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

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

COMMISSION CARDS.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. R. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
Successors to Barkman & Lawder,
General Commission Merchants,
Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Eggs, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

R. J. FOARD,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN and PEACHES,
GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, &c.
No. 95 South Charles Street, corner Camden,
BALTIMORE, MD.
May 17, 1884.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. C. C. TILGHMAN. M. T. G. EARLE.
WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.,
(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,)
General Commission Merchants,
No. 18 BOWLY'S WHARF,
je14—6m. BALTIMORE.

FRANK WRIGHT. JNO. N. SPARKS.
R. NELSON STEVENS,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & SPARKS,
Commission Merchants,
No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore,
For the Sale of
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL PRODUCE.
jan6-y.

B. P. ALRICH
WITH
LUCAS & BROWN,
GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, WOOL, BERRIES, FRUIT AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE,
m24-3m. No. 13 Camden st, Balto., Md.

PRODUCE.
We are COMMISSION MERCHANTS in all kinds of PRODUCE—Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fruit, Garden-Truck, &c. Correspondence solicited. No trouble to answer letter. Send us your name and address and we will quote you our market. Marking-plates, Shipping-tags, Shipping-cards, and daily quotations of our market furnished free of charge.
D. E. MANTON & CO., 153 Chambers st., N. Y.
Our motto, "Quick Sales, Prompt Returns."

W. H. RUTTER. JOS. M. ASHBURY.
RUTTER & ASHBURY,
Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in
GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,
No. 79 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH St., Corn Exchange Building
BALTIMORE.
Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties. 1y26.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEO. W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
And Wholesale Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic FRUITS,
Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c.
Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.
No. 68 S. Calvert St, Baltimore, Md.,
Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwall Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. fe9.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
CREW & JEROME,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
No. 3 Camden Street, BALTIMORE.
Near Light St. wharf.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence promptly and cheerfully answered.

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 earnest attention. Communications answered promptly. mar17-y.

Cummings' Bakery
AND
CONFECTIONERY.
Bread and Pies fresh every day; Pound Cake, Jelly Cake, Sponge Cake, Spanish Buns, Cinnamon Buns, Rusk, Doughnuts and Saratoga Rolls. Full line of Fresh Confectionery always on hand. Orders for cakes for Wedding Parties or Festivals will receive careful and prompt attention.
STEAM ICE-CREAM MANUFACTORY.
Ice-Cream at wholesale and retail. Cool and pleasant Ice-Cream Parlors for Ladies and Gentlemen. Cream put up in 1, 2, 3 and 4 quart boxes for families. All kinds of Fruit in season.
CUMMINGS' ICE-CREAM PARLOR,
m24-tf. Next door to N. G. Wescott.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 45. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884. No. 10.

A CARD
—TO—
Peach Growers.

HAVING learned that there are parties (after finding my prices,) canvassing the county and offering Peach Crates lower, I would say to my patrons that I have consulted with the Messrs. Williams, and they have instructed me

To Sell as Low as Any Responsible Parties,

and will furnish them with HIS CRATES either in shooks or made up AS LOW AS THE LOWEST, and *THEIR Crates are MUCH SUPERIOR to any that have ever been offered here.*

I have supplied you for years satisfactorily, and intend to continue if you wish me.
GEO. T. MOORE, at Buck Neck, is authorised to do the same.
R. S. EMORY,
July 5—2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

PEACH BOXES.
WE HAVE UNSOLD
100,000 PEACH BOX PATTERNS,
which can be had at prices that will be an inducement to purchasers.
Apply early.
BACON & THORINGTON,
Melitota P. O. BUCK NECK.
je28-10t*

PEACH BOXES!
Peach Boxes!
WE desire to call the attention of the Peach Growers of Kent County to the fact that we have opened a Yard in Chestertown at the Depot, and are prepared to furnish
PEACH BOXES
in large or small quantities, nailed up or in the pattern. We have no middle men consequently can furnish them
At Manufacturer's Prices.
Mr. PERRY, a member of the firm, with whom parties can contract, will be found at the Yard at any time.
PERRY, HOUSTON & CO.
MILLSBORO', Del, June 28—3t*

