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, OCT. 17, 1885. No. 24.

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 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.

Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant.

WM. T. TULL is the agent for Kent county for the "Personal Memoirs of General U. S. Grant." These memoirs were prepared by General Grant himself and are comprised in two octavo volumes of about 600 pages each. These memoirs appear to have been written without bias on the part of General Grant, and indeed he frequently speaks of the Confederate commanders in the kindest terms. The author endeavors to divest himself of all personal feeling and describe the events of the war in an intelligent and unvarnished manner as they came under his own personal observation. The General is a graceful writer. He knows what he wants to say, and he has the faculty of saying it in an unaffected and unequivocal manner that is agreeable and instructive to those who read. The work is sold by subscription only and the volumes will appear separately about three months apart, thus enabling subscribers to obtain the work with a smaller immediate outlay, by paying for the volumes separately. It will be furnished in four different styles of binding, ranging in price from $3.50 to $9 per volume.

☞MR. EDWARD LAMBERT will canvass the fourth and MR. WM. P. HAMILTON the fifth district of Kent county, and they are duly authorized to receive subscriptions.

oc3-3t. W. T. TULL, Ag't for Kent co.

DRILL GAUGE WHEELS.

HAVING invented a gauge wheel attachment for GRAIN DRILLS and obtained a patent for the same I am now prepared to sell State, County and Shop rights. My patent regulates the Depth of Seeding the Wheat and Fertilizers, Saves Seed, Increases the Yield Largely, prevents killing by Freezing, lessens the draft one-third, packs the ground on top the seed, costs only about half as much and weighs about half as much as any other attachment, is fully as effective, not half as liable to break, and can be quickly applied to any Drill.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT will try and furnish the Attachments for this Fall's Seeding.

EDWIN P. JANVIER,
STILL POND P. O.,
oc3-3t* Kent county, Md.

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

WILLIAM BOYER,

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 13th day of April, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of Sept., 1885.

ELIZABETH M. BOYER,
oc3-4t. Adm'x.

Order Nisi.

Marion deK. Smith *versus* Georgia E. Adelsberger.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in equity September 28, 1885.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of Georgia E. Adelsberger made and reported by Marion deK. Smith, mortgagee, under the power in the mortgage from the said Georgia E. Adelsberger to the said Marion deK. Smith, dated September 2, 1882, and recorded in liber S. B., No. 3, folio 352, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published at Chestertown, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 4th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $151.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True Copy, Test:
oc3-4t, SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Ratification Notice.

The Chester Loan Asso. of Kent County,
versus
Joseph A. Catlin and Ida V. Catlin, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, September term, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Joseph A. Catlin and Ida V. Catlin, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, attorney, under the power in two separate mortgages from the said Jos. A. Catlin and Ida V. Catlin, his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent County, the one dated October 9, 1882, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 3, Folio 394, &c., the other dated June 27, 1883, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 4, Folio 354, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 27th day of November 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 27th day of October, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,702 00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk,
Sept. 26-4t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-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.

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.

Dr. Paris' Nervous Restorative Lozenges
(REGISTERED.)
These remarkable English remedies accomplish within a reasonable time all the results claimed by the various nostrums and so-called specifics for Nervous Exhaustion, etc. In addition to this special action, they strengthen the nerves, elevate the spirits, increase bodily weight, and build up the whole system. $2 per box, sent by mail, with full directions.
PARIS & CO.,
sep26-1m.* 1320 Dickinson St., Phila., Pa.

REPAIRING old Stoves and Tinware.
mh 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & Co.

J. O. LOWE,
Successor to GEO. E. LAMBERT,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

Manufacturer of and Dealer
—IN—
FINE CARRIAGES
of all descriptions,
JUMP SEATS,
PHAETONS,
BREWSTERS.
☞Repairing and Painting neatly executed and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
jy18-tf. J. O. LOWE.

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.

WANTED!

FARMERS TO KNOW THAT WE ARE SELLING
Roland Chilled Plows
At Prices to Suit the Hard Times.

Plows delivered at any landing reached by the Sassafras River Steamboat Co. Write us by mail or call at our office.
TURNER BROS.,
Aug. 15, 1885. BETTERTON.

Large Stock
—OF—
WHITE PINE,
HEMLOCK, and
CYPRESS
FENCING!
—FOR SALE BY—
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
May 9, 1885.

WM. B. TURNER,
Green Point, Worton Creek.

NEW WHARF and Warehouse complete, Storage convenient and first-class; all steamers stop regularly. New Safety Stable open to those wishing to leave teams, which will be attended to. The public road having been improved and hills graded, is now in good condition, and we are now prepared to handle freight of all kinds.
GRAIN BOUGHT OR FREIGHTED.
We have on hand for sale
PEACH BOXES,
PEACH BOX MATERIAL,
BUILDING MATERIAL,
FLOUR, SALT, HARDWARE,
FERTILIZER, &c., at lowest rates.
☞Give us a call and see what we are doing. aug29-tf.

