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The Kent News:
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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.

Vol. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1883. No. 24.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

J. F. LEARY'S
Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, and all other diseases of Throat and Lungs
Sold by all Druggists at 25 and 50 cents.
CANBY, GILPIN & CO., Agents,
Sept. 29-8m. Light and Lombard sts. Baltimore, Md.

W. P. PATTERSON,
RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF
Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns
RIFLES, REVOLVERS,
AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS
BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.
168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

15,000 Yards of Carpet!
Our Carpet Trade has so increased that we have been compelled to enlarge our Carpet Department.
We have now a beautiful Carpet Room filled with the best MAKES and DESIGNS that the market can produce. Our stock consists in
Tapestries, Body Brussels, (with borders to match), Ingrains, Persian Damasks, Rags and Hemps, all of which we make and lay in the best manner when desired.
We have also a line of Floor Oilcloths, Cocoa Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Carpet Feltings, Window Shades, &c.
☞Remember you have FIFTEEN THOUSAND YARDS OF CARPET to select from, therefore come where you can get just what you want.
W. H. MOORE & Co.,
Oct. 20-3m. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!
AND MUST PREVAIL!
And the truth is, we propose to keep THE LEAD in the CLOTHING TRADE on the Eastern Shore. We know that to satisfy the general public strong inducements must be offered, and we are the only House on the shore prepared to offer them. We buy our goods for the cash, therefore can afford to sell them
TWENTY per cent LESS
than those who buy on long credit, or sell goods on commission.
A. FRIEDMAN Buys for the CASH ONLY.
LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES:

Men's Suits	others ask $6 00 for	We are selling at	$4 50
" " "	" " 7 50 "	" " " "	6 00
Men's all wool Kersey Suits	others ask 9 00 for	" " " "	7 00
Men's Suits	10 00 for	" " " "	8 00
" " " "	15 00 "	" " " "	11 00
" " " "	20 00 "	" " " "	15 00

and all other goods in like proportion. We have a large stock of
YOUTHS', BOYS', & CHILDREN'S SUITS,
which we are selling at very low figures.
OVERCOATS:—Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats we are selling at very low prices, from $2 00 up.
HATS & CAPS:—Just received from New York a great variety of Hats and Caps of the latest styles.
Gents' Furnishing Goods:—We have just received a complete assortment and are prepared to suit everybody in goods and low prices.
☞We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine our stock and prices at the STAR CLOTHING HOUSE, under the KENT NEWS OFFICE, Chestertown, Maryland. Respectfully,
Oct. 20, 1883. A. FRIEDMAN.

MOGEE & FLEMING,
Chestertown, Md.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
MOGEE'S
GREAT VALLEY SCHUYLKILL
Quick and Slaked LIME,
Manufactured at NORRISTOWN, MONTGOMERY CO., PA.
THIS LIME has been used more extensively during the past eight years than any other lime by the Farmers in Maryland and Delaware. It has given decidedly BETTER RESULTS than any other Lime on the market, and as we are the largest dealers now in the Lime business we can and will deliver to farmers and dealers as cheap if not cheaper than any other firm in the business.
We supply orders by Railroad, from Philadelphia to Crisfield, and all the connecting branches, and we have boats to fill all orders not accessible by rail.
We are prepared to sell on time—4, 6 or 8 months note—payable at Banks.
April 7, 1883. MOGEE & FLEMING, Chestertown, Md.

CARRIAGES!
NEWEST STYLES! BEST MAKE! and LOWEST PRICES!
—AT—
GEORGE E. LAMBERT'S
CHESTERTOWN.
I have ample accommodations and a full supply of the best material on hand for the manufacture of Carriages, and have in my employ the very best workmen to be found anywhere, enabling me to make to order any style of Carriage needed in this section.
I have now in my show rooms as fine a variety of the different styles as can be found in most city establishments, and we guarantee them to be AS GOOD and AS CHEAP.
Among them we may mention
Piano-box Top Buggies,
Brewster & Wilson spring;
Double Spring Phætons,
Jump Seats, Rockaways and Dayton Wagons,
We deal exclusively in Carriages, Dearborns and Express Wagons, and knowing our reputation is at stake, and purposing the permanency of our business establishment here, we have something more at heart than temporary pecuniary advantage. We are determined that our work shall give satisfaction in every respect and therefore do not hesitate to give guarantees in every case.
DAYTONS.—Special attention is called to our Dayton Wagons—the very thing for farmers
Repairs of all kinds—Smithing, Painting and Trimming—at short notice, at lowest prices.
☞Please give me a call.
GEO. E. LAMBERT,
tjl. opposite M. P. Church, Chestertown.

