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The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.
AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith, all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1883. No. 27.

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.

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,
Light and Lombard sts. Baltimore, Md.
Sept, 29-8m.

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.,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Oct. 20-3m.

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.

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.

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 others 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.

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.

COME AND SEE!
Come and See!!
MY NEW
CARPET ROOM.
HAVING Just Completed my Carpet Room, I am prepared to show the largest line in Kent county, embracing thousands of yards of Newest Patterns and best makes.
My stock consists in Tapestries, Body Brussels, Ingrains, from highest to lowest, of best grades, of the most choice patterns and best makes; also Rags, old and new; Jutes; Step Carpet; Carpet Padding, Druggets, &c., &c.
I have also a full line of
Floor OIL CLOTHS
in almost any width; can fit most any hall without piecing.
I can safely say to those who are posted, an inspection of stock and prices only is needed to convince you that I can save you money—therefore try me before going to the city. Very truly
nov3. R. F. PARKS.

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 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.

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.

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 Disorganization 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.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF A—
Desirable Lot of Land
THE UNDERSIGNED under a power of attorney will offer at Public Sale at FAIRLEE,
SATURDAY, November 24,
at 2 o'clock P. M.,
the LOT OF LAND known as the
"WALLIS" LOT
situated on the public road leading from Fairlee to Fairlee Creek Landing, adjoining the lands of Wm. S. Thompson and others, and containing
6 ACRES OF LAND,
more or less. This lot is well located and desirable.
TERMS OF SALE—One-third to be paid in cash on day of sale, and the balance in two equal installments, in six and twelve months, to be secured by note or notes, to be approved by undersigned, and to bear interest from the day of sale. CHAS. H. BAKER,
nov3-ts. ATTORNEY

A DESIRABLE
FARM
—AT—
PUBLIC SALE.
THE undersigned, under and by virtue of a power contained in the will of William Bowman, late of Kent county, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, at the VOSHELL HOUSE, in Chestertown, Kent county, Maryland, on
TUESDAY, Nov. 27th, 1883,
AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.,
All that Farm,
Known as the
BOWMAN FARM,
situate at the village of Fairlee, in Kent co, State of Maryland, and containing
200 ACRES OF LAND,
More or Less.
This Farm is well located, bordering on the village of Fairlee, in a good neighborhood, and with
LARGE DWELLING
and necessary
OUT-BUILDINGS and Fencing.
There are
2 PEACH ORCHARDS,
in bearing.
TERMS OF SALE:—Four thousand dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee, and the balance to be paid in two equal instalments from the day of sale. All unpaid monies on the day of sale to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, and to bear interest from the day of sale.
WM. A. CLEAVER.
U. A. C. Garrett, Aue'r. Executor.
Persons desiring information may consult my attorney,
Nov. 3, 1883—4ts. C. H. BAKER, Chestertown, Md.

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. HEPHRON,
H. T. JUMP,
ISAAC PARSONS,
THOMAS J. F. SMITH,
GEO. R. BECK,
RICHARD C. SMYTH,
J. W. CORREY,
M. A. S. MAXWELL, M. D.
W. S. MAXWELL, M. D.
JOHN B. PARROTT,
R. S. DIEHL.
Sept. 15, 1883.

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.

HE MADE IT CUT.

ANNA F. BURNHAM IN PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.

"I—did—not—say—a great many words," said John Macklefresh, in a slow, grinding sort of way, "but I guess it'll—cut."

"I wish ye hadn't writ so hard, John," said his wife, piteously. "'Twas all the worse for bein' so short. Your brothers and I don't never mean to believe that Samuel meant to cheat ye out o' that $200."

"What did he mean, then?" snapped her husband, fiercely, his square, dogged chin in the air as he combed his whiskers upward, a favorite action of his when he felt particularly pugnacious.

Mrs. Macklefresh turned one of the long stockings she was darning from heel to toe and back again before she answered:

"Didn't mean nothin', husband," she said softly. "We're all feller mortles. Some of us is human sometimes. He thought h'd pay ye, I expect, when he borrowed it. Then he couldn't, that's all."

"I dunno anything about 'couldn'ts;' I know about 'didn't.'" said John Macklefresh doggedly, still combing that perverse chin into the air. "This I know, he's got the two hundred, and I bain't, and I'll never—"

"Don't, John, dear!" interposed his meek little wife.

