msa_sc2901_scm1625-0336 © Maryland State Archives

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.

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, JUNE 13, 1885. No. 6.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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.

L 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

CAROLINE C. PERKINS,

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 28th day of Nov'ber, 1885, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 28th day of May, 1885.

GEO. W. T. PERKINS,
my30-4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JAMES TURNER, (colored,)

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 28th day of Nov'ber, 1885, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of May, 1885.

J. REYNER STAVELY,
my30-4 t. Adm'r.

Ratification Notice.

Geo. M. D. Hart and Others.
vs.
Mary R. Hart and Others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, May term, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate, in the within entitled cause, decreed to be sold, made and reported by Chas. H. Baker, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of August, 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 7th of July, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,250 00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk,
June 6—4t.

Order of Publication.

Joanna Robinson,
vs.
Isaiah Robinson, George Ingram and Mary E. Ingram.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity.

THE object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Kent county.

The Bill states that the plaintiff, Joanna Robinson, together with Isaiah Robinson and Mary E. Ingram, the wife of George Ingram, are seized in fee in equal portions of an undivided tract of land containing about twenty-four and one-half acres lying in the First Election District of Kent county.

That the said real estate is not susceptible of partition amongst the parties entitled, without loss and injury to them, and that plaintiff is entitled to have the same sold and the proceeds divided amongst the parties entitled, and that all the defendants are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

It is thereupon ordered this 14th day of May, 1885, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Kent county once in each of four successive weeks before the 15th day of June, 1885, give notice to the said Isaiah Robinson, George Ingram and Mary E. Ingram of the object and substance of this bill, and warn them to appear in this Court in person or by attorney on or before the 15th day of September, 1885, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
May 16—5t.

$159,600

WORTH of PROPERTY INSURED

AT THE

CONTINENTAL AGENCY

From April 1, 1884, to April 1, 1885.

Because intelligent business men want a Safe and Reasonable Insurance at a Reasonable Cost.

We refer to the following well known gentlemen whose valuable residences are insured in this company:

Jas. A. Pearce, Esq., Mr. Sam'l Vannort,
H. W. Vickers, " " Jos. Turner.

JOHN D. URIE, Ag't,
April 4, 1885. CHESTERTOWN.

KEEP COOL!

WE greet you with a new card. Cummings' ICE-CREAM is known for its superior quality and purity of materials. Our parlors are pleasant, well-ventilated and are considered by competent judges to be one of the most pleasant places in the town.

Ice-Cream and Water-Ices, all Flavors,

fresh every day, Wholesale and Retail. Picnics, Parties and families supplied. We have also fresh Bread, Rolls and Rusk, Pies, Cakes of all kinds, daily; Confectionery, Fruits and Nuts of all kinds.

Will be glad to see all of our friends and the rest of mankind.

CUMMINGS & CO.,
May 9, 1885. opp. the Bank.

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.

LOT OF BRACKETS.

WALL POCKETS &c.,

Will be closed out about cost.

jl9. LOUIS K. STAM.

Wonderful, but True!

"Halloo! John. Where are you going so early in the morning?"

"I am going to Friedman, the Clothier under the *Kent News* office to get a suit."

"Why don't you go to Baltimore to get it?"

"I tell you, Tom, I have seen the suits which Sam and George have just bought at Friedman's, under the *Kent News* office, and I tell you they are just as good in style and in workmanship as the Baltimore clothiers."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir! And Friedman beats them all to pieces in prices."

"How is that, John? How can Friedman, in Chestertown, sell cheaper than Baltimore houses?"

"I tell you, Tom, the reason is he buys his goods for cash, direct from the manufacturers, and is under small expense; besides, you know the CASH goes these days a great way, and, I tell you, you can save money by buying goods of him. He is reliable and straightforward, and he don't misrepresent any goods. His stock for the present Spring season of Ready Made Clothing, from three-year old child suit to a fat man's suit is complete. He also carries a large stock of Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps. I advise all my friends to go direct to A. FRIEDMAN, under the *Kent News* office, Chestertown, to save money." m16.

Civil Service Reform!

To carry out the ideas of our National Government,

GOSLEE

The SHOE MAN

Has disposed of his old and odd stock of BOOTS and SHOES and is offering to the people

New Goods

in the way of Footwear fresh from the Factories which he is receiving daily and selling at a REFORM PRICE.