THE OLD PLACE,
Opposite court-house between J. K. Aldridge's and T. W. Eliason is still in the lead in the
Confectionery Line.
We have by far the largest assortment in this line in town, and many goods that cannot be found elsewhere. We buy the best and sell as low as inferior articles are sold.
Try our CIGARS and be convinced that we are selling as good, if not better, than many others. Our 2 for 5 cannot be surpassed by any.
We have Chow-Chow, Pickles, Sauces, Catsups, Mustard, Cloves, Tamarinds, Canned Goods, Jellies, Sardines, Cocoa, Chocolates, Corn Starch and a great variety of goods which we cannot enumerate. Come in and see us,
SPARKS' opp. Court-House.

Time! Time!! Time!!!
WE have just opened one of the largest and cheapest assortments of
CLOCKS
to be found in the county. We can sell a good striking Clock for $2.50.
We shall also open within the next few days the largest and most comple stock of
LAMPS
we have ever had. We intend to maintain our reputation for selling the cheapest and prettiest lamps in town.
We have a few Fine and Common
TEA SETS
which will be sold very low as we do not intend buying any more, unless by specipl order.
Our LINE of
GLASSWARE
is fuller than ever, and we can certainly please you in prices and quality. Be sure and come in and look at our goods before buying.
SPARKS'
Sept. 29, opp. Court-House.

"WE STILL HAVE"
WE could give a number of testimonials from those who have seen and bought our 12½ cent CANTON FLANNEL that it is superior to any ever seen in this market, at the same price. We cannot say how long we will be able to sell the FRUIT OF THE LOOM MUSLIN by the piece at 10 cents; we will do it as long as the present stock lasts. We have other well known brands of Bleached MUSLIN that we are selling by the piece very low.
Sep. 15-td1. J. B. BURCHINAL.
WE HAVE recently taken out of our stock of Men's Boots and Shoes, and Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, that are not exactly in style, but an excellent article, and have put the prices on them far below what they cost. We will sell you Men's Boots for $1 50, Men's Shoes for $1, Ladies' Shoes for $1, Misses' Shoes for $1, and Children's shoes for 25, 50, 75 cents.
sep. 15-td1. J. B. BURCHINAL.
WE HAVE the largest stock of Ladies', Men's and Children's KNIT UNDERWEAR that we have ever had and the prices are very low.
sep. 15-td1. J. B. BURCHINAL.
WE HAVE just received another invoice of that extraordinary TOBACCO that we sell at 40 cts., consisting of ten boxes.
sep. 15-td1. J. B. BURCHINAL.
WE HAVE an extra quality of Medicated, Red TWILL FLANNEL, highly recommended for rheumatism.
sep. 15-td1. J. B. BURCHINAL.
WE HAVE just received our new stock of Black and all the desirable colors in all wool CASHMERES, and we guarantee city prices on them.
sep. 15-td1. J. B. BURCHINAL.
WE HAVE the best Men's KNIT UNDERSHIRT for 50 cts. we have ever seen. We also have the Red Knit Shirts and Drawers, in various qualities.
sep. 15-td1. J. B. BURCHINAL.

Iron Turbine
WIND ENGINES,
FOR SALE BY
J. C. ROSEBERRY,
mar24-tf. STILL POND CREEK.
CORN-HOES and CORN-KNIVES, every style and quality at
Sept. 8-tf. HINES & CLEMENTS'.

Snow Hill Nurseries.
300,000 No. 1 PEACH TREES!
Over 50 varieties among which can be found kinds suited to all sections including the New and Old Standard Varieties, largely of the Yellow for canning and drying purposes. Also, 100,000 APPLE TREES, 40,000 of them are Extra Long Keeping varieties, adapted to southern planting or wherever long keeping varieties are desirable. We also offer a full line of NURSERY STOCK, Small Fruit a specialty; can fill orders in large or small quantities, at reasonable prices; write for descriptive circular, which we mail free to all applicants. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Address:
WM. M. PETERS & SONS,
Wesley Station, Worcester co., Maryland.
Oct. 13-7m.

