Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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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.

Professional Cards.

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

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining Store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

Drs. T. H. & J. W. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. S. C. PENNINGTON,
DENTIST,
81 N. Charles Street. Baltimore, Md.

DR. PENNINGTON was formerly associated with the late Dr. T. C. Norton, (for 17 years proprietor of the Colton Dental Association). Dr. Pennington is the only Dentist in the city that makes a SPECIALTY of Extracting Teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.
Sept. 12—1885-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 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

JAMES S. GEMMILL,

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 11th day of Sept, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of February, 1886.

JAMES A. PEARCE,
f13-4t. Administrator.

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

SAMUEL BLACK, (col'd.,)

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 3d day of August, 1886, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of January, 1886.

T. J. FLETCHER,
j30-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Baltimore City letters of administration on the personal estate of

MARY CORNELIA J. LEARY,
late of said city deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 2d day of August next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of January, 1886.

HOPE H. BARROLL, ADM'R,
CHESTERTOWN, Md.

All persons indebted to the estate of said Mary C. J. Leary are hereby notified to call at or send to my office and settle the same on or before Tuesday, February 15, 1886.

HOPE H. BARROLL, ATT'Y,
fe6-4t. CHESTERTOWN, Md.

Ratification Notice.

Charles T. Westcott, Trustee,
versus
William Perkins, Francis A. Perkins.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, January 30th 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the property made and reported by CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Trustee, under a deed of trust, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of April, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 5th day of March, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $4,163 65.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 30-4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the sale of Real Estate of Henry Ward by Nathaniel Voshell, Collector of Taxes.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

HAVING examined the proceedings relative to the sale of the lands of Henry Ward by Nathaniel Voshell, Collector of Taxes, and the same appearing to be regular, and the provision of law in relation thereto having been complied with, it is therefore this twenty-sixth day of January, 1886, ordered that notice be and the same is hereby given to all persons interested in said property so sold, that they be and appear in this court on or before the first day of April, 1886, to show cause, if any they have, why said sale should not be ratified and confirmed, and that this notice be published in the KENT NEWS once in each of three successive weeks before the first day of March, next.

JOSEPH A. WICKES.
True copy—Test:
j30-4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR CARRIAGES when you can buy the Finest Buggies, Phaetons, Family Carriages and Spring Wagons with the Patent Safety Coupler, that prevents accidents. Receives first premiums wherever exhibited. Try us and save money.

Address WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,
f26-y. Edesville, Md.

THE DULL SEASON!

MAKE IT PAY

—BY—

CAREFUL PURCHASES!

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE

DRY GOODS LINE?

If you do there is ONE PLACE in Chestertown that we know will sell you during the present season especially the GREATEST SORT OF BARGAINS. That place is the store of

J. H. SIMPERS.

Very great attention has been given personally to the

SHOE

BUSINESS!

and those in want of SHOES or BOOTS will find it greatly to their interest to call at J. H. SIMPERS'.

Shoes for Ladies' Wear!
Shoes for Gents' Wear!
Shoes for Children's Wear!
Shoes of Highest Grade!
Shoes of the Cheaper Grade!

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!

Shoes that can't be beat in quality for the price!

Our stock is just the thing to select from at this season embracing besides the above a full line of

QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES,
CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS!
TOBACCO and CIGARS!

Give me a call and be convinced.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

J. H. SIMPERS.

Jan. 30, 1886.

"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 Button-hole, 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.

Times Hard! Money Scarce!
Quick Sales! Small Profits!

FOR BARGAINS GO TO

GREEN POINT!

—ON HAND—

LUMBER, FLOUR, GUM BOOTS,
COAL, SALT, GUM COATS,
LIME, BACON, OIL SUITS,
HARDWARE, GROCERIES, TIMOTHY SEED,
ROCK SALT, COAL OIL, SALT FISH,
ROPE YARN, &c., &c., &c.

If we have not on hand what you want we can get it for you.

oc24. WM. B. TURNER.

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.

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.

Is It TRUE?

WHAT?