SPICES.
PURE GROUND MUSTARD,
WHITE & BLACK MUSTARD SEED,
CLOVES, ALLSPICE,
CINNAMON, CAYENNE,
LUCCA OLIVE OIL,
GREEN GINGER. Perfectly Pure.
at M. A. TOULSON'S,
aug29. DRUGGIST.

500 Cedar Posts
200 CHESTNUT SAWED POSTS.

White Pine Fencing, Cypress Fencing, North Carolina Pine Fencing, Wheelwright White Oak Seasoned Plank, Harrow Scantling 2½x2½ White Oak, 3x3 White Oak Gate Stiles, Ash Plank, Wagon Poles, Baluster, &c.
White Pine 1x6 Worked or Rabbetted Siding, A B and C, Cypress 1x6 German or Novelty Select Siding. White Pine ⅞x7 "Box Out" and "Barn" Siding, Virginia ⅞x6 Worked and ⅞x7 Selected Siding, North Carolina ⅞ and ⅝ Siding.
⅞ Maple Seasoned Flooring, 1¼, 1½, ⅞ Seasoned Georgia Flooring, ⅞ Virginia No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. Flooring, ⅝ and ⅞ Beaded and Double Dressed Virginia Ceiling, 1, 1¼, 1½ Seasoned Selects in both White Pine and Cypress, Eleven (11) Brands of North Carolina Swamp Shingles.
Small Lots of Selected Seasoned Cedar, Poplar, Ash, Chestnut and other Wood for fine inside hard or soft finish.
ANY AND ALL KINDS BUILDING MATERIAL and FACTORY WORK.
JOSEPH TURNER,
Sept. 26, 1885. SCOTT' POINT.

"Money Saved is Money Made." This You can Do by Buying Goods of
THOMPSON---Up Town.

WE will sell you a barrel of Gambrill's, or Wm. Lea & Son, Co.'s Flour, a sack of Salt, a barrel of Lime, &c., for less for the cash than you can buy it in the city.

WE will sell you good brown Sugar at 6c., good Green and Roasted Coffee at 12½c. and 10 lbs. Granulated Sugar at 80c., cash.

WE will sell you a good, solid Plow Shoe at $1, $1 25 and the Best Plow Shoe at $1 40 a pair, also a pair of Gent's Sewed Bals., (a good dress shoe,) for $1 35 such as is sold at $1 50. A Gent's Calf, Buttoned or Lace Shoe at $2 50, such as is sold for $3 00 and a pair of Ladies' Kid Front, Glove Kid Tip, Worked Buttonhole, a splendid article and warranted sound for $1 75.

LIME, LIME, LIME.—Hair and W. W. Brushes, a large stock and for sale in quantities. We aim to keep a little of everything and by buying our goods close for the cash, and discounting all our bills we are enabled to sell very cheap.

☞Give us a call and we will prove to you that we mean business. Thankful for past favors we are
Yours obediently, &c.,
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Sept. 19, 1885. UP TOWN

Continental Fire Ins. Co.

Cash Assets, Jan. 1st, 1885 $4,938,501.92

Will insure all kinds of Farm Property and Dwellings against any damage by Fire and Lightning, for any length of time from 10 days to 5 years on terms that can't be beat. Buildings insured while being built. New and valuable property insured close to actual value.

A postal from parties wishing insurance will receive prompt attention. The following well-known and valuable properties are insured in this company.

The residence of James A. Pearce, Esq., H. W. Vickers, Esq., and Mr. S. Vannort, also, the County Court House, the New Jail and the County Almshouse.
JOHN D. URIE, Agent,
aug1. Chestertown, Md.

E. T. COMEGYS,
GRAIN
Commission Merchant,
Chestertown, Md.
☞HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN DAILY.
I also have C. W. WARREN at Kennedyville and J. H. IRELAND at Locust Grove buying for me.
Telephone call No. 64. Sept. 5.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT'S
Corn Hoes! Corn Hoes!
AND
CULTIVATOR TEETH!

WE have on hand a large lot of the BEST STEEL CORN HOES for sale, and a fine lot of extra heavy CULTIVATOR TEETH made expressly for putting Corn Ground in order for wheat.
These goods will be sold cheap. Call and look before buying.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
sept12. Chestertown.

WANTED IN CHESTERTOWN, Md., an energetic business woman to solicit and take orders for the Madame Griswold Patent Skirt Supporting Corsets. These corsets have been extensively advertised and sold by lady canvassers the past ten years, which, with their superiority, has created a large demand for them throughout the United States, and any lady who will give her time and energy to canvassing for them can soon build up a permanent and profitable business. They are not sold by merchants, and we give exclusive territory, thereby giving the agent entire control of these superior corsets in the territory assigned her. We have a large number of agents who are making a grand success selling these goods, and we desire such in every town. Address
MME. GRISWOLD & CO.,
sep26-4t. 923 Broadway, New York.

CHAIRS' CHOICE PEACH TREES
And All Other Varieties.
True to name. We have furnished numbers of our best farmers with orchards. All kinds Nursery Stock low. Order early. Our stock will please you.
s12. WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.