Nursery Stock!
PEACH TREES
A SPECIALTY.
We invite our friends and patrons to come and view our stock. We have over
200,000 First Class Peach Trees,
and 60,000 second class, which have made good growth and are fine, healthy, thrifty trees, and we think cannot fail to give satisfaction.
We have selected buds with great care from the most healthy stock to be found, and are abundantly sure our stock is true to name.
We have all the leading varieties, and largely of yellow canning kinds, among which are 80,000 Crawford's Late, and 80,000 Beere's Smock.
Our late edition of Catalogue we think will interest you. Write for it.
N. BARNARD,
Stanley P. O., Kent co., Md.
P. S.—Our stock of SMALL FRUIT PLANTS is complete, and we can furnish general Nursery Stock largely. sep8-3m.

We, the undersigned, having known Mr. N. BARNARD for the past 15 or 20 years, take pleasure in recommending him as reliable and trustworthy, and Trees we have purchased of him have proven satisfactory and true to name.
GEO. B. WESTCOTT,
Pres't Kent Nat'l Bank.
WILLIAM T. HEPBRON,
H. T. JUMP,
ISAAC PARSONS,
THOMAS J. F. SMITH,
GEO. R. BECK,
RICHARD C. SMYTH,
J. W. COREY,
M. A. S. MAXWELL, M. D.
W. S. MAXWELL, M. D.
JOHN B. PARROTT,
R. S. DIEHL.
Sept. 15, 1883.

FOR SALE
50,000 PEACH TREES,
of the very best Canning and Shipping Varieties. Trees true to name. Send orders early to secure varieties wanted.
☞Correspondence by mail promptly answered. Address
R. G. NICHOLSON,
LITTLE GROVE NURSERIES,
Sep. 1-tf. Chestertown Kent Co., Md.

IT IS A FACT!
AND NOT
A Mere Statement.
That I am prepared to show as cheap, as good and as well selected stock of Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear as can be found in this town or county, and can prove it by comparison. I have Gents' from the 25c. grade up to the best goods made, Cartwright & Warner's famous, regular made goods. I want every one to examine my Underwear and compare our prices, as we can't be beat. Very resp'y,
R. F. PARKS.
THE new thing in laundried and unlaundried SHIRTS too. I handle the "Vest Pocket," the best goods for the money ever shown. No pucking in the bosom. Give it a trial, it needs no commendation. Very resp'y,
R. F. PARKS.
AT the counter I show the best Muslins, Canton Flannels, Tickings, Woolens, &c. Our 12½c. Canton takes the premium. Very truly,
R. F. PARKS.
ROPE YARN! ROPE YARN!! Cheap, and for sale in quantities to suit. Resp'y, R. F. PARKS.
REMEMBER our Motto: Never to be Undersold in Anything." That's I.
Sept. 29. Resp'y, R. F. PARKS.

1883 1883
WHEATLEY'S
UP TOWN GROCERY
We have now in stock and shall keep constantly on hand a
Full line of GROCERIES
Such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, &c.
Bacon, Flour, Meal, Feed, Fish, &c
A choice lot of *Broiling Beef* and *Sugar cured Hams* kept on hand.
Also, TOBACCO and SEGARS.
We shall use every effort to please, and hope our friends and the public will remember us when making their purchases. All goods in our line will be sold as low as they can be bought in town.
WHEATLEY BROS.,
j14. Corner Store, Up Town.

R. I. C. JONES, JR., & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF
BRANDIES, GINS, WINES, &c.
DEALERS IN
Pure Rye Whiskies.
No. 26 German Street, bet. Calvert and Light,
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞Orders respectfully solicited. je23.
LADIES' and Children's MERINO VESTS, all prices. Felt and Cloth Skirts, 50c., 75c., $1, $1 25, $1 50, $1 75, $2, $2 50.
Oct. 6. J. H. SIMPERS.

CARPETS! CARPETS!
CARPETS!
CARPETS of Rags. CARPETS of Jute.
CARPETS of Cotton & Wool Mixed.
CARPETS of all Wool.
We invite the inspection of those intending to purchase carpets this fall and winter to the largest stock that has ever been kept in this market and at City Prices.
☞We have a large stock of floor and stair
OIL CLOTHS
5-8, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4, and also a variety of Stair Carpet.
Sept. 8-4m. J. B. BURCHINAL.

