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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. 46. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885. No. 1.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to the 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.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

ROBERT H. ROUSE,

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 16th day of October, 1885, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 14th day of April, 1885.

CHARLES A. ROUSE, Adm'r.

apr18-4t.

Gold and Silver

WATCHES,

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, ROGERS' BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE,

CLOCKS & NOVELTIES,

and everything suitable for Wedding or Holiday Presents can be found

at **C. M. LUCAS',**

opp. "Kent News" Office, Chestertown.

J. S. MacDONALD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

—IN—

FINE JEWELRY!

WATCHES,

SILVER WARE,

&c, &c.,

No. 4 North Charles street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

janly.

BUY YOUR CARPET

FROM THE MAKER.

IT WILL PAY YOU!

WE keep constantly on hand a good selection of

RAG CARPET

4 and full yard wide, which we are selling

EXCEEDINGLY LOW.

We are often asked how we can sell such a HEAVY GRADE of Carpet so much lower than dealers do? It is an open secret. The dealers buy them made up—we do not. We buy the material and make the Carpet ourselves and save to you a good profit. You see if we make but journeyman's wages it pays us.

Respectfully,

JOHN BARTLEY,

Cor. Calvert st. and College avenue,

mh7-6m. Chestertown, Md.

M. A. TOULSON,

Dispensing Chemist,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

I give the business my entire time and attention, and guarantee satisfaction.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED at all hours of the day or night in the most improved pharmaceutical manner.

Full line of PATENT MEDICINES and FANCY ARTICLES kept in stock,

CIGARS AND TOBACCO a Specialty.

M. A. TOULSON,

CHESTERTOWN.

Jan. 28, 1885.

FANCY GOODS and PERFUMERY.

Our Stock is so Large we cannot enumerate. We beg you to examine.

COLIN F. STAM,

feb7. DRUGGIST.

BOOTS and SHOES of all sizes from No. 7 Child's Boot to a No. 13 Men's Boot, and No. 0 Child's Shoe to No. 9 Ladies' Shoes, both button and lace.

n15. THOMPSON, up town.

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

m28. W. A. WHEATLEY.

WHITE-WASH BRUSHES at all prices.

W. A. WHEATLEY,

all. adjoining Bank.

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

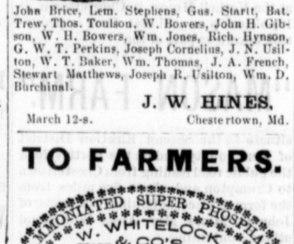
No. 2, for Spring Crops and Fruit Trees. For the action of this brand, I refer to

John Brice, Lem. Stephens, Gus. Starit, 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 12-8. Chestertown, Md.

TO FARMERS.



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.

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.

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.

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 waiton all parties who may favor him with a call. jy12-y.

Chestertown, May 5, 1885.

The Tariff Reduced!

Not anticipating these hard times and scarcity of money, I bought for THIS SPRING AND SUMMER a very heavy stock of

MEN AND BOYS'

COARSE AND FINE SHOES,

which MUST BE SOLD, and in order that they may be sold soon I propose to offer them to all cash buyers at a very small margin above first cost.

They are all FRESH and STYLISH GOODS and we only make this offer because we need money.

We have a variety of other goods, such as SUGAR, Coffee, Flour and Molasses; Segars and Tobacco, Powder and Shot, and many other articles, all of which can be bought at a low figure for the money.

Remember the place:

JAMES A. SHAW,

COURT STREET, Chestertown.

mh21.

CHESTER 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.

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.

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.

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

m31. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Silverware!

AN EXTRA FINE SUPPLY OF THE BEST QUALITY AT

d13. STAM'S, DRUG STORE.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

Locust Grove, Md.

Agents for the WM. LEA & SONS CO.

BRANDYWINE MILLS.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

Paid for GRAIN on RAILROAD.

d13.

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.

Hardware! Hardware!

HINGES, LOCKS, BOLTS, KNOBS, Screws, Latches, Hooks and Staples, Hammers, Saws, Planes, Chisels, Hatchets, Broad Axes, Augers, Braces and Bits, Files, Tacks, Mallets, Hinge Nails, and every kind of Hardware kept in a first class Hardware store.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Farmers' Hardware!

Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, Rakes, Trace Chains, Hames, Traces, Backbands Plow Lines, Grindstones, Vises, Hedge Shears, Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, W. Wash Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., &c. The largest and best assortment and at moderate prices.

mh14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

EVERYTHING USEFUL

—IN THE—

HARDWARE LINE

CAN BE HAD AT

WHEATLEY'S HARDWARE STORE!