100,000
PEACH BASKETS
from J. COLBY SMITH'S factory, Kent county, Delaware,
FOR SALE.
I HAVE what is considered the BEST SHIPPING BASKET made in the State of Delaware, and am prepared to furnish, in any quantity, at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay Railroad, at as
LOW PRICES
as they can be bought at the factory.
Growers and Shippers are requested, before purchasing elsewhere, to communicate with me or Thomas L. Norris, at Mr. Ruth's store, Galena; Harry E. Cooper, Worton Station; or M. F. Clark at Still Pond, who will show you samples, give you prices and take your orders.
T. E. NORRIS,
June 7-tf. Still Pond, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
A. R. TODD, M. D.,
MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.
Office consultation free. jy5.

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,
Opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.
Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. je16-y.

T. D. GAMBRILL,
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Terms—$10 per session of ten weeks. References: Sanders & Stayman and Rev. J. T. Rossiter, Baltimore; C. M. Lucas, Chestertown, and others. Pianos and organs tuned and repaired. a19-tf.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

HOPE H. BARROLL. B. HOWARD HAMAN.
BARROLL & HAMAN.
We beg leave to state to our friends that we have associated ourselves for the transaction of legal business between Baltimore city and Kent county.
We will give prompt attention to the collection of claims against parties in Baltimore and other cities. BARROLL & HAMAN.
n3-tf. Chestertown.

Plows, Plows, Plows.
PLOW CASTINGS! PLOW CASTINGS!
The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW and CASTINGS for sale by
Mar. 22. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

VERY BEAUTIFUL line of Window Shades, very low at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.
BY virtue of authority vested in the undersigned by the heirs at law of the late George L. Maslin, he will sell at public sale at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on
TUESDAY, the 22d day of July, 1884,
At 11½ o'clock A. M.,
THE FARM
of said deceased, called "WEDGE'S DISCOVERY" or "BRICE FARM," or what is commonly known as
The "G. L. Maslin Farm"
situated in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, Maryland, on the east side of the public road leading out of Skinner's Neck to Edesville, adjoining the lands of Thomas A. Strong, Cyrus Copper and others, and containing
121 ACRES,
2 Roods and 31 Perches,
More or less.
THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of a
TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING
and necessary Outbuildings, one Tenant House and two Wells of good water. There is a
Peach Orchard of about 500 TREES
in bearing; also, an APPLE ORCHARD of good varieties. A radius of one mile includes three Churches, Post Office, Steamboat Landing, and Grist and Saw Mills. The soil is well adapted to the growth of all kinds of fruits and cereals.
TERMS OF SALE:
One-third cash, and the balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale. The credit payments to be secured by mortgage on said farm and to bear interest from the day of sale.
Possession given January 1, 1885, with privilege of seeding wheat next fall.
THOMAS C. MASLIN,
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. AGENT.
je28-s.

"Struck it this Time!"
IS WHAT YOU WILL EXCLAIM UPON EXAMINING
M. T. Goslee's
IMMENSE SPRING STOCK
—OF—
JUST IN, —
Everything New and Desirable
—IN—
FOOT-WEAR!
You will find in our Elegant Assortment
REMEMBER! We are Three Points Ahead of ALL COMPETITORS:
Point No. 1—The STYLE.
Point No. 2—The FIT.
Point No. 3—The PRICE.
OUR INDUCEMENTS.
Superb Stock, Admirable Assortment, Affable Attention.
Big Bargains, Brilliant Bonanzas, Ridiculous Reductions.
FACTS!
We want everybody to know:
Our Price—THE LOWEST!
Style—THE LATEST!
Goods—THE BEST!
Fit—THE NEATEST!
If you Ladies want a fine SHOE, we can suit you, either in PEL'S, POLLOCK, ZEIGLER or CROXTON'S make, either in Peb, Goat, Kid, Foxed, French or American Kid, from $2.50 to $6.00.
And if you want a good SHOE for less money we have it from $1 to $2.
Our $1.50 and $2 Button, Kid Fox'd we have made expressly for us and guarantee them to be solid leather or money refunded.
Our assortment Men's, Boys', Youths' Children's and Infants' Shoes is complete. Look at our line of SLIPPERS, and get our prices.
Seeing is convincing. Come in and get our prices, and you will be surprised when you learn what a good Shoe can be had for a little money.
Always remember, it is a pleasure for us to show our goods.
Don't Forget the Place:—Next door to the Bank; and remember our motto—A Little Profit, Good Goods and One Price to all.
Measure taken when we cannot fit.
Try a pair of our hand-stitched Men's Shoes. Every pair Warranted. Price $5.
We challenge the world for a better $3 Shoe than we sell.
We invite all to give us a call.
M. T. GOSLEE,
SUCCESSOR TO T. D. PIERCE,
Adjoining Kent National Bank,
March 29, 1884. Chestertown, Md.

