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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, APRIL 25, 1885. No. 51.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. E. 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 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 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

aug4-y.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office with H. W. Vickers, Esq.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,

Opposite Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. je16-y.

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,

Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.

Organ, Violin, Cornet and Brass Band Instruments a specialty. Call on or address me at Edesville, Md. Terms moderate. n1.

CHESTERTOWN

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.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

AUGUSTUS NOWLAND,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 14th day of October, 1885, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 7th day of April, 1885.

HENRY A. NOWLAND,

April 11—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of deceased.

THOMAS RASIN, SR.,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 14th day of October, 1885; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of April, 1885.

THOMAS RASIN, JR.,
WILLIAM G. RASIN,

April 11-4t. Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

GEORGE GRAVES,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 8th day of October, 1885, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 31st day of March, 1885.

JAMES H. BAKER,

Apr4-4t. Adm'r.

Ratification Notice.

Chester Loan Association of Kent county

versus

Benjamin H. Gardner
and Sarah C. Gardner, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

March Term, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale of the equity of redemption in and to the real estate of Benjamin H. Gardner and Sarah C. Gardner his wife, made and reported by MARTON P. SMITH, Attorney, under a power in a mortgage from the said Benj. H. Gardner and Sarah C. Gardner, his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent county, dated the seventh day of March, 1884, and recorded among the land records of Kent county aforesaid in Liber S. B., No. 5, folio 342, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of June next. Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 13th day of May next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $800.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk,

April 11—4t.

RAG CARPET

Woven to order at 25c. a yard.

JOHN BARTLEY,

Chestertown, Md.

mh14-tf.

A Private Letter to Farmers!

CHESTERTOWN, April 1, 1885.

DEAR SIR:—Having associated myself with one of the LARGEST and WEALTHIEST Phosphate Houses in the Country, viz: WILLIAMS, CLARKE & CO., New York, I am prepared to furnish you with quotations for Fertilizers and Fertilizing Materials. We import all our POTASH, &c., carefully manipulate all our BONES and other Materials and use EVERY ECONOMY to lessen the cost of our goods to the farmers, and we think it would be to your advantage to get our prices before buying this spring.

Over ONE THOUSAND (1,000) TONS of our goods were used in Queen Anne's co., last year, showing its high reputation and widespread popularity in that section, and we propose to offer you in Kent co. the SAME advantages.

We intend making a permanent trade in KENT COUNTY and will give you the BEST goods possible for the LEAST money.

We send you a circular which you will find very instructive and full of valuable information that will be of great benefit to every farmer. This circular is entitled "Williams, Clarke & Co.'s High Grade Bone Fertilizers," and contains 36 pages. Read it and come to see me or write for my prices on Spring Phosphates for Corn and Peach Trees before making your purchases.

We deliver our goods at your wharf or Railroad station free of cost to you.

Office at W. J. MCFEELY'S store, just below the Bank.

Very respectfully yours,

W. H. McFEELY,

ap4-5t. Chestertown.

BLACK RESIDUUM,

Bagged in Fine, Dry Condition.

The best application used to

PREVENT FRENCHING of CORN.

Has NO SUPERIOR on

YOUNG PEACH ORCHARDS,

preventing worms, securing a fine healthy condition for the Trees.

Early orders solicited by

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

mh28-5t.

TO FARMERS.

AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE W. WHITELOCK TRADE & CO'S MARK VEGETATOR BALTIMORE 167 THE CROP PRODUCER

We offer you the "VEGETATOR" in fine and dry condition for this spring's use. It has always given general satisfaction where used on

Early Truck, Potatoes, Corn &c.

The application of the "VEGETATOR" to these Vegetables prevents early firing during a drought. The yield is very abundant and growth quite active, thus enabling the Farmers to reach an early, as well as profitable market, and proving the VEGETATOR to be the manure most needed.

For Circulars and Information apply to

MILLER, LIPPINCOTT & CO.

(Successors to W. Whitelock & Co.)

44 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

—For Sale by—

JAMES BRICE, Chestertown.

mh28-2m.

FOR ALL SPRING CROPS USE

BAUGH'S

Corn & Oats Fertilizer.

