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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*

Vol: 45. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1885. No. 42.

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.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with H. W. Vickers, Esq.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
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CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

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For the Sale of all kinds of Country Produce
All business entrusted to us will receive our earnest attention. Communications answered promptly. mar 17-y.

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Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence promptly and cheerfully answered. y

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AN EXTRA FINE SUPPLY OF THE BEST QUALITY AT
d13. STAM'S DRUG STORE.

CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS
Ingrain Carpets as low as 25 cts per yard. J. H. SIMPERS.

Paid Up Capital..............$1,000,000
Cash Assets Jan. 1, 1885....$4,938,501 92

3 REASONS 3
WHY FARMERS should INSURE
—in—
The CONTINENTAL Fire Insurance Co.
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1st.—It insures close to actual value of the property, and STOCK as well as building.
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OVER $200.00 WORTH
—OF—
Casperson Lamps Sold!
and not a word of complaint from any one. As there are several kinds of Electric lamps on the market we would call attention to some facts in regard to our Lamp. We know it is the best for the following reasons:
1st.—It is Better Made. 2d.—It has a Patent Gas Escape, Rendering it Absolutely Safe. 3d.—It has a Drip Cup which Conveys all the Oil that Rises to the Top Back into the Lamp and not on the Outside as Others Do. 4th.—It Does not Smoke or Break Chimneys. 5th.—Its Light is Perfectly Steady and will not Injure the Eyes.
If you are in want of the
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we would be pleased to place one in your house on trial. The price of our Lamp has been reduced and we can sell them as cheap as any other makes.
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We propose carrying through the year a LARGE ASSORTMENT OF BOOKS.
Quite a stock on hand now. Some in sets as—
HAWTHORNE WORKS,
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Gilt edge Poets, E. P. Roe's Works, Cooper, Geo. Eliot and others, which will pay you to look over.
Our Stock of SEASIDE and LOVELL'S LIBRARIES IS VERY LARGE.

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Cook Stoves! Heaters!
DOUBLE HEATERS, FIRE PLACE HEATERS AND RANGES.
OUR line of Cook Stoves is complete, and embraces the following, viz: The Brunswick, Farmer Girl, Southern Girl, New Emerald, Virginia, Farmer Boy, Orion, Leon and New Charm.
We guarantee our "Brunswick" to be heavier and larger in oven than any Cook Stove on this market. It has reversible cross pieces and lids.
Our Ranges are as follows: The Victor, Maryland, Reliance, Ardmore, Duval, Clifton, Daisy and Cozy.
Heating Stoves, such as The Argand, Alliance, Derby, Clifton, Astor, New Royal, Edison, Starling and others.
Truly Yours, Derby and Crown Double Heaters, also the "Splendid" Fire Place Heater, which has given such universal satisfaction. Every stove guaranteed. Call and examine our stock and get prices.
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
s29. adj. Kent Nat'l Bank.

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.

Perfumes.
SWEET AS JUNE ROSES. THEIR FRAGRANCE WILL MAKE YOU HAPPY.
d13. COLIN F. STAM.

VALENTINES.
A Choice Assortment
at STAM'S
feb7. DRUG STORE.

VELVETEENS, in new fall shades at J. H. SIMPERS.

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PLUMBING HOUSE!
CLEMENTS & YORK
WATER, GAS AND STEAM, WINDMILLS and PUMPS.
WE are now prepared to make contracts, and do all kinds of work appertaining to WATER, GAS and STEAM; also a full line of
STEAM VALVES, FAUCETS, STOP AND WASTE VALVES,
also a Full Line of Brass Work and Fittings for Plumbing Work.
PIPE OF ALL SIZES } Both Plain and Galvanized.
Bath-Tubs, Kitchen Sinks, Hydrants, Street Sprinklers and Water Closets, Terra-Cotta Pipe, Bends and Branches of all descriptions.
Work done by Practical Mechanics.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
SANITARY PLUMBING,
DRAINAGE & VENTILATION
☞ A SPECIALTY. ☜
ESTIMATES MADE FREE OF CHARGE.
OFFICE—under "KENT NEWS" Office.
Jan. 24-1885.