That there is a Shoe Store in Chestertown as well-equipped in Stock as are many of the first-class city stores?

RUMOR says it is true, and we have investigated the matter and *know* from personal experience that not only this is true, but a

FURTHER TRUTH

is that at this store

Gentlemen's Shoes, Ladies' Shoes, Boys' & Misses' Shoes, anything and everything in Shoes, from a pair of Shoe Strings up to a pair of

THE FINEST

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hand-made Goods can be had at a

LOWER PRICE!

For the SAME QUALITY of WORK THAN IN THE CITY.

READERS!

please bear this in mind and govern yourselves accordingly.

NOW! the next important question is where is the Store? Answer:

GOSLEE,

THE SHOE MAN,

Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown, Md.

A full stock of RUBBERS for Ladies, Gents and Children now in stock. Please give me a call and if we don't satisfy you it will not be our fault.

Feb. 6, 1886.

New Establishment

—OF—

HARNESS!

Collars, Saddles, Whips

—AND—

HORSE GOODS of ALL KINDS!

AFTER an experience of nearly twelve years in the practical HARNESS BUSINESS I now feel thoroughly competent of giving satisfaction in every particular. My special attention will be directed to

HAND-MADE WORK

OF ALL KINDS

AND REPAIRING!

All Orders will receive my prompt and personal attention. Hoping to receive a liberal share of your patronage, I remain yours most respectfully,

D. P. JONES, AGT.,
CHESTERTOWN.

Up town, below the office of C. W. C. Johnson, Esq. j23-y.

W. REGISTER'S

MARBLE WORKS!

[NEXT DOOR TO THE MARKET HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.]

I Challenge the United States to produce better marble or finer finished work than I have done at my Yard. I guarantee its durability. You can see for yourselves in all your Cemeteries or in my Yard. I work no Scraps that have been thrown away by the saw-yards. I work no Pennsylvania marble; it will not stand the weather. I keep no agent out to torment. Persons know when they want and they had better look at the stone before buying—go look through your Cemeteries and see the broken and defaced stone. If you want a good and lasting Tombstone or Cottage Monument or a Shaft Monument of any size, I have the Largest Finished Stock of Marble on this Shore, and I will not be outdone in Prices. Call and examine for yourself. Respectfully,

aug15-tf. W. REGISTER.

First Class

HORSE-SHOEING

We take this mode of informing our customers and the public generally that we have a First Class, Professional

HORSE-SHOER

in our employ, one who can give satisfaction to horsemen in Shoeing Cutters, Forgers and Grabbers.

We are also happy to say that our Mr. J. W. Lambert has improved in health and will superintend the Shoeing Department in person.

j23. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

WINTER BOOTS.—Men's Boots at $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50. Boys Boots all sizes and prices. Those intending to purchase will do well to examine our stock.

J. H. SIMPERS.

The Laugh in School.

Hold on for a moment, teacher,
You had better ignore the rule
Than to punish that little urchin
Who had just laughed out in school.
Had he done it out of malice,
It would be a different thing;
But he could no more help it
Than a lark could help to sing.

I know by his clouted jacket,
And his shoes tied with cord,
That a laugh is the only luxury
Of childhood he can afford;
And he hasn't much time left him
For even that trivial joy;
For he will have to earn his living
While he is yet a boy.

You ask why I defend him?
Well, the fact is, yesternight
I found a dog's-eared primer
That I used when but a mite;
And in imagination,
As I turned its pages o'er,
I saw some wonderful pictures
That I never found before.

I saw a certain urchin,
(Called Clarence by the boys)
Go toddling into the schoolroom,
Making his share of noise.
I saw him during schooltime
Play pranks upon the sly,
With the rosy little Agnes
Till she laughed as she would die.

I think we all are better,
When we grow up to be men,
If we have something to make us
Look backward now and then;
And therefore I insisted
You had better ignore the rule
Than punish that little fellow
Who had just laughed out in school.

WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS.

A TRIP

—ON THE—

OYSTER PUNGY "DREADNAUGHT."