THIS Guano is made from the best materials, and is especially adapted to the growth of SPRING CROPS. The Phosphate of lime is all soluble in the soil, so that every particle will be taken up by the plant, thus giving it a healthy growth and insuring a good crop if the season is at all favorable.

PRICE $20.00 PER 2,000 POUNDS.

Delivered at buyers' R. R. Station or Steamboat Wharf.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

PURE RAW BONE MEAL

AND

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONE,

And farmers will be surprised to find how low they can buy Warranted Pure Bone from us.

Address all orders and inquiries to

BAUGH & SONS,

mas. 103 SOUTH St., Baltimore, Md.

FERTILIZERS

FOR SPRING CROPS!

T. W. Eliason, Jr's

"CHESTER COMPOUND,"

"No. 1 AMMO. SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME AND POTASH,"

"THE HOME IMPROVED,"

DIS. ANIMAL BONES, DIS. S. CAROLINA.

KAINIT, PLASTER.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

mh14-3t.

The I. P. THOMAS FERTILIZERS!

THE FARMERS OF KENT that are willing to pay for what they get, and unwilling to pay for what they do not get, are asked to TRY THE

I. P. THOMAS

TIP TOP RAW BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE,

on the "No Cure No Pay" principle, for

CORN

OR OTHER SPRING CROPS.

Guaranteed by Written Agreement

when customers desire it, that every dollar invested in TIP TOP shall give as much product as the same amount invested in any commercial fertilizer on the market, or an equal value of Stable Manure.

THAT IT PERMANENTLY IMPROVES the land to which it has been applied has been abundantly proven on some of the poorest farms in the county, the product of which has been more than compare favorably with the best lands to be found anywhere.

Notwithstanding last season was extremely dry and unfavorable for corn not a single failure has been reported where

TIP TOP

was applied. Crops that would have been creditable for any good season were grown by

Hon. Wm. T. Hepbron, Thomas Gale, Elias Walraven, Wm. Gale, John P. Nicholson, Charles Stephens, and many others that might be mentioned, from any of whom remarkably fine seed corn can most likely be secured.

Among the finest PEACHES sent from Kent last season were crops produced from old orchards treated with the

TIP TOP

in the Spring of 1884—selling as high as Three Dollars and twenty-five cents per basket. The whole season's shipment culls included, averaging from 90c. to $1 per basket. Thus returning not less than twelve hundred per cent. on the investment.

All orders addressed to

I. P. THOMAS,

CHEYNEY, DEL. CO., PA.,

Or to

JOHN W. HICKMAN,

STILL POND, KENT CO., MD.,

will receive prompt attention.

March 21, 1885—7t.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & Co.

Manufacturers of

High Grade Fertilizers,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Stag Superphosphate,

Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate,

Pure Dissolved Raw Bone,

Pure Fine Ground Raw Bone,

Dissolved S. C. Phosphate,

High Grade Imported Bird Guano,

Bird Guano and Potash for Corn;

Chemicals, &c., &c., &c.

Special Formulas Compounded.

Low prices for cash on board boat Baltimore. fe21-3m.

The Best Fertilizers!

—FOR—

SPRING CROPS AND FRUIT TREES.

I am now prepared to fill orders, in carload lots, of

PURE GROUND BONE and BONE MEAL;

also, Dissolved Gr'd Bone and B. Meal, at very low prices for the Cash.

Pure Unbleached Wood Ashes at low prices;

also,

ACID PHOSPHATE

at very low figures; and the Old Standard

Old Kent Phosphate

No. 2, for Spring Crops and Fruit Trees. For the action of this brand, I refer to

John Brice, Lem. Stephens, Gus. Startt, Bat. Trew, Thos. Toulson, W. Bowers, John H. Gibson, W. H. Bowers, Wm. Jones, Rich. Hynson, G. W. T. Perkins, Joseph Cornelius, J. N. Usilton, W. T. Baker, Wm. Thomas, J. A. French, Stewart Matthews, Joseph R. Usilton, Wm. D. Burchinal.

J. W. HINES,

March 12-3. Chestertown, Md.

KENNEDY LIME!

THE PORT KENNEDY LIME CO.

Successors to the late John Kennedy,

are now burning and shipping this WELL KNOWN LIME which needs no recommendation. IT IS FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST in the market.