DRUGS!
OUR STOCK IS LARGE AND FRESH!
We carry an assortment of the finest Drugs in the market.
OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT!
is first class in every respect and under our own personal care.
C. F. STAM,
feb7. DRUGGIST.

WHEAT & CORN
WANTED
FOR WHICH THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE WILL BE PAID UPON DELIVERY TO
S. B. FOARD,
Agent for the Wm. Lea & Sons Co.
I have also C. W. WARREN at Kennedyville, who will always be in the market for Grain.
fe7-6m. S. B. FOARD.

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GRAIN,
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BRANDYWINE MILLS.
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
Paid for GRAIN on RAILROAD.
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LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in equity, the creditors of

LUTHER A. KENDALL,

are hereby notified to file their claims, properly authenticated by affidavit, with the clerk of the Circuit Court, for Kent county within four months from the 10th day of March, 1885.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
Jan. 31-4t. Trustee.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

HENRY T. JUMP,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned, on or before the 29th day of July, 1885, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 27th day of September, 1885.

MARGARET A. JUMP,
Executrix.

Wm S. Busick has been given power of attorney, and will transact the business connected with the settling of the estate. j31-4t.

Organs & Pianos.
WATERS & CO.'S New Scale Pianos and Organs, the BEST in the market; superb styles. New catalogues just out free to all. Stock or marketable goods taken in part pay if desired. Address,
WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO., Ag'ts.
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Stationery!
PAPETRIES, ENVELOPES, WRITING PAPER IN LARGE QUANTITIES. WE CAN PLEASE.
COLIN F. STAM,
feb7. DRUGGIST.

ELECTRIC LAMPS for sale by H. A. SPARKS. Try one; satisfaction guaranteed or no sale.

Over the Sea.

I am looking back through the days and weeks
 That lie in the shadowy land of yore,
And a waking spirit stirs and speaks—
 The spirit of dead years gone before,

Speaks with a murmur of mournful sighs,
 In a voice that carries the sound of tears,
And, lighting the lamp of its passionate eyes,
 It opens the shroud of the buried years.

The wind is blowing up from the wold,
 The stars are shining down on the sea,
But the wind is bleak and the light is cold,
 And 'tis only of pain they speak to me.

For the wind once toyed with a silken tress,
 And the stars once shone on a saintly face;
And how can a faithful love grow less?
 Or a new love take the old love's place?

The sea is swirling up to my feet,
 Singing its monody, soft and low;
But the song of the sea is deadly sweet,
 For I mind how it slew me years ago.

We have been parted, I and she,
 With many a hundred miles between,
And now she was coming across the sea,
 (Oh, the sky was blue and the waves were green!)

Coming—and yet she never came!
 Meeting—and yet we met no more!
She heard me not when I called her name,
 Though the dead might have heard me on that shore.

Oh, love, though my eyes but dimly see,
 There is hope in my pathway where I tread,
That over the sea thou wilt sail to me,
 In the day when the sea gives up her dead.

—*The Argosy.*

ANOTHER LOVE MATCH.

BY MARY C. PRESTON IN PHILADELPHIA CALL.

"So! This is your sole business with me today, young sir?"

It was surely not a very promising manner in which the words were said; but then what could one expect? Surely the young barrister had been wildly presumptuous when he, with his moderate income, his trifling practice, had come to ask the wealthy banker for the hand of his only daughter. The young man's face flushed hotly, but he kept his self-command, replying with admirable coolness:

"This is my sole business with you today, Mr. Forrester. I have come to you, hoping for the consideration which man should show to man, independent of position, social difference, the world's opinion or anything outside this one bare fact. I, with all the force of my manhood, love your daughter, and ask your permission to go to herself and tell her of it. You have not answered me yet, sir."

"Oh! it won't take me long to do that—" the banker's tone was rather ironical. "I have but one daughter, and—I have very different plans for her future. You understand me?"