BY M. H. C.

Oyster dredging under the most favorable circumstances and conditions is not an occupation to be sought after when other modes of gaining a livelihood are at one's command; more especially at the present time, when the number of people engaged in it and the depleted state of the beds, rob it of what was its one redeeming feature—fair pay. And the great trouble to get men has increased to an alarming extent the evil practices of drugging and shanghaeing.

At the time of my story there was scarcely any trouble in obtaining hands. One had only to pay a small court fee to have as many men as he desired liberated from jail. The court has wisely stopped this pernicious practice now. Some of these poor fellows wore clothing in tatters and bare feet bulging from strips of leather that had long since surrendered their title to the name of shoes. One can hardly imagine the suffering endured by these men; compelled to snatch a few hours' rest in a cold cabin in clothing that had gotten wet and then frozen stiff. Believing that there was a bright side to even such a life as this I determined to make a trip on the pungy "Dreadnaught" to satisfy myself of the truth or error of my belief.

The "Dreadnaught" was considered the fastest as well as the best manned pungy that left Baltimore. Built after one of the best models for the combined qualities of speed, comfort and seaworthiness she certainly reflected great credit on her builders. The neatness with which every sheet and halyard was coiled in its proper place, the newly-scraped masts and clean, tidy decks, spoke more eloquently than words the quality of the men who composed the crew; Tom Flaherty, the owner and captain, I had known for years.

It was on the morning of the 19th of December, 1871, I made my appearance at the wharf, gripsack in hand, to be initiated into the mysteries of oystering. Tom gave me a cordial welcome and preceding me down the companionway into a large, cosy cabin showed me the part allotted for my use during the trip.

Leaving the gripsack in the cabin I accompanied him on deck again to witness the preparation for departure. The "Dreadnaught" was being hauled out of the long line of pungies towards the end of the pier at Bowly's wharf. The jib was soon hoisted and as we gathered way, foresail and mainsail followed in quick succession. There was a fine breeze blowing from the west and we were soon bowling along at a good speed, leaving a long line of foam in our wake. After the men had made things snug they came aft to smoke and chat. Tom embraced this opportunity to give me an introduction—"That little weasened up bit of humanity, with the cross to his eye, is Tim O'Brien, a native of Ballinasloe—but you would know that from his red head and the turn of his nose—who, barrin' his willingness to know every one's business but his own, and a bad habit he has of letting his tongue run like a parrot's, is a good fellow in the main."

"That's a foine charactir yer given' me," said Tim. "I niver had a bother since I was brought before ould Squire Nubbins, for havin' Widder Mooney's pig in my possession. It was all a drame of the poor widder's. She had taken a fancy to a foine porker I had in the backyard, and it took ould Nubbins and twelve men to convince her of the contrariness of drames."

"That gintleman along side of Tim is Denny Malone, a rigular sportin' character, knows everything from the last wake to the latest bonnet worn by the wimmen; a thriful self-conceited, but I don't mind that," continued Tom.

"The one to the left of ye is Jack Moran, who threw up his chance of a gineralship in the army to be one of the crew on the 'Dreadnaught.' "And last, though not least, Doc. Meehan, an iminent gintleman, who murthered half the people of Cork wid his midisin and sargery and then left the ould counthry in disguise to save the boys the trouble of hangin' him. Came to Ameriky to make fame and fortune, managed to get on the wrong end of the ladder and was comin' down would a rush when he fortunately made the acquaintance of your humble sarvint."

The doctor as well as the others took the captain's peculiar mode of introduction in good part. They appeared to have a determination to look at life from its brightest side. Listening to their snatches of song and laughing at their continuous flow of wit and repartee I hardly noticed the passage of time. Night was fast approaching and there being indications of its being very dark and probably stormy we ran into the mouth of Chester river and cast anchor.