Address all orders to

J. B. POWEL, Manager,

Port Kennedy, Montgomery co., Pa.

mh14-6m.

BORING MACHINES, Cross Cut Saws, Garden Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks, &c., for sale by

W. A. WHEATLEY.

m28.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Please give the following Tariff of Water Charges advertising space for four weeks. After a careful examination of all the plans adopted to charge for supplying water, the rates presented to consumers of Chestertown are the most equitable that can be devised. As shown upon its face, is intended to be specific for the various uses for which water is wanted, and like a Bill of Fare at a Restaurant, each dish having its own price.

While water is a free gift of the Creator, it becomes property when on a man's enclosure, or conveyed, at great expense, to people's houses for domestic use and fire protection. This fact —I will charitably say—is being overlooked by some, who from feelings of kindness to their neighbors, dispense it gratuitously, or use it for purposes other than paid for. While in one case it is said to have been sold for two cents per bucketful — this is a little too much on the strength of its being gratuitous from before Christmas to the 1st of March—I am glad to say the cases of abuse are very few, and no doubt arises from thoughtlessness.

W. W. TAYLOR,
Gen. Man. C. W. Co.

TARIFF OF RATES

—OF THE—

Chestertown Water Company,

OF KENT COUNTY, MD.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.	PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
Dwellings of from 1 to 5 rooms	$5 50
" up to 8 rooms	6 50
" up to 12 rooms	8 50
" of more than 12 rooms	11 00
Bath-tubs, private	3 50
" public	9 00
Water-closets, private	3 00
" public	6 00
Barber-shop, each chair; Smith-shop, each fire	3 00
Stable, private, each stall and carriage	1 25
" livery, " " "	1 60
Hotel, per room	1 05
Saloons	10 00
One Faucet, Store, Office, Hall, Warehouse, Church, etc.	4 50
Pare-Wash, including Street-sprinkler	5 00
Slaughter-house	5 00
Bakery	8 00
Wash-Basin in Hotel, each; stationary	5 00
Steam Engine, per horse-power, 10 hours per day	5 00
Restaurant	$5 to $8

Water by Meter measurement, per 1,000 gallons, 25 cents.

Building purposes: Brick, per 1,000, 8 cts.; Plastering per yard, 1 cent; Stone per perch, 5 cents.

Fountains, Work-shops, Schools, Factories—Special Rates.

Irrigation, per 1,000 square feet, or fraction thereof, per year, 75 cents. [April 18-4t.]

CENTRE MARKET!

The undersigned has opened on High street, Chestertown, second door above the Postoffice, a NEW GROCERY and PROVISION STORE, where he will be pleased to accommodate his friends and the public. His stock consists of a

Full Line of Groceries,

such as Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, &c. Also, Bacon, Flour, Meal, Graham Flour, Feed, Fish, Pigs' Feet, Pickles, &c.

ALSO, VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS.

Choice Broiling Beef and Sugar Cured Hams kept on hand.

Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.

He will use every effort to please, and hopes his friends and the public will remember him when making their purchases. All his goods are fresh, and will be sold as low as can be bought in town.

Respectfully,

E. F. CHAMBERS PERKINS.

mh21-tf.

FENCING!

White Pine, Cypress and Hemlock.

PICKETS!

White Pine and Hemlock.

RAILING!

2x4 Georgia Pine, 2x4 White Pine.

and all kinds of Building Material.

Call and examine our stock.

TURNER BROS.,

March 28, 1885. BETTERTON.

LIME! LIME!

Pure Shell Lime!

I HAVE now on hand a nice stock of the above Lime, (all under cover), just burnt, and will deliver it on Chester river or its tributaries, where there is sufficient water, or it can be had at the Kiln.

I would say to the public that I have been burning this Lime for TWO YEARS and have the most flattering accounts from all who have used it. That, with my own experience with it, satisfies me it is a

Very Superior Lime!

and needs only a trial to convince the most skeptic. For prices, &c., address

R. S. EMORY,

m28-3m. CHESTERTOWN.

FOR SALE,

100,000 ft. of LUMBER

For Wheelwright material.

100,000 Feet of WHITE and RED OAK Poplar, Walnut, Bridge Boards, Scantling, White Hickory of different thickness.

