.

I knelt beside my bed, and prayed that I might not have my brother—that I might not even envy him. His touch upon my door startled me. For a few moments we were silent. Then he said, speaking rapidly and blushing like a girl, "Ned, old fellow, you—you saw me making a fool of myself just now, I suppose?"

"I saw you on your knees," I said.

"And thought me a silly fellow, eh? But you don't know, Ned. You can't understand—you have been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She is driving me mad, Ned, I do believe she likes me, but she won't say yes. I'd give my right hand for her love. I must have it, and I think you can help me, Ned. From something she said, I believe she thinks you would disapprove, perhaps you are one of those old fellows who want every one to marry for money. Tell her you're not, Ned, dear, old fellow, tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it, indeed I won't."

"Tell her I have no objection?" I repeated mechanically.

"You know you are master here, and as much my father as if you were really one, instead of a brother," said Ashton. "If I did not know how kindly you had always felt to us both I should not confide in you, for it is a serious thing to be in love, Ned, and you may thank Heaven you know nothing of it."

Know nothing of it! Ah, if he could have read my heart just then!

"I'll do what I can, Ashton," I said at last. "I'll try my best."

And he flung his arms around me in his own boyish fashion, and left me alone — alone with my own thoughts.

He had said truly; I had been a father to him. I was old enough to be hers, and no one should know my silly dream. I would hide it while I lived. As I said once: "I've only the old folks and the children now," I said then, "I will think of mother and Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing; I have lived for them — if needs be, I will die for them."

But I would not see or speak to Olive that night, nor till the next day was quite done.—Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her, and took her hand in mine.

"Olive," I said, "I think you know that Ashton loves you. I am sure he has told you so.—And you—can you not love him?"

She drew her hand from mine, and said not a word.

"I should rejoice in my brother's happiness. I should think him happier in your love than anything else could make him," I said. "I told him I would tell you so."

And then she spoke.

"You wish me to marry Ashton?"

Reproach was in the tone—reproach and sorrow.

"If you can love him Olive," said I.

She arose. She seemed to shrink from me, though in the dark I could not see her face.

"I do not love him," she said.

And we were still as death. Then suddenly Olive Hunter began to sob.

"You have been very kind to me. I love you all," she said, "but I cannot stay here now.—Please let me go somewhere else. I must—I cannot live here."

"Go from us, Olive?" I said. "Nay, we are no tyrants; and once assured you do not love him, Ashton will—"

"Hush!" she paused; "hush; please let me go away! Please let me go away!"

The moon was rising. Her new-born light fell upon Olive's face. Perhaps its whiteness made her look so pale.

She leaned against the wall with her little hand upon her heart, her unfathomable eyes full of water. How had I hurt her so? A new thought struck me.

"Perhaps you love some one else, Olive?"

And at that she turned her face from me and hid it in her hands.

"Too much—too much. You might have spared me that," she said. "Let me go away. I wish you had never brought me here."

And I arose and went to her. I bent over the woman I loved; I touched her with my hand; her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you happy."

And my voice trembled and my hand shook, and she turned her face toward me again and looked into my eyes. What she saw in mine I do not know—the truth, I think. In hers I read this. I was not old to her—not too old to be loved.

I stole my arm about her; she did not untwine it. I uttered her name, "Olive," huskily. Afterwards I told her of my struggles with myself, not then. I said:

"Olive, I love you, but it cannot be that you care for me, I am old enough to be your father."

And again I saw in her eyes the happy truth, and took her to my heart.

But we kept our secret for a while, for we both loved Ashton, and both knew that his wound was not too deep to find a balm; and when within a year the boy brought home a bride, a pretty creature whom he loved, and who loved him, I claimed Olive.

And she is mine now! and the autumn blossoms of my heart will only fade on earth to bloom again through all eternity in Paradise.

THE TIME HAS COME!