"Well, bein' a deacon and a—"

"Christian," suggested his wife, seeing he skipped that hard word.

"I s'pose I can't say I won't forgive him. But they ain't no commands between the leds of that air book about—"

"Twenty-five cents to pay," said a small, business like voice at the door. Mrs. Macklefresh turned the rough, brown envelope over fearfully in her hands, trembling as people do at telegrams. I wonder if the telegraph boys ever get used to it.

"Don't be bothering, Alice," said her husband, pushing her aside, not ungently, though his words were rough as usual.

This is what he read when he had torn a thin outlet at the end of the envelope:

"Your brother Samuel died this morning.—Come at once."

The Western Union Telegraph Company has a good deal to answer for—but then so have a great many other people. John Macklefresh did not swoon away on the doorstep, or throw up his hands with a piercing cry, or any of these things. He mechanically took out a quarter from his loose change pocket, careful even in this moment to count the pennies given in change, shut the door, handed the dispatch to his wife, and walked away to the window. It was only his heart fainted. This, then, had come to the man he had said, but a moment ago, he would never—no, not that; he didn't say that—Alice stopped him, you know. Besides, he was a deacon and a—Christian. Alice had said so.

But then he couldn't forget. That was what he was going to say when the door opened. The Bible don't ask that. Or, does it when it speaks about God casting our sins into the depths of the sea—behind his back—remembering them no more against us? Forget? What was there to forget? He had lent his own brother $200.—Might have given it to him and never missed it. Under his remorseless eye his great fields stretched away, white as the soul God had forgiven, but yellow enough he knew as summer came on, yellow as the gold they would bring to his pocket. These few poor, pitiful hillsides of Samuel's!—Why hadn't he given it to him right out and saved hard feelings? There was Johnny (named for him) wanting to go to college ever since he was out of petticoats. Suppose he had given it to him.

Misery—misery of remembering unkindness, when it is too late! Had it reached him before he died, or was it only his poor stricken brother's family that would read the brief, harsh words?

He turned to his wife, who sat holding the dreadful envelope, sad, but doubting if she would be wise to speak to him yet.

"Get your things on, will ye?" he said, in a voice that sounded dry and harsh even to himself. "I'll be round with old Billy to the front door. Wrap up warm and take a soapstone.—I'll have the buffaloes. It's mortal cold."

She was ready and waiting when he brought Billy around. The house could take care of itself. She locked it.

They had some sixty miles to ride. In the course of it his tongue became somewhat loosened, and he told in broken and jerky sentences into her sympathetic ear what little of the chaotic grief and remorse he was able to put into words.

"My brother, after all. Used to play together when we were little. Hum, hum."

A man grows very tender when he goes back to the days when he was "little."

"Bought me a pair of skates once, when I wanted some. Older than me—Samuel was always a-making me kites and whistles and all sich rattle traps. Never could seem to get along. Big family? Yes. I ought to have helped him. Ain't a man livin' could scratch anything but moss off them rocks he calls a farm. I'll help the boys—see'f I don't."

It was a long, cold ride. Mrs. Macklefresh wrapped the buffaloes higher and higher till at last she was quite extinguished in their folds, and her husband thought on drearily alone.

Almost there. The house is in sight. A long, low, unpainted affair. The oldest inhabitant could not have remembered when its owner had money enough to paint it. Here at last. "Whoa, Billy! You remember the old hitching post, though it is so long since you've stopped at it. There has not been much visiting lately. Remember how brother used to rush out in his old blue coat, Alice, and—"

"Why, John! Why, John!"

Mr. Macklefresh rose up out of her enveloping furs like a startled Esquimaux. She pinched her husband's arm hysterically, and he in his turn rubbed his eyes half out at the sight of the apparition that confronted him.

"Come in! come in!" it cried cordially. "You must be half frozen, both of you."

"How do you come here?" said John Macklefresh, fearfully, not stirring a step in answer to this invitation.

"How do you come, I should say," returned brother Samuel, for it was he, blue coat, brass buttons, and all. "Come, are you dead? You act so."

"No," broke in Mrs. John, who had found a tongue, "but we thought you were. It said so—the telegram did. We came up to the funeral!"

And so, between hysterical tears and laughter and questions that nobody pretended to answer, they unloaded and got into the house. At least Mrs. John did. The two brothers sidled off behind the barn. There John got hold of brother Samuel's hand and shook it silently and solemnly while the strong tears ran down their rugged faces. Neither offered or asked explanations. In that moment their hearts spoke plainly enough. "This, my brother, was dead, and is alive again."