WM. PERKINS.

apr26. "Rising Sun," Chestertown.

SHINGLES! SHINGLES!

A large invoice of the best No. 1 HEART SHINGLES, direct from the Swamps, just received and for sale low, by

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

m21.

Near the Dawn.

When life's troubles gather darkly
Round the way we follow here,
When so hope the sad heart lightens
No voice speaks a word of cheer;
Than the thought the shadows scatter,
Giving as a cheering ray—
When the night appears the darkest,
Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us,
And our sunshine friends pass by,
And the dreams so fondly cherished
With our scattered treasures lie;
Then amid such gloomy seasons
This swee' thought can yet be dra wn,
When the darkest hour is present
It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers
On the confines of this life,
Parting from all joyful memories;
And from every scene of strife.
Though the scene is sad and gloomy,
And the body shrinks in fear.
These dark hours will soon be vanished,
And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always,
Brighter days will soon be here,
Sorrow may oppress us often,
Yet a happier time is near;
All along our earthly journey
This reflection lights our way:
Nature's darkest hour is always
Just before the break of day.

PERSONATING THE DEAD.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF MADEMOISELLE MAURIN.

Though this story may be set down as utterly improbable, it is but a simple narration of facts that actually took place. It can be substantiated by the criminal records of France, and even yet in the Parisian detective bureaus one will hear them speak of the *Affaire de Maurin*. Mademoiselle Maurin was an actress of unmistakable talent and remarkable beauty. She had been the favorite of the people for several years, and had managed by her talents as well as by many tokens of admiration from private admirers to accumulate quite a large fortune. She owned an elegant *bijou* house, the furnishing of which alone cost a little fortune. Just, however, in the height of her popularity, a rapid consumption, that utterly baffled the doctors' skill, attacked her, and she died in less than three weeks.

There could attach to no one the slightest suspicion of foul play. That her death was a natural one was evident to everybody. She lay in death placid as if asleep, and even a faint rose tint seemed to linger on her cheeks and lips.

The whole of Paris, almost, followed her body to its last resting-place in Pere-la-Chaise, while her executors, two cousins from a distant province, came to take possession of her property. Her house was offered at private sale, while the furniture was advertised to be sold at public auction.

The tastes of the dead actress had been something *dilletanti*, and she had collected together many tid-bits of painting and statuary, as well as other articles of vertu. The sale was largely attended, and large prices were anticipated for everything. Hardly had the auctioneer put up the first lot, however, than a man with a lady, closely veiled, upon his arm, came up to the desk and said, in a voice that could be distinctly heard throughout the room:

"I forbid the sale!"

In an instant all eyes were turned upon him in surprise.

Recognizing in him a well-known notary, the auctioneer asked him by what authority he did so?

"By the authority of this lady, the owner, Mademoiselle Maurin." As the words left his lips the lady raised the veil she wore, and showed the face—paler and thinner, indeed—but unmistakably that of the actress who had been buried a week before in Pere-la-Chaise.

Her story was soon told, and was convincing from its very simplicity. The first sensation she had known was of lying out in the open air, with the star-lit sky above, and three rough-looking men, their faces concealed by black masks, standing over her, and regarding her with every expression of amazement, by the light of a dark-lantern. Realizing at once that she had been buried for dead when she really was only in a state of trance, and that she owed her escape to these men, who were professional resurrectionists, she offered them an amount so large that they saw that it was to their interest to save her life and restore her to her proper position.

The reaction of the shock upon her nervous system, however, had been so great that she had been utterly incapable of any exertion, and unable to rise from the bed upon which she had lain prostrated, until that very morning. Her appearance confirmed her words, for she still looked so exhausted as to be hardly able to stand. Of the truth of her story there could be little doubt; but when it was found that the grave had been opened, and the men who had done so were recognized by the police as having been engaged in similar nefarious adventures, it became a certainty, and her property was at once restored to her by the executors.

The public only awaited the opportunity to give her an ovation, such as is seldom, even in Paris, accorded to the most celebrated queen of the boards; but in this they were disappointed. Mademoiselle refused utterly to resume her position as leading lady at the theatre, and announced her intention of leaving the stage forever. A great change in many things had come over the actress.