Trustee's Sale
—OF—
VALUABLE
MILL PROPERTY
BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as trustees will offer at public sale to the highest bidder at the Voshell House in Chestertown, Kent county, Md., on
TUESDAY,
The 29th day of July, 1884
At Eleven o'clock A. M.,
All that Valuable Mill Property
in Kent county, Md., commonly called
The Urieville Mill Property
situate on the public road from Chestertown to Kennedyville, about six miles from the former and two miles from the railroad depot at Kennedyville.
This property consists of a
GRIST MILL
with two Turbine Wheels, and a
NEW TWO-STORY SAW MILL,
both in running condition.
A TWO-STORY
DWELLING,
with Kitchen, and Stable and Carriage House, on a
LOT OF ABOUT THREE ACRES,
and immediately opposite and adjoining the Mill-house; Store-house and Dwelling with Garden immediately on said public road; a small Dwelling with Garden unoccupied; a small Double Dwelling with Garden as enclosed; and two other small Tenant Houses on the meadow land, and an old Shop, now used as a barn.
There is probably no better or finer stream of water in the county; it is abundant for use at all seasons. There are
Also about 30 ACRES
including the above Gardens, attached, being valuable as meadow land and for Trucking.
The neighborhood is good; Schools, Churches and Railroad are near, and there is probably no finer Mill Property in the county.
This property will be offered in parcels and then as a whole, and sold in the way most is realized; the above store-house and dwelling with garden, small dwelling with garden, and the small double dwelling with garden, each being a parcel and the residue of the property a parcel.
TERMS OF SALE:
One-third of the purchase money in cash on day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter, on note with interest added, and approved security, and the residue of the purchase money in two equal installments in 9 and 18 months from day of sale, with interest from said date on each installment till paid, to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser, with a surety or sureties, to be approved by trustees.
Further particulars made known on day of sale.
JOHN B. BROWN,
EDWIN H. BROWN,
TRUSTEES.
JAMES H. COSTIN, Auct'r. jy5-s.

A CARD!
At the close of the Spring and Summer trade we propose to alter our store room and, in order to do so, we must get rid of our large stock of Clothing.
We propose for the NEXT SIXTY DAYS to sacrifice every dollar's worth of Clothing in our house, as we must close them out.
Suits sold for $20 now selling for $10

SUITS sold for	18.00	now selling for	$9.00
" "	16.00	" "	8.00
" "	15.00	" "	7.50
" "	14.00	" "	7.00
" "	12.50	" "	6.25
" "	10.00	" "	5.00
" "	8.00	" "	4.00
" "	6.00	" "	3.00
" "	4.00	" "	2.00
" "	2.00	" "	1.00
PANTS "	8.00	" "	4.00
" "	6.00	" "	3.00
" "	5.00	" "	2.50

Remember, these goods will be sold at these prices for the Cash only—Come early and get the best.
Respectfully, BORDLEY BROS.
June 7, 1884—tf.