"I cannot fail to do so." The young man's face was white now and had a little sternness in it. "May I ask you whether you speak in this manner solely because you know I am not wealthy? Would you speak differently were, I —well, not a struggling barrister?"

"Oh! I have no personal objection to you," Mr. Forrester said crossly, playing with a paper-knife on the table beside him, a costly toy, all ivory and gold, one of the curiosities brought by him from Egypt some years before, when he had taken his now deceased wife for a trip on the Mediterranean.

"You do me no injustice, I am confident," Dick Alvon pursued, a sort of dignity on his fine, blonde face. "You understand fully that Miss Forrester's position, or your own reputed wealth, has had nothing to do with this interview. I have hesitated to speak because of them; but I fancied that even I, poor and obscure as I am, had the right to make a trial for the happiness I craved. I have come to you solely as a man, Mr. Forrester, hoping to find in you the sympathy of man for man, casting aside, for the moment, all other considerations."

"That is quite sufficient, sir." The banker spoke indifferently, still playing with the pretty toy. "It is of no consequence what you fancied. You will understand that Miss Forrester is henceforth a stranger to you."

"If it is her desire, sir."

"She will have nothing to do with it; will not even know of your—your presumption. I am fully capable of judging for my daughter." He was not quite so indifferent now, and the young lawyer arose from his seat.

"And I for myself, Mr. Forrester, have reached the age of discernment—I will have one interview with Miss Forrester, with your permission, should you kindly give it."

"And should I withhold my permission?" The banker was becoming angry, and his eyes were very cold as he surveyed his visitor. The young man bowed.

"You will not do so, lest I find myself constrained to find a means of having one without," he said, quietly. "I am still under the impression that a man should allow no other to speak for the woman he loves; that he should try to win, let what may stand in the way, and I take my dismissal from her alone."

The banker pitched aside the toy and rising, motioned the young man back to his seat, when he rang the bell.

"This is quite refreshing," he said ironically; "being entirely unlooked for and unusual; "but you shall be gratified." A servant answered the summons. "Tell Miss Forrester I wish to see her if she is disengaged."

The servant vanished, and the two men stood facing each other in perfect silence.

Five minutes, ten, fifteen went by; then there was a rustle of silken draperies in the hall, the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered the room. Beautiful? Well, not perhaps with the simple beauty of chiseled features; not with the beauty at sight of which a sculptor's pulse might quicken; but a girl beautiful with the beauty of a true womanhood; with dark, unshadowed eyes, red, flexible lips, a smooth, white, girlish forehead, and rich wealth of dusky hair, coiled low on the graceful head; a girl with ready smile, yet with enough of her father's iron will showing in chin and eyes and in the curves of her pretty lips to make one understand that she would hold her own in a struggle.

She had known the young lawyer for six months; had met him here and there, for he was received in the best society; she had danced with him and found him a good dancer; she had talked with him and found him a trifle more agreeable, being, unlike most of the men who conversed with her, earnest and frank, rather than inane. It had dawned on her that of late he had sought her before others, had seemed to care for her society, and with the dawning of the knowledge had come a new pleasure to her. Unlike most young ladies of the present day, Leola Forrester did not value a man either by his ancestry or his bank account.

"You wished to see me, papa," she said in a pleasant, clear voice, through the music of which one caught a ring of self-confidence; then she saw Dick, and, smiling, held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Alvon," she said pleasantly, "I am pleased to see you." Her father frowned haughtily as he stepped forward in time to prevent the young man's touching the offered hand.

"Leola," he said half sternly, "I sent for you that you might assist me to convince thi s—this gentleman that you still obey me."

She looked from one to the other with open, wondering eyes; the young man was deadly pale and his lips were firmly set; indeed, he looked very unlike a lover, but very handsome for all that.

"You will kindly cling to facts, Mr. Forrester," he said quietly, and the banker flushed angrily.

"What do you intend to imply? Have you more insolence to offer?" he asked.