In the house they went to work more reasonably to unravel the mystery. Mrs. John showed them the telegram.

"I see!" cried one of them, with a sudden light, "there's a Samuel Macklefresh down at the Four Corners, and I did hear he was very low last week. He's got a brother John, too, but I didn't know he lived in your town. Now he won't get it. Ain't that too bad?"

The brothers saw came in, wiping away surreptious tears with their coat sleeves. They sat talking over the curious event, when the village post came rattling by, tossing the mail at them as they sat at the window. Some one rushed out to get it, but seized with a sudden impulse, John Macklefresh dashed past him and secured it himself. Hastily glancing about him, he stuffed one thin epistle into his own pocket. It was the "cutting letter."

"That'll keep to the day o' judgment," he muttered, rejoicingly. "I'll write him a receipt in full for the two hundred—seels' I'm a deacon and a Christian."

A KENT COUNTIAN IN FLORIDA.

We insert below a clipping from the *Orange County Reporter*, a paper published at Orlando, Florida. Mr. George L. Gill mentioned in the piece is a son of John R. Gill, who lives near Kennedyville, in this county. We are sure George's friends will be glad to read of his bright prospects and present success. He left Kent for Florida in October 1881, and since that time has continued where he now is, near Ocoee, in Orange county. Mr. Archie Wallis, who left Kent for Lake Maitland, Florida, in 1880, is also doing well. He visited his family at Georgetown, in this county, during the past summer and reported himself much delighted with his present home.

Success in South Florida.

Nowhere else, perhaps, in all of our broad country does the general outlook give such encouragement to those dependent on their own exertions as the section known as South Florida.

The superiority of the soil and climate for the production of the finest oranges in the world that first attracted attention to this part of the peninsula have been supplemented by industries that bring a comfortable support while waiting for the golden harvest of the Queen of Fruits to lay its treasures at our feet. The business of raising early vegetables for the Northern markets, which has grown into a magnitude never dreamed of by its first projectors, has answered quite satisfactorily the question so often asked of what shall be done while waiting for an orange grove to come into bearing.

We have noticed in a former issue of this paper the wonderful success of several parties having gardens in the rich hammocks bordering on the southeastern shores of the great Apopka, the most extraordinary of these being the crop from six acres of cucumbers planted in the young orange grove of H. S. Kedney, and superintended by George L. Gill, a young gentleman from Maryland, to whose quiet perseverance, indomitable energy, care and industry, was due the unprecedented yield of near two thousand bushels of cucumbers, the handsome returns for which have placed both the gentleman named in easy circumstances aside from any other income.

Mr. Gill has, since his arrival here, been wholly dependent on his own efforts for a subsistence, and has had many obstacles to contend with in attaining his present position. He not only deserves great credit for his skillful management of the business entrusted to his care, but for the example of honest thrift and enterprise he has shown the young men of our common country.

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

Strategic Suggestions by Some Who Wear the Matrimonial Noose.

HUMOR HIM HARSHLY.

Always strive to please him,
But never try to tease him;
Be as sweet as honey,
And don't spend all his money.

If e'er he comes home tight,
And thinks he wants to fight,
Why, let him go ahead;
Then hustle him to bed.

CAJOLE HIM WITH A CUDGEL.

If he kind and gentle be,
Not prone to scold or cruelty,
Indulge him every way you can,
You'll find him every inch a man.

But if heartless and unkind,
Of careless ways and fickle mind,
You'd be showing good, sound sense,
To treat him with indifference.

If a drunkard and a brute,
Indulging often in a "toot,"
Then proceed to fire him out
With rolling-pin, or cudgel stout.

JENNIE.

BE HIS JOINT PARTNER.

I could manage my husband
By using the art
I employed when a maiden
To win his true heart.

I'd be his joint partner
Through joy and through sorrow;
And freely I'd lend him,
And freely I'd borrow.

I would never deceive him,
Nor cause him a sigh:
And thus we'd be happy
Till one of us die.

E. M. DODGE.

LEAD HIM WITH A SILKEN CORD.

A chain I'd weave of silken cord,
And hang it round his neck
So gently he could never dream
It was a wifely check.

I'd meet him at the evening hour,
As in the days of yore,
And call him by his lover name—
Yes, I will do still more.