THE FARMER can buy his Plows, Shovels, Forks, Chain and Rope Traces, Back Bands, Wagon and Plow Hames, Garden Rakes, Spading Forks, Corn Hoes, Grub Hoes, Briar and Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, Hedge Knives; Back Chains, Tongue Chains, &c., as cheap as can be had anywhere.

W. A. WHEATLEY,

m28. adj. Chestertown Nat. Bank.

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 00
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

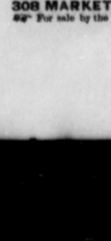
Water by Meter measurement, per 1,000 gallons, 25 cents.

Building purposes: Brick, per 1,000, 8 cts.; Plastering per yard, ½ 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.]

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP! THE BEST



BLATCHLEY'S TRIPLE ENAMEL PORCELAIN-LINED SEAMLESS TUBE COPPER-LINED PUMP

Do not be argued into buying inferior goods when you can get THE BEST for the same money.

C. G. BLATCHLEY, MANUFACTURER,

308 MARKET ST., Philadelphia.

☞ For sale by the best houses in the trade. "86

"Papa Can't Find Me."

No little steps do I hear in the hall;
Only a sweet silver laugh, that is all,
No dimpled arms round my neck hold me tight,
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright,
Two little hands a wee face to screen,
Baby is hiding—that's plain to be seen.
"Where is my precious I've missed so all day?"
"Papa can't find me!" the pretty lips say.

"Dear me! I wonder where baby can be?"
"Not in the parlor and not on the stairs?
Then I must peep under the sofa and chairs!
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright;
Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight;
Home will indeed be sad, weary and lone,
When papa can't find you, my darling, my own."

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

THE FOXGLOVE MYSTERY.

HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I dunno as we've got nothin' to give," said Farmer Foxglove, looking dubiously around the kitchen. "Phileny, she don't believe in givin' much unless it's through the 'Church Benevolent Guild,' And Seraphina isn't at home."

The Widow Waterman gave a little sniff of mingled deprecation and humility.

"Times is very bad with me, Mr. Foxglove," said she. "I haven't had no work since August, and there ain't nothin' to eat in the house."

"You don't tell me!" said the farmer, who was the softest-hearted of men. "Here, give me your basket! Phileny'll say I'm an old fool; but I don't care."

"There's them as has entertained angels unawares," whined the Widow Waterman, as she sidled into the room, and held out her talon-like fingers to the fire of good pine logs which was crackling and sputtering on the hearth.

Anything less akin to the angelic tribe than Mrs. Waterman could scarcely be imagined as she sat there with bedraggled gown, bonnet bent in a one-sided fashion over her eyes, and a gauzy rag of a shawl pulled across her gaunt shoulders.

But Mr. Foxglove, honest man, saw only her poverty and destitution.

With a trepidation not unlike the sensation of a schoolboy who robs an orchard for the first time, he went into the buttery and helped himself to half a cold roast fowl, a loaf of rye-bread, a goodly wedge of yellow butter out of a covered jar, and three-quarters of a juicy apple-pie.

"It'll keep her for twenty-four hours at least," he thought.

And then he opened Mrs. Foxglove's especial tin tea caddy, and filched a handful of the fragrant dried leaves, which he wrapped up in brown paper and put beside the other viands.

"I dunno what Phileny will say," he thought; "but there! I ain't made of stun, nor yet of cast-iron and steel filin's. And I can't stand by and see a fellow creetur starve, no matter how shiftless and good for nothin' she is."

And, chancing to notice how thin and inadequate the old woman's shawl was, he recklessly took down an old bombazine cloak, originally a bright brown, but now faded in as many streaks as a zebra's hide, which had hung from time immemorial in the back entry.

"There ain't no more use in that old dud," he thought, "and it'll keep the cold out! And if Phileny makes a fuss, I'll give her a new blanket shawl!"

Mrs. Waterman went off rejoicing.

And when the first glow of satisfaction had faded out of Farmer Foxglove's soul, a dreadful fear took possession of him.

"What will Phileny think?" said he. "I guess, upon the whole, that I won't say nothin' about it."

Presently, Mrs. Foxglove and Seraphina came home from the weekly meeting of the Society for the Helpers of the Heathen, in jubilant spirits.