53 W. Fayette St., and 31 North St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Top Buggies $60 to $75
Oriole, Dayton and McCaul Wagons $125 to $150.
Jump-Seat Carriages $125 to $150.
Full line of Village and Road Carts.
OUR $73 TOP BUGGY has all leather top, full Brewster spring, Steel Tire and Improved Swell Taper Solid Collar Axle.
A. W. HAWKS,
Manager for R. F. BRIGGS & CO.
April 12—6m.

LOT OF BRACKETS, WALL POCKETS, &c.,
Will be closed out about cost.
jl9. LOUIS K. STAM.

THE ROLAND FARM BELLS.
For sale by
mar22. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

A BOX of CIGARS at 1.25, 1.30, 1.70 2.00 and 3.50, at
apr5. THOMPSON'S, up town.

TRY ANTIFERMENTINE for Canning Fruits without worrying over a hot fire. SPARKS.

Wanted!
100,000 BUSHELS
—OF—
WHEAT!
For the Wm. Lea & Sons' Co., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware.
E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove,
July 12-tf. Kent Co., Md.

CLOTHING.
I. Hamburger & Sons,
164 W. Baltimore Street,
—SELL THE—
BEST MADE CLOTHING
AT LESS PRICES
Than ANY HOUSE in BALTIMORE
As many of our customers in this and adjoining counties will bear witness.
If you are going to Baltimore to buy anything in the CLOTHING line call on them and they will prove it to you.
I. HAMBURGER & SONS,
Leading Clothiers and Merchant Tailors,
164 W. Baltimore St.,
Adjoining the B. & O. Building.
je14-3m.

SODA WATER,
SPARKLING AND PURE.
FRESH SYRUPS,
At M. A. TOULSON'S.

Cool Sparkling Soda Water!
—AND—
TONIC BEER.
Syrups warranted strictly pure, at
J. F. LEARY'S Pharmacy,
opposite C. A. Leary's store,
je7-4m. ROCK HALL.

NOTICE!
COOL, SPARKLING, DELICIOUS,
CREAM
Soda Water
5 Cents Per Glass.
Our Fountain is in full operation.
COLIN F. STAM,
May 17, 1884. DRUGGIST.

AT BETTERTON
CAN BE FOUND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
DRY LUMBER,
BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
IRON AGE CULTIVATORS,
LIME and CEMENT,
FINE and ROCK SALT,
GAMBRILL'S FLOUR,
SALT FISH,
HARD AND SOFT COAL.
TURNER BROS.,
June 7, 1884. BETTERTON.

FOR SALE.
100,000 ft. of LUMBER
For Wheelwright material.
100,000 Feet of WHITE and RED OAK
Poplar, Walnut, Bridge Boards, Scantling, White Hickory of different thickness.
WM. PERKINS,
apr26. "Rising Sun," Chestertown.

LIME! LIME! LIME!
Hair! Hair! Hair!
Brushes! Brushes! Brushes!
Bear in mind that Thompson always keeps in stock a lot of Whitewash and Plastering Lime; Hair Brushes, &c., all sold at a small margin.
THOMPSON, up town.
a5.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

One of the Most Beautiful Poems in Our Language—The Author a Gallant Soldier.

Of the thousands who have read or listened to the famous and pathetic war poem, entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead," but few, probably, have ever heard the story of the author's life. The author, Col. Theodore O'Hara, was widely known as a poet, especially in the Southern States where he ranked high among the best journalists. On the breaking out of hostilities with Mexico, in 1846, he joined the army, and crossed the Rio Grande to uphold the honor of the stars and stripes in the land of Montezuma, and in the campaign which followed, gained a brilliant fighting record; and, at its close, when the State of Kentucky honored her citizens who had fallen in the struggle, by gathering their remains for final interment in Frankfort cemetery, where she erected a monument to perpetuate their bravery and fidelity to their country, he was one of the first among his countrymen to remember those who stood side by side with him in the hour of battle. It was then, and not after the late Southern rebellion, as many erroneously suppose, he wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead:"

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thoughts at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn, no screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blades,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Come down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Know well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death!"