CARPETS!
GEO. E. CRANE. CURTIS E. CRANE.
CRANE BROS.,
Formerly of Queen Anne's County,
HAVE opened a NEW CARPET HOUSE at 67 W. BALTIMORE ST., opposite the DIME MUSEUM, and are showing the FINEST LINE of CARPETS ever offered in the City. They ask their friends to give them a call. Their expenses are small, and they guarantee to sell from 10 to 15 per cent lower than any other house in the City.
CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, RUGS, OTTOMANS, HASSOCKS, &c., &c.,
all of the newest styles.
CRANE BROTHERS,
67 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Oct. 13-3m. opp. Dime Museum.

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.

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, Gelatines, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flower, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.
Choice Confectionery,
Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!
Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.
☞All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.
May 19, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

THEY NEVER FAIL!
Smith's Fever and Ague Pills
ARE WARRANTED TO CURE
FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, INTERMITTENT and REMITTENT FEVERS.
☞We Challenge their equal.
PRICE 50c. and $1.00 PER BOX.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers.
ELIAS SCHMIDT & CO., Sole Proprietors,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.
Sold at TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown.
June 30-6m-1p.

Dr. A. A. WHITE'S
Blood and Liver Pills,
For the cure of Diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood or Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. They are mild in their operation and will Cure with despatch
Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaint, Jaundice,
Headache and Constipation.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Sold by all Druggists.

BESSIE'S BETROTHED.

A low irregular line of houses straggled somehow into the square, with here and there a jutting gable frowning forward, as if resenting the attempt at regularity.

Gothic, Tudor and Saxon seemed to have had an equal part in this strange medley of buildings; while, as if to add to this chaos of construction, the rector's house looked down upon the group from the hill above, and brought your minds at once to the forward frets of the great queen.

Strange how the mind of a people will stamp itself upon even sticks and stones!

This square, which was mildly frowned upon by the rector's house, was the abode of some fifty gentlewomen—"the wives of clergymen, being of good repute, whom ye Countess of Glencower hath minded herself to do God's service, by affording them shelter, food and raiment, until it shall please the Almighty to take them unto himself."

In the valley below, there stretched from the hillside a waving mass of larch and pine, and rustling sycamore, folding in their emerald embrace the dark fells and white-frothed coursing of a nimble rivulet.

As you turned this winding road to the right, up the hill towards the rectory, the old church, with its ruined architecture, raised its spires before you, calling to mind the time when Canute lifted the banner of Christ against the Black Raven of the North.

It was an ancient, sleepy village, which had scarce changed in all the rolling years; and one might even have supposed the worm-eaten gate leading to the churchyard coeval with the times afore gone, since post and rail seemed to have long gone past their office.

Leaning against the rail was a maiden of some eighteen years of age, her bright, piquant face half-turned against the setting sun. A light, dull-gray cashmere gown, fitting closely to her figure, was relieved only by a faint, pale rose-bud at her throat.

Most women are pretty in the eyes of men, and all can captivate if they but rely on that softness which is their nature, and not seek to win a tawdry appearance by aping the masculine. Man yields his admiration to this for a moment, and resents it in his heart as much as a woman resents in the sterner sex any approach to effeminacy.

Bessie Lee was a woman and a child, she scarce knew her own heart, hardly comprehended for what the Supreme Being had formed her, save to be dainty in all her ways, and drink in each day the sweet homage of man.

She loved, for woman's nature is to love, and the excess of that divine passion, as yet unfulfilled within her, outpoured itself upon every one with whom see came in contact.

She could not help loving. It was her instinct, and she obeyed it. The aged gentlewomen of the home, full of bygone years, and bitterness for the present, felt their gall turned to honey as she ministered to their wants; and the laborer ceased to think of the deadly toil which hungry mouths caused him, if Bessie Lee came but near to warm him into better manhood.

This was her instinct, her better nature. She could not help doing good; but books had taught her other things, and beyond all that she had conceived an idea of love from the frothy dreams of romancers.

Life is not made of romance, Bessie had woven her future of roses and sunshine.

Thus much for her character. Her form and face were perfect. She was the daughter of one of the inhabitants of the refuge.

By her side stood a tall, grave man of some seven or eight-and-twenty, speaking in a low, earnest voice upon some theme to which the girl seemed to pay but petulant attention.

"Life has romance enough in it for all of us, dear Bessie," he said, "if we but gild each morning with the sunshine of an honest endeavor."