"George Peterson was there," said Mrs. Foxglove. "He said he came after his aunt, but it was my belief he wanted to walk home with Seraphina. Just as if our gal was goin' to keep company with a feller like that, as hasn't got a penny in the world, and works at the saw-mill for a dollar a day! Not if I know it!"

"Certainly not," said the farmer, in a conciliatory tone.

But Seraphina only hung down her head, and said nothing.

"La, me!" said Mrs. Foxglove, from the kitchen. "What has come to things! Here's the cold chicken and the apple-pie gone! And the cover off the apple-jar, too!"

"Y-yes," said the farmer, coughing. "I—I got sort o' hungry, so I thought I'd jest take a snack."

"Couldn't you have waited until supper time?" said Mrs. Foxglove, severely.

Her husband was silent. Was it not just possible, he thought, that the Recording Angel might balance that ready falsehood against his recent act of charity, so that his soul should be none the gainer by the compound transaction?

It was so hard always to tell what was right.

"I was calculatin' on that chicken for supper," said Mrs. Foxglove. "Now we shall have to put up with cold b'iled pork and mustard. But I don't s'pose, Nehemiah, you'll want to eat much?"

"No, of course not," said the poor man, who was voraciously hungry.

"Where's the bombazine cloak, pa?" said Seraphina, after the somewhat frugal meal, as she took the milking-pail. "It's raining a little, and the cows haven't come home from pasture yet."

"I'll go arter 'em Phiny," said the farmer, starting up with alacrity.

"With your rheumatism? No, indeed," said Seraphina. "What can have become of the cloak? I'm sure I left it here this morning."

"If I had a pair of eyes, I'd use 'em," said Mrs. Foxglove, coming to the rescue and viewing the row of empty pegs, with an eagle glance. "Well, I declare! Nehemiah," turning to her husband, "that comes o' leavin' you to keep house. You must ha' gone off and left the door open, and some tramp has got in and robbed us."

"I did just step out to the woodpile for some more logs," said the farmer, thankful for the avenue of escape that was opened for him. "But I wasn't gone long."

"That's it!" said Mrs. Foxglove, with a tone of conviction—"that's it! I do wonder at you, Nehemiah! Any four-year-old child would ha' known better. I shall count all my silver spoons at once."

The farmer wriggled uneasily in his cushioned rocking chair.

"I wish old mother Waterman had been in Jericho, afore she came here!" he said to himself. "I wish Phileny would stay at home, and look after things herself. It'll be the last time I ever get caught in that trap!"

Meanwhile pretty Seraphina, singing softly to herself, folded an old, striped shawl around her taper shoulders, and went out to the huckleberry pastures, after the truant company of cows.

Old Tulip's bell was jingling among the silver-stemmed birches on the bleak hill, they were already on the homeward path, but Seraphina loitered unnecessarily on the bars, and paused a minute at the footbridge that spanned a brawling brook.

All was still and dusk; a certain frosty sweetness was in the autumn air, and the only visible person was a woman further down the brook, who was dipping out water.

Suddenly there was another step—strong, swift, and full of purpose—gliding down the brittle branches and dead leaves in its progress.

Seraphina's eyes brightened; a vivid color rose into her cheeks.

"There's he comes now!" she murmured. "There come's George!"

To her surprise and dismay, however, the cavalier did not come up the hill, but stayed his steps beside the other woman below.

"He is throwing his arms around her neck," thought indignant Seraphina. "He is—yes, he is actually kissing her! Are men absolutely without truth and faithfulness in this age of the world? But I don't care! Why should I care? I'm sure it don't matter to me."

No more hesitation, pausing for the cows, Seraphina hurried them home, and finished the milking in less time than it had ever taken her before.

She was just carrying in the foaming pail, when a tall figure approached.

"Seraphina!"

"Pray don't trouble yourself to speak to me, sir," said Seraphina, with a toss of the head. "Or if you do, please call me 'Miss Foxglove.'"

And Seraphina vanished in the kitchen door.

"What's the matter, Phiny?" said her mother, noticing the girl's quick movements and heightened color.

"Nothing, ma!" said Seraphina.

It was getting toward nine o'clock, and Mr. Foxglove had already indulged in one or two surreptitious naps, as his wife read the newspaper aloud in monotonous accents, and Seraphina darned stockings, when there came a knock at the door.

Mrs. Foxglove opened it. There stood the Widow Waterman, with her limp bonnet and inevitable sniff.

"I hope I ain't intrudin'," said Mrs. Waterman, "but here's the brown bombazine cloak, Mr. Foxglove, and humbly thankin' ye all the same I'd rather not wear it."

