

The Kent News

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER, WM. R. CHILTON,
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.
An advertisement of good faith all communica-
tions addressed to The Kent News must be accom-
panied by the writer's full name and address.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, Maryland.

Office opposite the Court House, on Main st.,
adjoining street of T. W. Blanton, Jr.
Special attention paid to the collection of
claims. Loans negotiated. fe-34.

ROSE B. BARROLL, R. HOWARD HAMAN,
BARROLL & HAMAN.
We beg leave to state to our friends that we
have associated ourselves together for the transac-
tion of legal business between Baltimore and
Kent County.
We will give prompt attention to the collec-
tion of claims against parties in Baltimore and
other cities. fe-34.

DR. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,
Opposite the Yacht House, Chestertown, Md.

Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day
and evening. fe-34.

COMMISSION CARDS.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER, R. FRANK LAWDER,
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
Successors to Barkman & Lawder,
General Commission Merchants,
Fruit, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Eggs, Live
Stock, &c., &c.

88 South Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

R. GROVES, T. H. WINPENNY,
GROVES & WINPENNY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
112 Light St., Baltimore, Md.,
For the Sale of all kinds of Country Produce.

All business entrusted to us will receive our
earliest attention. Communications answered
promptly. fe-34.

FRANK WRIGHT, JNO. N. SPARKS,
WRIGHT & SPARKS,
Commission Merchants,
No. 114 Light Street, Baltimore,
For the Sale of

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL PRODUCE.
fe-34.

W. R. REYER, J. M. ARNOLD,
RUTTER & ASHBURY,
Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in

GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,
No. 79 South Street,
BALTIMORE.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Fruit, Produce, Live Stock, Poultry,
Eggs, Fish, &c.

Correspondence cheerfully answered.
Retail Customers National Bank.
No. 2 BOWLY'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, Md.

GEO. GREENWOOD, A. W. WOODALL,
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH ST., COR. Exchange Building
BALTIMORE.

Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel.
Commission on Peaches and Produce 7
per cent, and no charge for collecting
commissions. fe-34.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
CREW & JEROME,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND
PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 3 Chancery Street, BALTIMORE.
Near Light St. wharf.

Consignments respectfully solicited.
Correspondence promptly and cheer-
fully answered. fe-34.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
Manufacturers of all styles
CHEWING TOBACCO,
AND DEALERS IN
LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES
AND SNUFF.
No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets,
BALTIMORE.
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

MANSION HOUSE,
N. E. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

L. ALBERTSON, PROPRIETOR
—ROOMS FIRST CLASS—
WIDEN GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD
AT \$1.50 PER DAY.
ap-34.

ESTEY ORGANS! ESTEY ORGANS!
No more suitable Christmas Presents than an
ESTEY ORGAN. Terms easy. Price low.
LOUIS K. STAM.
422

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
All persons are hereby cautioned against
trespassing upon the farms known as "Chestertown
Farm," after this date, with dogs, gun or other
arms. The law will be strictly enforced.
WILLIAM R. GALE,
EDWARD M. BROWN,
W. F. WOODBENDER.
October 27, 1883—d.

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, JAN. 26, 1884. No. 37.

Too Many Goods!

WE have too many goods of all kinds
and will offer INDUCEMENTS on
any goods we have for the next SIXTY
DAYS. Try us.

SPARKS.
Jan. 12, 1884. opp. Court House.

OYSTERS!

We are prepared to serve OYSTERS
in any style, and flatter ourselves that in
cooking we can't be beat. Give us a trial.

LUNCH. We will also serve a
substantial LUNCH at from five to ten.
Persons from the country will find it to
their interest to call and see us.

FRESH BREAD, Cakes, Pies, Confection-
ery, &c., for sale at low prices.
E. CUMMINS & CO.,
opposite the Bank.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

LOWER THAN EVER!
LOWER THAN EVER!

JUST RECEIVED A LOT of All-Well
INGRAMS, worth 75c., which I am
offering for 50 and 60 cts. per yard.
Sales of Hundreds of Yards per day show
that people are beginning to realize the
fact that I mean everything I say, and
that they can save money by buying of
me. Very truly,
R. F. PARKS.
Dec. 24th.

MILLINERY

Fancy Goods.

MRS. KATE GILL
Takes pleasure in informing the ladies
and the public generally that she has
opened a full and complete assortment of
new FALL and WINTER MILLINERY.

HATS AND BONNETS.
The Latest Styles Out.
Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Edges,
Tuckings, Bandings, Worstedes,
Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Corsets
and a complete line of Zephyr Knit
Goods always kept on hand.

NEW GROCERY STORE
Corner of High and Queen Streets,
opp. A. J. Cahall's.