"I know—I know, dear," she replied; "but life cannot be all bread and cheese, and solemn word and solemn mode. Oh, Ralph! I should die if I couldn't have excitement, and you have drawn such a gloomy picture."

"Is it gloomy, then, dear, to be the associate and helpmate of one who, God being his help, honestly endeavors to do his duty. I cannot paint the life of a poor London doctor to you in glowing colors, Bessie. If I did I would be untrue to you myself."

"You are trying me very hard, Ralph," she said, turning her face hastily, that he might not see the angry tear which rose to her eyes.

He looked at her wistfully and sadly, slightly releasing the pressure he had placed upon her tiny hand.

After all, he thought, was this dainty, petulant village maid the one to buffet the billows of life's great ocean.

Could he ever make the delicate child understand him, and be to him in all that second self, lacking which in the great business of life no man is perfect.

Was it fair, was it honest, to her or to him to tear up this primrose, and kill it with the deadly town air?

He could not say. His heart would only moan back in answer to reason—"I love her—I love her!"

Yet, as stern stuff was in the man, he could not show it to her save in his earnestness and his manhood.

Ralph Braybrook's heart had no room for jealousy, but a numb pain tugged at his heart-strings when he saw her turn away from his society to mix with some nimble-tongued youth, when, as if the load of his sombre shadow being taken off her, she could laugh with the rest. He could have cried then in very bitterness, "Pray thee, weep, May Lilian," for this constant "gaiety without eclipse;" but he was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve, and many a time had he turned away murmuring, "Poor child, she is so young! so young!"

He had known her from childhood with that brotherly intimacy so dangerous for a man, so fatal to a woman's love.

She had for years past regarded Ralph in the light of her protector, who would in process of time become her husband.

He was her mother's friend, almost the only being whom she could lean on in the world; and so, when in his grave, quiet way Ralph had proposed, it hardly cost her a flutter of the heart to say "Yes," and the rich blood scarce crimsoned her bright face.

She had—ah! fatal words—"grown so used to him."

He came down to the quiet village to see them but rarely, for it was a poor, crowded neighborhood where he had his practice, and the poor are exacting; but he always talked hopefully and cheerfully in his own grave way of the little home to which he hoped to bring his bride.

Of late he had noticed a strange apathy about her which alarmed him even more than her childish petulance, and it was his trying to seek the cause of it which led to the conversation above.

"Trying you hard!" he said, "I do not understand. Bessie, dear, I try to understand you but I cannot."

"No; it is that—you cannot," she said, "and some men are like that, I suppose, playing with women's feelings as they would with a little baby, hurting it to death nearly with their unconscious brute-playfulness."

"You don't understand me—you never will understand me, and it is better that you should cease trying."

Had some unseen hand plunged a dagger into his bosom he could not have turned so deadly pale.

"Bessie! Bessie!" he moaned, "don't say that."

The cry was the short, quick cry of agony, and she turned her averted head to him, and would have sprung to his arms, but ere she could frame an excuse for her words, his pride leaped to relieve his bitter anguish.

He drew himself up coldly, while drops of ice-cold perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"Be it as you wish then, Bessie," he said. "I am not one to compel a gentlewoman to an alliance against her wish."

Ere she could realize it he was gone, and she was left stunned and stupefied at the effect of her own words.

Gone, her protector gone! her girlhood's companion parted from her forever! It could not be! "He never loved me!" she said bitterly; "and now I know well he never loved me!"

"What, Miss Lee! and sitting like Dido?" cried a voice; "am I *mal apropos*, or may I act the role of comforter?"

She looked up, and saw the handsome, sunny face of Lord Ellesmere looking down upon her.

"Give me leave to speak, Miss Lee," he said, dropping his voice to a low, impassioned tone, "I would not jar upon your feelings for the world. I see you are in grief; let me sympathize with you—believe me, your grief robs me of all joy."

She suffered him to place her hand upon his arm and lead her away, suffered him perhaps, because sympathy is most dear to us all; and he had come to her in her hour of weakness.

She knew Lord Ellesmere as handsome, gay and witty, but a man against receiving the attentions of whom Ralph had often warned her.

"I will show Ralph," she mused, as she suffered the young nobleman to lead her along toward the wood, "that he is not altogether so indispensable to me as he imagines!"

And in this way she made an effort to arouse herself from her sadness, until presently she had forgotten, and was listening breathless with interest, to accounts of the great world and its fine ladies.

What a change this must be from the life of a poor, poor doctor's drudge in a crowded East-end practice.