"Eh?" said Mr. Foxglove, in amazement.

"It was very kind of you to give it too me," went on Mrs. Waterman, to the utter and total discomfiture of the poor farmer. "But there's some things as human flesh and blood can't bear, and to have Deacon Pullaby's son axin' if he couldn't see me home when I come outen the store with a cent's worth of snuff, and Mr. Ferdinand Pluff sayin' was I to be at the dance at Melindy Ed'ardses, Tuesday night, and might he call for me at eight o'clock. Well, it's kind of upsettin'! But the worst of it all was when I went to get a little water at the brook—for my hogshead dropped all to pieces that last hot speel we had in September—and as true as you live, a young fellow seized holt o' me and was goin' to kiss me, if I hadn't up and give him a box on the ear! And I believe it's the brown cloak as done it all," with a meaning glance at Seraphina Foxglove. "So if you'd please to take it back, I'll try and get along with my old shawl a spell longer. And the roast chicken was proper good, sir," with a courtesy in the direction of the luckless farmer, "and that there apple-pie could not be beat!"

There was a moment's direful silence, and then Mrs. Waterman, seeing no probability of being invited to sit down, sidled out of the room and betook herself once more to the mysterious silence of the night.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Foxglove.

"Ma, don't scold pa," said Seraphina, half-way between the laughing and crying.

The farmer feebly rubbed his hands.

"I guess I'll go to bed," said he.

And he went. While Seraphina, running out to the well for a pitcher of water, the last thing before shutting up the house for the night, had nearly stumbled against poor George Peterson.

"Goodness me! what are you doing here?" said Seraphina.

"I can't go home and sleep, Seraphina, while you are angry with me," said the poor young fellow, who was very desperately in love. "What have I done to deserve your coldness?"

Even in the starlight he could see Seraphina's eyes sparkle.

"Nothing," she answered. "Except—except that you can't blame me for being jealous when I see you hugging and kissing the Widow Waterman!"

"It was the cloak that misled me," pleaded George. "I thought of course it was you."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk!" said Seraphina.

And she began winding up the well chain with great energy.

And Mrs. Foxglove thought that Seraphina had never before been so long in bringing a pitcher of water.

To George Peterson, however, the moments seemed winged, but nevertheless he went home rejoicing.

Seraphina had forgiven him.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

This new Wonder of the World, which is now being loaded on the French transport Isere for shipment to this country, is the largest statue in the world. Some idea of its magnitude may be obtained from the fact that forty persons found standing room within the head. A six-foot man standing on the level of the lips only just reached the eyebrows. While workmen were employed on the crown of her head they seemed to be making a huge sugar-caldron, and they jumped with ease in and out the tip of the nose. Fifteen people might sit round the flame of the torch, which elevation can be reached by a spiral staircase within the outstretched arm.

The London *Daily News*, in speaking of it, says: "It is out and away the largest statue of modern times. The Colossus of Rhodes was nothing to it. It could carry the 'Bavaria' or the 'Hermann' in its arms. It towers to the skies from the yard of the Rue de Chazelles, where it has been eight years in construction, and the view from its coronet sweeps clear of the six-story houses and beyond the walls of Paris."

The weight of this stupendous statue is 440,000 pounds, of which 176,000 pounds are copper and the remainder wrought-iron. It is expected to arrive in New York about the 25th of May, where it will be erected on Bedloe's Island, this being the location selected for it by Gen. W. T. Sherman, who was appointed by the President to make the selection. When placed in position it will loom up 305 feet above tide-water, the height of the statue being 151-2 feet, that of the pedestal 91 feet, and foundation 52-10 feet.

This imposing statue, higher than the enormous towers of the great Brooklyn Bridge or the steeple of Trinity Church, which is the loftiest in the city of New York—higher, in fact, than any of the colossal statues of antiquity—by its rare artistic proportions, as well as by its stupendous dimensions, will add another to the Wonders of the World. A word should be said of its artistic merit. The pose, stride and gesture, with its classic face, are pronounced perfect; the drapery is both massive and fine, and in some parts is as delicate and silky in effect as if wrought with a fine chisel on the smallest scale.