Three or four years ago, when there was a grip on the potato market, there lived near an interior village in this State a farmer named Peters. He raised good crops, paid his debts, and was down on rings of all sorts. The price of potatoes kept going up, and up, and the old farmer grew uneasy. He came into the village every evening to see how the market stood, and although he never said much, it was evident he would burst his hoops pretty soon if things continued in that way. At length the climax came. One evening the old man and his son had a warm corner in a grocery, when a citizen entered with a newspaper in his hand and said:

"This newspaper says that the price of potatoes is certain to advance again before the week is out."

"What!" exclaimed Peters, "another advance in taters?"

"Yes, the Lord only knows what is to become of the poor if this potato ring isn't bursted!"

The farmer arose, buttoned his old white overcoat clear to the chin, brought his fist down hard on the cheese-box, and sternly said: "The time has come! I've stood it, and stood it as long as I can, and now I'm going to act! George, we'll go home and get ready to throw fifty-six bushels of peachblows on the market to-morrow, and smash that wicked ring all to pieces!"

THERE are some persons who cannot take a joke but Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent change of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or pay rent. "I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg, "I have always moved."

WHEN a man begins to go down hill, he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added that, when he tries to climb up, he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.

A PERFIDIOUS LOVER.

Abandoning a Young Woman at the Moment of Her Wedding.

To-day (Monday) the doors of the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Asylum will open to admit a young lady whose intellect has been dethroned by the perfidy of a recreant bridegroom. The name of the demented girl is Anna Peterson, a member of one of the most prominent families of Harbor Creek, near Erie. Miss Peterson is 19 years old, and has been most liberally endowed by nature with a handsome form and sweet disposition. About a year ago a young man named P. Dullea paid her marked attention, and in due time she promised to wed him. Dullea is possessed of considerable property, and the match was generally considered a most happy one.

The 7th of March was set for the wedding day and many friends and relatives were invited to be present at the ceremony. The bridegroom was very zealous in making preparations and left nothing undone which would add eclat to the affair. The eventful day arrived at last and Anna Peterson arrayed herself in her bridal robes. The morning trains brought many friends, who assembled in the handsomely decorated Peterson parlors as the hour drew nigh. The marriage was to be solemnized at noon. At ten minutes to twelve the bridegroom had not arrived. The minister was in waiting to perform the ceremony, and in an upper room the bride sat among her elegantly attired bridesmaids. Just before noon a stranger rang the bell and, handing the servant a letter addressed to Miss Peterson, hurried away. This excited considerable suspicion, and not without forbodings of evil did Mr. Peterson deliver the missive to his daughter. She tore it open hurriedly, glanced over its contents, and then, with an agonized shriek, fell in a swoon. The fatal letter was picked up and read to the guests. It was a curt, heartless epistle:

My Dear Miss Peterson:—Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to forego the honor of wedding you to-day. This morning I was informed of the great necessity of my presence elsewhere. At some future time, if all goes well, I may see you, and then, if our feelings for each other are unaltered, our relations can be considered as though this little hitch in our arrangements had never happened.

Yours truly, P. DULLEA.

P. S.—Am going to travel.

Restoratives were applied and the deserted bride regained consciousness. When she came out of the faint she astonished her friends by quietly readjusting her wreath of orange flowers, and, taking the hands of an aged neighbor, addressed him by her false lover's name, and announced herself ready to repeat the words that should make her his wife. Then it flashed on the minds of those present that the shock had deprived her of her reason. They led her away, like poor Ophelia, smiling and chatting in an artless way that was heart-rending to see and hear. The house of rejoicing was changed to one of sorrow. During the night Miss Peterson was attacked with violent paroxysms, succeeded by periods of insensibility. Her parents are prostrated by the weight of sorrow. Nothing further has been heard from Dullea, and the community is wild with excitement over his perfidious action.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MAJOR McKELLIP'S CARD.

Which Proved an Open Sesame to the Office of the Secretary of War.

On the 7th of October, 1862, Thomas Holliday Hicks, A. W. Bradford and Wm. A. McKellip, of Maryland, paid a visit to Washington, for the purpose of obtaining arms from the general government. After waiting some time they obtained an interview with President Lincoln, who, after listening to the urgent request they made, took from his desk a small bristol board card, and wrote upon it:

"*Secretary of War:*

"Please give bearer, Major McKellip, of Sixth Maryland Regiment, the best arms possible, and oblige, A. LINCOLN.