"You must be very happy with so much gaiety, Lord Ellesmere," she said with a sigh.

"Who can be happy without the one thing alone which constitutes true happiness? Ah! Miss Lee—Bessie—let me call you Bessie?—if you could only know how sick, of all this gaiety, I have yearned for you! Night after night have I slipped away from my gay companions, that I might see your shadow; Bessie, I love you, madly, devotedly! Come with me; be my wife; and you shall outshine them all—wealth, talent, birth, shall bow before you, for you will be my queen!"

And she, poor fool, thinking of her revenge, and intoxicated with her triumph, accepted him, and suffered herself to be drawn towards the flame, as many a silly moth had been before.

It was night ere she reached home, accompanied by her new lover, intoxicated with praise and triumph.

"He was a lover!" she kept repeating to herself, "noble, witty, and passionately devoted."

"Did not love flash out upon her from his great blue eyes, and did he not show her a thousand little attentions of which Ralph had never thought?"

So she twisted the great diamond engagement ring, which Lord Ellesmere had given her, around her finger, and dreamed her dream.

He had asked her to keep their engagement secret until he could obtain his father's consent, and she had promised.

Otherwise what pleasure she would have had in saying, "Ralph Braybrook chose to leave me, and I accepted Lord Ellesmere."

"Bessie," cried her mother; "in the name of everything you love, child, what have you suffered to come between you and Ralph?"

"We have quarrelled, mother, and the match is broken off," said Bessie, setting her lips defiantly.

"Oh, my child, my child!" cried her mother; "do not play fast and loose with an honest affection like his. He is almost broken-hearted. Remember, men are not to be treated like toys; they have feelings which must be respected."

"And, so have women, mother," said the girl; "ask me no more. I have done with Ralph."

But for all that her conscience smote and once or twice she had almost resolved to write to Ralph and make it up.

In the morning, however, came a splendid bouquet and a passionate note from his lordship; so she allowed herself to drift with the current.

A month passed.

Bessie was haggard and pale, and yet persuaded herself that she was desperately in love with Lord Ellesmere.

One afternoon she received a note from her lover, urging her to meet him by the poacher's oak in Ellesmere Park.

It was their usual trysting place.

It was pouring with rain when she started, and showed every indication of a stormy afternoon.

But something unusual about the note seemed to demand her attendance on the spot.

When she arrived there she found him pacing up and down in the most agitated manner.

"All is discovered, Bessie, my darling!" he said, rushing to embrace her, "you must aid me or I am lost."

'How?" she cried, terrified.

"You must away to London with me at once. I have got a special license; once married I fear nothing; the estate is entailed, and I will soon persuade my father to forget his anger."

"Oh, Reginald!" she cried, "alone."

"Certainly, darling," he said, "now—this instant! I have no time to wait, for even now my father is posting down from London."

"I dare not, Reginald," she said, clinging close to him, for the storm had now burst with such violence that it terrified her; "I am afraid;" and then suddenly she released herself, and drew back, looking at him with a new-born fear.

"Afraid of what?" he said. "I call God to witness that I mean to be true to you; if not, may this lightning strike me dead."

Then there came a blinding glare of light, a horrid crashing of branches.

Lord Ellesmere lay at her feet, and a man dashing through the trees caught the shrieking girl in his arms and bore her away.

It was Ralph, who had sought refuge from the storm in the woods, and witnessed the meeting.

Months passed ere Bessie recovered that fearful shock, and, if it took some of the joyousness and giddiness out of her life, it made her a fitter companion for her first betrothed.

EDUCATION FOR THE COLORED MAN.

Mr. McLane, the democratic candidate for Governor, in his speech a few days ago at this place, told the colored men who were listening to him, that he had always been their friend; that he had always thought they should be emancipated, and acted on that principle by emancipating his own slaves over 30 years ago; that he thought they should be educated and made fit to become citizens of this country.

He referred to the well known fact, that when the republicans were in power in this State, they made no adequate provision for their education. For this purpose they allowed them simply the small pittance of taxes paid by them, and no more. As the colored population was then abjectly poor, the taxes were insufficient to keep the schools open two months in the year.