The conception and execution of this great work are due to the great French sculptor, M. Bartholdi, who has devoted eight years of his life and most of his fortune to this great work, and whose generous impulses, which must be on a scale commensurate with this noble work, prompted him to make such a noble gift to the United States. The committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work are in want of funds for its completion, and have prepared a miniature statuette, an exact counterpart of the original, six inches in height, the figure being made of bronze, the pedestal of nickel silver, which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States for the small sum of $1 each. Aside from it being a lasting souvenir of this colossal statute, it will ornament our homes and bear testimony that we have contributed to the completion of one of the grandest works of modern times. All remittances should be addressed to Richard Butler, Secretary American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, No. 33 Mercer street, New York. The committee are also prepared to furnish a model, in same metals, twelve inches in height, at $5 each, delivered.

We feel assured our people will be too eager to testify their grateful sense of the friendliness of this magnanimous offer on the part of the French people, and to reciprocate the kindly and liberal sentiments in which it originated, by thus aiding in an active prosecution of the labors that may be required to give the statue an appropriate base and pedestal. Now is the time to do it. Whoever wishes to have the honor and pleasure of contributing to the erection of the grandest statue of any age, to say nothing of the sentiment that should be welcomed and encouraged, must act promptly, for the money will be raised as sure as the sun rises. Every subscriber sending $1 will be supplied with a miniature counterpart of this great and imperishable statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

Bringing Matters to a Crisis.

A rich young man was courting a poor young girl, but he was slow in bringing matters to a crisis.

So one day she complained of the hardships of being poor.

"Poor!" he exclaimed gallantly. "Young lady, with your wealth of mind and grace of person, poor? Why, such charms as you possess are worth a mint of money."

"Well, I wish I had the mint and somebody else had the charms," she said, and the crisis came.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Obliging.

At Montreal a thief went into the hall of a hotel while the boarders were at supper and gathered up all of the hats.

He was making his way out when a boarder, a little behind time, came in and asked him what he was about.

"Oh," says the thief, "I'm taking the gentleman's hats around to Leary's to get smoothed."

"Well," replied the boarder, "take my hat, too, will you."

"Certainly, sir," said the accommodating thief, and vanished.

ISLE OF NEVIS.

ITS CONDITION PAST AND PRESENT.

Correspondence of the Kent News.

Atlantic Ocean, about 100 miles north of Sombrero, March 11, 1885.

We intended the letter from Martinique to be the end of our correspondence during this cruise, but have since then had opportunities of making observations which may prove of interest to some and conclude to make this brief addition.

About daylight on Sunday morning, March 8, the ship anchored in a small bay on the southwest side of Nevis, opposite the old town of Charleston. Soon afterwards I came on deck and, with the glass, could see the long lines of sugar hogsheads lying on the sand and on the small wharf, evidently intended for this ship, which meant that we should remain here until some time in the day on Monday. At breakfast I remarked to Captain Frazier, my seat being next to him, in a low tone, for there were a number of passengers, "I am going to look this business over a little today; how is it with you? Can you get off?" "We'll try to manage it." And he went on talking to Madam with the gold "specs" and handsome bracelets, who used three very fine words to convey one not very fine idea. But awhile afterwards I heard the whistle of the boatswain and a messenger was at my room to say that the captain would like to see me at the gangway. We were soon in his boat and the boys pulling away for the shore. On landing we had the good fortune to get a comfortable carriage and good, strong American horse, the best if not the only outfit of the kind belonging today to the once aristocratic Nevis. For, although the whole area of Nevis does not exceed 32,000 acres, it not being possible to cultivate more than 14,000 acres and half of this is encumbered with huge piles of stones and the central portion of the island rises to 3200 feet above the sea, yet in its palmy days there was a population of more than 12,000 whites and numerous slaves. Many of the residents of Nevis owned estates in other islands, and when sugar was dear and slaves were cheap wealth and culture gathered about this Newport of the Leeward Islands, but the appearance of things is now wonderfully changed. The sons and daughters of the proprietors were sent away to England to be educated and in most cases have preferred to remain there, spending the revenues of their estates and leaving nothing for their embellishment and but little for their improvement. What were once long lines of stone walls are now shapeless ruins. On some of the more level land the estates appear to be highly productive, but the improvements are in bad condition. Most of them grind the cane with huge, rudely constructed windmills supported on the massive old stone towers, which must have been built more than a century ago, for in some cases the towers have fallen, after which the cane appears to be hauled to an adjoining estate. But the patient, strong horse has long been tugging over the once fine road, now somewhat out of order, and the captain breaks off from the conversation with the exclamation, "You had better attend to your business; you are navigating this craft; I am only a passenger!" "What is the matter?" I answered. "Well, nothing," he replied; "only you are out of sight of land." At first I did not understand his waggish remarks, but upon looking around found that we had been traveling for some time over the solid rock and were out of sight of soil, except on the sides of the extinct volcano on our left. We were now about 1700 feet above the level of the sea and when an opening occurred between the hills and palms below the ship looked like a speck on the water.

On our return we passed an old stone building near the road. The doors appeared to be made of American pine, without paint. Small ponies with poor saddles were hitched to the bushes and about the wall. The congregation was of very rural appearance and many colors. I asked the driver if this was not St. John's parish church and learned that it was. We have no difficulty in seeing the register, for the captain of a mail steamer in these islands appears to only rank below the bishop, the governor and the judge. The entry, on the yellow paper, in which we are interested reads:

1787, March 11, HORATIO NELSON, Esquire, captain of His Majesty's ship, the Boreas, to FRANCES HERBERT NISBIT, widow.

How different is the appearance of the assemblage on this, almost the anniversary of that day, ninety-eight years ago, when the rank and distinction of the British navy, accompanied by the beauty of this and other colonies, assembled to witness the marriage of the future hero of the Nile and of Trafalgar?

The next morning I visited the ruins of what was once a substantial stone building, standing near the once popular Hot Sulphur Spring, about which are many evidences of the estimation in which it was held by those who erected the tasteful and expensive improvements. The present owner has repaired in a cheap way one of the pools, which is used by persons who prefer spending a sixpence to bathing in the open-air stream below amid the motley crowd who now resort to it for health or pleasure. After emerging from the bath and while standing in the shadow of the roofless walls I cannot repel the reflection that the crosses of honor and stars of royal favor which once glittered here are now conferred by other hands and borne on other breasts, and that the beauties whom the wearers sought to please have long since faded and gone; but faithful and impartial Mother Nature sends forth today as then, warmed by the unfailing fires which burn beneath Nevis, the healing stream for her humbler children. C. A. L.

Thought He Was Wanted.

A practical detective can frequently discern at a glance that a man is a rogue. The stamp of dishonesty on his features, or his anxiety on being observed, tells the story. A remarkable illustration of this fact was narrated by the Boston correspondent of the *Hingham Journal* a year or two ago. The detective was Constable Derastus Clapp, the successor of "Old Reed," a famous rogue-catcher of Boston half a century ago, who was for forty years the terror of evil-doers in and about the New England metropolis.

Clapp was a shrewd man and a most excellent judge of human nature. He could tell a rogue as far off as he could tell a black man, and he never made mistakes. His "come along with me" was imperative and admitted of no argument.

An instance of his readiness in reading character occurred one morning in the upper criminal court. A case of considerable interest was being tried, and the gallery was crowded with spectators.

Two or three reporters were sitting near the door, when Clapp, stooping over, whispered:

"Don't all look at once, but please observe that nice-looking man with the white cravat, in the front middle seat of the gallery."

We looked. "Now," says Clapp, "I'll bet that I can start that man traveling out of the court-house on the double-quick in less than five minutes nor will I leave the room or send him any message."

While we were wondering how the feat was to be accomplished, the veteran quietly beckoned to Officer Tallant, and taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, directed that officer's attention to the party in the gallery, and apparently gave him some directions.

Tallant opened the door and stepped into the entry, and at the same instant the gentleman with the white cravat bolted like lightning through the crowd to the door and disappeared.

"Gentlemen," remarked Clapp, "I never saw that man in my life before. It illustrates the scriptural saying, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

She Was Convinced.

"Oh, I can't sing," pleaded a young man who femininely wanted to be coaxed before gratifying his auditors.

"Yes you can. I've heard two or three of your friends say so," persisted a pretty girl to whom he had been talking.

"No, I can't," he repeated, getting up to go to the piano.

"Yes you can. Go on now and sing, please," she urged.

He said he couldn't two or three times more, but he went ahead, and for half an hour his voice was the most prominent thing in the room. Then he came back smiling to the young lady.

"Ah," she said, wearily, "thanks. You were quite right about the singing."

His face clouded and he never spoke again to the girl who agreed with him.

Lost time is never found again.

VALUABLES IN TRUST.

The Many Precautions Taken by the Safe Deposit Companies—Preparations Against Mobs—Millions of Dollars' Worth of Property in Burglar-Proof Vaults.

Philadelphia Times.

With the approach of summer begins the accumulation in the vaults of the safe deposit companies of great piles of family silver-plate, jewelry and valuable property and papers which the householder about to depart on his summer vacation fears to leave at home, trusting to the vigilance of the police.

"We have