"October 7, 1862."

The card was so small, that brief as the note was, the last line, date and signature were on the reverse side. When it was presented to the Secretary of War the order was complied with. Twenty years after to the day Major McKellip took his little daughter down to Washington to see the White House, Patent Office and other buildings. They arrived at the new State, War and Navy Department building shortly after office hours, and asked to be admitted, but the porter declared it was impossible. Major McKellip said: "But, I want to see the Secretary of War." "It's no use, sir; you cannot see him to-day, and, besides he is engaged." The best objection is a stereotyped phrase used in Washington when all other objections fail, but is so often resorted to that no one believes it. Major McKellip was provoked that he should be refused an opportunity to pay his respects to the son of the man for whose administration he had fought, and who received him without any formality. Taking out his pocket-book to find a card, he was surprised that he had none with him, but discovered the little age-stained bristol card.

"Take this to the Secretary, sir, and I will wait for an answer."

In a few minutes the Secretary himself came to the door, and shaking the Major warmly by both hands, said:

"My dear Major, it is a great pleasure to meet any old friend of my father's."

He kissed the little girl, and the Major said: "I have no special business, Mr. Secretary, but I wanted to see if a card from the President would be received by his son, who twenty years after became Secretary of War."

The Secretary upon learning why the Major was compelled to send in the card, instructed the porter that the holder was to be admitted whenever he called.

THE FIRST BIRD OF SPRING.

As it is nearly time for the papers to bring out the following poem, which has been published every spring for the past fifteen years, we here with print it as a reminder:

"The first bird of Spring
He attempted to sing—
But ere he had uttered a note,
He fell from the limb,
And a dead bird was him,
Kase the music had friz in his throat."

A CHAMPION AT CHECKERS.

Something About an Old Man Who Lives to Play and Plays to Live.

From the Elmira Free Press.

Friday about noon a man with a gripsack and large cane, dressed like a farmer and looking as if he had just blown in from the backwoods, came to town. It soon turned out that the unpretentious and verdant-looking stranger was no less a man than James Wiley, the champion checker-player of the world. Mr. Wiley is a Scotchman and has beaten the best players that the world has produced and now he is regarded by all as the champion. He has been playing in Blossburg and thought he would take in Elmira while in this vicinity. Yesterday he played with Counselor M. M. Mead, Postmaster Berry, Col. Wheaton and one or two others of the best players in the city. None of these men were able to do anything against him. Last evening he played with Frank Sackett, the champion of the city. Mr. Sackett succeeded in getting three draws out of nine games.

He is a man about sixty years of age. His hair is white, and, like Horace Greeley, he wears a beard under his chin. His deafness makes it impossible to carry on a conversation with him. He sits quietly, not taking his eyes off the board and taking no notice of those about him or anything except his game. He wears spectacles and has an intelligent and kindly face and good head. He has done nothing else but play checkers ever since he was fifteen years of age. His game cannot be beaten. He looks away into a game and before an ordinary opponent has commenced he has won the game. He makes a good living by playing, as there are plenty enthusiasts who willingly give twenty-five cents to play with him, and plenty more will give that amount to see him play. He lives in Scotland and has been in this country about six months, although this is not his first visit.

NOTHING so strongly tests a man's veracity as to be summoned to the door to be confronted with the question, "Are you the head of the house?"—*Yonkers' Statesman.*

A CONTEMPORARY mentions a case beyond the ordinary ocelist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, had a professor in her eye.

HE who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

ENTOMBED FOR THREE HOURS.

Buried Alive, But Breathing Through a Tube and Saved at Last.