Contrast this with what the democrats freely did, just as soon as they recovered power. Their first act was to give them a fund of $50,000 annually as an educational fund, and to provide for them a school system. This sum proving inadequate, the $50,000 fund was made a $100,000 fund, at which figure it has remained ever since. As the democratic party had nothing to expect from the colored people, and made no loud professions of undying love for them, and did what they did as a simple act of justice and public economy, it is a tribute to its statesmanship, and at the same time, a telling satire on the Republican party, which has professed to be the only friend of the colored man. Acts speak louder than words.—*Anne Arundel Advocate.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Knowest thou not how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in his garden
While the sun shines high.
In the garden there are roses
Beautiful and bright,
And He gazes 'round, delighted
With the lovely sight.
If He mark one gayly blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause to look upon it
Full of tender care.
And the beautiful bud once gathered,
In his bosom lies,
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a dear one does.

—*Alsatian Legend.*

"I HAVEN'T heard anything from you in sometime," wrote an Arkansas father to his son, "and I fear that you are dead." "No, I am not dead," the young man replied, "but I am sentenced to be hung next week. If you can spare the time, come over. There will be quite a crowd, and you may meet some of your old friends."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A FRENCH LION-TAMER quarrelled with his wife, a powerful virago, and was chased by her all around his tent. On being sorely pressed he took refuge in the cage among the lions. "Oh, you contemptible coward!" she shouted, "come out if you dare!"

"MY wife has run away from me," said an Arkansaw gentleman. "That so?" remarked an acquaintance. "We can sympathize with each other, for I have just ran away from my wife."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

SIN is very much like the ordinary North American mule. It may be very tame and docile at the front, but in the rear there is always a sly kick hidden away and you d better be on your guard.

MR. HOLTON AND THE WORKINGMEN.

From the Baltimore Day.

Like the drowning man who catches at straws, Mr. Holton is wildly grasping at everything around in the delirious hope that he may secure a seat in the gubernatorial chair of Maryland. His helpless contortions as he flounders clear out of his depth in the political sea are sad to witness. Every plank that he has laid hold of has slipped from him, and he now calls upon the workingmen for help, but without avail. This great reformer, in a speech made on Wednesday night at Hollins' Hall, in this city, said: "The time I might have spent in learning to become a statesman was spent in the workshop. My opponent, as you know, has learned to be a statesman while I was at work in the cotton factory." This quotation from Mr. Holton's "speech" contains as many falsehoods as the shallow-brained demagogue candidate could put in the same number of words. The facts about Mr. Holton's career in the workshop and cotton factory are to be found in the "History of Baltimore City and County." Mr. Holton paid $525 to have inserted in this work a view his residence and a portrait of himself, accompanied by his autobiography. In the latter we are told that Mr. Holton "finished his education at Hopewell Academy, Chester, Pa.," and after teaching school "four years" came "to Baltimore in 1857 and entered into the employ of James S. Gary, a leading manufacturer in Maryland." He was given employment in the counting-room of Mr. Gary as salesman, &c., on August 27, 1861, when "his character was strengthened and solidified and his habits of thought and action systematized," "he married Pamelia A. Gary, the daughter of Jas. S. Gary." "In 1862" he was "*transferred* from Baltimore to Howard county, where he became superintendent of the Gary Manufacturing Company, in which he was a large stockholder. He resided in a handsome residence near the mills at Elysville until the death of Mr. James S. Gary on March 7, 1870, when he became "possessed of a handsome estate in Baltimore county." Mrs. Holton having inherited about $500,000 from her father, she and her husband, "in 1877, removed to 'The Meadows,'" and the poor cotton-factory workman "has since then devoted himself exclusively to its improvement" and raising "blooded" "trotting horses," which he has "found very profitable."

This is in brief Mr. Holton's "official history," as sketched by himself and paid for by him to be inserted in the work above referred to. Nowhere in this autobiography of 1,200 words of Mr. Holton does it appear, nor is it the fact, that while his opponent, the Hon. Robert M. McLane, was learning "to be a statesman" he "was at work in a cotton factory." Indeed he was not "transferred from Baltimore to Howard county," where the factory is situated, until 1862, and two years afterwards, in 1864, he "was chosen by the Unconditional Union party to represent Howard county in the Senate of Maryland." His senatorial record is a blank so far as public benefits are concerned, while the manner and means of his attaining a seat in that body is a disgrace to the public history of our State. The very worst that has ever been charged against the Democratic party is child's play to the stupendous outrage that was perpetrated by the Republican party in 1865 to secure a seat for Hart B. Holton in the Senate of Maryland. Since that eventful time we have yet to learn of any great public service he has performed, or any great public measure he has originated, which should entitle him to the gratitude and support of the people.