D. A. BACCHUS
Would call attention to the fact that he
has purchased with care and for cash a
full stock of Goods, such as

Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses,
Syrups, Canned Goods, Tobacco, Segars,
Hickory's Out Meat, Lard & Sausage, Flour,
and a choice line of Candles, Raisins, Currants,
Citron, Figs, Nuts, and in fact
everything pertaining to a first class Gro-
cery and Confectionery store.
Warrants his prices as low as the low-
est. Country Produce taken in exchange
for goods. d-44.

D. ARTHUR BACCHUS.

NEW IDEA

IMPORTANT! IMPORTANT!
As I expect to occupy my New Store,
opposite Stan's Drug Store, the coming
February, I intend to sell off my stock
regardless of cost, as I intend to open an
entire New Line. Persons in want of
cheap goods will do well by calling and
examining my goods and prices as great induc-
ments will be offered to purchasers.

Our stock consists of
Ladies' and Children's
HATS,
trimmed and untrimmed.
Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Velvets of
all shades, Stains, Laces, Handkerchiefs,
Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Hosiery,
and a choice line of Candles, Raisins, Currants,
Citron, Figs, Nuts, and in fact
everything pertaining to a first class Gro-
cery and Confectionery store.
Warrants his prices as low as the low-
est. Country Produce taken in exchange
for goods. d-44.

Merchant Tailoring!
REMOVAL.
THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully in-
forms the citizens of Chestertown and
vicinity that he has removed to the
store room opposite the Bank in Ches-
tertown to his REPAIRING.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
and has on hand a fine assortment of
CLOTHS and GENTS' WEAR. He will
make suits to order and Guarantee a Fit
and satisfaction in every case. A call and
examination of his goods is solicited.
Prices moderate.
Jan. 5.

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

BOOTS.—Men's Winter Boots at \$2.
and \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4. Boys' Boots at
low prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing
to man more comely than liberty." MASON.

When the dance of the shadows
At daybreak is done;
And the cheeks of the morning
Are red with the sun;
And the sun is in glory,
At eve from the view;
And calls up the planet
To blaze in the blue;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

When the beautiful bend
Of the low above,
Like a collar of light
On the bosom of love;
When the moon in his midnight
Is floating on the sea;
Like a banner of silver
Hang out in the sky;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

In the depth of the darkness,
Untried in life,
When shadows are veiling
The breast of the blue;
When the light of the tempest
At midnight is still;
And the spirit of solitude
Sole on the hill;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

In the breathing of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when
free?
Like the beaming of the morning,
When nature's a wake,
And calls up the glory
To cheer in the brake;
In the warbling of the streams,
And the charge of the columns
Of plumes on the plain;
When the thunder is up,
From his cloud cradles,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep;
There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see?
More proud than the sight of a nation when
free?

TAKING CHARGE OF A LADY.

Mr. Brown's Dilemma.

BY MISS JENNIE ALDEN.

The steamer Ben Franklin—it was
many years ago, reader—was just on the
point of leaving her dock at Providence
when a slender, pale young man, with
sandy whiskers and green eyes, who had
just safely stowed away his valise, honor-
ably paid his fare, and purchased a sup-
per ticket, and now stood on the upper
deck, leaning on his blue-cotton umbrella
in a mild attitude of contemplation,
was accosted by a benevolent-looking old
gentleman, in gold-laced spectacles,
upon whose left arm hung a fountain, a
bright mazarine blue broadcloth travel-
ing habit, with a gold watch at her waist
and a green veil over her face, with the
(to a timid young man) startling ques-
tion of—

"Pray, sir, will you be so kind as to
take charge of a young lady?"

The slender young man with the blue-
cotton umbrella blushed up to the roots
of his sandy hair, but he bowed deeply
and affirmatively.

"We were disappointed in not meeting
a friend," continued the benevolent-
looking old gentleman, "and so I had to
trust to chance for finding an escort to
Fanny. Only as far as New York, sir;
my daughter will give you very little
trouble. She's a strong-minded, indepen-
dent woman, sir, and abundantly able to
take care of herself; but I don't like the
idea of ladies travelling alone. If the boat
sinks, sir, she's abundantly able to swim
ashore. Good-by, Fanny."

"Father," said the lady in the blue
habit, in a deep and mellancholic tone,
rather a queer voice for a woman, though
—"a queer voice," she threw back
over her shoulder, a pair of piercing
blue eyes, and an abundantly able to
take care of herself, but I don't like the
idea of ladies travelling alone. If the boat
sinks, sir, she's abundantly able to swim
ashore. Good-by, Fanny."

"Well