CANNERS LOOK SHARP!
MASON'S PORCELAIN GLASS TOP Quart and Half-Gal. Jars, Preserving Kettles, Stone Jars of all sizes, Tin Cans and Sealing Wax.
at THOMPSON'S,
sept5. Up Town.

Grand Advent
—OF THE—
SECOND CENTENNIAL!

AN ALL-DAY DEMONSTRATION AND REVIEW OF THE TEMPERANCE ARMY IN KENT COUNTY.

Still Pond Vanguard Encampment tenders an invitation and cordial greeting to all Temperance Organizations, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Teachers and Scholars of Public Schools and the Public.

Beyond all doubt this will be the greatest Temperance ovation and gathering ever witnessed in this county.

GUIDING STAR LODGE, No. 216, I. O. of G. T., has engaged the eminently known orators:
REV. D. C. BABCOCK, of Philadelphia;
REV. C. H. MEAD, of New York;
MRS. MARY H. HUNT, of Boston.

Three services to be held in the large and handsomely furnished audience room of Still Pond M. E. Church,

Tuesday, Oct. 27.

Morning Service commencing at 10 o'clock, addressed by REV. D. C. BABCOCK of Philadelphia. Afternoon Service commencing at 2½ o'clock, addressed by MRS. MARY H. HUNT of Boston. Night Service commence at 7 o'clock, addressed by REV. C. H. MEAD of New York.

Music for these services will be rendered by unexcelled musical talent and will undoubtedly please the most æsthetic ear. In this connection will be a well-known quartette from the Franklin Reformatory of Philadelphia.

The commodious Town Hall and staging will be extensively spread with tables attractively furnished and sumptuously supplied with the most tempting food and delicacies for which this county is so famously known. The tables provided, controlled and presided over by the fair ladies of our community. Dining hours 12 to 2½ o'clock. Supper from 5 to 7 o'clock. Choice music will be rendered on the grand piano and organ in the Hall during meal time.

Ample accommodations will be provided for feeding horses and the care of carriages.

The management assure the public that they will spare no trouble or expense to make this program an entire success and a source of supreme enjoyment to all who attend, &c.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:
REV. E. C. MACNICHOL, NORRIS BARNARD,
G. W. HARPER, G. W. COVINGTON,
Mrs. F. H. HARPER, Mrs. J. F. WILSON,
MISS MARY JONES. o10-tm.

CARPETS!
CRANE BROS.
CRANE BROS. CRANE BROS.
CRANE BROS.,
No. 67 W. Baltimore Street, Near Gay.
Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Etc.
BODY BRUSSELS,
VELVET CARPETS,
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,
INGRAIN CARPETS,
In all the latest styles at low prices.
OIL CLOTHS in endless VARIETY.
TURKISH RUGS, TURKISH RUGS.
All sizes, new designs, very cheap.
Selling off MATTINGS at Cost Prices to make room for Winter Stock.
Our Goods are not surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we do not advertise prices, but always guarantee to meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere. We are Eastern Shore people and want Eastern Shore trade.
CRANE BROS.,
No. 67 W. Balto. St., 3 doors above Gay.
sep19-3m

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.

This is NO HUMBUG
but we intend to do just what we say.—But in order to be convinced of the truth of this statement, we invite you to call—with the money—and we feel sure that we can satisfy you both in the price and quality of goods.
Remember the place:
JAMES A. SHAW,
COURT STREET, Chestertown.
mb21.

THE SPEAR HEATER is one of the best made, and gives perfect satisfaction. It will heat the lower room and one or two rooms above, and consumes less coal than any Heater we know. Put up with galvanized pipe and flue board at reasonable prices
by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

A Splendid Assortment of TINWARE of our own manufacture, for sale at low prices. W. A. WHEATLEY.

Not as I Will.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown threshold on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law, unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness,
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone.
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as we will."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

DELISLE'S REVENGE.

BY C. L. HILDRETH.

I finished my letter to my old friend, Clarence Bell, whom I had not seen for two years, with the following paragraph:

"I am sometimes almost frightened at my own good fortune, dreading like the ancient Greeks lest such happiness be followed by some compensating disaster. Even yet I feel as if I were the victim of a divine illusion. I can scarcely believe that I, with so little to recommend me, have really won the love of such a woman. I wish you could see Lois. Beautiful is not an adequate word for such a face as hers. I cannot describe her to you, for I should utterly fail to convey the sweetness and purity of her expression and the nameless influence that lingers around her like the odor of some exquisite Oriental flower. Is this extravagance? Very well; it is none the less true."

One morning, a few days later, the door of my office opened and Clarence entered, cool, careless, handsome as of old—the same Clarence who had ruled me by the charm of his presence, laughed at me, and borrowed my money during our college days.

"You did not expect me?" he said, after I had warmly welcomed him. "The fact is, Delisle, your letter aroused my curiosity. In the first place, I don't believe half of it, mind; but allowing even for a lover's exaggeration, you have apparently found a jewel, eh?"

