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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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. y

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.

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. M. T. C. EARLE.
C. C. TILGHMAN.
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. 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.

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.

Largest Carriage Factory in the World!
EMERSON & FISHER.
Carriages of every style. Phaetons, Buggies, Family Carriages, Light Wagons, &c., to suit every one. For style, painting, durability, &c., unequalled. Descriptive circulars free; terms easy. We know of no vehicle made for the price, worthy of comparison.
WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
s19-tf. Edesville, Kent county., Md.

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; pays terms. Address
WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,
Gen'l Agts., Edesville, Md.

1850. LISTER'S FERTILIZERS. 1884
NO CHANGE—NO VARIATION—FROM THE HIGH STANDARD FIRST ADOPTED.

LISTER'S FERTILIZERS!

So well known to agricultural communities are offered to the Farmers with the assurance that the quality and grade are as they have been of the highest order.

Persons who have used these goods through a series of years continue to apply them with great success, realizing full crops and permanent improvement of the land. Some of the largest yields of Wheat in this county this year, and heaviest fields of clover were produced through the application of the preparations of

LISTER BROTHERS.

WM. N. E. WICKES
Is the Agent for the LISTERS,
and will be glad to fill orders at any time or at any of the Landings on the Bay or River. Orders left at the store of WICKES & BROTHER will receive prompt attention. CHESTERTOWN, Aug. 2—12t.

Fertilizers for Wheat and Clover!
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
No. 1 Ammo. Superphosphate of Lime & Potash
—AND—
CHESTER COMPOUND.

A number of the finest crops of Wheat in the County have been raised by the application of the above Fertilizers. They have been on trial for a number of years with increased popularity after each year's use. They contain no adulterating material and their present high standard will be maintained. I would be pleased to have buyers call before purchasing.

Also, for sale Dissolved Bone Phosphate (South Carolina) and Alkaline Salts. Price $20 and interest on crop time.
aug9-9t. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

For the Permanent Improvement of Old and worn out lands, large yields of Grain and all General Products requiring a thorough and complete assimilation of the elements required, there is NOTHING BETTER than
Star Bone Phosphate,
RELIABLE. Thoroughly Established,
And THE LEADING BONE PHOSPHATE in the market.
PlanetBrand Phosphate!
COMPANION to STAR BONE,
DIFFERS ONLY IN ANALYSIS, AND CORRESPONDINGLY LOW IN PRICE.
This article, containing a large per cent. of Ammoniacal Matter, German Potash, Soluble Phosphoric Acid and Insoluble Bone, thoroughly, manipulated, commends itself to all who want a
GOOD FERTILIZER AT A LOW PRICE.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
Peninsular Bone Fertilizer Co.,
SMYRNA, DELAWARE,
Importers and Manufacturers of Fertilizers and Fertilizer Supplies.
J. E. TYGERT, President. *W. G. PIERCE, Sec. and Treas.*
March 29-7m.

"MONARCH"
SUPER-PHOSPHATE!
Manufactured of PURE ANIMAL BONE,
—BY—
C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

These goods, so well and favorably known to the Farmers in this and adjoining Counties, have for this season been greatly improved and are GUARANTEED to contain no South Carolina Rock, nor any adulterating material.
STRICTLY PURE ANIMAL BONE, raw and dissolved, constantly on hand and for sale at exceedingly low prices.
KAINIT and all other fertilizing material.
Inspection and comparison of quality and prices solicited.
BALTIMORE OFFICE, cor. Light and German sts., in charge of
C. C. McCOLGAN & CO., Seedsmen.
All kinds of Flower, Garden and Field SEEDS, fresh and genuine.
Catalogue free. Aug. 2, 1884—s.

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

BUY
'OLD KENT'
PHOSPHATE!

It has now been in this market for several years and been tested by the side of the best brands and found quite equal to any of them.
I am now taking orders for this fall's trade. Any orders left with Esquire Burgess, at my office, will receive prompt attention. J. W. HINES,
Office Court St., Chestertown, Md.
Aug. 16—8t.