MEN'S PLOW SHOES!

every pair warranted to be all leather for $1, Men's Fine Shoes from $1 25 to $6. The BEST $3 MEN'S FINE SHOE in the country.

Our Youth's Calf Bals.

that we had made takes the prize for Style and Durability.

Ladies' French, Dongola, Camel Leopard, Mat Glove and Curacoa Kids, Kid Foxed, Straight Goat and Pebbled Buttoned Shoes, Hand and Machine made, on A. B. C. and D, lasts, ranging in price from $1 50 to $5.

We give our entire attention to the SHOE TRADE, and will show you the Largest, Finest and Best Selected Assortment and guarantee our prices to be the LOWEST of any one. Remember the place and look for name in the window.

M. T. GOSLEE,

Adjoining Chestertown Nat'l Bank,
Chestertown, Md. Mar. 28, 1885.

Large Stock

—OF—

WHITE PINE, HEMLOCK, and CYPRESS

FENCING!

—FOR SALE BY—

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

May 9, 1885.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS.

DOWNES & JENNINGS,

Merchant Tailors,

33 Hanover Street,

BALTIMORE.

mh14-3m.

RAISINS, CURRANTS, Citron, Beans, Hominy, Buckwheat, Mince Meat, and Pine Apple Cider, just received and for sale by THOMPSON, n15. up town.

ROCK SALT for sale W. A. WHEATLEY.

WANTED!

CUSTOMERS FOR

100

Iron Age CULTIVATORS

At $4.25 each,

subject to 5 per cent. discount for cash on delivery. Net Price $4.00 each.

TURNER BROS.,
June 6, 1885. BETTERTON.

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.

BUY YOUR CARPET FROM THE MAKER.

IT WILL PAY YOU!

WE keep constantly on hand a good selection of

RAG CARPET

⅞ 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.

GO TO

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

IF YOU WANT A

Good Cultivator or Cultivator Teeth.

We are now selling the new Departure Cultivator, made by G. W. & S. Taylor with or without the Corn Covering Attachment. We have also on hand a large lot of Reversible Cultivator Plates and a large lot of Best Cultivator Teeth of our own manufacture. We have also on hand

Our Celebrated "Climax Cultivator,"

all of which we are selling at bottom prices to suit the times. We want all to come and try our prices before purchasing; we will do you good.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
m9, 1885. Chestertown.

J. S. MacDONALD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

—IN—

FINE JEWELRY!

WATCHES,

SILVERWARE,

&c, &c.,

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

BALTIMORE, MD.

jan1y.

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.

BARB, Buck Thorn and Ribbon Fence Wire, cheaper than ever, at J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s.

HUDGINS' BAKERY

—AND—

Candy Manufactory,

CROSS ST., CHESTERTOWN.

We take pleasure in announcing that we have now in our employ a Baker from Rice's Vienna Bakery, Baltimore, which we think a full guarantee that our goods will be of the highest standard.

We Use the Best Flour,
Have the Best Workman,
Oven in the Best Order,
and we are Baking Daily

All Kinds of Bread,

Vienna Rolls, (something nice;)
Cinnamon Buns, Maryland Biscuit.
Coffee Cakes, Rusk,
Doughnuts and Crullers.

In the CAKE line

we have always on hand Pound Cake, Sponge cake, Lady cake, Fruit cake, Drop cake, Jelly cake; Ginger, Spice and Sugar cake.

TOYS! TOYS! Always on hand.

Thanks for the encouragement we have received since we have succeeded W. H. Blakeney we will endeavor by making fine goods and attention to business to merit a continuance of public favor.

Parties, Balls and Picnics supplied on best terms.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,

P. S.—Our Gem Ice Cream Parlors will open the 6th of June. m30.

AT COST!

Intending to make a change in part of my business I shall offer the following GOODS AT COST!

QUEENSWARE! GLASSWARE!

NOTIONS and FANCY GOODS.

China Tea Sets Reduced from $12.50 to $9.50; from $10.00 to $7.50; from $5.50 to $4.25. Lamps from $13 00 to $10.00; from $8.00 to $6.00; from $7.50 to $5.50, and everything else in these lines of goods in the same proportion, the best chance you will have to buy good goods at low prices.

Come and look at them and you cannot fail to buy if you are in need. This is no humbug but the truth, we need money and must sell.

Our Electric Lamps

are greatly reduced in price but are not included in the above goods at cost.

H. A. SPARKS,
apr11. opp. Court House.

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.

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.

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.