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its molder'd slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn hight
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground!
Ye must not slumber there;
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath the parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Born to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear is the blood you gave—
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave:
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceful stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how you fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb!

LULU HURST'S RIVAL.

Another Georgia Woman who Moves Tables, Chairs and Things by a Touch.

Georgia is winning a great reputation abroad as the home of electric women: The manifestations of Miss Lulu Hurst are now puzzling Northern audiences. Then Miss Mattie Lee Price, living not more than 10 miles from the home of Miss Hurst, developed the same power and has also gone forth to illustrate the new type of Georgia womanhood. Now a third and more remarkable case has developed in Atlanta, the lady being Mrs. C. F. Coleman, wife of the superintendent of the Atlanta cotton factory. Mrs. Coleman had seen the wonderful Lulu when she was in Atlanta, and her husband had felt that peculiar and inexplicable power. About ten days ago Mrs. Coleman accidentally ascertained that a chair would yield to her touch, and twist in any direction at her will, without the use of muscular power, and at first she was lost in wonder at the power she had, but after many trials of various kinds, she assigned herself the same power Lulu Hurst manifested, and so mystified all who saw her.

She imparted the knowledge to her husband and repeated trials were made. These trials only strengthened Mrs. Coleman's power and convinced her husband that she could repeat Lulu Hurst's feats. Mr. Coleman made the discovery known to his friends, and by arrangement quite a number of guests met in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms to witness her first public manifestation of the strange power.—Among those present were ex-Governor Bullock, H. I. Kimble, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, J. C. Kimbell, W. M. Scott and Menzo White, and about twenty ladies. Mrs. Coleman was at first embarrassed, but as she proceeded with her task she became calm and succeeded in everything she undertook. A stick held by Mr. Scott and Mr. Kimbell was made to pass around freely, despite their strenuous efforts to hold it. One of the gentlemen was compelled much against his will to give up a pleasant chair, it turning over and throwing him out, while a table was raised almost from the floor, simply by Mrs. Coleman holding her hands upon it. The masterpiece was performed by Mrs. Coleman with a walking cane; she held to one end and by simply touching the other end to the edge of the table made the table stand on two legs only.

During the entire entertainment the gentlemen watched closely, but could detect nothing resembling trickery. They all declared that the lady's power was something wonderful, and while all said she was equal to Lulu Hurst, some declared she excelled her. Mrs. Coleman is at loss to account for her power.

A Woman's Heart.

Charles Augustus—"Is it true, ma, that love takes away the appetite?"

Ma—"It certainly does."

"My worst fears are realized. Oh! how can I bear up under it?"

"Why, my son, what is the matter?"

"You know how deeply I—that is—how much I think of Miss Blank."

"A charming girl, and I am glad you like her."

"But she cannot have a particle of love for me."

"Why not?"

"Because her appetite is not affected in the least. Last evening she took four plates of ice cream at one sitting."

"Don't be alarmed, my son; ice cream don't count."—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

MAB'S KEEPSAKE.

Mab and I had been idling about in Tuscany for some weeks with Uncle Wallace, and we had many plans made for more extended journeyings, when our uncle was suddenly obliged to return to England on pressing business. As we could not and would not accompany him, he installed us in a quiet little hotel, gave us a liberal allowance of pocket-money, and left us with strict injunctions to remain quietly where we were until his return. We were to make no excursion requiring longer than a day's absence—for Uncle Wallace highly disapproved of ladies traveling alone in foreign countries. I was quite old enough to chaperon Mab whithersoever she cared to go; but, not being argumentative, I agreed to keep her and myself in strict seclusion until our uncle rejoined us.

"But, after three days of our own society, we both grew horridly mopish. Mab had made crooked little sketches of the old cathedral till we both hated the sight of the hoary edifice, we had tried all the cakes in the little confectioner's and had read our small library twice over.

"Effie, there is to be a rural *fete* at San Vito on Wednesday, and I am going," Mabel announced on the fourth day.