Have home the sweetest resting place
Where he might stay his feet;
And let but rosy shadows come
To make the scene complete.

B. A. DODGE.

PET AND HUG HIM.

If you would a husband manage,
Little wife, just list to me—
Love him, honor and obey him—
Try no other recipe.

Mend his shirts and darn his stockings;
Never have his dinner late;
Keep his house clean, pet him, hug him,
Never cross him nor dictate.

Always make his hours so cheery
That he'll never wish to roam;
But with wife and little baby,
Always love to stay at home.

BEATRICE.

BUY HIM A LATCHKEY.

Don't worry and tease him,
By night or by day
But study to please him
In every way.

If he sometimes gets "tight,"
Don't make any noise;
And if he stays at night
Out late with the boys,

Why, go buy a latchkey
For him, and I guess
He will never say "nay"
When you ask a new dress.

SARAH.

BLOW HIM UP.

Talk to him gently,
Reason with care;
Punish him often,
But do not despair.

If he gets ugly,
Show him the door,
If that doesn't move him,
There's a thing of two more.

When he is sleeping
In quiet repose,
Fire some dynamite—
Twill end all his woes.

VIXEN.

CONQUER HIM BY KINDNESS.

The basest husband on this earth
His gratitude will prove,
If he believes love chains his wife
In the circle of his love.

Not in fondling and caressing,
Not in saying that you love;
But in little acts of kindness,
Is the way that love to prove.

Gratify his little fancies,
Let your pleasures be as one;
Make him feel that life without you
Is a world without a sun.

AMANDA A.

LET HIM BE THE BOSS.

To manage a husband, that means—let me see;
To have your own way yet appear
With the plans of your lord to sweetly agree
And pretend you his word hold in fear.

There's an odor of selfishness clings round that word—
"To manage"—to wheedle, to play;
To coax and cajole, to sing like a bird,
To deceive when you ought to obey.

There's no way to manage a husband, for he
Is no husband at all if you do;
He's the lawyer in charge, you can have advice free,
But he must "boss" the case all the way through.

NELLIE D.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE.

I was a harum-scarum youth, and for a dozen years of my manhood had no settled aim. I started out as a clerk in a country store, then I became a school teacher, next a clerk in a drug store, where I learned many chemical mysteries; finally, I became a law student; and it was my knowledge of chemistry—a science of which I am passionately fond—that gave me a start as a law student.

My shingle had been hung out in vain for four or five months, and I had not a single brief to prepare. What little money I had possessed after my studies were completed was rapidly melting away and I could not ignore the fact that if no fees should come in my way for a couple of months I should have to go on the street, or on the prairie, and labor for a living. It would be no disgrace to be sure, but when one has spent his little all in preparing himself for a professional life, and when he has set his heart and hopes on such a life, it is sad to have to abandon it.

I was seated in my office one afternoon, indulging in certain gloomy thoughts on the subject, when the door opened, and a middle-aged man in humble garb came in, and I recognized him at the first glance as an honest and industrious machinist, named William Campbell, a former neighbor of my father's who was now dead. He was flurried and nervous, and I saw at once there was something wrong.

"Good morning, Mr. Campbell," said I. "How did you happen to find the office of a poor young lawyer like me?"

"By accident," he said. "I am in trouble, and if I don't get out of it I am ruined. All the savings of my life will be gone, unless I can find some lawyer smart enough to defeat the rascality of a certain man, and I was going along intending to call on the first lawyer I should see, and it happened to be you. As I knew your father well, and knew you when you was a boy, I thought I could not do better than to put the case in your hands; I'd at least be sure of fair treatment, I thought."

"You would be sure of that at the hands of any lawyer, to whom you should intrust your case," said I. "Now let me hear what it is, and I will see what can be done."

"Well, it is this; I've worked quite hard all my life at my trade, and accumulated some money—about six thousand dollars, in fact. I have seven children I should like to provide for, and it has been my study aim to increase my money all I could. A year ago, a friend of mine, who is in the same business I am in, told me if he could take a partner in the spring, and if I should go in with him, we could make lots of money. I looked into the matter and found he was not mistaken about it. I saw I could in a few years, increase my six thousand to twenty thousand. I told him I would be ready to join him in business when the time came. Meantime, my money was laying in bank, where I ought to have left it, drawing five and a half per cent. interest.