"There is not another such in the world," I responded.

"Let us see," he said, with a reflective air. "What is her name?"

"Lois Lorimer."

"Her age?"

"Twenty."

"Good! And her coloring?"

"A lovely brunette, with soft, dark eyes and rich, red-brown hair."

"Perfection!" he exclaimed, laughing in his half-mocking way. "I perceive that I shall envy you."

"It will do credit to your taste," I replied. "However, you shall judge for yourself. She expects me this evening. Come with me and prepare to admire."

There are those who say that, if we would but heed it, we are always forewarned of any great sorrow in store for us. It may be so; but it was certainly without the faintest distrustful provision that I introduced my friend to my betrothed.

I was proud of him, with his handsome face and winning manner.

And how beautiful she was in her white summer dress, with her favorite scarlet flowers in her bosom and a delicate flush coming and going in her cheeks as she arose to welcome us!

I saw Clarence start as he beheld her and a look of undisguised wonder and admiration displace his ordinarily careless expression. Contrary to his usual habit, he talked but little, keeping his eyes fastened upon Lois, as if fascinated.

When we left her he walked beside me in silence for some time. Suddenly he drew a deep breath and said, as if to himself:

"She is a revelation."

"Is she not?" I exclaimed, triumphantly. "Am I not a fortunate fellow to have won her love?"

"Her love!" he repeated, absurdly. "She loves you? True," he added, bursting into a laugh, "I had forgotten. I congratulate you, Delisle; you are indeed the most fortunate of men. You wanted me to envy you, and I do with all my heart. A man might give his right arm, his life even, to be in your place. There, am I sufficiently enthusiastic?"

He relapsed into silence, and during the rest of the evening remained moody and abstracted.

If love is blind, friendship is certainly near-sighted. During the three weeks that followed if any one had told me that my dearest friend was revolving in his mind the basest injury one man can do another, or that the woman I loved in the deepest fibre of my heart was being slowly but irresistibly drawn away from her plighted faith, I should have laughed the story to scorn.

There was no leaven of doubt in my love for them both, nor any shadow upon my happiness.

I had indeed observed a change in Clarence Bell. He was no longer the careless idle friend of former times. He had become restless, gloomy and irritable. From visiting Lois with me almost daily, he refused to see her at all.

"Let me alone," he said, almost savagely, when I had repeated my customary invitation one evening; "why do you persist in tempting me to contaminate that pure girl with my presence? I am a villain, the worst of villains, I tell you. I hate myself and everybody else; and if I were anything but a mean-spirited coward I would go drown myself."

And uttering an incoherent imprecation, he rushed out of the room, leaving me in the fear that he had lost his senses.

I was destined to receive a second surprise the same evening. Lois was in the habit of waiting for me in the garden, but tonight she was nowhere to be seen. I went through the grounds, looking for her in our accustomed haunts, until I reached a rustic pavilion at the further side. Parting the leaves before the door I peered cautiously within. She was there, but her attitude startled me. She was sitting there with her head resting upon the table before her, her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing convulsively.

She arose hastily as I entered and looked at me confusedly.

"It is you!" she said, in a tone almost of alarm.

"Whom did you expect?" I responded, in astonishment; "and why are you weeping?"

She sank down again and put her hand to her side, as if to still the throbbing of her heart.

"Yes, I expected you," she murmured; "I don't know what is the matter with me. I am nervous and ill."

But I was not satisfied; an indefinable uneasiness disturbed me. I passed my arm around her and, putting aside the fallen tresses of her hair looked at her earnestly and said:

"You are suffering, darling; will you not tell me what it is?"

"Nothing, nothing," she replied, averting her face. "I am only unhappy, that is all."

"Shall I leave you?" I asked, hurt at her manner. "I will come another time."

"No, no," she cried hysterically, clasping me tightly; "do not leave me. I dare not stay alone. I feel as if I were being drawn away from you by a power over which I have no control, as if I were under an evil spell."

"Everybody seems unhappy today," I replied. "I left poor Clarence in a desperate mood. I would have brought him with me, but he was nowhere to be found."

She started to her feet and pushed me from her, with a shudder.

"Do not bring him here again," she exclaimed, passionately. "Do not speak his name to me again."

"What has the poor fellow been doing now?" I asked in surprise. "He has not been here lately, at least."

"You do not know," she gasped, as if making a violent effort. "He comes when you are not here. He is a traitor, and your enemy. Avoid him! Drive him away! As you value your peace of mind and mine, protect me from him."

Before I could reply she lifted her skirts and fled across the lawn, leaving me stunned and amazed with what I had heard.

There was a dreadful significance in her incoherent words. Was my friend indeed untrue to me? Had he secretly endeavored to undermine me in the affections of my betrothed? Was that the secret of his strange conduct of late? My soul revolted at the idea! I could not believe that the friend to whom I had been so loyal and true would seek to do me so terrible an injury. There must be some mistake, some misapprehension. I would have an explanation with Clarence and give him an opportunity of exculpating himself.