"San Vito is eight hours from here," I said deprecatingly.

"I don't care if it is eighty."

"But think of your promise to Uncle Wallace not to go anywhere."

"We shall be away only one night; and I shall die of the 'blues' if we don't have some amusement."

I remonstrated to the utmost of my ability, but was overruled in the end, as I knew I should be. Mab, having had her own way ever since she was a baby, was not likely to relinquish her sceptre at the ripe age of twenty. So the next afternoon, armed with shawl-straps and a small valise, we betook ourselves to the railway station and bought tickets for San Vito.

"Mademoiselle should inquire carefully the hours of the trains, as the time tables are often inaccurate on this line," said our smiling landlord, as we departed.

Our only fellow-traveler in the coupe was a gentleman of about thirty. He was reading the *Times* as we entered, but I noticed that he seemed to take more interest in Mab's pretty face than in the news. Yet he was not the least impertinent; and he apparently imagined that his furtive but comprehensive glances were quite unnoticed.

Every one admired Mabel—she was like a seashell, or a tea-rose, or any delicately-tinted lovely bit of nature—and I could not blame this man for being only human. He had pleasant dark eyes with plenty of fun in them, sleek dark hair, a good length of limb, and a look of the patrician about him from the toe of his well-fitting boot to his finely-shaped hand.

As the stranger had been thoughtful and kind concerning the disposal of our luggage and the arrangement of refractory curtains, politeness demanded that I should address him, and we were soon chatting together like old friends. He gave us his card, on which was engraved, 'Sidney Weir, Oakland, Kent,' and he gleaned from our conversation that the Misses Warbutton of Exham were his traveling companions.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was playing the chaperon very badly in making such advances to a perfect stranger, and I tried to frighten Mab into becoming propriety and reserve; but, when I flattered myself that I was looking my sternest, she actually gave Mr. Weir her pretty hand to hold while he told her fortune in the pink palm.

The subject of bric-a-brac having come up, Mr. Weir produced a curiously-carved little silver whistle from his pocket, which he said had once saved his life in India. It had a peculiar shrill note, very penetrating and striking for so small an article; used as a signal of distress, it had brought help when he was overpowered by the enemy. He seemed pleased with Mab's warm admiration of the whistle, and, as she was returning it, he said simply—

"I should be pleased if you would accept the little toy as a keepsake. I shall only lose it if it continues to jingle about with my keys and small change; and perhaps it would serve as a charm to ward off danger from you on some occasion. Its duty to me is done."

Mab hesitated; but, seeing the disappointed look on Mr. Weir's face, she took the little trinket, with a smile of thanks, and fastened it to one of her bracelets. I thought it a bold, forward thing to do; but I knew that my opinion or displeasure would make but little difference to my younger sister.

It was growing late as we drew near the little station of Gimino, where we should have to change carriages for San Vito. Our companion's destination was a town further along the Gimino line; so we should soon be obliged to separate. I was secretly pleased; but to Mr. Weir and Mab the time was slipping away altogether too quickly. Arrived at Gimino, we made the very unpleasant discovery that the San Vito train had gone on without us, and that there would be no other till 5 o'clock in the morning.

"What will you do?" asked Mr. Weir. "I have ten minutes to spare before my train goes; if I could be of any service to you in engaging a room at the hotel, or in any other way, I should be most happy."

"I think it would be better not to go to the hotel," said Mab; "we should never wake up for the early train, and we have not the time to wait for the next one."

"Yes," I answered, "we could get some refreshment here, and stay in the waiting-room till our train comes. It is eleven o'clock now, and the time is not so very long. We can take a comfortable nap in the waiting-room."

Something in Mr. Weir's manner betrayed that he did not quite approve of our plan; but he was too polite to say anything against it. He called a waiter to attend to our wants, and, in answer to the second sharp call from the locomotive, took his leave, lingering long over the handshake with Mab, and disappeared in the darkness.

"I wish he hadn't gone. I feel lonely in this strange place," said Mab, with a little shiver.