Her glorious voice, which had been the cause of most of her fame, was irretrievably lost, and the terror of the terrible experience of being entombed alive seemed to have seriously impaired her memory. That she was not insensible to this was evident. Her face would flush and tears spring into her eyes with mortification at thus being surprised, and a gradual dislike growing upon her for the society of those to whom her misfortune was known, no one was astonished when she signified her intention of selling her house and furniture in Paris and purchasing a small estate in a rural district of Normandy.

Once more arrangements were made and the day of sale fixed when the superintendent of a department of police received a call from a lady closely veiled, and who requested a private interview on a matter of life and death.

"Monsieur," she said, after a moment or two of hesitation, "I have called upon you to ask you to stop a villainous conspiracy. I allude to the woman who personates Mademoiselle Maurin."

"But, madame," the official answered, "you really are mistaken. The lady undoubtedly is the actual individual she claims to be."

"But I repeat she is an impostor," the lady said vehemently, and rising from her seat as she did so, lifted the veil that concealed her features. "She can be nothing else, for I am the woman she pretends to be, I am Mademoiselle Maurin."

For a few moments the superintendent was too surprised to speak. At last, however, assuming his most official manner, he requested her to give him proofs of what she said.

The first part of her story differed but little from that told by the first claimant. She had awoke to find herself the captive of three men wearing black masks, and who, from the slang and patois of their speech, she knew at once to belong to the lowest class of Paris.

All her offers of large rewards, however, had been rejected with disdain, and herself taken to an old, half-ruinous house on the edge of the river, where she had been kept a close prisoner until the preceding day, when she had managed to make her escape.

Here certainly was a complication of affairs. How to decide which was the real actress, and which the impostor, was a dilemma. The words of the lady before him gave him an idea.

"Bring me face to face with this woman," she said. "Place her with me upon the boards, and let the public be the judge whether she or I am the Maurin they used to know."

"Pardon me a moment, mademoiselle," he said, as touching the bell an attendant entered, and after having given him some instructions in a low voice, he again turned to the lady.

"I am at your service now, mademoiselle," he said, "to try the test you suggested."

Without any further delay they entered a carriage and were driven to the actress' house.

As they entered the hall, a spot, very hastily dressed, came down the stairs, and the lady caught the superintendent by the arm.

"That is one of the men," she whispered, hurriedly. "His mask slipped off as he lifted me in his arms, and I am sure he is the same."

Hardly had the words been spoken than the superintendent had stepped into the doorway, barring the man's egress.

"Pierre Rouge," he said, "I want you. You are my prisoner."

The man's only answer was a revolver that flashed like lightning from his breast, and buried a bullet in the door-casing, an inch from the officer's head.

Before he could again discharge the weapon, however, the superintendent's fingers had closed on his throat like a vise, and the next moment a pair of handcuffs were locked securely on his wrists.

"Your game is up, my good Peter," the officer said in his calmest tones. "It was a very clever conspiracy indeed, and you deserve credit for its ingenuity. It is a matter for twenty years at the galleys, however, unless you save yourself by turning State evidence."

The ruffian was a coward and a traitor, as such ruffians always are. Once a prisoner himself, he was only too anxious to have his accomplices share his own fate, and he there and then made a full confession. Although their object in the first instance had been merely to procure a subject for the physicians, no sooner had they remarked the singular resemblance between the actress and a girl of their own class, who was waitress in a low wineshop which was their usual resort, than the scheme of inducing her to impersonate the actress, and thus secure her property, entered their minds. It had only failed because they had not put her to death, instead of keeping her a prisoner. In consideration of this fact, and at the earnest solicitation of Mademoiselle Maurin, their sentences were made lighter than they would otherwise have been. As for the actress herself, she resumed her place on the boards, where she continued to reign the favorite of the public for years after the so nearly successful and remarkable imposture was forgotten.

MY WATCH.

When I was unmarried, and done as I pleased I never carried a watch. I never could understand the value of a watch, except as an article that might be hypothecated in a pecuniary emergency. I could always ascertain the time, because every church and sample-room boasted a clock, and what was the use of purchasing what could be had for nothing?