I returned to my dwelling and went to his room, but he was not there. I sat down to wait for him; but as the moments went by a nameless anxiety, almost terror, crept upon me, until at the end of the hour I could bear it no longer.

I arose, resolving to go back to Lois, and to postpone my interview with Clarence until the following morning.

Passing up the main avenue of the grounds surrounding her home I caught a glimmer of her white dress in the adjacent shrubbery, and turned aside to meet her. As I drew near I discovered that she was not alone; another step and I recognized her companion. It was Clarence Bell!

My first sensation was mere wonder; the next, a cold chill of terrible doubt—doubt of both of them. I instinctively concealed myself behind a hedge and waited for them to approach.

As they came nearer I saw—and seemed to be in the midst of some bad nightmare as I saw it—that his arm was about her waist and her hand lying in his.

I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, it was indeed so. I was deceived by my friend and betrayed by my betrothed wife!

I caught at the slender twigs of the hazels to support myself, for the sky seemed to be reeling above me and the earth to be sinking beneath my feet. Before that moment I did not know that a man could endure such suffering and still live.

Presently the convulsions passed and there was nothing left in my heart but a consuming hatred.

I watched them as they came towards me with eyes starting from my head. I heard his low, tender tones, and her smothered replies.

"It is too late to repent," he was saying. "I loved you from the moment I saw you. It was useless to combat it. I have as much right to be happy as he."

"I shall never be happy again," she replied, in a broken voice. "He was so good and true and he loved me so tenderly. It will break his heart. I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!"

"He was my friend, too," he responded; "but love is stronger than friendship."

"And stronger than manhood, honor and truth, too," I interrupted, in a loud, stern voice, stepping from my concealment and confronting them. "Look at me, both of you—the man whose heart you have broken, whose life you have blasted!—and may the memory of me stand between you and accuse you, day and night, to the end of your lives!"

Then, without heeding her wild, supplicating cry, or his hoarse exclamation of shame and terror, I sprang over the hedge and rushed away like a madman.

I have but an indistinct idea of what I did or where I went all that long, terrible night, until at daylight I found myself, torn, haggard, drenched with rain and tottering with fatigue, before my own door.

But out of all my mental chaos I had evolved one clear, relentless resolve—revenge!

I made my way mechanically to my room, and there, upon my dressing case, found two notes awaiting me.

One was from Clarence, brief, shameless, desperate. It ran:

"I have deceived you. I have robbed you of your betrothed wife. Well, I have no excuse to offer. I love her, and have inspired her with a fancy, if no more, for me. It suffices, however. We have taken the morning boat for the city, where we shall be married."

The other from Lois, a blotted, tear-stained sheet, was so confused and rambling that I could only decipher a few sentences.

"Oh! forgive me, if you can," she said, "for I am as wreathed as you could wish me to be. I am all that is wicked and false, for I love you yet, and do not love him. But I am drawn on by an irresistible impulse. I do not understand myself. I ——"

And here the letter broke off suddenly. I threw down the notes scornfully, and, opening a drawer, drew forth a revolver and loaded it carefully.

I examined the time-table and made my preparation for the terrible task I had set myself with the cool deliberation of a maniac. I knew that the boat would touch at Rochampton, at the harbor's mouth, four hours later, and that by taking the train I should be able to intercept it.

My plan was terribly simple. I would destroy them both and then myself. As I could not die alone and leave them to be happy in their treachery, so I could not live after I had meted out to them their fitting punishment. When I had once arrived at this determination my agitation left me. My nerves seemed made of ice and my muscles of steel.

No one aboard the train could have guessed that the quiet passenger who sat by himself in a corner was bent upon a mission of death.

When I reached Rochampton the steamer was already at the wharf. A storm had been raging all the morning and now a terrific gale was blowing across the waste of turbulent water. Muffled in my overcoat, with my hat drawn over my eyes, I made my way aboard. I did not look for those I was pursuing. I knew that they were in my hand, and that was enough until my time should come.

Wrapped in my own stern meditations, I paid no heed to what was going on about me. I knew, in a vague way, that the gale was increasing; that the steamer labored heavily; that there was alarm among the passengers and anxiety among the officers. But I was indifferent to it all.

It was not until late in the day that I was aroused from my stupor. There had been a heavier lurch than usual, then a terrific crash that shook the fabric of the vessel from end to end.

I arose and went forward, the one calm being among the panic-stricken crowd. I found that in the heavy fog the ship had lost her course, and, striking upon a shoal, was fast going to pieces.

Amid the running to and fro, the shouts, cries and agonies of terror, I saw and thought of nothing but the two figures standing side by side near the bow—Lois and Clarence.

She was leaning upon the the rail, with bowed head and clasped hands, in an attitude of quiet resignation. He was looking wildly about him with ghastly face and staring eyes. The traitor who had found dishonor so easy, found it hard to die.