"I offer no insolence," Dick answered, now recovering himself sufficiently to draw forward a chair for Leola, for which she thanked him. "I simply asked your—"

"My permission to make my daughter an offer of your hand—and fortune, was it not?" the old man broke in witheringly, "and I declined the honor in her name. Doubtless you would like very well to woo and win an heiress Mr. Alvon, but, as I told you, I have other views for my daughter."

"Papa"—Leola had not taken the chair Dick offered her, but stood near it, one hand resting on the back—"for shame, papa," she cried; "is it necessary to insult a gentleman who pays your daughter so great a compliment, who is so deserving at least of your courtesy? Since you have spoken so rudely to Mr. Alvon, perhaps it would be as well for him to speak to me on this subject. I will answer him as a woman can answer such things, papa; I—"

"You will tell him, then, that his presumption is insufferable," her father said, still angrily. "You will tell him that you and I can manage to exist without counting a beggarly lawyer among our acquaintances."

"I do not think I will quite say that, papa," the girl said, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glowing. "I will say solely what my heart prompts. I am listening, Mr. Alvon," turning to him, a slight tremor in her voice.

Dick had been very patient, considering that he was not usually slow to anger. He was rather pale still as he lifted his head and addressed Leola.

"I am what I have just been called, Miss Forrester — a beggarly lawyer," he said, calmly; "but I am a man for all that. It may seem as strange to you as it does to your father that one in my circumstances should think of love or a a chance of happiness, being unable to purchase it; and yet, I wrong you! You will listen patiently, believing, while I tell you that I have grown to love you with a man's best love; that I would fain tell you of it, and ask if there may not be a chance of my winning you. Not now, not while I can offer you my empty hand and my honest love; but some time, when I have won a way and drawn success to me by the efforts I can make and will make with such a hope before me. If there is a voice in your heart that would speak for me do not silence it. I am saying this to Leola Forrester, the woman I love —not to Miss Forrester, the belle and heiress. Will you answer me now, here, in your father's presence? I would take no answer from him; I would take an answer only from your own lips. What will it be?"

His words, which had made the veins on the banker's forehead swell with indignation, moved Leola strangely; she flushed and paled, and the hand on the chair-back began to tremble.

"And I have told you she wants none of your love," Mr. Forrester broke out impatiently; but his daughter turned to him with a sudden gesture, which silenced him.

"How much you were mistaken, papa," she said clearly, "for I do want it—all of it. I quite understand you," turning to Dick, "and I honor the frankness of your manhood. I take your love, oh, so willingly—so gladly! I have long respected you beyond all others; I love you now. I will go with you; I will help you in your every struggle; I will not watch you from afar; I will——"

"You are mad!" her father cried. But she had held out her hands to Dick, and he was covering them with kisses and whispering loving, disconnected words of gratitude and affection.

"Leola, do you know what you are doing?" her father cried again, ready to tear his hair with vexation. But she smiled in her lover's face and answered pleasantly:

"I know perfectly, papa. I am promising to be Dick's wife, and telling myself how happy I will be."

"You will be a beggar then," Mr. Forrester said, through his shut teeth. "I'll give my money to some charity; I'll found an asylum; I'll sink it in the Hudson river. You'll never touch a dollar of it."

"Papa, dear, money is very nice, but it is not everything, especially with a woman," Leola said pleasantly. "I don't think I'll mind very much, papa."

"I'll close my doors against you! I'll never look on your face again!" fumed the stern parent. She paled then.

"Papa," she said softly, "you'll not do that! You loved my mamma. Why should I not love somebody, too? You may do what you will with your money, but love me still, papa. I could not live without."

Here Dick came to the front again, smiling rather heartlessly, I confess, at the scene which he had caused.

"I think this can be arranged a little differently, after all," he said cheerfully. "I am not the presumptuous beggar you think me, Mr. Forrester, I am the fortunate inheritor of a very snug fortune left me lately by an aunt. It consists of a fine old place on the Hudson, a cottage at Newport, a farm in the northern part of this State and a few hundred thousands in the bank. I have fancied myself not utterly indifferent to Leola, and wanted to assure myself that she loved me—was willing to give her troth to a poor man, simply because she loved him—before I made this disclosure. I am perfectly willing to forget all you said, sir, and will promise to do my best to make you a model son-in-law. Will you give me your daughter now, Mr. Forrester?"