"Shortly after I made this arrangement with my friend about the partnership, a man I know well, and had great confidence in, came to me and asked me to lend him the money till I should want it at the end of the year, and he said he could readily return it by that time, and he would give me eight per cent. So I let him have it, and now it is due and I can't get it back."

"Has he any property?"

"Yes, any amount of it; but I have since understood he's a slippery fellow, but I had not known that before."

"But you took his note, surely," said I.

"Yes, but I can't find it; that's what troubles me. I called on him yesterday and told him so, and he said he had no recollection of borrowing any money from me; if I had the note he would pay it; if I hadn't he certainly would not."

"And you can't find the note?"

"No."

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it in this pocket-book, where I kept all my important papers; but when I came to look for it among some other notes, and the like, I couldn't find it."

He produced a large, old-fashioned, leather pocket-book, as he spoke, and I looked through it, and examined a lot of receipts and notes that were packed together in one of its pockets, thinking that two of the papers might be sticking together.

"There is no promissory note for that amount here," I said. "But what is the blank sheet of paper doing here?" and I took up a slip of white paper, that I found among the documents.

"I don't know."

"Who is the man that gave you the note?"

"Alexander Bolton, the druggist."

I knew Alexander well. He was wealthy and penurious, and had the name of being very tricky. I was satisfied that Mr. Campbell was telling the truth. I was as well convinced that Alexander Bolton was not a man who would be likely to forget having borrowed such a large sum as six thousand dollars, and I jumped to the conclusion that he had played some cunning trick, to wrong the confiding mechanic out of the fruits of many years labor. But what was the trick? That was the question that puzzled me.

"Have you had this pocket-book in a secure place ever since he gave you the note?" I asked.

"Yes; under lock and key, where no one could touch it but myself."

"Are you sure that it has been ever since impossible for any one to find it to purloin the note?"

"I am perfectly sure of that. The lock of my desk in which I have kept it is one I made myself. There is but one key in the world that will open it, and here it is," he said, producing from his pocket a bright steel key of very odd outline.

"Not a thing has ever been disturbed in that desk."

I mused a few minutes as I again cautiously overhauled the papers, then said:

"Mr. Campbell, I don't mean to say that Mr. Bolton is dishonest but might he not have handed you this blank sheet of paper and slipped the note into his pocket-book with the money you lent him?"

"No, that is out of the question. I examined the note again after I reached home, before I put the pocket-book away to see that no mistake had been made; found it all right, plain as day in every letter and figure, and I remember as well as though it had been yesterday; I even remember noticing how brisk the ink was; it had quite a reddish tinge.

I was in the act of handing the pocket-book back to him, as he said this, but a thought suddenly struck me, and I opened it again.

"Mr. Campbell," I said, carelessly, "do you remember whether the note was filed out on a blank form, or not?"

"It was not; he wrote it but it fall himself, on the top of a piece of foolscap, and cut it off with a pair of scissors. I remember everything about it very clearly, for it was about all I had in the world, and to me it was a very essential affair."

I examined the strip of white paper, for a startling idea had already taken shape in my mind, and I perceived that it had been cut from the top of a foolscap, evidently with a pair of scissors.

"Do you know how you happened to place this slip of white paper in here?"

"No, I don't remember placing it there; I might have done so thinking it would some time come handy to figure on."

"Will you let me have it?"

"Certainly," he replied, somewhat surprised at my modest request.

"Well," I said, as I laid the paper on the table, and set the inkstand on it,

"I am going to make an effort to recover your money for you; I shall bring suit against Bolton at once, and have him summoned to appear before Judge ——. You can, of course, swear that you have lent him the money, and the note he gave you is missing."

"Yes, with a clear conscience; I could not be mistaken about it."

"Then call on me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

"I will."

He left me and I took the slip of paper and examined it closely.

It seemed to be nothing but a stray fragment of foolscap, but it occurred to me that it might have a history; it was here that my chemical knowledge came into play.

I remembered that Alexander Bolton was a chemist; and I also remembered that an ink could be made with analine, iodide of ammonia and chloride of zinc, in certain proportions, which had a flush, reddish tinge and that would fade out entirely in four days, leaving no mark on the paper. Bolton, no doubt, knew this secret, and used it to swindle the mechanic out of his earnings.

The more I considered this subject, the more I became convinced that such was the case. The note had been written with fading ink.