The I. P. THOMAS
TIP TOP RAW BONE
Superphosphate!
ACKNOWLEDGES
NO SUPERIOR!

Sold under written guarantees, when customers desire, that product shall be equal for money invested to that produced by any Fertilizer sold in the State.
Contains not one pound of low grade material or adulteration to the ton.
Always in the best mechanical condition and drills without attention.
The only Fertilizer in the country offered on substantial guarantees.
Our customers are among the best farmers in Kent, and this paper could be filled with testimonials of the highest and most flattering character.
We propose to sell on merit and will not make a personal canvass.
Orders addressed to *I. P. THOMAS*, Chesney, Del. Co., Pa., or
J. W. HICKMAN,
Still Pond, Kent co., Md.,
will receive prompt attention. Blank forms of agreement may be had on application. aug16-7t.

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.

ELLIOTT & GEMMILL.
Farmers' Agency
Specialties - - - Fall Trade.
WIND MILL,
Iron Turbine, Strong, Durable, Reliable Force Pump.
BUCKEYE, None Better. Try It!
BUCKEYE
DRILLS. - - - - DRILLS.
DOUBLE FORCE
Wheat. - - - No Bunching.
PHOSPHATE
GLASS FEED. - GLASS FEED.
NO CLOGGING
With Glass Feed! With Glass Feed!
CAN'T RUST
The Glass Feed! The Glass Feed!
PHOSPHATE
Must Go! - - - - Must Go!
This DRILL will be appreciated by every one who sees it. We have had one year's trial and pronounce it a perfect success. Our outlook is exceedingly good; we find our Farmer friends busy trying to get up clubs so as to buy at bottom prices. Look to your interest Farmers of Kent County, and don't buy until you see the GLASS FEED.
WM. A. ELLIOTT,
Chestertown, - - - Maryland.
August 16, 1884.

LOT OF BRACKETS,
WALL POCKETS, &c.,
Will be closed out about cost.
jy19. LOUIS KSTAM.

FIFTH FAIR
AT ELKTON, MD.,
—OF THE—
CECIL CO. AGRICU'L SOCIETY,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Oct. 7th, 8th, 9th & 10th, 1884.
COMPETITION OPEN TO ALL!
The Premium List is full and liberal. There will be a large collection of choice breeds of Horses and Cattle, Sheep and Swine. There is full accommodations for them and their display.
The exhibition of Products of Farm, Garden, Orchard, &c., will be numerous and superior.
The Household, Ladies' Fancy and Floral Departments—all of great variety and superior.
Several Trials of Speed in Trotting each day, and liberal premiums offered for Running Races; also a Hurdle Race, with various amusements daily. Farm Machinery and Manufactures will be there in great variety.
Cheap Excursion Rates from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Smyrna, Oxford, Peach Bottom and all intermediate way stations.
No Charge for Freight on return of Exhibits from the Fair. Entry Books for Exhibits open on the 20th of September. Entries for Trials of Speed close September 22d, at 11 P. M.
For Premium Lists, send to
JOHN PARTRIDGE, SEC'Y,
s20-tdf. Elkton, Maryland.

THE SEVENTH
ANNUAL STATE FAIR
OF THE
Agricultural Society of Delaware,
AT FAIRVIEW PARK,
DOVER, DEL.,
Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Liberal Premiums.
Competition open to the World.
Grand display of Live Stock, Cereals, Agricultural Implements and Machinery; also, Household Products and Fine Arts.
TWO GRAND MUSICAL CONCERTS DAILY
—BY—
OGLESBY'S CHESTER CORNET BAND.
Trials of speed daily by some of the finest horses in the country.
See Prof. Jackson's Grand Display of Fireworks on Wednesday Evening, Oct. 1st. No Extra charge to visitors who remain on the grounds. Trains North and South after the Fire-works are over.
The Exhibitions given on Thursday and Friday Oct. 2d and 3d, by Miss Louisa Armain, Profs. Price and Eck, on bicycles will be worth seeing.
The Managers assure the public that they have spared no effort to make this excel any exhibition heretofore held on this Peninsula. See bills at your nearest roailroad station for special excursion rates. All trains stop at Fairview Park gate. Trials of speeds will be called at 12:30 P. M. sharp.
Send in your list of exhibits at once, as space is being rapidly taken. Special freight rates by Railroad to exhibitors. For catalogues and other information address
D. P. BARNARD, JR., SEC'Y.
sep13-tdf. DOVER, DEL.