By my system of consulting these public timepieces, I always managed to make my connections right. I never entered a theatre after the curtain had risen, or reached the station at the moment when the train was vanishing.

I was made happy in more ways than one by not having a watch. I didn't have to tell fifty people the hour every day; and I never worried about the safety of the contents of my vest-pockets in a crowded horse-car.

One night I was awakened rather suddenly. I felt a strange hand under my pillow. It was a burglar's, feeling for my watch.

"I have no watch," I remarked as politely as I could; "but you'll find a dollar brass clock in the kitchen, if you want to know the time."

In his great hurry he passed through the window, and I shuddered as I heard him trickling down through the arbor below.

But after marriage it was different. I was told that I should wear a watch, in order not to appear poverty-stricken in the eye of the world.

I argued that it would place me on a par with weasel-headed clerks whose bangs and eyebrows meet. I was told that if I wore no watch every one would think I had one drawing interest for an avencular relative.

This seemed a very subtle agument in favor of having a watch. And, besides, it completely upset me. I imagined that on the same basis people would fancy I had all sorts of things in pawn that I didn't wear, such as a seal-skin overcoat, diamond rings, etc.

As a tentative measure, I got what I call to this day a "patent-machine watch," because I bought it in a drug-store. It was an advertising scheme to attract people to the patent-medicine. I should much prefer to swallow the contents of a drug-store than to carry one of those watches for a week. It had to be wound up every night, and took nearly all night to wind it. It don't keep very good time, but I continued to wear it, that I might wind it for exercise. It superseded my dumb-bells until the stem wore the skin off my thumb and fore-finger. When buried in profound meditation, it was my custom to take the watch out and wind it in an abstracted manner, just as others in a similar mood pick their teeth or whittle. I stated at home that I merely purchased the patent-medicine watch to learn how to take care of and manipulate one before getting a more expensive specimen.

This bit of news gave great satisfaction. I was looked upon as a good-natured, self-sacrificing being, who would soon wear a long watch-chain stretching all the way across the chest, and emptying into two pockets. As a reward I was presented with a watch. The first day I wore it I was told I was wrong by a man who had just set his watch at some jeweler's. So I changed mine to make it agree with his. It seems it lost time, and I missed my train that night, a thing I had never done when I did not possess a time-piece.

Every few minutes I was asked the hour, to get me accustomed to pulling it out, and inside of a week I had acquired an artistic negligence and indifference of manner that was pronounced beautiful.

But the watch became eccentric. The eggs that were timed two minutes by it came out as hard as cobble-stones, and trying to regulate it by tapping it against my boot-heel, I thoroughly disorganized it, and was obliged to leave it for a week with a jeweler, who lent me in its stead, a great silver machine that I was ashamed to take out of my pocket in daylight.

In short, when I got it back I did nothing but miss trains. It was never right. It was either too fast or too slow. Sometimes I would start for the cars thinking I had ample time, and reach the station after their departure; or else I would start on a run and half kill myself to get there in time, only to ascertain that I had arrived half-an-hour too soon.

It would take too much ink to tell how many sorrows and tribulations that watch brought upon me. I protested against wearing it many a time, but my protests were in vain. Finally I concluded that I would allow myself to be martyred, so I still carry it, but not for use. I wind it up about once a month, and never look at it. I go by the clocks I see around me, as I did before, and catch my trains and make all other time connections right. I don't like to say anything harsh of it, because it is a nice watch, and it would be simply perfect if it could only keep the right time.

How a Woman Plays Cards.

"Whose play is it?"
"Who took that trick?"
"What's trumps?"
"What was the lead?"
"Whose ace is that?"
"Did I take that?"
"What's trumps?"
"Is it my play?"
"That's the left bower, isn't it?"
"Is that mine?"
"Haven't you got a club?"
"What's trumps?"
"Did they euchre us?"
"How many did we make?"
"Whose deal is it?"—*Chicago Ledger.*

An Unrehearsed Effect.

A melodrama was being performed in a provincial city, says an English exchange, and the closing act was to witness the death of the heroine by poison administered by her lover. The end approached, when the lover said: "I have forgotten the vial." "Kill me with a pistol or dagger," whispered the actress. "I have neither." "Kill me quickly, for the audience is impatient," she exclaimed. An inspiration seized him, and as she turned he gave her a kick. She faltered and fell, exclaiming, "I die by the hand of the poisoner!" It was an effective climax.