I watched them awhile, with a smile of scorn upon my lips and a cold deadly calm at my heart. My hand would not be raised in punishment; my revenge would be consummated by a power greater than mine. Moment after moment passed by, and the water was already creeping about my feet; in less than half an hour all would be over.

Suddenly, as if my fixed gaze had fascinated her, Lois raised her head and saw me. Even in the wild uproar I heard her cry of mingled shame, terror and love. Instinctively she stretched her hands towards me, with a piteous gesture of appeal. In an instant all my hatred was swept out of my heart, and all my love, betrayed as it had been, returned.

I pushed my way through the crowd and stood before them. I took her cold hand in mine; I turned and looked him in the face.

"I followed you," I said, "to destroy you both for the wrong you have done me, and to die myself. In this hour, which may indeed be our last, I forgive you freely. If we escape, go your way together in peace, and I will go mine."

"No, no," she cried, clinging to me, "take me with you. Despise me, kill me if you wish, but do not believe I love any one but you. I was mad, deluded, sinful, but in my heart true to you always."

"Say no more," I replied, gently, "we have no time to think of that now. Clarence Bell, if you are a man, help me to save this woman."

"I cannot swim a stroke," he answered, sullenly.

"Then I must save you both," I said. "The shore is not far distant, and I am a strong swimmer. Lois, come with me. Clarence, remain where you are; I will return for you."

My preparations were soon made. I threw off my superfluous clothing, drew off her shoes and wraps and bound a handkerchief over her mouth. Then, taking her in my arms, I sprang overboard and began the terrible journey shoreward.

The sea was running mountains high and the wind was full in my face. The shore was less than half a mile distant, but in that short space I was more than once on the point of giving over my efforts.

But I was laboring for a life far more dear than my own, and I struggled on. At length, faint and gasping, I was drawn, with my precious burden, out of the seething billows upon the land. Waiting only long enough to regain my breath, I plunged into the water again and swam back to the wreck.

When I reached it again only a small portion of it was left. Clinging to a broken timber, in stolid despair, I found Clarence Bell.

"I did not believe you would return," he said, looking at me in haggard amazement. "Are you more than a man that you should risk your life for one that has injured you as I have?"

"This is my revenge," I replied. "Good for evil; life for worse than death."

He uttered a groan and covered his face with his hands.

The renewed struggle was indeed a hopeless one. Wearied by my previous efforts, with a heavier and quite as helpless a burden to support, I believed from the start that we were doomed.

For more than half an hour I labored desperately on, till I could scarcely move my cramped limbs. My eyes were blinded with blood and my breath came in groans. Finally I felt my senses leaving me.

"I can do no more," I gasped; "I am sinking, now."

My arms relaxed and I floated helpless at the mercy of the waves.

"You are dying for me," he moaned; "and I—O God! Claud, forgive"——

A swell passed over his head and he disappeared. The next instant I became unconscious.

* * * * * * * * *

An age seemed to have elapsed when I became vaguely aware of a sense of great pain and the sound of a woman's voice in prayer.

"O Father in heaven, spare him to me!" it said—"spare him that he may at length forgive me for my sin and take me back to that noble heart which I betrayed."

"Lois!" I murmured, stretching out my hand feebly towards her.

"He lives!" she cried, falling upon her knees beside the bed and covering my hand with kisses. "Oh, it is more than I deserve!"

"Hush!" I said gently; "don't speak of that now. Tell me of Clarence."

"He still lives," she answered, averting her face; "but it is said that he was mortally injured by a piece of wreck and will die. He has asked to see you."

He was lying in the next room, conscious of his approaching fate, desiring only to see me before he died.

On the following morning I was able to get to his bedside. Battered, dying, with the last vestige of his once wonderful beauty gone, he was indeed a sorrowful sight.

"They tell me that my time is up," he said, feebly, trying to smile; "and I am heartily glad of it. In some measure it squares accounts between us. You can forgive me now, can you not, old friend?"

"Fully and freely, before heaven," I replied solemnly.

"You used to say no woman could resist me," he continued, with a momentary flash of his old, mocking manner. "I tempted, deluded, fascinated her; but under it all she was true to you. During our journey on the steamer she came to her senses. She loathed me and did not disguise it. She would never have married me, and what would have been the sequel I cannot guess but for the providential storm that killed me and restored her to you unharmed. Forgive her, Claud. She loves you and has never ceased to love you."

"I have forgiven her," I said, "as entirely as I have forgiven you."

With a faint smile, in which there lingered something of the gay, careless friend I had known and loved so long, he closed his eyes, and so I left him.

His death drew the last bitter sting from my heart, but it was months before the memory of that sad time faded to a plaintive dream. Even then, with my love strengthened and my faith renewed, it was long before the prospect of happiness was again opened to me.

The folly I had pardoned, Lois could not forgive in herself. She was "not worthy of such love as mine," she said. It was fitting she should pass the rest of her life in the hard penance of self-denial and regret.

But we were both young, and love conquered with her as it had with me, as in all true hearts; though tears and fire, sorrow and shame intervene, it reaches that union which is a foretaste of heaven.