But there was another chemical secret which probably Bolton did not know, as I had discovered it myself by accident. This treacherous ink, in fading out, leaves the zinc in invisible atoms in the paper, so that every line traced may be restored by the application of a certain solution of sulphate of iron and hydrate of calcium. So, no sooner had Mr. Campbell left my office, than I hurried to the drug store, where I obtained the solution.

Returning to my office, I saturated a piece of blotting paper with a drop of it, and applied it to the corner of the blank paper. The result made me jump up, clap my hands and yell with delight, for fresh and clear the color came out. I knew not what hidden words the paper contained, and I placed it in my pocket-book, corked the vial—which was destined to prove a vial of wrath to Mr. Bolton—and went immediately, and brought suit against him for the recovery of the amount of the note, with interest and costs.

A few days later, Alexander Bolton stood at the bar of justice, to answer in his own behalf. It seemed so easy to him that he did not deem it necessary to employ any counsel.

Mr. Campbell swore to the facts he had related to me concerning the loan. Mr. Bolton answered, on oath, that he had no recollection of ever borrowing any money of plaintiff. If he did, where was the note? He would thank anybody to produce it.

"Your honor," said I, addressing the judge, "I think I can produce the note in question."

"I understood you that it was not to be found," said Judge D——, somewhat surprised.

"It has never been lost," I said, as I took from my pocket the blank slip of paper, and passed it to him. "This is it."

"I hope you are not trifling with the court," he said, as he glanced at both sides and perceived that it was blank.

"I am not, your honor," said I, as I proceeded at once to explain to him the chemical fact I have already described.

I watched Alexander Bolton as I did so, and I noticed that he turned very pale. When I had concluded, I took from my pocket the vial containing the solution, saturated a piece of blotting paper with it, and pressed it upon the blank slip of paper that lay upon the judge's desk.

A few seconds I left it so, then lifted it up, confident of the result; and I was not disappointed.

The blank slip of paper was suddenly transformed into a promissory note, every word, letter and figure, as clear as sunshine.

It was a note of six thousand dollars, with a year's interest due, drawn in favor of William Campbell, and the signature of Alexander Bolton was at the bottom of it.

The judge gazed with amazement from the note toward Alexander Bolton, just in time to discover that tricky gentleman skulking away towards the door.

At the judge's order he was brought back by an officer and informed that he would have something more to answer for than the amount of the loan, interest and costs.

And so he had. Abashed and terrified, at the discovery of his unsuccessful swindle, and in hopes of propitiating the count, he at once gave his check for the amount due Mr. Campbell, and paid the costs.

In view of his confession, he was let off with two years' imprisonment, and I don't suppose he will ever dabble in invisible ink again.

This, my first case, attracted considerable notice, and I have never since had to lounge in my office and yearn for clients.

A HUGE JOKE.

How a Democratic Newspaper was Made to Flop Over.

The Paducah (Ky.) *News* says: As surmised in the *News* at the time, the sudden flop of the Calloway *News*, published at Murray, from a democratic to a republican journal, was the result of a practical joke. The gentleman responsible for the editorial conduct of the paper went to Louisville for the purpose of spending a couple of weeks at the exposition. He left the establishment in charge of that inveterate wag, Judge Oury, of Murray. No sooner had the regular editor got out of sight of the town than the judge and a party of boon companions entered into a conspiracy to change the politics and entire tone of the paper. They shook the honest raiment of democracy from off their limbs and donned the shoddy of republicanism, placing the *News* upon record as favoring a national ticket, with Grant and Butler occupying the head and tail respectively. The editor of the *News* heard of the sudden metamorphosis at Louisville, and, abandoning the exposition, immediately returned to Murray. But he was too late, the paper having been printed and mailed.

A most prodigious row followed the arrival home of the editor. When he read the shameless imposition that had been practiced upon him, the worthy journalist loaded an old carbine to the muzzle and started for the judge's office, vowing that he would wipe that incorrigible joker from the face of the earth. Judge Oury saw him coming and fled to the woods, where he yet remains.

The editor of the *News* is now busy sending postal cards to his angry subscribers, who were ordering their papers stopped by the score. It will probably be spring before Oury will dare show his face in Murray again, popular indignation is so strong against him. It will be well hereafter for the editor to be careful in selecting his pro-tem editors.

"Mr. Witness," said a Harrisburg lawyer to a witness in the box, "at the time these papers were executed you were speculating, were you not?" "Yes, sir." "You were in oil?" "I was." "And what are you in now?" "Bankruptcy and the poor-house!" was the reply.—*Wall St. News.*