"Nonsense, child! It would have been obtrusive and indelicate had he remained. You forget that we are only friends of a day. Why should he alter his plans for us?"

I spoke boldly; but I too was very ill at ease. The little coffee-room was gradually filling with rough-looking men, who watched us—the only women in the place—furtively and curiously, speaking a language which we but little understood. The hotel was a mile distant, and we could not take refuge in it at that hour of the night, even if we had known the way.

"Mab, how foolish of you to wear your diamond ring on a journey of this kind—it attracts attention!" I said, in an undertone, as the light caught the brilliant on her finger when she raised her coffee-cup.

I happened to glance out of the window at that instant, and, to my horror, saw a man with evil black eyes and grizzled hair staring intently at Mab and me with a wicked look about him which I could not forget. As I caught his eye, he slunk away in the darkness, and presently the railway porter came to escort us to the waiting-room.

"It is against the rules of the road to allow the waiting-room to be occupied at night," he began; "but, if you will be content without a light, and both doors locked on the outside, I have no objection in your waiting there for your train."

This was appalling—to be locked up for five hours in a shabby little Italian waiting-room, in total darkness. By seeing the man we prevailed upon him to allow us to bolt the outer door on the inside, so that we should feel a little less like prisoners.

"The guard walks up and down the platform till daylight, so you can feel quite safe," said the porter consolingly, as he wished us good night and shut the door of the dark little den upon us.

I fortunately bethought me of some wax matches in the valise, and, lighting one for a moment, we took in the situation—a mean little room, with a door on two sides, hard benches round the walls, and a long table. Surely not an inviting apartment for repose! We made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, and tried to forget our position in sleep; but I became preter-naturally wakeful. Here were we, two unprotected women dropped down at this little wayside station for all the long, night-hours, suspicious characters were lurking about, and we might be robbed and murdered without our friends ever knowing our fate! In the midst of my cheerless reflections it consoled me a little to see the guard pass by slowly outside at intervals, with his lantern gleaming on the red band of his cap.

Suddenly, my ears sharpened by the silence, I heard a stealthy step approach the inner door of our prison, and the quiet grating of a key in the lock was distinctly audible. My heart seemed to stop beating with fright, and then, to my unspeakable horror, the door softly opened, and the evil-looking man with the grizzled hair, whom I had seen through the window of the coffee-room, crept in with a dim lantern in his hand.

"Listen!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, fixing me with his wicked eyes. "If you are quiet I will do you no harm; but if you scream or make the least disturbance, I know how to silence you. I want the ring your friend's pretty finger wears, and whatever money and other valuables you have about you. Make no resistance, as you valued your life!"

I suppose I grew very white and trembled, for Mabel said, in a surprisingly firm voice—

"Don't faint, Effie, but give the man the valise to search, our lives are worth more than the trumpery it contains."

The robber set his lantern on the table and began undoing the straps of our valise, placing it on the floor before the door at which he had entered. Where was the guard outside that his light did not shine again through our window? He might have rescued us; but he did not come.

"Effie," said Mab, in a whisper to me—she need not have whispered, for the robber could not understand our language—"I am not going to give up my ring without a struggle. The man evidently thinks the other door locked on the outside and safe against our opening it; otherwise he would not let us stand so close to it. I have my hand on the bolt now;—there I have slipped it! I am going to dash the robber's lantern from the table with this bundle of shawls; in the darkness we can rush out on the platform and call the guard. Be ready to fly when I give the signal."

Before I could recover from my astonishment at this bold plan, there was a crash of glass upon the floor, darkness, a volley of Italian oaths, and my sister and I were tearing down the deserted platform.

"Guard, guard!" we shrieked, with all the energy of despair, but from some inexplicable cause he could not or would not hear us, though we saw his form quite plainly in the distance.

Steps were heard in pursuit of us, and the angry curses of the burglar reached our terror-stricken ears, when an inspiration seized Mabel. She put her little silver whistle to her lips and blew till its peculiar notes rang out like a clarion on the still air.