"It's about the only thing I can do now, seeing that she was willing to give herself to you anyway," the banker said, grasping the hand Dick offered him. And so, when the heiress became a bride, late in the autumn, there was another love-marriage to be recorded, and a bride's bonnet to be criticized by a fashionable gathering of the city creme.

The Coachman.

"Yes, my dear daughter, I wish you would do your best to captivate the heart of our coachman."

"And elope with him, papa?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Ah, I see, you dear good papa; you want all the papers to say I am a fascinating beauty and a reigning belle."

"Well, of course, that will help a little, but that's not the main point."

"What is the main point, papa?"

"Well, you see, the papers will all say that you are the daughter of a millionaire."

"Well?"

"Well, that will enlarge my credit. See? Now run out to the stable, that's a good girl?"

"GOLD," says a Georgia editor, "is found in thirty-six counties of this State, silver in three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."

PEN-PICTURES OF THE SENATE.

A Few of the Men Whose Voices Are Often Heard.

SENATORS WHO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

The Wide-Awake Senators — The Dull Senators, and Those Who Are Peculiar.

Corr. Philadelphia Times.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1885.

Much has been said of the decay of eloquence in the United States Senate since the death of the Whig party and the stirring times immediately preceding the civil war. It is true that there is no individual Senator of today who is the peer of Clay, Webster or Sumner, but taken in the aggregate there is quite as much eloquence in the Senate as there has been at any time since the framing of the Constitution. Senatorial blockheads have always been a feature of the north end of the Capitol, and if they are more numerous than formerly their increase is only proportionate to the increased representation. I fancy, however, that Senatorial courtesy has declined. While the average Senator orates his associates make it a point to be deeply engaged in reading newspapers, writing letters or smoking in the lobby.

Among the few who can command general attention is Senator Bayard. Though lacking in lung power and forcible delivery, he has only to address the President and there is at once a general dropping of papers; letters are left unfinished, while the writers wheel around to face the Delaware Senator. Even the lobby smokers resign their Havanas and seek seats near him. As he proceeds his voice rises, though he seldom departs from the conversational tone. His gestures are of the mildest kind, as he evidently relies rather on the strength of his arguments than on the muscular or declamatory mode of convincing. Unlike many of his associates, he never poses for gallery admiration and never seeks applause by the tricks of the stump-speaker. Learned, polished, courteous, conservative fertile in ideas and with the literary ability to express them in choice language, Mr. Bayard is pre-eminently the gentleman and scholar of the Senate. One side of the house looks up to him as its leader, while the other side cannot help admiring him.

Beck and Edmunds.

It is safe to assert that few persons have attended three consecutive sessions of the Senate during this or the last Congress without hearing from Senator Beck, the horny-handed, big-brained member from Kentucky. I have heard it said that by actual count his speeches occupy as much space in the *Record* as those of any other five Senators combined—always excepting Ingalls, who talks for the sake of talking. Mr. Beck is not eloquent, nor is there any considerable number of his listeners who can be said to hang upon his words; still his speeches bear the impress of a hardy intellect and wide reading. When he rises to speak he always has a formidable array of documents in his hand, but as he seldom refers to them it is said that his object is to dishearten the enemy by exhibiting his strong fortifications. His voice is rather monotonous, and his only gesture is a swinging left-handed one, which is anything but impressive.

Senator Edmunds is confessedly the ablest civil lawyer in the Senate, but I fancy that he would cut a poor figure before a jury. He lacks nearly every attribute of eloquence. His voice is so weak that the reporters can with difficulty catch his words; his delivery resembles that of a schoolboy, and the closest observer can seldom detect a change in his immobile face, no matter what may be the tenor of his remarks. The Vermont Senator's words look well on paper, but coming from his lips have a remarkably soporific influence. It is impossible to induce him to engage in a debate, for the reason, as many think, that he considers himself so vastly superior to his associates. The standard authority on constitutional questions is Senator Garland. With grace of person, a brain full of ideas, a clear, ringing voice and forcible gestures, the Senator from Arkansas ranks among the first speakers of the Senate.