HORSE CLIPPERS, Rubber Horse Brushes, Sheep Shears, &c., at W. A. WHEATLEY'S, dj. Chestertown Nat. Bank.

RE-TAIRING old Stoves and Tinware. mh 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & Co.'s.

A Satisfactory Answer.

Said Robert: "I wonder why Kate has not married
In all the long years that have fled?
There must be a good reason why she has tarried
While all her companions are wed,
And none were so clever, so handsome and hearty,
As she, I am free to declare;
At home or abroad, at a picnic or party,
The brightest and merriest there.

"Now, Nell was not pretty in form or in feature,
And almost too lazy to stir;
And I cannot imagine what John, that good creature,
Could see to admire in her,
Yet she is well settled—a model of duty;
Has found a most excellent mate;
And yet in attractions of grace or of beauty
She can't hold a candle to Kate.

"Why, we in our youth were like sister and brother;
I playfully called her my wife,
And vowed, with a boyish devotion, no other
Should be my companion through life.
I loved her, but she had no thought of my passion,
The dear little innocent elf,
And rather than see her left out in this fashion
I'll make a proposal myself!"

Said Robert to Kate, in the honeymoon season,
"My darling, pray tell me the truth;
I have often wondered what could be the reason
That you were not wed in your youth?"
Said Kate, with a look of reproach, as if summing
The amount of indebtedness due,
And a blush that was ever so sweet and becoming
"You goose! I was waiting for you!"

"BEWARE, BEWARE."

Pretty Mrs. Floyd was standing at the gate in a marvelous morning robe. A charming black lace fichu was draped across her breast; her beautiful hair flowed in heavy curls down to her shoulders; and she wore the most bewitching little breakfast cap you ever saw. In short, she was a perfect vision of loveliness.

She seemed to be all ribbon and lace and she should have been all smiles, as she usually was, but her liege lord had just gone off in high dudgeon, and she stood looking down the avenue after him with a half-rueful countenance. Yet what a pretty picture she made, with the trees and sky for a background.

"How perfectly absurd!" she exclaimed. "I wonder why it is that American husbands are all so unnecessarily exacting? In Europe, the married women are the charm of society, and I don't see that the proprieties suffer in consequence. But here one is censured for appearing natural. One cannot be at ease in gentlemen's society, but must be prudish to the last extreme. The idea of my having flirted with Kenneth Gray! Why, I am sure I never dreamed of such a thing! I hope I have more regard for my reputation; Lester ought to know that, too."

Whether Mrs. Floyd was more sinned against than sinning in this matter, is rather difficult to decide. To be sure, Lester, who loves her after the manner of few husbands, was somewhat prone to be jealous; but then Mrs. Floyd had certain coquettish ways, which, while very becoming to her beauty, were not at all conducive to Lester's peace of mind. On the whole, they were about equally culpable, if so strong a word can be used.

In the particular case of Kenneth Gray, Mrs. Floyd may have been unusually provoking; for that handsome young physician had once been a suitor of hers, and she might have known that Lester would eye him with disfavor. But she had taken no pains to avoid the misunderstanding.

She had danced with Kenneth Gray at Mrs. Lathrop's lawn party; she had talked to him on several occasions; and once or twice, when she had seen him on the street, she had allowed him to walk home with her. But the crowning offence, in Lester's eyes, had been the acceptance of a beautiful basket of flowers from the young physician.

To be sure, this was only the payment of a bet; but Lester argued that a married woman had no right to make bets with a marriageable young man; and in particular, Mrs. Floyd should not do such a thing with Kenneth Gray.

But the truth of it was that, as the rupture of her engagement with this man had occurred under circumstances which left her in rather a disagreeable position, Mrs. Floyd was bent upon showing him that he had passed entirely out of her regard, and that she could meet him on a familiar footing without the slightest concern.

But Lester could not appreciate this motive; hence the stormy scene after breakfast, and Mrs. Floyd's indignant soliloquy.

"A man who is unreasonably jealous," she said, as she stood listlessly at the gate, after her husband's disappearance, "ought to have something to be jealous about. I think that if Lester were made thoroughly miserable about me for once in his life, and were to find out that there was no serious occasion for it, it might cure him of this uncomfortable weakness. I have thought of it frequently, and I've half a mind to concoct a scheme of some sort, that would bring it to pass."