Danger of Contagion in Throat Troubles.

The medical editor of *Babyhood* writes: "A recent case within our knowledge, in which fatal diphtheria developed upon what had been believed to be a simple quinsy, suggests a few words regarding the duty of isolating any case of sore throat where there are other children in the house. Without entering upon any disputed points regarding diphtheria, it is generally agreed that the distinctive visible sign of it is its peculiar membranous deposit. A case may present clearly the conditions of a "common sore throat," and subsequently diphtheria be unmistakably present. For our purpose it is unnecessary to discuss whether such cases are diphtheritic from the first or become so. The point for parents to know is that the sequence of dangerous symptoms upon those apparently slight is not uncommon, and that it is better for them to isolate a child fifty times unnecessarily than to be neglectful once.

We would urge, then, that, if at all possible, every child suffering from sore throat be isolated until it is distinctly convalescent. Physicians are often embarrassed, in urging the isolation of patients, by the timidity or suspicions of parents. If in such a case as has been described the physician recommends the precaution of isolation, the family, if of the timid type, is at once thrown into a panic, assuming that the physician really considers that the case is diphtheria or that he expects it will prove to be, and that he is concealing the facts, while really he is only taking proper sanitary precautions.

Other persons, on the other hand, immediately interpret the physician's statement of his reasons for isolating a supposed simple case as an evidence of want of knowledge on his part. They apparently think that to the properly educated physician diseases are as distinct and as easily discriminated as coins of different denominations. With such people the only course is to strongly advise isolation, and to give the reason for it, and let them take the responsibility of neglecting the suggestion if they choose to do so. Intelligent people usually are grateful for the warning, even if proved to have been unnecessary, and although they sometimes chaff the physician as "fussy."

CHEWING GUM ADVISED.

A Southern Physician Who Thinks That the Habit is Beneficial.

From the Macon Messenger.

"Thinness is a physical characteristic of Americans. I account for this because of the fact that they are in a new country to whose climate they have not become used. Even the descendants of people who came to America two hundred years ago are not fully acclimated. This is true, it matters not to what country people may remove. Natural history has demonstrated that at least three hundred years are required to acclimatize a nation that has taken up its abode in a new country. Now, as thinness is a characteristic of Americans, they ought to use whatever will make them fat and they ought not to use what will keep them lean. The habit of chewing gum causes certain juices which aid digestion to flow freely, unmixed with any injurious substance. The habit of chewing tobacco also causes these juices to flow freely, but the tobacco chewer either expels them from this mouth or swallows them mixed with the poisonous juice of the weed. I see you have your note-book out; just dot down this fact: Twenty years ago the rule was that Southern women were thin and delicate; it is not the rule now. Southern women are not physically equaled in all North America. Any physician who is as well informed as he ought to be will tell you that this is true. This change is due to the habit of chewing gum. You may smile, you may even laugh, if you please, but I am telling you a plain fact. As to Southern men, they are as thin and gaunt as they ever were, and so they will remain until they cease to chew tobacco and begin to chew gum."

Do you know of anything that embodies more truth than may be found in the following lines, that we have caught floating around in the poetic breeze?

Man's ingress in life is naked and bare,
His progress, trouble and care,
His egress none can tell where,
But if he's a good fellow here
He will be a good fellow there.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Fiddling for Life to a Pack of Hungry Wolves.

A story is told in Kentucky of a curious adventure with wolves in the very early days of the settlement of the State. The hero of it is an old black slave, named Dick, and it occurred one night as he was on his way to a marriage festival of some people of his own race. He was an extremely skillful fiddler, and was going to play his violin at the wedding. To reach the place, six miles distant, he was compelled to pass through a long stretch of woods. Here a pack of wolves gradually gathered, yelping hungrily at his heels in the darkness. At length when some of them swept by close to his legs, snapping at him as they passed, he struck at them with his fiddle; the strings jarred loudly, and what relief came to his shivering soul when he saw that the sound made the brutes stand off. He immediately struck his hands across the cords. A wolf that was within two yards of him leaped aside in terror. He walked rapidly forward smiting his violin again and again to terrify the creatures that beset him.

In this way he made his way to a hut standing the midst of a clearing not far distant. In he rushed, slamming the rickety door behind him, clambered up through a hole in the roof, and perched on the gable, with the frail tenement literally shaking beneath his weight. The door of the cabin did not for a moment withstand the attack of the wolves, which immediately thronged the interior. They were now wild with rage. They leaped up; they gnashed their teeth; they closed their jaws with that sharp snap so horrible to the ears of the fiddler, as he almost fell from his roost in despair; but he remembered the effect of his violin. He had not yet drawn the bow from his case, but now he did so, and struck it shrieking across the strings, forced all the while to keep his legs kicking high in the air to avoid the trap-like fangs that were only a few inches below. In an instant the yells ceased, and the negro went on, drawing forth the most wild, hysterical and grating sounds from his friendly violin.