Mr. McLane, on the other hand, has, even according to Mr. Holton's own confession, "learned to be a statesman," has rendered public services that entitle him to the respect of all his fellow countrymen as well as of Marylanders, and has certainly done far more of actual work with his brains to earn a modest competency than Mr. Holton ever did with either brains or hands toward earning the handsome fortune he possesses. For the latter, then, to pose as a poor workman in a cotton factory, who had no chance to learn to be a statesman, is not merely a preposterous piece of demagogy, but a false pretense which shows him to lack the moral qualities essential to public respect as utterly as he confesses he lacks the knowledge and experience which give Mr. McLane exceptional fitness for performing the duties of the office to which both aspire.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Albany Evening Journal.

Of the six officers of the regular Army who found themselves in Libby Prison in 1863-4, one was a fine-looking Colonel from Indiana—a big-bodied, big-brained, big-hearted fellow, choke full of energy. He worked like a steam engine until he got out of Libby. Once he found his tunnel too small for his burly form; once he was checked at the outer end of it by two or three armed Confederate soldiers, who had been quietly waiting for him; again a clever ruse was detected just as he got to the middle of the gate, and so it went, until he had made half a dozen attempts. But he never gave up, and finally got out, and is now a prosperous citizen of Indianapolis, a trifle stouter than when he was in Libby and a good deal richer; but otherwise unchanged. As Uncle Remus says, the Col's. "min wuz allus wukking." After two or three attempts to get out of Libby had failed, he began to suspect that his failures were the result of treachery in the prisoners' camp. Exchange, like kissing, went by favor. The Colonel, after thinking each failure over, came to the conclusion that some poor devil was selling his manhood for a mess of pottage—currying the favor which would "exchange" him to his home by betraying the plans of his companions in arms to the enemy. He looked about him for the man. Cautious inquiries at length gave him such information as prompted him to say to each of the other five regular Army officers: "Meet me at such a spot at midnight. I have found the traitor. We will court-martial him tonight."

At midnight the six men met in a dark corner and in whispering voices organized a drum-head court-martial. The Colonel presented the name of the suspect, and then his proofs. In the ballot that followed each of the six voted "guilty." "Now," said the Colonel, "this is not a farce.—We must vote a sentence, and then we must execute it." "Very well," said the next man.—"Well," said the Colonel, "I vote for death.—The wretch deserves it." "So do I," said the next, and so on down to the sixth—a Pennsylvania Major. He knew the culprit, a Pennsylvanian like himself, better than the rest. He knew that he was quite capable of the crime charged against him. He had no doubt of his guilt. He wanted to see him punished. He said all this to the other members of the court, and then he added: "But you know we are not a legal court-martial. We have no authority to act—certainly no authority to kill. We may sift the evidence presented against a man for our own satisfaction, but we cannot sentence, much less kill him. The most we can do is to prefer charges against him to the War Department.—We can't kill him—" Suddenly interrupting himself, he said: "Colonel, what's that in your hand?" "The rope," said the Colonel grimly; "I've been plaiting it as we talked," and he passed it around. He had taken an old shirt, torn it into narrow strips and woven it into something that looked like a rope. "Now, Major," he said, when it was handed back to him, "what you have said is all very well. It does credit to your heart as well as to your head. But you're outvoted; the majority is against you. The sentence of the court is that the scoundrel shall die, and die he will this minute, for I'll kill him myself. Come, Captain," he said to the brawny Irishmen next him, "you and I will settle the rascal." "Why, you wouldn't strangle him in his sleep, would you?" asked the Major, also on his feet as the others started toward the sleeping form of the traitor. "Certainly," whispered the Colonel; "why not? He can't pray, and we can't have any noise. "You never will," said the Major firmly, getting in front of the Colonel; "I won't let you; you'll have to kill me first. I won't stand by and see you stain your honest hands with his dishonest blood in such a way as that. Why, man, it would be murder. You would be a murderer. I won't permit it." Gliding softly before the rest, he reached the sleeping man and sat down beside his head. There he sat till the gray morning came stealing in through the chilly atmosphere.

Long before that time the Colonel and his companion, baffled and disgusted, had stolen away to their sleeping places, carrying the plaited rope with them. As soon as the Major could see the face in the dim light of the dawn, he waked him