If you want a fine
Receipt Book
purchase the one published by the ladies of Fairlee Grange. These receipts are gotten up by connoisseurs in the art of cooking, and, are, we believe, well adapted to fill a great want in the culinary department of the household.
Price of book 25 cents.
ag2. COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HANNAH MORE ACADEMY,
THE DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Fifteen miles from Baltimore. Noted for healthfulness, thorough instruction, careful training and the refining influence of a Christian home. The next term will begin Sept. 17th.
Rev. ARTHUR J. RICH, A. M., M. D.,
aug. 30-1m. Reistertown, Md.

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE,
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. Hepburn, 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,
a3-tf. Chestertown.

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

BROTHER BASIL.

I am called Brother Basil. I live in this old monastery with many other brothers. We have our duties, our prayers, our routine. We know nothing of the outer world save that there is sickness and death in it; that there are prisoners and those doomed to execution. We are sent to help these at times. Of the rest—of the happy, the gay, those who dance, who marry and are given in marriage—we know nothing. We are blind to fair women's faces, or should be.—Don't smile.

Once no one liked those strange creatures better than I, once no one was better liked by them. That was before I was Brother Basil.

I am five-and-thirty now, and I have lived in this convent ten years. I desire to die here, since I must die.

I will write my story down, and leave it behind me as a warning to others. I will write it down that no one may trust a false, fair face, and false, dark, devilish eyes, as I did—eyes like a gazelle's. But, oh! she was beautiful—beautiful as women seldom are—though she was not a lady, and I was a gentleman.

I was Don Basil then, and lived with my gray-haired father — a proud, haughty man, and a very rich one — in our handsome house. She was beautiful, as I have said, and I fell in love with her. Nay, why should Brother Basil have any pride? He has adjured it. I will tell you.

She was a washerwoman, and no more. She brought home the washed linen once a week in a basket on her head. But when Sunday came and I saw her crossing the plaza on her way to the cathedral, her mantilla shading her hair, a red rose just behind the ear in those great black waves that glittered as no jet does, a fan in her hand, a glove upon it—"surely," I used to say "she looks like a lady. Were she rich no one could do more credit to fine dress and jewels;" and then I said: "I will marry her and make her a lady." Father Basil does not blush for Don Basil then. Perhaps I might have done as rich men often do—wooed the poor girl and left her like a broken toy when I grew weary. Instead I gave her honest love. I spoke to her. She did not deny me—she said she also loved me. But my father—well, I knew him. I need not have doubted what he would do — how he would feel.

The night before my wedding day he said to me:

"Basil, I have never besought favor of man, but I beseech you to save my heart from breaking. Do not marry this girl, who has beguiled you. Give her money, all she asks for, and return to me. If you make her your wife I shall die of shame. Basil! Basil! you are very dear to me, and I deserve something at your hands."

Tears arose to my eyes. I bowed my head before him; but I could not do his bidding.

"Then one thing remains," he said. "Listen to me. You know I always mean what I say. The hour that you marry this woman you are no longer a son of mine; you leave my home, and I legally deprive you of all right to my estate. See!" He spread before him a parchment; "the deed is drawn; it only needs my signature. I will not sign it until you are her husband, for it is my own death warrant. But when the ring goes on her finger, I put my name here."

He struck the parchment with the back of his hand and thrust it into his bosom.

"At the last moment you may draw back," he said. "My lawyer will come to me when the ceremony is completed, not before."

"Father!" I said, "your fortune is your own; but you married the woman you loved."

"I married a lady," said he. "When you marry this washerwoman I sign the deed that disinherits you."

That night I told Pepita all.