Some Western Senators.

It is generally conceded that the two most eloquent men in the higher branch of Congress are Ingalls and Vest. They are as different in person as in their manners of eloquence. Ingalls, tall, angular, with silvery voice, finely modulated, and a rare command of beautiful language, pleases the ear while he convinces the mind. Vest, short, with rounded shoulders which are almost deformed, lacks the natural gifts of the Senator from Kansas. His voice is ludicrously thin, his gestures awkward, his person unprepossessing; but his fiery eloquence drowns these defects and carries the mind of listeners along in its torrent. Ingalls is cold, polished, and seems to weigh the effect of each word before uttering it. Vest, hot, impatient and careless of the nice distinction of words, makes language only a vent to his feelings. Ingalls is the Cicero of the Senate, Vest the Demosthenes. Both are men of cultivated intellect, both somewhat of poets, and both at times not at all practical in their ideas of legislation. Senator Hawley is a calm, business-like speaker, seldom grows excited, and shows eminently practical ideas on the subjects he discusses. He is a ready debater and a bitter partisan.

The most miserable-looking man in the Senate is Allison, of Iowa, on whose face is always observable a look of ennui or discontent. When he first came to Washington as Senator he had the reputation of being a brilliant and hard-working man. His peculiar domestic troubles during the past few years have banished the light from his eyes and much of the vigor from his intellect. Whenever he attends the sessions of the Senate he spends most of his time sitting quietly in his chair, with both hands in his pockets, a far away look in his eyes and a general attitude of extreme weariness.

The Dull Senators.

The light of the Senate, in his own estimation, is Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, who through the introduction of his educational bill, woke up one morning and found himself famous. He is a fair talker but his vast intellect has not evolved a single original idea since he has been at the capital. His education bill is only the formulation of suggestions which have been discussed for years. The Senator from New Hampshire affects a careless attitude when he rises to speak, but it is evident that his carelessness is of the most careful and studied kind. His face lacks sincerity of expression, and even in his long speeches in favor of the educational bill everybody could see that his object was to obtain fame for himself rather than increased educational facilities for the South.

No one pretends to listen to Mr. Blair's vapory talk. The fact is that he is tolerated by his fellow Senators just as we tolerate a precocious child.

Senators Coke and Morgan, though men of recognized ability, are famous for their skill in emptying the galleries and causing a general stampede even from the floor. Like Edmund Burke, they can make able speeches, but they have not the taste to adopt them to the mental calibre of their hearers.

When Mr. Coke takes the floor a panic at once spreads through the galleries, members suddenly recall engagements in the lobby and in five minutes only a half dozen devoted friends are left to hear the columns of printed matter from which the Senator from Texas usually reads his speeches. His voice is a momentous roar and his delivery the perfection of dullness; but I doubt if the words of any other Senator read better in the *Record*. Mr. Morgan answers to the same description, though he is not quite so long-winded and has a weaker voice.

The Man Who Scowls.

The bloody-shirt man from Maine, Senator Frye, is the bitterest-looking man in the Senate nor do his looks belie his feelings. He seems to hate everybody and everything from the South and loses no occasion to insult that much-traduced section. But, whatever his faults and prejudices, he is certainly a powerful talker. His mind is as clear as rock-crystal, his diction rough but strong and his voice can be heard distinctly in the remotest nooks of the lobby. He generally keeps his left hand in his pocket while speaking and when very excited he has often been seen to cram both hands into the "receptacles of his breeches."

Mr. Frye's features wear a continual scowl, which deepens as he grows warmer. He is the mouthpiece of the few inveterate bloody-shirt wavers of the Senate.

