

The Kent News

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All business entrusted to us will receive our
careful attention. Communications answered
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Successors to Barkman & Lawson,
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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

No. 38.

Vol. 45.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

Come sit close by my side, my darling,
Sit up very close tonight;
Let me clasp your tremulous fingers
In mine, as tremulous quips
Lay your silver head on my bosom,
As you did when I was shining gold;
Though they say we are very old,
We are twenty-seven.

The twenty-seven years tonight, wife,
Since we knelt at the altar low,
And the good young minister of God
(He died long years ago),
Pronounced us one that Christmas eve—
How short they've seemed to me!
The years—and yet I'm sixty-seven,
And you are ninety-three.

That night I placed on your finger
A band of purest gold;
And tonight I see it shining
On the withered hand I hold.
He lights up the memories
That I'll never see again;
First of all are the merry children
That once made glad our home.

There was Benny, our darling Benny,
Our first-born pledge of bliss,
As beautiful a boy as ever
Felt a mother's love; and when
"Well, how's my little fellow?" I said,
"Like a flower that day—"
To feel that he should not live
Was calling him away.

Then came little and little—twins, cherubs,
Just spangled from the courts of heaven—
To comfort our hearts in our grief;
God took them as he'd given.
We said that of all our number
We had two, our pride and stay—
Two little boys, Fred and Harry—
But God thought otherwise.

Far away on the plains of Illinois,
"Friedrich" in an unknown grave;
While his little brother, Harry,
Harry snatched the wave.
So it came, darling, close—
Let me clasp your hand in mine;
Along the crowded life's journey,
Alone we have come.

"The dark; the lamps should be lighted;
And your hand has grown so cold,
Has the fire gone out of my sliver?
But, then, we are very old;
Hush! I hear sweet strains of music;
Perhaps the guests have come.
No—the children's voices—
Leave mine, very true.

On that Christmas eve they found them,
And they were together clasped;
But they never knew that their children
Had been their wedding guests.
With his hand upon his brow,
That had never ceased to love,
They held their diamond wedding
In the moonlight house above.

THE JURYMAN'S OATH.
A PERTINENT ENGLISH STORY.
BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

I was on the jury, and I don't mind telling
you just in confidence, you know—that I was
thoroughly sick of it.

It was very flattering to be called a good man
and true, and to be addressed by a man in
wig, and sworn, and to have to sit in a box
with eleven other good men and true, thinking
that you were part of an old English institution
dating back hundreds of years, for the protection
of the humblest of the wealthy, and for the
assurance for every man a righteous trial, and
against the oppression of those high in power.

Of course, I am sure you that I, James Smith,
Chesterfield, appreciated being summoned on
the jury for some things, if I did not for others.

"It seems a great shame, James," said my
wife, after the man had left the paper, "that
you should be forced to go away from your work
to sit on a jury, and without any pay."

"Well—yes," I said, speaking rather im-
pudently, with my hands in my pockets, as I
stood swaying myself to and fro before the fire,
"and heel, like a vestryman or a member of a
board of guardians." "Well—yes," my dear
but, then, you see, that jury is the palladium
of British liberty."

"The what?" she said.
"The palladium. But for the trial by jury,
wherein twelve good men and true sit in judg-
ment upon a criminal or a defendant—"

"Now, for goodness' sake, James, don't
you go on talking anything to do with it!"
"Women," I said, "I must; and, as I was ob-
serving when you so rudely interrupted me—"

"Rudely interrupted, indeed?" she cried.
"Well, it's a strange thing if a woman can't in-
terrupt her own husband."

"But the can," I said plaintively, "and she
always does. But, as I was observing, but for
the trial by jury, men with ample means would
be able to oppress their poorer fellow-creatures.
Humble John Styles would be sent to languish
in prison on the judgment of a corrupt judge,
who bought his place, or whose venality had
been secured by a heavy bribe from my lord the
Baron Fitzgibbon. You are following me, are you
not?"

"Following you? Bless my man, no," she
cried. "I don't know what you are gabbling
about. All I know is, that it seems a strange
thing that you should be forced to go away from
your business to sit boxed up in a jury box."

"And perhaps to be locked up for hours," I
said. "What, in the box, James?" cried my wife.
"Bliss us and save us, my dear, don't say they
do that."

"They lock juries up somewhere," I replied,
"and without food, too, if they do not give in
their verdict."

"Think of that, now," said my wife. "Well,
I have heard of such things, I remember now;
but I hope it won't come to that. Of course,
you will give in a verdict, so as not to be locked
up."

"I shall do my duty as a good man and true,"
I said, importantly.
"I do wish you wouldn't keep calling yourself
a good man and true," said my wife, pettishly.
"It sounds silly. But, look here, James, have
n't been married twenty years for nothing?"

"We have not, my dear," I said sadly.
"What, then, what I've been telling you, woman. The jury is the palladium of British
liberty."

"Oh, hush! Well, then, don't you condemn
your poor creature to be hanged, because if you
don't, you'll never forget it, and I shall be hav-
ing to get up and jumping up in bed
screaming, as you did after you poisoned the
Thompson's cat."

"Well, my only plain man. I've got in on
the world in my business and I understand that
business; but I don't pretend to know anything
about law or about giving judgment over a case.
I know how it stands in being right when I've
heard the whole trial, but of course not so well
as a man whose profession it is to study law
and the inn and outs of such matters. And yet,
all the same, I'm fetched from my business,
stuck in a box with a lot of others, to think like
some old lawyer, and nothing more."

"Strong language that from a man who was
boasting about trial by jury being the guardian
of British liberty? Perhaps it is; but I hadn't
been on a jury then."

"Well, the John Doe's son's brother who be-
lieved like a brother."

"Here," says he, "is my brother going into
partnership with a man whom I don't like, and
I don't like him because I've heard that he plays
old games with the friends his business
old friend has lost. I think I ought to
stop my brother if I can, and I will, and he'll be
just as badly off as the other man."

"So what does he do, as I've told you be-
fore, write to his brother?"

"Well, as a journeyman, I don't see that he did
any more. Perhaps he wrote a bit too strongly.
Perhaps that he said might have been true,
though he believed it was, and of course it was
rough upon Richard Rose; but all the same, it
was one brother writing to another brother, and
Thompson's cat."

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YOU HAPPY.
COLIN F. STAM.
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else, we do profess to be able to sell you
as good an article of any kind in our
line for as little money as can be bought
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THE KENT COUNTEY IN BROOKLYN.
A Sunday in the "City of Churches"—The
Great Talmage—His Church and Con-
gregation—A Characteristic Sermon—Sing-
ing—Arrangement—The Roll Call—Services
—A Talk of Palestine—The Manger Couch

The morning was stormy; snow mingled with
rain, which from 8 till 10, making the pave-
ments very slippery. In spite of all this we deter-
mined to go to church to hear the famous Talmage
preach. En route his residence was passed, a
large brown-stone mansion on the corner of the
street. It is said to be very handsomely fur-
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His congregation consisted principally of busi-
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handsomely dressed, but there was a scarcity
of the beautiful damask—a oddity to see in
a church in Brooklyn—would it famous for its
handsome women.

The services were opened with singing, fol-
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read the 11th chapter of the Gospel of Luke, and
the 11th verse: "For I have neither brought
peace nor quietness upon the earth; for I have
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"Well, gentlemen," says our foreman; "I
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