Tobias Thompson escaped miraculously from an awful death yesterday afternoon. He was digging a well on Wasoola street, when the earth caved and buried all of him except his head, which was fast sinking also, when Mrs. Haggerty saw him. Mrs. Haggerty called help and then brought a tin water pipe for him to breathe through. The tin pipe was about three inches in diameter, and when it was lowered to Thompson he resolutely put it over his mouth, closed his eyes and prepared for the worst. Soon his head disappeared from sight, and three feet of earth was over him before the caving in could be stopped. Many men went to work digging. All this time Thompson, who was about seven feet from the surface of the earth, kept his spirits in a way which astonished those in the throng around the well. Once he cried out: "Keep it up, boys; I can stand it as long as any other man can in my fix." He kept up his nerve for nearly two hours without uttering a word of complaint until a heavy chunk of dirt happened to fall on the earth over him, when he cried out: "For God's sake take that weight off my head!" He was soon relieved and nothing more was heard from him. The men on the outside meanwhile were digging with all their might and main. One man would work as hard and fast as he could and then throw down the shovel, which was soon grasped by willing hands.

Dr. Labrie arrived about three o'clock and went to work with a vim. He took off his coat, and handled a shovel in a manner quite creditable to himself. When at last the buried man's head was reached the doctor got down on his knees and pulled the dirt away from him with his hands. After the earth around Thompson's breast had been loosened so as to allow him to breathe freely, a barrel with both ends knocked out was put over him to prevent any dirt from falling on him. When they had freed his hands from their long imprisonment Thompson went to work himself, to the surprise and gratification of everyone, and threw the dirt away from around his body and legs with an energy that would have done credit to any man. His tenacity, grit, courage, and presence of mind was commented upon by everyone. At about half-past five o'clock he pulled his foot out from the dirt and, giving a cry of joy, leaped toward the men who had rescued him and grasping their hands, shook them with a fervor that showed his feelings more plainly than words could have done. He had been in that living grave for three hours and a half.

CLUB MEN AT POKER.

Forty-Three Thousand Dollars Changing Owners on a Single Hand.

From the Philadelphia Press.

When fast young club men tire of the monotony of club parlors and smoking-rooms, they occasionally seek the seclusion of a popular hotel not a mile from the Union League and indulge in a quiet game of draw poker—jack-pots and all the trimmings. A few nights ago such a game was in progress, in which the Philadelphia, Social Art and Union League Clubs were represented. After an hour or so of play, with scarcely enough difference in fortune to warm up the players, a jack-pot was made, which was not broken until four or five deals had swelled it to handsome proportions. Young Thomas A. Scott, finding three queens, threw in a $20 gold piece with great confidence. John Tucker examined his hand and found a pair of jacks, and the ten, nine and seven of diamonds, one of his jacks being also of that suit. With the alternative of drawing to his four flush, Mr. Tucker remarked that it would cost $50 to play, and posted the cash. All the players threw up their hands, excepting Mr. Scott, who merely saw the raise. Mr. Scott drew one card and got his fourth queen. Mr. Tucker split his jacks, and drawing to his four flush took in the eight of diamonds, making his hand a straight flush. Mr. Scott casually remarked that his hand was worth $1,000, and put that amount in the pot.

"My hand is worth $3,000," said Mr. Tucker, in a tone whose nervousness caused Mr. Scott to think that perhaps an attempt to bluff was in progress.

"Five thousand more," Mr. Scott said.

"Fifteen thousand more," Mr. Tucker retorted.

Mr. Scott's confidence in his queens was undiminished, and he chuckled to himself to think what a snap Tucker had got himself into.

"Thirty thousand more" was the net result of Mr. Scott's brief self-consultation.

Mr. Tucker paused, ran his eyes over his hand to see whether it was all right, and apparently went into a mental computation of his bank account.

"I call," he said, throwing up an I. O. U. to balance the pot.

"Four queens," said Mr. Scott, spreading out the hand on the table, and making a move as if to rake in the stakes.

"Not so fast, if you please—a straight flush," said Mr. Tucker. Mr. Scott's face fell, and Mr. Tucker pocketed his winnings, something over $43,000 on that hand.

AN OLD-FASHIONED EDITOR.

We were grieved to read the other day of the death of one of Michigan's jolliest pioneer editors—almost the last man of a band who published weeklies in the State when a coon-skin would pay for a column "ad," and three bushels of corn dumped on the office floor stood for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax list and mortgage sales, and he measured short even on them. One day in the years gone by this paper copied an attack on a