The sound of hasty footsteps approaching from another direction became quite audible; but whether they were for good or evil we could not tell. Mab lost her courage, and was leaning on me, half-fainting, when a voice calling in English, "Hallo! What is the matter? What are you rascals doing?" seemed to put new life into her.

Two men ran towards us, one of whom, to our amazement and delight, we recognized as Sidney Weir, our travelling companion.

We clung to him, and hovered over him with tears, hysterical laughter and incoherent thanks, and did not notice that during our explanation both robber and guard disappeared. Mr. Weir said that he had felt uneasy at leaving us alone in the little station, and, finding another belated traveler, they had whiled away the night smoking and walking up and down the road near at hand. He had not told us of his change of plans, thinking it might annoy us. When he saw the rough lot of men who collected about the coffee-room he was very glad he waited, for he thought we might be subjected to annoyance, if nothing worse. The sound of Mabel's whistle had reached his ears as a signal of distress, and he would never feel sufficiently thankful that he had given her the little toy.

"What I fail to understand is this rascally guard deserting his post so shamefully," said our rescuer, ringing a huge bell, which hung near.

Presently an astonished group of waiters and porters gathered round us with lights, and began asking a thousand questions. One of the newcomers stumbled over something lying in a dark corner.

"What is this?" he cried. "Moses the guard in a drunken sleep! He will lose his place for this, and deserves it too!"

It was afterwards discovered that Anton Moses, the real guard, had been drugged by two ruffians, one of whom had stolen his lantern and cap, while the other made his daring attempt upon Mabel and me.

We had lost all interest in the *fete* at San Vito, and, like frightened, disobedient children, our only wish was to return home, if the little hotel that we had left could be called home. Sidney Weir accompanied us; and, when Uncle Wallace returned, he found a suitor for Mabel's hand awaiting his approval, and that approval was not withheld; her heart had found its idol.

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HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

AN ENGAGED SEAT.

It was a day when everybody was tired and anxious to sit down that a large man, carrying a gripsack, boarded an Eastern railroad train, and, after walking through several crowded cars, finally found the one vacant seat, and, seating himself, placed his bag on the cushion at his side. Just as the train was about to start, another man entered and made the same journey in search of a seat.

Before the large man, the latter said: "This seat is engaged, sir; a man just stepped out, but will return in a moment; he left his baggage here as a claim to the seat."

"Well," said the second traveler, frankly, "I'm pretty tired, and if you don't object I'll just sit down here and hold his bag for him till he returns," and, without ceremony, this he proceeded to do. Then the large man, who was bound for Lynn, earnestly prayed within the inmost chambers of his little heart that his companion might get off at Somerville, or Everett, or Chelsea, anywhere but Lynn or a station beyond. And the tired man thanked his stars for even a moment's rest, expecting every second to be ousted by the owner of the gripsack.

The train moved out from the station. In vain did the large man try to read the stranger's ticket to see what his destination was. Somerville was reached, but the stranger sat quietly in his place, and the large man grew nervous. The train stopped at Everett, and still the stranger gazed peacefully ahead, never budging, and the large man began to perspire. Then came Chelsea, but the stranger still held fast to the bag, and never offered to stir. The agony of the large man was simply frightful but he saw that he could do nothing but grin and bear it, and get out of the fix as best he could. But the stranger had by this time fully grasped the situation, though thankful for his seat, determined to punish the unaccommodating pig for his selfish deception. So, when Lynn was reached, the large man put forth his hand for his bag, but the stranger drew back the same with an expression of surprise, saying: "I beg your pardon, sir, but this is not your baggage."

"But it isn't yours," stammered the owner, blushing.

"To be sure; but I propose to see it returned to the proper person. Here, conductor, here's a man who wants to run off with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Somebody put it in the seat to secure a place, and evidently got left at Boston, for he hasn't claimed it," and he gave the conductor a wink, and, as the official knew the stranger personally, he understood the wink, and promptly replied:

"The only thing to do is to return the bag to Boston and store it among the unclaimed baggage."

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