Where He Made a Mistake.

Husband—"I have just seen the doctor and he says I have water on the brain."

Wife—"Are you sure he said that?"

Husband—"Ya'as, I am sure he said that. Do you think he made a mistake in calling it water?"

Wife—"Oh, no, but I think he made a mistake in calling it brain."

THERE'S one line that every woman delights to hang on—masculine.—*Waterloo Observer.*

ISLE OF MARTINIQUE.

A WRECKED CONSUL—THE RUM INDUSTRY—A NATIONAL NATATORIUM AMERICAN PROVISIONS—A PILGRIMAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES BUT SUCCESSFUL.

Correspondence of the Kent News.

On the 23d of February arrived at Fort de France and soon after sends took the small steamer for St. Pierre. Having some cards of introduction to some of the merchants called on them, and was by them introduced to others; also met the American Consul, who is a cousin of the late President Garfield. Unfortunately this gentleman has suffered a severe attack of paralysis and is a complete wreck, scarcely able to speak and I think but little better able to think. When I called at his office and house I found him near the door in a rolling chair and could only understand a part of what he said and that very imperfectly. In a few minutes however his wife, apparently a lady of intelligence, came in from an adjoining room and acted as interpreter. The only thing of public interest which I learned from the Consul was that his opinion was in accord with that of most of the other Consuls in these islands, namely: That it would be the most wise and patriotic thing for the incoming administration to continue them in office.

At this writing I have spent one week in traveling about the island, which is about as large as Queen Anne's county and one-half of Kent and has a population of about 160,000. Very little manufacturing is done except that in connection with the product of sugar and rum—for the product of the latter article Martinique has an enviable reputation. I visited one of the distilleries and was surprised at the large outlay necessary to conduct this business with success. All of the molasses produced in Martinique, as well as large quantities imported from other islands, is converted into rum, nearly all of which is shipped to France, some of it to be consumed as it is, but far the larger part is either mixed with wine or used in manufacturing brandy.

St. Pierre, the principal business place on the island, is on the seashore at the foot of a mountain, and is an old French town with narrow streets. At the northern end of the town a beautiful valley slopes down to the sea, in the middle of which is a rapid rushing river, dashing over and winding its way between the great black stones, which are in some cases many tons in weight, and hundreds of them are worn smooth and even polished with the continuous rubbing and pounding of the inhabitants—for this valley and stream is a kind of national bath and wash-tub. Some days ago while walking up this valley I saw by actual count nearly five hundred women either washing or bathing in this stream. A little beyond the town a smaller valley forms a deep indenture into the mountain and it, like all valleys here, has its constant stream, and at the head of the valley is a miniature but lofty cataract. This valley, with good judgment and taste, has been converted into a botanical garden, in which are many beautiful specimens of tropical plants, and here, sheltered from the hurricanes by the almost perpendicular sides of the valley, the most delicate of ferns and loftiest of palms flourish.

Much is said at home about finding an outlet for our produce and it appears from actual observation that those who are talking most about this know least about it, for all over the West Indies every one eats American provisions who can afford to pay for them. Only the other day when I visited one of the outside distributing places, having a letter from a prominent importer here to his correspondent there, I found the merchant to whom I was recommended unable to speak English, but he carried me through his storehouses and pointed out great piles of what he called Amerique flour, Amerique corn, Amerique pork, Amerique lard, Amerique rice, Amerique hams, Amerique carriages, yes, and a large lot of American white sugar. The New York merchants (one of whom is now lying on a lounge in my room) say that these people are continuously largely in debt to them for produce and that their losses from failure are heavy in this trade. And yet our consuls and commercial agents are continually saying that our merchants are not enterprising and refuse the long credit which these people require. The truth is if we are doing badly the rest of the world is doing worse. From the appearance of things in the streets, at the hotel and on the outside of the houses, one would suppose that there was but little refined luxury in any of these islands, but my mind has been disabused and my stomach abused on this subject, as, for some unaccountable reason, these fellows—the merchants—have introduced me to their friends here and I shall never forget the little private 12 o'clock breakfasts taken with the families of these French gentlemen. I am not much at describing such things, but will say that they were the most complete poems of the kind that I ever become acquainted with: a complete exhibition of the animal, vegetable and pomological product of the country displayed in the best possible light of the simple and elegant manners of the people.