"Let him keep his pride and his money," said she, and her eyes glittered. And though I believed my father would do as he said, I made ready for my bridal next day. The door of my father's room was still made fast. He gave me neither curse nor blessing.

In the church I met Pepita. She had neither relatives nor friends. We stood alone before the priest; only leaning against a great column, I saw a man wrapped in a cloak, with a sombrero drawn over his face.

It was Guiliam, the notary sent, I know, to bear tidings of the ceremony to my father.

As the priest pronounced the benediction the notary left the church.

We were married. I took Pepita on my arm; we passed down the aisle and out into the street. As we crossed the plaza, a man, bareheaded, and with hair floating in the wind, rushed toward us.

"In the name of God and all the saints! Don Basil—your father—he is dead!—murdered!—I went to meet him by appointment! I found the servants alarmed by his long retirement in his room, we broke down the door; he lay on the bed strangled with his own handkerchief."

"Suicide, perhaps," said Pepita. "He was angry with Don Basil for marrying me."

The notary looked at her. "We all make mistakes," he said. "We will not blame him for this; he is dead."

I heard this, even while I struggled with an awful faintness—a blindness like that of death. I felt that Pepita had charmed even the cold notary.

In a few moments I was able to walk, and, leaning on the notary's arm, to make my way homeward.

I stood in my father's room and looked down at his face, purple with the death of strangulation. His white, strong teeth, the most beautiful I had ever seen, were set tight upon something. To this the physician who stood beside him pointed.

"We must extricate it," he said. "It will be a clue to the identity of the murderer."

"Then he did not kill himself?" I gasped.

The physician turned down the bed-clothes, and I saw another handkerchief tied about the wrists.

The window had been opened, too, I heard, and a rope-ladder hung from the balcony. My father had been murdered!

How well I remember all the details of such hours. But I will not write them down. Much skill was needed to part those set teeth, and extricate what they held; but this being done, it proved to be the end of a finger, the little finger, so they told me. Whoever had murdered my father bore away a mark that would last a lifetime.

This fact saved me from suspicion, for one who would have been disinherited the next day might well be suspected if he who was to disinherit him died a foul death at night. But search was in vain. We found no token of the guilty person, who, doubtless, we said, had flown in terror of apprehension before he could secure the valuables which must have been his object.

The funeral took place. The days of mourning passed. In my grief I had half forgotten my bride; but she bore herself well and with dignity. Dressed in black, veiled in her mantilla, black gloves on her hands, a black fan shading her eyes, she seemed to mourn as deeply as I did.

"She is as dignified as a queen," said the notary to me. "She will adorn her station."

We had been married for weeks, and so occupied had I been with this horror that had fallen upon me that I had not given her a caress; but time soothes all emotions. At last, though I still grieved for my father, my passion for Pepita returned. One evening we sat together on the balcony, and life seemed sweet again. As the night drew on I led her to our own apartment. It was the first time that we had entered it.

Shall I ever forget that hour—the look of her face, the perfume of the rose in her hair, the warm, sweet stillness of the summer night? I placed her in a great chair and knelt at her feet. My head rested on her bosom.

"Pepita," I said, "we are alone. Forget the ceremony which becomes you so well. Your mantilla hides your beautiful hair. Cast it aside."

She obeyed me. She also drew the golden comb from her hair and let it float over my face in its perfumed pleniteousness.

"Take off your gloves, Pepita," I said, "It has pleased me to see you gloved so well, but now we are alone."

I heard her heart give one quick throb.

"Basil," she said, "let me keep gloves on my rough, washerwoman's hands until idleness whitens them, even when alone with you?"

"Absurd," said I. "I love your hands and all; take off your gloves and let me kiss them."

At this Pepita removed the glove of her left hand, on which my wedding-ring shone.

"Your hands are white already," I said, covering them with kisses. "Now the other."

"No," said she. "It's a whim of mine.

I looked at her.

"I burnt my hand yesterday," she said. "I desire to keep it gloved."

I knelt no more before her.

"Pepita," I said, "take off your glove."