Senator Hoar is a master of good English, though not at all forcible in expressing it. He is a typical narrow-minded New Englander and is always found on the unpopular side of questions discussed. Like Frye, and his colleague, Dawes, Mr. Hoar thinks, or pretends to think, that the South is a barbarous region, where virtue, especially New England virtue, typified in the persons of the carpet-baggers, is trampled under foot and all tendency to progress frowned upon.

Mr. Pendleton, Ohio's Democratic Senator, is not much given to talking, but he can be eloquent in his quiet way. His words always excite interest on the Democratic side on account of his long connection and prominence in that party, but the Republicans affect perfect indifference to his opinions. Mr. Pendleton's Republican colleague, Senator Sherman, would make slight impression on a popular audience. His tall, ungainly figure, dog-in-the-manger expression and harsh voice would create a prejudice against him at the outset. In the Senate, however, he has attentive listeners. His successful resumption of specie payments and generally wise administration of the Treasury Department while Secretary makes him somewhat of an oracle on questions of finance, though his peculiar economy in saving two millions of dollars out of a total income of less than one hundred thousand does not add to his reputation for integrity.

Of the Senatorial Joneses—two at present and three in prospect—the man from Florida alone raises his voice in the Capitol. His namesake of Nevada is too much engaged in private speculations to give any time to public measures. The Senator from the Land of Flowers affords a laughable contrast between physical proportions and voice. He is fully six feet tall and unqualifiedly obese; yet a more delicate, feminine voice than his never proceeded from the mouth of the most ethereal dude. When he takes the floor he throws back his shoulders, inflates his chest and indulges in a commanding survey of the Chamber. A stranger, expecting a thundering voice to proceed from such an imposing presence, and hearing only a most attenuated tenor, would be forcibly reminded of Horace's "Parturiunt montes; nascitur sediculus mus."

Senator Jonas is however, a man of practical ideas, a hard student and is admired for his intellectual attainments as well as rare modesty.

All that can be truthfully said of the oratorical efforts of Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is that they are invariably directed to the accomplishment of his private ends. He has ability and excels in declamation, but the well-informed always see a job beneath his words when he advocates or opposes a measure.

Senator Lamar is, next to Mr. Bayard, the Solon of the Democratic side. He is consulted by his associates on all important questions, and no other man's opinions have more weight.

Senator Jones, of Louisiana, who did such efficient work on the national committee during the recent campaign, is a man of few words but great practical legislative ability. He is a worker rather than a talker, a man who can always be seen in his seat and is more esteemed than many of those who furnish senatorial noise.

So much has been said during the past six months of Senator Logan's bad grammar and other defects that any allusion to them now might be considered Pinaforic.

These are the gentlemen whose voices are oftenest heard in the U. S. Senate. Among the others there are a few scrupulous workers, a few who have not yet had time to show their abilities and several brainless millionaires. W. L. B.

Pearls.

We are never ruined by what we want, but by what we think we want.

To be wise before the act is better than to philosophize on it afterward.

Whenever you doubt whether an intended action be good or bad, abstain from it.

If a falsehood paralysed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have nothing more, possess hope still.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather but vanishes as soon as a cloud approaches.

The Time to Fail.

Grocer to his shopman: "Pedro, I owe about three thousand francs."

"Yes, sir."

"I have two thousand francs in the safe, but the shop is empty; I think it is the right moment to fail."

"That's just what I think."

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over tonight and tomorrow morning."

The clerk promised to think it carefully over. On entering the shop the next morning, the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a note, which ran as follows: "I have taken the two thousand francs and am off for America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."

FORTUNE.—The Philadelphia *Press* says: Fortune, who knocks once at every man's door, sits on Cleveland's front steps half her time.

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 or 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.

A CHASE AND CAPTURE.