Her thoughts were running in this channel, when she saw Lester's brother, Terence coming up the road. Instantly her face was wreathed with smiles, and archly smelling at a flower she held, she said, half coquettishly:

"I am so glad you came, Teddy! I am just brim full of a project, and I must tell it to somebody. I hope you are a safe confidant?"

"The best in the world," was the reply, thinking as he said it how pretty his sister-in-law looked. "It is one of my accomplishments."

"Well, but come into the house. You know," she began, when they were there, and with a little hesitation, "you know Lester and I have just had a—a—"

"Row? No, I didn't know it. But I might have supposed that much. That is the conventional thing between married people, I believe."

Teddy was a bachelor.

"It wasn't a row," Mrs. Floyd explained. "Rows are vulgar. This was a-a-difference, a misunderstanding; but it was very disagreeable all the same. Lester went off terribly angry. Would you believe it, Teddy? He accused me of flirting with Kenneth Gray."

"Of course I'd believe it," Teddy replied promptly. "You are just thoughtless enough, and Lester is just jealous enough, for you to get up the semblance of such a thing between you. Why, there are times when you are an impersonation of Longfellow's 'She gives a side-glance and looks down.' If I were not your brother-in-law I should say to myself 'Beware' as Longfellow did. The fact is, you are a natural born flirt."

Mrs. Floyd pouted, and almost changed her mind about telling Teddy; but she was mollified when he added:

"Of course there is nothing in it; it's only your way; it comes from your sympathetic nature. You and Lester are too fond of each other for you to flirt seriously. But sometimes people are made very miserable by what is really and substantially nothing at all."

"Lester is too terribly jealous," Mrs. Floyd said, by way of apology. "But I have made up my mind to cure him. I think if I allowed him to suppose there was really an occasion for jealousy and he were to get pretty well worked up over something that would prove a trifle after all, he would see the folly of such indulgence."

"Very likely," Teddy answered.

"It occurred to me that today would be a particular opportunity for carrying out such a plan. Lester is quite angry with me, and will be ready to credit anything: so I am going to make him believe there is something very serious between Kenneth Gray and myself. In fact, I shall leave a note on the bureau where he can find it when he comes home. It will tell him I have eloped with my lover. I have written one already. Here it is."

Mrs. Floyd handed the note, which was gotten up to give the impression of precipitancy and mental distraction. It read:

"When your eyes fall upon these lines, Lester, I shall be beyond your bitter reproaches. I would not have left, had you not pursued me with your jealous doubts; but you have made my life intolerable, and I shall seek my happiness in the love of a man who will not torture me with constant upbraidings.

GLADYS FLOYD."

"I tried not to tell a story," she observed, as he was reading this. "I made my statements equivocal, you see. I am sure I am seeking his happiness in the love of such a man as I have described, and as I hope Lester will be after he has learned this lesson."

Teddy laughed uproariously.

"So you are going to leave this on the bureau?" he inquired. "By Jove! I believe I will come home to dinner with Lester, just to see the *denouement*."

"Do," Mrs. Floyd urged. "I shall hide in the bay-window behind the portiere, and shall listen to every word that is said."

"What schemers you are, Gladys—you womenfolk."

Teddy observed this as he was going away; but Mrs. Floyd only laughed in great glee over the plot she had produced.

It was six o'clock when Lester came home to dinner. Teddy returned with him, as he said he would. Mrs. Floyd having discovered their approach, flew to the bay-window, concealing herself behind the heavy Persian drapery that shut off the alcove from the bed-room.

Teddy lingered in the library, as was proper. But Lester, after calling his wife in vain, came up stairs to look for her.

Mrs. Floyd had arranged the portiere so as to allow herself a little peep-hole, and through this she watched him intently.

He entered with an unsuspicious air, and called her name several times. In passing the bureau, the note caught his eye, and he picked it up. It so happened that, as he stood there reading it, his back was turned toward the window, and Mrs. Floyd could not see his face.

But she saw him reel as though some one had struck him a deadly blow; she saw him crush the note in his fingers; and she heard a low exclamation that burst unconsciously from his lips. Then—oh, heavens!

She never knew how it was done. It seemed that this discovery of her supposed elopement, made at a time when he was already deeply depressed, had driven him to desperation. But before she had dreamed of such a thing, he drew a pistol from his pocket, placed it directly over his heart, and quickly fired.

There was a loud report, a gurgling cry from Lester's lips, and he fell to the floor.

The next instant Teddy was in the room. He had come up stairs three steps at a time, and found Gladys standing like one paralyzed; her face as pale as death, and her eyes wildly dilated.

Lester's pistol had fallen beside him, and at a glance Teddy grasped the horrible truth. He sank on his knees at his brother's side, and lifted his head.

"Miserable woman," he cried, in a voice of horror. "You have murdered your husband."

His words seem to break the spell that bound Gladys. Her hands sank nerveless at her sides; a moan escaped her pallid lips; and with the bitter cry: "Oh, my God!" she sank insensible at Teddy's feet.

When she opened her eyes again she was lying on the bed. There was a dim light in the room, and standing by the window the figure of a man.

Mrs. Floyd raised herself, with a heart on which the weight of the whole world seemed resting. The horrible truth flashed upon her recollection, and pierced her like a thousand arrows.

Then, in the dim light, she saw the figure turn toward her. It was not Teddy as she had supposed; but—oh, merciful—Heaven—it was Lester! her Lester!

A cry of agony burst from her lips.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Already—already he has come back to haunt me."

In a passion of grief and horror she buried her face in the pillows; and for a few moments she was wholly insensible to the light touch that fell upon her shoulders. But at the words that were whispered in her ears she started up wildly.

Lester was standing beside her, and the next moment he seated himself on the edge of the bed.

"Gladys, darling," he murmured, "I am not dead. Look at me."

"You are dead," she cried passionately, "I killed you—God pity me. But I did not mean to—I did not mean to."

"Little wife," he whispered gently, "touch me—feel my hands—let me kiss you. I am here—real, palpable, in the flesh. You hear my voice, and I tell you, Gladys, I am alive."

"You are dead," she answered wildly.

"I know it. I killed you—you, my husband, whom I loved better than my own life—oh, my God!"

"Darling," he said, gathering her up in his arms, "do you feel my embrace? Do you feel my kisses? Do you hear me say I love you?"

"Yes," she answered, in a dazed way, at last, putting her hand to her head, "yes I do."

"Listen to me, Gladys," he continued, turning up the gas brightly. "This tragedy was all a farce. I did not shoot myself, dear. See! I am not even wounded; for, Gladys, the pistol contained nothing but powder. I was paying you in your own coin you see. I knew all the time that the note was a deception. Teddy told me all about it."

Slowly the facts presented themselves to her understanding, and with a cry of hysterical joy she flung her arms about Lester, her husband, alive and unhurt, and sobbed wildly.

"Darling," she murmured brokenly, "forgive me, forgive me."

"We will mutually forgive, little wife," he answered tenderly. "Henceforth I will try and not be jealous, and you—"

"I will hold your feelings sacred, Lester," she said solemnly. "If at any time you should be jealous, it will be without reason; but even then, the mere fact that you are so shall govern my conduct."

"That is more than enough," he said, sealing the compact with a kiss. "I am wholly satisfied now and forever."

"And I, too," she answered. "Oh, Lester, I thought I had lost you."

Her arms were about his neck, and she clung to him passionately. Looking into her sweet, devoted face, Lester Floyd thought and swore that he would never doubt her again.

He kept his oath right faithfully, too; for his "never" was more than a "hardly ever."

But, after all, what a scamp Teddy was for telling. His excuse now is, that it cured Gladys of even the suspicion of flirting.

"She's as charming as ever," he says to himself, "only not quite so coquettish in manner." And then he hums to himself: "Beware, beware."

Things You Never Meet.

A railroad without a mortgage.
A dude who never sucked his cane,
A gas company which did not consolidate,
A sea lion that ever lived in Druid Hill Park.
A barber who did not ask you, "Does it hurt?"
A cotton umbrella which was not a borrowed one.
An actress who did not have her diamonds stolen.
A newspaper which had less than 25,000 circulation.
A patent medicine that was not good for every disease.
A circus agent who did not have the biggest show on earth.
A baseball club which did not have some excuse for losing a game.
A Republican office-holder who has been guilty of offensive partisanship.
An organ-grinder who does not have "Sweet Violets" in his repertoire.
A man who acknowledged to his wife that he had not been at the lodge.
A detective who did not have a clue to a case on which he was engaged.
A restaurant that did not have the first strawberry short-cake of the season.
A fisherman who caught a fish weighing less than two pounds three ounces.—*Balt. Times.*

Disappointed.

An English lord who visited this country was at a dinner given in his honor at a private residence up town. A little daughter of his host, who was too well-bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark:

"And are you really and truly an English lord?"

"Yes," he responded pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought that I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and—"

"And now you are satisfied at last," he interrupted, laughingly.

"N—no," replied the truthful little girl. "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed."

Fit for Tat.

The girls of Minneapolis have a club with the motto:

"The lips that touch wine
Will never touch mine."

And the young men have formed an opposition club with the motto:

"For lips red with dye
We never will sigh."

"LITTLE TIM."

They said the train was an hour behind time, and that information made us all feel put out and annoyed. Therefore, when a boy of about 14; poorly dressed and having a trampish look, came along the platform asking for financial aid to get down to R—— on the train we were waiting for, it was but natural that one and all replied:

"If you want to get to R—— take the dirt road! You look as if you were used to tramping on it!"

He had no saucy word in reply. When he went and stood in the light of the window, and I saw how he shivered in the cold wind, and how worried and anxious he seemed to be, I grew ashamed of my gruff words. I saw two or three others look him over as I had done, and I had no doubt that they felt as I did. I ought to have walked up to the boy and said:

"Here, my lad, if you really want to go down to R——, I'm willing to help you. Take this half-dollar. How happens it that a lad of your age is cold, ragged, hungry and away from home and friends?"

But I didn't. I edged towards him, ashamed, and yet not quite ready to acknowledge it to him, and all of a sudden he disappeared. I reasoned that he had gone up the hill to the village, and that this pretending to want to go to R—— was all a trick to beat honest men. When you reason that way the heart grows hard pretty fast, and you feel revengeful. We talked the matter over—four or five of us—and the conclusion was that the boy would die on the gallows.

Well, the train came along after awhile, and it was moving away, after a brief stop, when a piercing shriek, followed by shouts and calls, brought us to a stop.

"Somebody's been run over!" called a voice, and in a moment the coaches were emptied.

Yes, somebody had been run over—had a leg cut off above the knee by one of the cruel wheels. Who was it? How did it happen? It was our boy—the lad who was to end his days on the gallows. He had crept under the coach to steal a ride on the trucks. There he was, having only a few minutes to live—his face as white as the snow-banks—his eyes roving from face to face—his lips quivering as twenty men bent down and spoke words of sympathy.

"Who are you?" asked the conductor.

"Tim!"

"You shouldn't have tried it."

"But I wanted to get to R—— so bad! I was up here to find work, but nobody would have me, and yesterday I heard that mother was dead!"

"But anybody would have given you sixty cents to pay your fare."

"Oh, no they wouldn't! I asked lots and lots of men and they said I ought to be in jail. I—I—wanted——!"

There we were—the half dozen of us who had repelled him with insult—wrung his young heart still more—sent him to his horrible death under the wheels! We dared not look into his face—we even shunned each other.

If it could only come to pass again—if Heaven would but send him back to earth and let him stand before us as he did that winter's night—but it is too late!

New Style of Salutation.

During his first visit to Paris, M. Lasalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying:

"Madame will come immediately."

Presently the lady entered. She was in dishabille and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said:

"Ah, there you are; good-morning." She threw herself on the sofa, let fall a slipper, and reached out Lasalle her very pretty foot.

Lasalle, naturally, was completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand, and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Therefore he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying:

"I thank you, madam, for this new mode of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand."

The lady jumped up, highly indignant.

"Who are you, sir, and what do you mean?"

He gave his name.

"You are not, then, a corn doctor?"

"I am charmed to say, madam, that I am not."

"But you sent me the corn doctor's card."

It was true. Lasalle in going out that morning had picked up the card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This, without glancing at, he had given to the servant, who had given it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but to laugh over the joke.

His Honor and Bijah.

"So you jumped into the river to drown yourself?" queried his Honor, as Jacob Schmidt was passed out.

"Vhell, I haf some troubles mit my wife."

"Suppose you do. Is that any reason why you should march down to the wharf and fling yourself into our drinking water? What's the matter with your wife?"

"She fights me all der time. Shudge, if you only knew how dot vomans uses me you would pity me."

"Why don't you send her off?"

"She won't go. Vhen I tells her to clear oudt she says ha! ha! and she doan go."

"Then why don't you leave?"

"She won't let me. Vhen I vhalks off she brings me back."

"You shouldn't have married such a woman."

"Dot is so, but I couldn't help it. She seemed so funny and so like an angel dot I vhas sold oudt. Shudge, I vish I vhas dead!"

"Pooh! you are all right. I shall fine you $3 for jumping into the river and creating an excitement, and if you go home and ask your wife to forgive you I guess everything will be lovely."

"Vhell, I bays dot fine, und I goes home, but shall be deadt tomorrow!"

"I wouldn't. Spring is just opening, and in thirty days from this the bluebirds will sing, the robins whistle, and every soda fountain in town will be on the gush."

"Dot is all right, Shudge, but if I vhas in Heaven I vhas all O. K. without soda water. Goot-pye, efery—I vhas gone oop der spout pefore tomorrow!"

A Thoughtful Husband.

Mrs. Minks—"I think it is too bad, Mr. Minks! Why can't a man be as considerate of his wife a few years after marriage as he was before? But I suppose it is too much to expect; men are all alike, and care only for themselves."

Mr. Minks—"Really, my dear, I don't know what you are driving at."

"Oh! no, of course not! You don't even know that this is my birthday, and yet only a few years ago the date was engraven on your heart; and you never failed to give me a present. Why didn't you do so today, I should like to know?"

"Because, my dear, I did not wish to remind you of the painful fact that you were a year older."

A Head for Business.

Algernon: "Ah! my deah boy; so glad to see you; and how is your suit with Miss DeRich coming on?"

Augustus: "Weally, my boy, I can't say that I've made much progress so far, but I believe I've hit on the right idea now. Do you see this dawg?"

"Of course. What a delightfully English pug; just like the one Miss DeRich admired, by the way."

"It's the very one, my boy. She went into ecstasies over it at the dawg show."

"Ah! I see; so you've bought it for her?"

"No; for myself."

"For yourself? What good can that do you?"

"Why, my boy, can't you see? Bajove, the deah girl will have to take me or lose the dawg, you know."

The best thing in print—a pretty girl in a calico dress.

"LITTLE TIM."

They said the train was an hour behind time, and that information made us all feel put out and annoyed. Therefore, when a boy of about 14; poorly dressed and having a trampish look, came along the platform asking for financial aid to get down to R—— on the train we were waiting for, it was but natural that one and all replied:

"If you want to get to R—— take the dirt road! You look as if you were used to tramping on it!"

He had no saucy word in reply. When he went and stood in the light of the window, and I saw how he shivered in the cold wind, and how worried and anxious he seemed to be, I grew ashamed of my gruff words. I saw two or three others look him over as I had done, and I had no doubt that they felt as I did. I ought to have walked up to the boy and said:

"Here, my lad, if you really want to go down to R——, I'm willing to help you. Take this half-dollar. How happens it that a lad of your age is cold, ragged, hungry and away from home and friends?"

But I didn't. I edged towards him, ashamed, and yet not quite ready to acknowledge it to him, and all of a sudden he disappeared. I reasoned that he had gone up the hill to the village, and that this pretending to want to go to R—— was all a trick to beat honest men. When you reason that way the heart grows hard pretty fast, and you feel revengeful. We talked the matter over—four or five of us—and the conclusion was that the boy would die on the gallows.

Well, the train came along after awhile, and it was moving away, after a brief stop, when a piercing shriek, followed by shouts and calls, brought us to a stop.

"Somebody's been run over!" called a voice, and in a moment the coaches were emptied.

Yes, somebody had been run over—had a leg cut off above the knee by one of the cruel wheels. Who was it? How did it happen? It was our boy—the lad who was to end his days on the gallows. He had crept under the coach to steal a ride on the trucks. There he was, having only a few minutes to live—his face as white as the snow-banks—his eyes roving from face to face—his lips quivering as twenty men bent down and spoke words of sympathy.

"Who are you?" asked the conductor.

"Tim!"

"You shouldn't have tried it."

"But I wanted to get to R—— so bad! I was up here to find work, but nobody would have me, and yesterday I heard that mother was dead!"

"But anybody would have given you sixty cents to pay your fare."

"Oh, no they wouldn't! I asked lots and lots of men and they said I ought to be in jail. I—I—wanted——!"

There we were—the half dozen of us who had repelled him with insult—wrung his young heart still more—sent him to his horrible death under the wheels! We dared not look into his face—we even shunned each other.

If it could only come to pass again—if Heaven would but send him back to earth and let him stand before us as he did that winter's night—but it is too late!

New Style of Salutation.

During his first visit to Paris, M. Lasalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying:

"Madame will come immediately."

Presently the lady entered.