"What a tyrant, Basil," she said, "Listen. I will confess. I made a vow that if I might be your wife and a great lady I would never take off my gloves. I have half broken it now, so pardon me if I do not quite do so."

"Pepita," I said, "you made another vow to obey me, your husband, remove your gloves."

"Very well," said she, humbly.

"I will remove my glove, and you are my husband, and you also made a vow to me."

She drew the glove, and as she did so, dropped her hand into the folds of her dress.

I approached her and took it in my own.

Often and often had those little hands rested in mine or played with my long hair. I knew their every dimple. And now, what was this I saw? A hand torn and mutilated! Heaven! The courage she had had to hide such pain! And of the little finger, only a stump remaining! It had been seared with a hot iron. So had the great torn bite across the back—but, ah! the horrible hand!

I looked at her. She looked at me.

"I am your wife," she said. "My name is yours. Basil, I love you."

"He was my father," I answered. "Yet you are my wife. You may put on your glove again."

People said many things concerning us when we parted so soon. She was unfaithful, I jealous—but no one knew.

She lives in her handsome house, and I have heard that her elegance in always wearing gloves is admired by many, while others enviously whisper "washerwoman's hands."

I, and the portion of my fortune I reserved for myself, belong to this monastery.

She bears my old name, I am only Brother Basil. This is all I tell you, but you know the story. I know not if I may be forgiven for my silence hereafter, but she was my wife.

A BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

Brown was a bachelor and a bolter. No matter which of the two great parties he had bolted from—sufficient to know that he was a bolter and was turning his attention in the direction of a new party. Mrs. Jones was a bouncing widow who had wept at the tombs of two husbands and popular report said she was not averse to trying a third. Brown had visited the widow often, but had never made any approach to a proposal, greatly to her dissatisfaction, for Brown was considered an eligible party himself.

One day they were sitting together on the widow's front porch and silence had reigned for some little time, each being absorbed in thought. Brown's mind was running on politics and the widow was wondering why he didn't propose. At length Brown turned abruptly to the widow and said:

"Mrs. Jones, would you object to a third party?"

The widow gave a great start, for this was certainly a great start towards the long looked for declaration, and she stammered, "why, really Mr. Brown, this is a little sudden. I had not thought—"

"Of course you haven't thought," interrupted Brown. "Few women have. But you must think. Now the two old parties—"

"The two old parties!" cried Mrs. Jones, throwing up her hands in holy horror.

"Yes," continued Brown, "as I was about to say, the two old parties are dead and buried beyond a resurrection."

"Beyond a resurrection!"

"Never to rise again," said Brown. "Not even Gabriel's trumpet can ever wake them from their tomb."

"Mrs. Jones began to weep. "Why, Mr. Brown, how could you talk in that unfeeling manner? To be sure, they had their faults, as who has not, yet—"

"We will not talk about that," said Brown waving it aside with a gesture of the hand; what is wanted now is a third party. Don't you feel it as a necessity?" he added turning earnestly to the widow.

"Why Mr. Brown!" murmured Mrs. Jones, hiding her gathering blushes behind her fan.

"I see the necessity, if no one else does," continued Brown. "There will be incongruities at first, I grant you, for politics makes strange bedfellows, as they say. (The widow gave a little shriek.) Now, I ask you, Mrs. Jones, as a woman of sense and observation, would you accept a third party?"

To Mr. Brown's amazement and consternation the widow threw herself ponderously upon his bosom and softly murmured: "Yes, Browny, dear, I accept you. My heart has been yours all along, and I know we shall be very, very happy, won't we, darling?"

Now Brown is debating whether to accept the situation and become the widow's third party or be a party to a suit for damages in the courts.

IN GOOD SOCIETY.

Enter a room as if you felt yourself entitled to a welcome, but wished to take no undue advantage of it.

In walking always keep to the right.

Do not press a favor where you see it will be unwelcome.

Treat all the guests you meet at your friend's table, for the time being, as your equals.

Never profess to be that which you are not. Everybody laughs when the plumes are borrowed; but if they are imaginary, the laugh may turn into a frown.

You must never send a visiting card by post.

Do not rush into a friendship with every one you meet. Friendships so quickly made are quickly broken.

In another man's house do not take upon yourself to play the host—not even at the host's request.

In making gifts let them be in proportion to your means. A rich man does not thank a poor man for making him a present which he knows the giver cannot afford.

Do not claim the acquaintance of a man of rank on the ground that you once met him at a house to which he had been invited.

Let it be said of you as it was said of Macaulay, that he remembered everything "except an injury."

In making calls do your best to enlighten the infliction to your hosts. Do not stay long, and do not enter upon a subject of conversation which may terrify her with the apprehensions that you intend to remain until you have exhausted it.

Do not give another, even if it be a better, version of a story already told by one of your companions.

The touchstone of good manners is the way in which a man behaves to his superiors or inferiors.

A young lady should remember that silence is golden, and not to speak too often, or too long, or too glibly. Let what you say be to the purpose, and let it be so said that if we forget the speech we may recollect the manner of it.

I Doubt It.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you can—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you guard it, and keep it, and act the good part?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

ROSCOE CONKLING ON BLAINE.—It is my deliberate opinion that Mr. Blaine acts as the attorney of Jay Gould. Whenever Mr. Thurman and I have settled upon legislation to bring the Pacific railroads to terms of equity with the Government, up has jumped James G. Blaine, musket in hand, from behind the breastworks of Gould's lobby to fire in our backs.

ONLY A TOOTH.

An English Lord's Love for a Widow and the Sequel.

During the London season of this year a unique piece of jewelry worn by Lord C., a brilliant carpet knight, has been the subject of much comment in high-life society. It was nothing else but a small snow-white tooth set in jewels, hanging just as a coin might on his watch chain, but this tooth was a present from the beautiful Mrs. Georgiana R., a young widow, who was in love with Lord C. During a morning visit, which her lover made in the spring, he had accused her of flirting with every one, and had said very bitterly, "You profess to love me, but how am I to believe it when I see you smiling on the rest, just the same as with me? If you only knew what sorrow it gives me when I see you smiling and joking with your suitors you would have pity on me."

"But what shall I do then?" inquired the pretty widow, gayly. "I am always merry and fond of amusement, but there is no harm in that. Why should I look glum when people say amusing things to me?"

"You have no feeling for me, and, I repeat I do not understand your levity. You know that you are never more beautiful than when you laugh, when you show your fine teeth, and that is why you always laugh; it is the same to you whether your flirting gives me pain or not!"

Mrs. Georgiana turned her back to the jealous one and laughed. Lord Cecil remained at the window and drummed on the panes. After a short pause she stepped up to him and putting her small hand on his arm, said:

"What do you ask or exact from me, you Othello? What proof of my love shall I give you? What do you ask? What do you wish? Is it only that I shall laugh no more."

"Would you really give me a proof were I to ask you for it? Yes, indeed, it would make me the happiest of mortals if you will give me as a proof—"

"What, then?"

"One of your pretty little teeth!"

"What do you say? That is indeed a barbarous request!"

"Only one of your many, the smallest front one, and then you may laugh as much as you please."

"But, then, won't you think me so ugly that you won't care for me any more?"

"Georgiana, I swear to you that my love is undying, and that I would love you all the more for it."

Without another word the young lady rang the bell and sent the servant a message and after the lapse of a quarter of an hour he returned, accompanied by a gentleman clothed in black, who was shown into the back boudoir. Soon a little shriek was heard, and a few minutes later she returned, somewhat pale, with tightclosed lips, and presented Lord Cecil with a milk-white but blood-covered little tooth, which he covered with kisses. Then she begged him to retire, as she wished to be alone. The young lord had the expensive "relic" set in brilliants and wore it next his heart. From that day Mrs. Georgiana seemed unnerved. She was depressed and melancholy; only at long separated periods did a fleeting laugh slip from her lips, like a gleam of sunshine on a rainy day. Society wondered and Lord Cecil scarce knew her again. He felt his love lessking away, drop by drop, like water in a cracked glass. Then it dawned upon him that it was her cheerful spirits and her silvery laughter which he had loved. One day, full of doubt, he hastened to her and taking her by the hand said:

"Do you still love me, my Georgiana?"