Five Expert Bank Burglars Rob a Bank at Osceola—Desperate Attempts at Escape —A Long but Finally Successful Pursuit by Officers and Citizens.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Times*, dated Elmira, February 13, says: The five cracksmen who performed an expert job on the vault of the bank at Osceola, Pa., this morning, were lodged in the Chemung county jail at 8 o'clock tonight. The bank is conducted by Morgan Seely and his two sons, John F. and Edward M. It is located in the general store of Dr. Bosworth. Across the street lives Quincy Cilly, whose wife, being sick and awake, heard at half-past three this morning the sound of a muffled explosion. She called her husband who went to Mr. Seely's house and related his suspicions. A visit to the bank found the front and rear double-steel doors of the vault open and broken and a large hole through the two-foot concrete wall of the vault. A spherical safe in the vault, supposed to have been burglar-proof, was found blown open. The money obtained, however, was only about $1,500.

Tracking the Burglars.

The fresh snow made the following of the cracksmen easy and officers were after them less than an hour behind. The thieves walked a mile and a-half to Elkland, where they stole two horses and a sleigh, continuing their flight towards Elmira, nearly forty miles distant. Dispatches did not intercept them until they were within six miles of the city, when Charles Blanchard, a constable, stopped them. They fired two shots at him, one of which went through his sleeve. They whipped up their horses and left him. Blanchard and Lew Fenton, a plucky officer from Elkland, who had followed them all the way, hotly pursued, and when near Elmira the fugitives drove into a farmer's yard, left the horses and started for the woods of Mount Zoar, west of this city. They found a boy drawing water with a team and sled and at the point of revolvers they took the team and drove rapidly away.

Captured After a Desperate Resistance.

They met on a narrow road a doctor named Darling, who had gone around to head them off. They drew their revolvers and made him turn around; then, taking his horse and cutter, they left him in the road, but finally abandoned the rig for the woods. They parted company, one coming to the city and was captured in a saloon; another received a rifle ball through his wrist before surrendering; a third was taken in a barn and a fourth at Big Flats, ten miles away, where some farmers had driven him into a barn. The fifth was pursued unsuccessfully about the woods, but was caught in this city after dark. Full kits of fine burglars' tools were found, with dynamite cartridges and articles for disguise. Many shots were exchanged before the men gave up.

They gave the names of William McPherson, William Harris, Harry Thorne, Thomas Kerwin and James G. Wells. The articles found on them indicate that they are fresh from Buffalo or Canada. They are extremely "slick" and a dangerous and expert gang, refusing utterly to say a word. One of them secured a razor in jail and shaved off his whiskers and mustache. About seven hundred dollars of the stolen money has been recovered. Two of the satchels have not yet been found.

NOT THE EDITOR'S FAULT.

"See here, Mr. Editor," said an irate woman, coming into the sanctum and leaving the door open, "see here, what's this in your mean little paper?"

"Really, madam, there is so much in it, for only $2 per year in advance, with liberal reduction to clubs, that I cannot, at the first blush tell you what it is"

"Well, don't talk your jaw off, but tell me what you mean by this reference to my late husband."

"Ah, madam, the good, kind soul, who died only yesterday?"

"The same one; you didn't think I was planting one after each meal, did you?"

"Hardly that, madam, but what do you refer to?"

"Why, this passage in the obituary, where you say he was consigned to a roasting place with his fathers?"

"Ahem, madam, ahem; let me see," and the editor grabbed the paper and gazed intently at the words. "I beg your pardon, madam; it should have been a 'resting place;' and if you will come down to the office this afternoon, you can have the scalp of any infernal compositor in the office, and I will tear it off for you. We can stand some things, but that style is too harrowing on the feelings of a good paying subscriber like yourself."

She was pacified and got the scalps.

Anything for the Murphys?

A half-dazed-looking girl stopped at the Postoffice and called out:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No; not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Denis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy—dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disenfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No; there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said:

"Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

Embarrassing.

"I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water," said the wife of Professor Nottlehead, looking up from her sewing.

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," rejoined her husband. "I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric. Your mistakes are embarrassing."

A few moments later, the professor said:

"My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if it were hung over the clock."

"Ah," she replied "you doubtless mean if it were hung above the clock. If it were hung over the clock, we couldn't tell what time it is. I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric. Your mistakes are embarrassing."

WORK today, for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow.