Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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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

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.

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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,

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May 17, 1884.

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(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,)

General Commission Merchants,

No. 18 BOWLY'S WHARF,

jel4—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."

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RUTTER & ASHBURY,

Commission Merchants,

And Dealers in

GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,

No. 79 SOUTH STREET,

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GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.

GREENWOOD & WOODALL,

Commission Merchants

And General Produce Dealers,

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Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties. jy26.

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. y

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.

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.

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

EDUCATIONAL.

Maupin's University School.

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Situation healthy. Instruction thorough. Session opens September 16. Circulars sent upon application.

CHAPMAN MAUPIN, M. A.,

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WINCHESTER, VA.

REV. J. C. WHEAT, D. D., Principal, assisted by a full corps of experienced teachers. The 11th annual session opens Sept. 10, 1848. Terms moderate. Number of boarders limited. Applications for the vacancies created by the retiring of members of the graduating class will now be received. Apply for circulars to the principal. jy19.1m.

Send for a Catalogue of the

College of Physicians and Surgeons,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

which offers the STUDENT of Medicine superior advantages.

THOS. OPIE, Dean,

jy19-1m. 179 N. Howard st.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For both sexes.

The largest school for higher education on the Peninsula. Eight teachers, all specialists.—Music, art, languages, mathematics, science and elementary branches. Board and tuition $200 per year. For catalogue address

CONFERENCE ACADEMY,

jy19-4t. Dover, Del.

St. George's Hall,

FOR BOYS.

Reistertown, Md. An unsurpassed Boarding school. Prepares for any college or business life. $250 to $300 a year. Large buildings, beautiful grounds. Eight trains daily. No malaria.—Books free. Circulars sent.

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No. 46 S. WASHINGTON STREET,

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

PLEASANTLY situated in the town of Alexandria, Va., only eight miles from Washington city, this school offers the highest educational advantages, together with the care and comfort of a refined Christian home. Accomplished teachers are employed in every department, and French, Music and Painting are especially attended to. References—Rev. Sewell S. Hepbron, Hanover co., Va.; Dr. Samuel Beck, Chestertown, Md.

For circulars address

MISS REBECCA C. POWELL,

jy5-3m. Principal.

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.

A NEW THING AND A GOOD ONE.

Fruits Preserved without Cooking with Half the Usual Quantity of Sugar.

NATURAL APPEARANCE AND TASTE RETAINED.

Take any good fruit jar, fill with ripe fruit, add

ANTIFERMENTINE

as directed, fill up jars with Syrup, and put away in cool, dark place.

Contrast this with the Old Methods!

ANTIFERMENTINE preserves Fruits, Eggs, Butter, &c., and makes the most Delicious Cider ever used.

Price 50c. Per Box.

Each Box will do 30 Quarts.

Safe and Harmless.

For Sale Everywhere. Try It!

ANTIFERMENTINE CO., LIMITED, N. Y.

Sent by mail on receipt of price.

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.

Plows, Plows, Plows.

PLOW CASTINGS! PLOW CASTINGS!

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW and CASTINGS for sale by

Mar. 22. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

WHITE PINE FENCING!

A Carload just received from Grand Rapids, Michigan, of Superior WHITE PINE FENCING, by

m31. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

A BOX of CIGARS at 1.25, 1.30, 1.70 2.00 and 3.50, at

apr5. THOMPSON'S, up town.

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.

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.

TAKE NOTICE!

—THAT—

JAMES A. SHAW,

Still continues the BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS and recently obtained the exclusive right to sell the

Justly Celebrated James Mean's SHOES,

For MEN'S WEAR,

in Button, Congress and Bal's, and we believe them to be the very best Shoes made in this country for the money.

They are made of fine Calf and for style and durability cannot be surpassed; the retail price is stamped on the bottom of each pair and are sold at that price from Maine to California.

When in want of a NICE SHOE call

At SHAW'S

On Court Street

and look for yourself. He will treat you politely and *will not get angry* if you fail to get suited.

Remember the place—Court Street,

jan12. Chestertown.

NOTICE!

COOL, SPARKLING, DELICIOUS,

CREAM

Soda Water

5 Cents Per Glass.

Our Fountain is in full operation.

COLIN F. STAM,

May 17, 1884. DRUGGIST.

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.

SHOES! Full spring stock, just in. Call and Examine goods style and prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

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.

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,

BUCK NECK.

Melitota P. O. je28-10t*

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.

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

TO THE

PEACH GROWERS

—OF—

KENT & QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

PREPARE IN TIME TO UTILIZE YOUR CULLING FRUIT.

The undersigned are agents for the AUTOMATIC FRUIT EVAPORATOR, the Best in the Market. There are Twenty of these Evaporators in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties, and all who are in need of an Evaporator can satisfy themselves of the good qualities of this machine. We request all who are in need of an Evaporator to call on us or write to us before purchasing. Descriptive circulars furnished on application.

We refer to the following gentlemen who have this Evaporator in use:

T. A. Hulme,	Fairlee,	Kent co., Md.
A. L. Corey	"	" "
J. W. Corey,	"	" "
T. W. Skirven,	"	" "
I. Clark Taylor,	Lankford	" "
H. E. Cooper,	Worton	" "
T. J. Shallcross,	Loc't Grove	" "
J. R. Clements	Chestertown	" "
G. H. Snitcher,	"	" "
B. S. Elliott,	2 Sudlersville	
E. B. Walls,	Price's Station	

Address JOHN ARMSTRONG, or JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,

May 17-tf. Chestertown, Md.

S. Bernei & Sons,

S. E. Corner Lexington & Eutaw Sts.,

BALTIMORE, Md.

Our own importation of SILKS, VELVETS and fine DRESS GOODS this fall will excel in richness and style any previous openings, and shall endeavor to please every customer that may favor us with a visit. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MR. CLARENCE DYOTT will be glad to wait on all parties who may favor him with a call. jy12-y.

ORGANS —AND— PIANOS!

Buy the world wide renowned WATERS new scale PIANOS. Also, Orchestral, Chime ORGANS. They excel in elaborate style of cases, brilliancy of tone, &c.; a joy forever; fully warranted for 6 years; easy terms. Address

WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,

jy19. Gen'l Agts., Edesville, Md.

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

HANDSOME

—AND—

VALUABLE

Real Estate

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE.

UNDER THE POWER and authority vested in me by the last will and testament, which has been duly probated, of Colonel GEORGE W. SPENCER, late of Kent county, State of Maryland, dec'd, I will offer at Public Sale, on

THURSDAY,

The 7th day of August, 1884,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

At Pennington's Hotel in the Village of Galena,

THE WHOLE OF HIS REAL ESTATE

CONSISTING OF

THREE FARMS,

two of which are in the First Election District, and the other in the Second, and are herein distinguished by the Nos. 1, 2 and 3;

No. 1

Is the "HOME FARM."

It lies directly on the public road from Chestertown to Galena, and is not more than a mile from the latter; being within two miles of the steamboat landing at Georgetown and Lambson's Station on the Kent County Railroad. It probably contains over

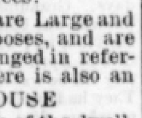
600 ACRES

every acre arable save about thirty-five or forty, and is divided into convenient tillages.

In view of its situation, the natural fertility of its soil and high state of cultivation, its valuable and beautiful improvements, this estate is justly considered equal, if not superior, to any in this county.

The IMPROVEMENTS are a Commodious and conveniently arranged

THREE-STORY

Frame Dwelling, 

with a dry Cellar, Pantry and Kitchen. It is on the south side of the public road, from which there is a shelled carriage-way through a magnificent lawn, highly improved and embellished with beautiful evergreens and shade trees.

The OUTBUILDINGS are Large and ample for all farming purposes, and are admirably located and arranged in reference to their utility. There is also an

OVERSEER'S HOUSE

within convenient distance of the dwelling, and on the east side of the farm a number of small TENEMENTS intended for the accommodation of the farm hands. All the buildings are in good order.

It has a small PEAR ORCHARD and an APPLE ORCHARD of seventy-five or a hundred trees.

No. 2

Is generally known as

"THE TODD FARM."

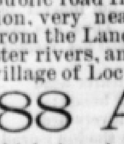
It adjoins No. 1 on the north side of the Chestertown and Galena public road, and contains

Between 350 and 400 ACRES,

all arable but thirty-five or forty acres. It is divided into five fields and a

Peach Orchard of about 30 Acres.

One of its boundaries is a tributary of the Sassafras river, on which it has a lime and grain landing. Its distance from the Steamboat Landing at Georgetown, the village of Galena, and Lambson's Station is about the same as that of No. 1. The IMPROVEMENTS

 ARE A

Frame Dwelling,

and the necessary Outbuildings, all in good order, and a

PEACH ORCHARD in Bearing.

No. 3

Lies in the Second Election district on the public road from Galena to Black's Station, very near the station and not far from the Landings on Sassafras and Chester rivers, and less than a mile from the village of Locust Grove. It contains

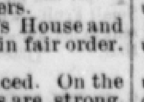
288 ACRES,

of which two hundred and forty-four acres are arable, the residue is in a detached Wood Lot.

The Farm proper contains two hundred and forty-four acres, which are divided into fields and lots, conveniently arranged for purposes of cultivation and pasture.

It has the reputation of being one of the most productive farms in its thrifty and highly improved neighborhood. The IMPROVEMENTS are a

COMMODIOUS

Frame Dwelling, 

with a Cellar, Pantry and Kitchen; a fine lawn handsomely improved with evergreens, shade trees and flowers.

There is also an Overseer's House and the usual Out-buildings, all in fair order.

These Farms are well fenced. On the lines along the public roads are strong, compact and thrifty hedges, which show intelligent culture and attention, and being in a central location are convenient to Churches, Schools, Postoffices, &c., and have easy and frequent communication by water and rail with our large cities. They are pre-eminently distinguished for their natural fertility and high state of improvement, being well adapted to cereals, peaches and other fruits.

The Home Farm

possesses rare advantages for stock raising, being nearly surrounded by running water, and No. 2 possesses like advantages. The contents of Nos. 1 and 2 may be increased or diminished by the survey to be made by C. J. Scott, Esq., plots of which will be exhibited at the sale.

No. 1 is now under the charge of Mr. S. Walker; No. 2 is occupied by Mr. S. Todd, and No. 3 by Mr. Jervis Spencer. Each of these gentlemen will be pleased to show his premises to any one desiring to view them. The following

TERMS OF SALE

are desired, but may be modified to suit the convenience of the purchasers: One-third of the whole purchase money cash on the day of sale, or on its final ratification, at the option of the seller; residue in equal instalments of six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months from the day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by bond with approved surety or sureties, bearing interest from Jan. 1st, 1885, when absolute possession will be given.

RICHARD HYNSON,

July 12—tds. TRUSTEE.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

"Reed Barton has lost his fortune!" announced Mr. Van Alstyne, one morning at the breakfast table in the great dining-room of the Beach hotel. Clara Parker dropped the massive fork which she held, and turned a very frightened face, and a pair of dilated blue eyes upon the speaker.

"Impossible!" she ejaculated, her breath coming and going in uneven gasps, her white hand suddenly growing cold, and shaking so violently that the diamond solitaire which she wore scintillated like a fiery star.

"Is it really true, Mr. Van Alstyne?" she queried, her face growing slowly whiter.

He nodded carelessly.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis true!'" he quoted, nonchalantly. It was not his misfortune and he could afford to be nonchalant. "The N—— Bank has suspended," he went on, "and I happened to know that Barton's money was invested there. Poor Reed! what a pity, for he is a very prince of good fellows!"

Miss Parker's blonde head drooped lower over her plate, but it was observed by the rest of the party that her interest in the morning meal had suddenly disappeared. Just as soon as she could politely withdraw from her companions she went to her own room. Her face was as pale as death, save for a lurid spot upon her white cheeks, and there was an angry glitter in the deep blue eyes. Closing the door behind her, she stopped short, the breath coming in panting gasps, the small, white teeth set hard together upon the rosy lip.

"Ruined!" She hissed the word forth with angry emphasis. "His fortune gone and he has not come to me with the intelligence, but leaves it to a stranger to break the news! Reed Barton a beggar; and he is my betrothed husband! I will never marry a poor man—never! He understands that perfectly; perhaps that accounts for his keeping the loss of his money a secret from me! But, I know the truth at last, and he shall be free before the sun goes down!"

She seated herself at her writing desk, and penned a line to her betrothed husband—a cruel line, in which she told him she had discovered the loss of his fortune, and that it was impossible for her to become the wife of a poor man. She drew the diamond engagement ring from her finger, and inclosing it in the letter, addressed and dispatched it at once.

Up and down one of the long verandas of the hotel Reed Barton was pacing slowly. A handsome man of thirty, with a dark, resolute face, and earnest brown eyes.

"I wish I could forget her!" he muttered, half angrily, while involuntarily his eyes wandered toward a group upon the lawn, in a retired corner, just in range of his vision, under the shade of a huge oak tree—such a pretty group—a study for a painter.

Half a dozen pretty children in their quaint Mother Hubbard and Kate Greenaway costumes, bright spots of color against the green background of velvety grass, with the drooping oak boughs overhead; and in their midst, a girl of perhaps eighteen years, with a pale, delicate face and satiny braids of bronze-brown hair, and deep, lustrous brown eyes—a face once seen not easily forgotten.

The young man's eyes kindled as they rested upon her; children clustered about her like bees around a blossom—her big sun-hat half shading the clear, pale face; the two small hands busily engaged in weaving daisy chains. A charming little study it all made, to be sure!

Ethel Fenton was quite unconscious of the admiring gaze upon her, for the spot that she had chosen was retired, and she did not dream of Reed Barton's proximity. He was gazing at her now with his very soul in his eyes.

"I love her, God forgive me!" he muttered; "yet I am Clara Parker's betrothed husband, and ——" the words died upon his lips, as a footstep sounded at his side, a waiter approached and laid a letter in his hand. Reed took it mechanically and tore it open. Something small and glittering rolled from the envolpe and fell to the floor. He stopped and picked it up, and his face went slowly pale as he recognized his ring.

"What does it mean?" he cried. But a hasty perusal of the letter revealed its meaning.

He was free! Strange, what a wild, exultant thrill flashed through his heart. Free! No longer bound to the pretty fashion-plate which had pleased his artistic eye, and captured his fancy without really touching his heart, but whose true nature he had discovered before it was too late. For it was not his heart that she had prized, she cared only for gold. But he knew her motives now, and he was conscious of a thrill of gratitude.

"Where did she hear that story?" he wondered, and there was an odd twinkle in his dark eyes. "Ethel Fenton is a poor girl," he went on reflectively, "will she refuse me for lack of gold?"

And without any further preliminary, he carried the letter straight to Ethel. She glanced up frankly as she saw him approaching, and a pretty pink flush crept slowly into her cheeks.

"Good-morning, Mr. Barton!" she said. He seated himself deliberately at her side upon the rustic seat. "May I encroach upon your time for a few moments Miss Ethel?" he asked. Somehow, as the question passed his lips, his heart sank a little. What if she were like that other woman after all, and cared for nothing but gold! The color deepened in Ethel's cheeks; she turned to her little comrades. "Run away with nurse, now, children!" she commanded, and they obeyed her at once, for every child loved her. Sitting under the oak-tree at her side, Reed Barton told her of his love, and laying Miss Parker's letter in her hand, begged her to read it, and answered his question, for he had loved her long (though he had striven to repress that love while he was bound to another), and he wanted her for his wife. She read the letter slowly, and the indignant blood flushed into her cheeks.

"MR. BARTON" (it said),—"The news of your loss of fortune has just reached me through an acquaintance. I can never consent to marry a poor man, so I release you from the engagement existing between us.

Yours, etc., "CLARA PARKER."

"Cruel, heartless woman!" panted Ethel, for she was frank and open as the day; "How could she act so heartlessly?"

He bent his handsome head, and ventured to take possession of her little hand.

"Would you despise me because of poverty?" he asked, eagerly. "Ethel, can you love me?"

"I do love you!" she faltered. "Since you are free, there is no longer any reason to conceal it. I despise a mercenary nature. Reed, I will be your wife, and we will work, and perhaps——"

She never finished, for his kisses upon her lips checked further utterance.

The moments slipped by, and still they sat there so absorbed in each other that they did not hear Clara Parker's light footfall upon the grass until she had reached the spot.

Reed glanced up and his eyes were full of exultation.

"Miss Parker," he began, I am afraid a trifle maliciously, "Miss Fenton has promised to become my wife! Congratulate us, will you not? And, by the way, it was not my fortune that went down with the failure of the F—— Bank, but my uncle Reed's; our names happen to be the same, you know! I am quite as wealthy as ever; and indeed, I am the richest man in the round world to-day, for I have won the heart of a woman who did not fail me when I tested her affection; and whose love was not influenced by worldly considerations, even the lack of gold!"

Miss Clara Parker is a cross old maid to-day; and she cordially detests poor Mr. Van Alstyne, for having been the unintentional cause of her great mistake.

THEY were sitting on the sofa in the front parlor and he was holding her little hand in his own. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her and she asked sweetly: "Adolphus, are you a 'bolter'?" Just then the old gentleman's footstep sounded on the top stair and as he wildly grabbed his hat Adolphus answered: "Yes, darling—good-bye."—*Boston Post.*

TELEMACHUS, exclaims Burdette, don't let me hear you laughing at a woman again because she can't sharpen a pencil. When you want something in that line to laugh at, do you just contemplate a man cutting out a paper pattern with a pair of scissors, by the united efforts of his right hand, lower jaw and two-thirds of his tongue.

FIRE and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison to the babbler.

WHO seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.

EVERYONE can master a grief but he that hath it.

A GOOD LAWYER.

There are lawyers and—lawyers. Besides, the epithet "good" is so equivocal as to leave one in doubt as to its meaning, when applied to a lawyer. If all members of the profession were as "good" as the Mr. Hackett, of Portsmouth, N. H., the country might rest in peace that flows from confidence, while lawyers rule it.

"He did not," says a former student in his office, "look upon his profession simply as a means of earning money, but as his place for doing good in the world."

An anecdote illustrates how Hackett, when a young practitioner and in a trying emergency, proved himself a "good" lawyer and a good man. In those days the country trader did not pay cash for purchases, but gave notes to the city merchant. So long as he paid it, or at least a part of its face, about the time it matured all went along all right between him and his creditors.

But should he prove unduly remiss, or should it be rumored that he was "hard up" then there was a race between creditors. Each one ran to serve the first attachment on the debtor's property, as that writ must be satisfied in full before any other.

When young Hackett trudged from his father's house to seek his fortune, he passed a night in the house of Mr. Coe, a country merchant of means. As he was leaving the next morning, Mrs. Coe jocosely said:

"You are going to be a lawyer. Now, remember, if any of my husband's notes come into your office, you won't sue on them without letting him know beforehand."

Five years after a client called on Mr. Hackett to bring suit forthwith upon several notes, and among them was one given by Mr. Coe. The hard times had caused many failures and the client was scared.

Just as Mr. Hackett was about putting the attachment writ in an officer's hands, his promise to Mrs. Coe flashed through his mind. But there was his duty to his client, who had given him peremptory instructions, besides four hundred dollars were at stake.

Taking the officer, he rode to Mr. Coe's. He was absent. Mrs. Coe, on learning the cause of the visit, said that an attachment would ruin her husband, as every creditor would rush in with his demands. If he was given a little time every dollar should be paid.

The young lawyer decided instantly upon his course. Assuring Mrs. Coe that her husband should suffer no harm, he returned to Portsmouth. The next morning he drew from the bank all the money he had in the world—two hundred dollars. The bank discounted his own note, indorsed by its president, for two hundred more. When his client came in the following conversation ensued:

"Well, 'Squire," said the client, "have you secured my Coe note?"

"Yes."

"What have you got it on to?"

"This is what I've got it on to," taking from his desk a roll of bank bills.

"Why, what does this mean? If I'd supposed he was that kind of a man, I wouldn't have sued him."

"You or anybody else ought to be ashamed to sue a man like Mr. Coe, when you could get your money by calling for it."

"That's so, 'squire; I am ashamed; I'm very sorry, too."

He was so sorry that he willingly paid the expenses, and went away grateful to the lawyer and full of kindly feeling toward his late debtor. The next day Mr. Coe, pale and agitated, appeared in the lawyer's office.

"Mr. Hackett, have you sued me?" were his first words.

"Oh, no," was the reassuring reply.

"I'm all right, then," added Mr. Coe, opening his wallet; "I've got the money here. But if you'd sued me 'twould have started everybody else."

Laying down a sum far exceeding the debt, he begged Mr. Hackett to help himself to a liberal fee.

"Not a cent, sir," promptly replied the man who preferred to assuage strife rather than foment it. "For I shamed the costs of my client."

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of persons' faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with houses of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—but who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for ought we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you a better plan,
And find it works as well,
To try my own defects to cure
Ere others' faults I tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend and foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know.
Remember; curses sometimes like
Our chickens, roost at home!
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

An Accident Worth Millions.

Mr. B. F. Jones owes his fortune to shrewdness in taking advantage of an accident, says a Pittsburg letter to the New York *Mail and Express.* About thirty years ago, when the rolling mill of his firm, then Jones & Lauth, could have stood on a narrow avenue without obstructing the pavement on either side, one of the workmen got his heavy iron tongs, weighing about fifty pounds, fast to a bar of hot iron. The bar was already in the jaws of the rapidly whirling rolls. There was no time to release the tongs and they went through the rolls under a ponderous pressure. Insead of being crushed and broken, they came out at the other side flattened out of shape, of no more use as tongs, but a bar of iron of a high polish and changed texture.

The firm made no fuss about it, but had a quiet consultation among themselves. They set to work analyzing and experimenting. The result was that instead of a discharge the workman who let the tongs go through cold got a bonus of $20,000, and instead of the little one-horse rolling mill the present immense plant was constructed. It makes cold rolled iron under an exclusive patent at an immense profit, and the head of the lucky firm, who is now chairman of the Republican national committee, is a millionaire about ten times over. At the time the tongs got fast he kept the books and his partner looked after the mill. Mr. Lauth retired from the firm some years ago, and when the patent on the cold rolled process was reissued received $100,000 from the new firm for his share of it.

SETTLING THE DOUBT.—I was hunting for the hammer not long since, and was getting out of patience. After inquiring of the chaps—who, of course knew nothing about it—my little Ruth, 4 years old, looked up into my face, and beaming with a smile as bright and soft as Heaven, said: "Pa, I know where the hammer is." I patted her on the head and told her she was the smartest one of the whole lot, and then I asked her: "Where is it, honey?" to which she replied: "It's lost." That settled it.—*Harrison (Ga.) Banner.*

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.—She had just returned from Vassar, and papa was stroking her hair fondly. "I hope, my dear," said the old man, "that you haven't acquired any of the vulgar slang phrases which so many of the Vassar young ladies are said to use." "You bet I haven't, papa," she replied brightly; "when anybody catches me talking slang he is specially invited to slug me in the seventh rib." "That is right, my daughter, never indulge in slang. It gives a young lady dead away."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A WEEK or two ago, in Philadelphia, Mary A. Getz and William Sinner were joined in wedlock. Happy combination.

See in this race for happiness
The husband is the winner,
For he, as usual, gets a saint,
While Mary Getz a Sinner.—*Hawkeye.*

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 for 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.

Hope as a Remedy Against Disease.

Dr. J. Mortimer Granville has been lately rather severely handled by the medical press of London, because he wrote a letter on this subject to one of the daily papers. He is criticised as having performed an unethical act in thus advertising himself in an unprofessional manner in a lay journal. This question we will leave to our transatlantic brethren, while we say a few words upon the subject matter of his letter.

But little touched upon, hope as a remedy against disease is, if wisely and judiciously employed, one of the most valuable and useful means that the physician can employ. Call it what we may, and reason about it as we please, no man of experience will for on instant question that imagination, the prejudices, the mental condition, the conviction of the patient, in many cases, exerts a most powerful and a most real influence upon the progress and termination of diseased conditions. Has it not happened to every one of our readers (it repeatedly has to us) to discover accidentally, so to speak, a condition of chronic disease, which has evidently been present for years, and yet the patient has maintained fairly good health, and is, at the time of the discovery, in no immediate apparent danger; yet when told that he is afflicted with an incurable disease that may carry him off in a few days, or that he may live for months, immediately wilts, like the sensitive plants when touched, and dies in a day or two?

Again, do we not all know of cases of chronic disease, in persons with a happy, hopeful, contented disposition, disease that we felt sure would soon prove fatal? And yet we see them go on day after day and year after year enjoying apparently good health. Of course we are familiar with and thoroughly recognize the fact that worry, that mental anxiety, is diametrically opposed to good health and long life; and in this fact we recognize the explanation of the influence of depressing opinions and advice; for if we tell a man with a nervous tempetament that he *may* die in a few days, from that moment all peace and contentment vanishes from his life, while anxiety, worry, and unrest take possession of his whole being.

The practical point to be deduced from these reflections is that it will redound not only to your patient's advantage, but also to your own professional reputation, to make it a rule always to take the most hopeful view that is possible of the patient's condition, especially when the man or woman is one of the "nervous, worrying kind," and always to remember that "hope kept alive" is the great secret of success among quacks. Let us steal their thunder.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

THE HORSE AT CAMP-MEETINGS.