This barbarious noise, however, had no other effect upon the creatures than to astonish them. Even wolves cannot be charmed by bad music. When the first surprise was over they renewed their attack. Presently a great gaunt head lit by two eyes like globes of green fire, was thrust up through the roof.

"Who's dar?" shrieked the negro, mad with horror. An instinct saved him. Just as there seemed no thread of fate to save him from being dragged down and made the prey of these ravenous brutes, he once more smote his bow upon the fiddle and began with desperate energy to play "Yankee Doodle." The loud inspiring notes caused instant silence among the hungry rout below. Orpheus piping to the brutes was no unmeaning fable. Dick won a kindred triumph. He was astonished at the effect of his music. Around him was the most attentive audience that ever listened to his fiddling. But whenever there was the slightest pause the wolves sprang forward and commenced their howl again. Thus the black was forced to labor away, flinging his feet into the air, redoubling his vigor, and filling the clearing with his extraordinary harmony.

It was a cold night. Dick had walked far and fasted long; his arms were weary of their exercise; he began to feel benumbed, hungry, exhausted. Nothing, however, could be done but play on, for at every pause these fearful growls began again. There was no satisfying that troop of connoisseurs, fidgeting as they sat, with howling tongues and perched ears, through several hours of the wildest night that Dick had ever known. The moon sank low in the west. A deeper shadow crept from under the arches of the forest. The stars seemed paler, the trees bearer and gaunter, and the troop of wolves seemed to multiply instead of diminish.

At the wedding feast the people became alarmed. Dick was the soul of punctuality. What could have happened? Their anxiety for his safety and their desire for his fiddling impelled them to seek him. So with lanterns and clubs they went out through the plantations to look for him, and when they found him he was still perched upon the roof of the old hut, sawing upon his fiddle, running over his tunes again; ready to drop with weariness and cold. The wolves were driven off, and they reluctantly quitted the spot. Their forms might have been seen lingering on the skirts of the woods, and as the rescuers passed on with their old friend, a howl, rising at intervals, and an occasional rustling among the bushes, showed that the pack was still in a wary and determined but useless pursuit.

FACTS ABOUT THE FEET.

Fashion in men's shoes again strongly inclines to broad toes.

Pointed toes for men's shoes have quite gone out of fashion.

Nothing in nature, the ladies say, is prettier than a pretty girl-baby's feet.

Chiropodists say that ballet-dancers, as a rule, have the worst feet in the world.

Two fashionable corn doctors in Philadelphia have made independent fortunes.

The most fashionable ladies everywhere are wearing low-heeled, sensible shoes.

Most of the stylish men who black their own shoes use the imported liquid blacking.

A prominent physician says that more men of distinction suffer from gout than from any other malady.

It is said of a small foot that the face may grow wrinkled and the hair turn gray, but the foot is "still thar."

French heels and pointed toes have been "in" and "out" by turns for several generations. Just now they are out.

Every year the number of corn doctors increases and annually the army of corn-suffering humanity grows larger.

The average stocking worn by the Baltimore girl is half a size smaller than the prevailing size in New York or Philadelphia.

Such has been the progress in making ready-made shoes that they can now fit perfectly any sort of foot as well as if made to order.

For full-dress evening wear patent leathers with plain silk uppers, in imitation of a stocking, continue to be the swell thing for men's wear.

Most of the young Philadelphia sportsmen have boots specially made to order that come up to their thighs and are more or less waterproof.

Statistics kept by the manufacturers and importers show that more silk stockings for men's wear are sold in Philadelphia than in New York.

The husband of a prominent society lady in Philadelphia is so proud of his wife's foot that he has had it modeled and has it cast in marble in a glass case.

Hundreds of the most prominent ladies and gentlemen in Philadelphia employ a chiropodist by the year, paying $20 annually to have their feet kept comfortable.

Almost every "gentleman" in the South wears boots. Shoes are relegated to the negroes. On the contrary, in the North most of the men of prominence wear shoes.

In Richard II.'s time the shoes had such narrow-pointed toes they were caught up at the knee by ornamental chains, while in the time of Henry VIII., who had the gout, they were flat elephantine affairs, with pugs.

In the "Mikado," though the girls affect a mincing gait, there is no affection of small feet, as it is a Japanese play, and the Japanese ladies, unlike the Chinese, do not bandage their bunions or cramp their corns.

The biggest last used by any shoemaker in Philadelphia is for the feet of a Catholic priest, who is considerably over six feet high, broad in proportion and big otherwise than physically. His foot is nearly twice the average size.

It is a curious fact, known as a rule only to critical observers of the same sex, that the noted beauties, like the peacocks, are not proud of their feet. Langtry's foot, it is said, is nothing to brag about and Mary Anderson has a regular "clod-hopper."

Great Possibilities of Evolution.

From the Easton Ledger.

National fusion ticket for 1888:

For President: George J. Meekins, of the Eastern Shore.

For Vice-President: Michael Bannon, of Maryland.

Platform: Politicians for revenue only.