Shortly after arriving in this place I conceived the idea of visiting the old estate on which the Empress Josephine was born, but was told that it was very distant, difficult alike of access and identification, and was nearly discouraged from undertaking it. Afterwards, however, one of the gentlemen told the president of the Chamber of Commerce about it and he said his secretary was a connection of the family and he would introduce me to him. I was sorry to give the old gentleman so much trouble, for during that whole day he did not find him, but on the next day was fortunate enough to meet him while in company with a mutual friend who spoke English fluently. Mr. Malenar is brother-in-law to a nephew of the Empress, is about 75 years old, and considered the best informed man in the colony on matters of both written and traditional history. He gave me the location on a chart of the island, which I carried with me; gave me a letter to the present owner of the estate and also procured for me another from the bishop of the province to the cure at Tres Iles and said he would prepare me a paper containing some interesting details of the family which were not matters to be found in any history with which he was acquainted. He showed me in the records of the colony that the father of General Beauharnais was governor of the island when Josephine was an infant, and that it was understood that the families were acquainted before she went to France. Several American tourists (two ladies and two gentlemen) hearing of my intended pilgrimage and the preparation which had been made for it became very enthusiastic about accompanying me, but when it was explained that a broad arm of the sea was to be crossed in a small, open boat and that I could not accurately say how they were to be either lodged or fed, two of them dropped out, but the other two, a gentleman and his daughter, said they must go, so we set out and went as far as Fort de France and stopped there for the night. The owner of the estate lived at this place and forwarded the letters at once to the manager and minister and I chartered a boat and hired a crew, one of whom was to act as interpreter, but the next morning when I turned out a little before light to muster my crew, it was raining hard and Mr. L. and his daughter were compelled to retire from the expedition and I must undertake it alone. I hired a suit of oil clothes from one of the government's men at the station and mustered my crew for a start. But they had nothing to eat. I had made an appropriation the night before for this purpose, but they said that was all gone when they got done drinking *my health*, and they were all very hungry and no provision made for them during the day. I made another appropriation accompanied with a proclamation and in a few minutes more was on in a bad boat with worse sails and a still worse crew, but feeling very glad that we were not encumbered with any "tender foot." Very soon the rain ceased and the wind was all that could have been asked. We arrived at the landing of Tras Iles earlier than expected. The letter to the priest from his bishop had been translated for me and among other things requested the cure to remember the proverbial hospitality of the English hearth and board and that although I was an entire stranger he had good authority for saying that I was altogether deserving his best efforts of efficient assistance and hospitable entertainment. Indeed the language of this and the other letters caused me to feel utterly unworthy of the consideration of such distinguished persons. But if the language of the letters was broad and generous the conduct of my reverend host was even more so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] C. A. L.

Why He Didn't Remove the Grip-Sack.

"Will you be kind enough to take that grip-sack off that seat," said a countryman who got on a train at Luling.

"No, sir; I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that grip-sack stay right there?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"In case you don't remove that grip-sack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor."

"You can call in the conductor, the engineer and the brakeman if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it."

"The conductor will put you off the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that grip-sack from that place where it is."

The indignant passenger went through the train and soon returned with the conductor.

"So you refuse to remove that grip-sack, do you?" asked the conductor.

"I do."

Great sensation.

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove that grip-sack?"

"Because it's not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because nobody asked me."—*Texas Siftings.*

Why Contagious Diseases Attack But Once.

Professor Tyndall thus endeavors to explain the immunity obtained against a second attack of a contagious disease: "One of the most extraordinary and unaccountable experiences in medicine was the immunity secured by a single attack of a communicable disease against future attacks of the same malady. Smallpox, typhoid, or scarlatina, for example, was found as a general rule to occur only once in a lifetime of the individual, the successful passage through the disorder apparently rendering the body invulnerable. Reasoning from analogy, I have ventured to express the opinion that the rarity of second attacks of communicable disease was due to the removal from the system, by the first parasitic crop, of some ingred