"What a question!" answered Mrs. R., angrily: "Have I not sufficiently proved to you how much I love you, and is not our wedding day near at hand?"

"But I want you to give me another proof of your love!"

"And what may that be!"

"Let your tooth be put in again?"

"There we have it!" cried Georgiana, triumphantly. "I said beforehand that you would not love me afterward. And this is the reason men have to call us capricious!"

"My darling, have pity on me. I curse my madness, my infatuation. Forgive me and have your tooth reset!"

"So now you really see yourself the stupidity of your jealousy, and now wish I had not given way to it?"

"Oh, how earnestly do I wish it!"

Georgiana resolved no longer to deceive him. She burst in an unrestrained peal of laughter, showing a full set of pearl-white teeth without any gap.

Lord Cecil stood like a pillar of salt and finally stammered out, looking at his charm, "And what is this?" Then, laughing all the time, Georgiana called her faithful lapdog, and, opening his rosy mouth, said, pathetically: "Here is the offering!"

"Madam," said Lord Cecil, stiffly, "I see too well that you never loved me," and with that he left the house in deep dudgeon.

"Will they marry or not?" So queried society lately, when the event became known. The young man at last appears to have seen the error of his ways, and it is announced that they will shortly be married.

SIGNIFICANCE OF RINGS.

A person who writes to the Brooklyn *Eagle* and inquires as to the significance of rings is thus answered:

It is understood that a gentleman who desires to marry wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left or heart hand. When he becomes engaged the ring passes to the second finger. After marriage it passes to the third finger. If, however, the gentleman desires his lady friends to clearly understand that he is not "in the market" and does not wish to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger. This will inform all ladies that he is beyond reach. With the ladies a plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the left hand indicates "not engaged" or ready for an offer. When engaged the ring passes to the third finger of the right hand. When married the third finger on the left hand receives the ring. When a young lady desires to defy all suitors she places rings—one on the first and one on the fourth finger. A writer on the subject of rings says: "Though the ring of gold has been looked upon as a woman for making him a present which he knows necessity in the marriage ceremony, it is by no means indispensable, and civil marriages may be contracted without it. The Puritans abolished the ring, or, rather, tried to do so; they looked upon its use as superstitious and of heathen origin. Quakers generally object to the ring on account of its heathen origin, but the ladies of that persuasion have shown a decided preference for its continuance on account of the invidious position in which a married lady might be placed on the want of it. Wedding rings are placed on the left hand to typify obedience. The reverse is probably the reason why the engaged hand is placed on the third right hand finger of a *fance*, who still possesses a large amount of freedom and frequently exercises her power in an arbitrary manner."

Morosini's Runaway Daughter.

Morosini's daughter ran away with a stable boy, a Dutchman.

The boy is a step-son to a saloon-keeper.

Morosini is Jay Gould's broker, or one of them.

He says he spent a hundred thousand on the girl.

That was enough to spoil her, one would think.

Suppose he had spent a good example on her and treated her like one of his customers.

She was an animal, not an angel. We think all women are angels; we might as well think all pullets were angels.

The girl had everything but a man.

She went out to the stable and got the man.

There is some wonder she did not take the horse.

Poor old Morosini tears out his hair. He loved the girl.

So did the Dutchman.

My Dutch barber says the Americans rain all their women.

Says he: "Look out there now on Broadway! You see a hunterd wimmins sweepin' the pavements with silk dresses. Every dress cost nigh a hunterd dollars. Dose wimmins anywhere else in the world sweep the streets with silk? Of course if you dress wimmins like that and gif them nothing to do they'l run away with some lofer. If my has everything without workin' for it they will not throw a man away. Now," says Henry, "us Dutch will haf all te money after awhile. We makes our wimmin work and not spend money. Money-spending will spile any women."