The recent riot at the Chestertown camp-meeting, it is stated, grew out of a dispute over a sick horse. Angry words led to blows, and the use of stones, clubs and finally pistols. Camp-meetings are sacred gatherings and if they are to be disturbed and broken up and some of the devotees mangled or killed it would be better to keep horses out of the ground altogether. Sick horses ought to remain at home. If they are to be permitied to go about as they please from one camp-meeting to another there will soon be no camp-meetings, and the railroad companies will run their trains at a dead loss. A camp-meeting that is quarantined against all quadrupeds has more opportunity of cultivating harmony and peace than a camp-meeting that is running on a free-for-all plan where any evil-designing animal may enter and create discord.

From all reports the horse that cause the disgraceful affair at Chestertown was well when he entered the woods, but soon after was seen to walk up to a tree and lean against it, while his countenance betokened agony and severe attack of colic. Suggestion and counter suggestion were freely exchanged among those anxious to relieve the sufferings of the brute. But before any of the remedies could be applied the row began, and before it had ended four men were more or less seriously injured by pistol-bullets or other missiles.

Those who suspected the designing nature of the beast marked the agility with which he left the vicinity as soon as the bullets began to fly, and noted also the look of serene satisfaction which flitted across his countenance as he saw the man from Smyrna drop with a piece of lead in his groin. The beast was evidently instigated by some supernaturally bad influence, and in order to avoid a repetition of visitations of this kind, the authorities of the camp-meeting should establish a quarantine and employ veterinary experts to examine all animals before entering the grounds.—*Balt. Herald.*

AMENDING THE VERDICT.

The train was just entering Erin, Tenn., when he heard the sharp toot! toot! toot! of the whistle, and such passengers as looked from the windows saw an aged African with a bundle over his shoulder straight ahead on the track. The whistle was blown and the bell rang, but he paid no attention, and all of a sudden the cowcatcher picked him up and flung him fifty feet to one side. A gang of men brought the body to the depot, and among the dozen of us who stopped off at the village a coroner's jury was selected. It seemed a plain enough case. The man came to his death by being struck by a locomotive on the L. N. road. Such was the verdict rendered, but no sooner was it announced than the coroner observed:

"Gentlemen, return and amend your verdict. You haven't said anything about carelessness."

We returned to the room and amended by adding that the engineer was blameless in the case, and the coroner received us with:

"Very good, gentlemen, as far as it goes, but the man was probably deaf, and it would be well to amend the verdict accordingly."

We went back and amended to make the verdict as deaf as a hitching post, but we were not through yet.

"You haven't got the name of the county in your report, and you don't say whether it was a freight or a passenger train," observed the coroner.

We returned to the room for another tussle, and were just congratulating ourselves on having everything ship-shape, when the coroner put his head into the doorway and called out:

"Gentlemen, amend your verdict! The confounded corpse has come to life!"

And when we rushed out to the freight-house he was sitting up on one end and asking if any-one had seen his bundle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Irrefutable Argument.

Mrs. Blank—"I want some money for Chinese lanterns, ice-cream, lemonade, cake and other refreshments."

Mr. Blank—"Great Cæsar! Do you think I'm a Vanderbilt? What do you want all that for?"

"I am going to give a lawn party."

"A lawn party! Why, we haven't any lawn."

"We have a little back yard."

"But it is paved with brick, except where you have beds of flowers and shrubbery."

"Well, the place where you spend your evenings drinking beer and listening to a ramshackle piano is paved with brick, too, and hasn't a flower or a twig in it, and yet you call it a 'garden.' Guess our back yard will do for a lawn."

Mr. Blank shelled out.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Breaking it Gently.

Young Wife—"My dear, you were the stroke oar at college, weren't you?"

Young Husband—"Yes, love."

"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic class?"

"I was the leader."

"And quite a hand at all athletic contests?"

"Quite a hand? My gracious! I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying! why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and ——"

"Well, love, just please carry the baby for a couple of hours; I'm tired."—*Phila. Call.*

A SAD LOOK AHEAD.—First school-girl, with sudden interest: "Oh, I forgot to tell you that I was engaged!"

"Really?"

"Oh, yes; and I am so happy I don't know what to do."

"That's just the way I felt, but after you have been engaged thirteen or fourteen times you won't give it a second thought. Indeed, you'll have to stop to think of his name."—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is only by labor that thought can be made healthy; and it is only by thought that labor can be made happy.