Tim's cheery voice was soon heard calling us to supper. I will not attempt to enumerate the many jokes let off at Tim's expense during the meal. Denny advised him to "run the mate through a sassige machine before he cooked any more of it as there was too much wear on the jawbone, not to mintion the broken teeth." The doctor declared that "Tim had been working off the same handful of coffee on them for three meals;" and as he called for his fourth cup explained that he "was obliged to make up in the quantity what it lacked in quality." But as their complaints were at variance with their appetites, Tim forbore making any remarks. As soon as their pipes were lit Denny was called on for a story.

"Well, boys," said he, "I niver told ye my expariance at the masked ball, so here goes:

"This ball was to be the evint of the saison and was talked of for weeks. At last the night arrived and what was me delight and surprise when Kitty (me wife) informed me she intinded to stay home. The ballroom was crowded with Bilzebubs, Chanees, Naygurs, Injuns and other haythens. You may bet I was not long in attractin' the attintion of the ladies; I soon had them hangin' on me shoulders, the blarney pourin' from their tongues like wather. But there was one darlin' cratur a skippin' about the room like a fairy, laughing and chattin' would every one she'd mate, but no coaxin or persuadin' could induce her to dance would anyone. Some of the boys who had been refused the same honor were willin' to bet five dollars that no man in the room could persuade her to dance and I accepted the bet. She was standing at the other end of the room and smiled swately as I approached her.

"Good evenin', miss," said I. "Sure it's yourself that's stoled the hearts of all the young min in the room would your grace, swate voice and illegant manners."

"Och, but you min are desavin' would your flattery. I've no doubt but when ye lave me ye'll tell the first woman ye mate that same bit of deception."

"Could you look me in the eyes, miss, and thin accuse me of bein' such a desaver. Sure I lost me heart the minit I laid eyes on ye, and if I might beg that you would pour ile on my troubled heart by honorin' me wid your angel hand for jist one dance I would be your sarvint for life."

"If I thought you were not desavin' me I might dance with you, but I don't know ye and ye may be triflin' wid me, or maybe married, and that's worse."

"As she said this her black eyes glit'ered like diamonds through the mask. The look made me feel just a little nervous at first, but I soon gained my composure and said: 'I would rather die than be guilty of sich baseness.'"

"Of course you would! I wonder I could have doubted ye."

"There was a ring in her voice I didn't like, but as I had her promise to dance with me and would win the five dollars I didn't mind it.

"The music struck up and off we wint to the invy of the boys, and the girls too for that matter. After the dance she complained of bein' tired, and said she must go home. So I told her if she would accipt my company I would be the proudest mortal in the world. She thanked me and took my arm.

"Whin we were outside I asked the direction of her house."

"Forty-two Mulberry street," said she.

"I rubbed me eyes to see whether I was awake or dramin'—that was my own direction—and as I looked up at her she tore the mask from her face and Holy St. Peter! there stood my wife lookin' mad enough to sell me to Bilzebub for five cints and glad of the bargain. I niver felt worse in me life."

"Don't be standin' there like an idiot," said she. "Awhile ago ye were dyin' to see me home, now ye don't seem so anxious. Maybe my face is not to your likin'. But how could I think you guilty of deception. And ye are not married, of course not; how could I think you guilty of such baseness. 'You lost your heart the moment you laid eyes on me.'"

"Mella, murther, her tongue run like a parrot's. I would never have heard the last of it if I hadn't proved by the fellow I bet with, that I acted the deception to win the bet.

"I gave her the five dollars to get a bonnet she was after. She has niver mintioned the matter since and I'm hopin' it has escaped her mimory intirely."

"Now, doctor," said Tim, "I've heered there was a story connected wid your marryin'."

"Yes," said the doctor, "you've heered true for once, but I am sleepy now and will give ye the story tomorrow night."

On the morning of the twentieth I was awakened by a great noise and bustle on deck, caused by the weighing of anchor, hoisting of sail, &c., and we were soon off with all speed towards the oyster beds. As soon as we arrived at where Tom had concluded to dredge he sang out to "stand by to heave dredges—heave;" Over went the dredges in the green waters of the bay. Shortly after came the cry, "Haul in!" and the men seizing the cranks of the iron winders soon hauled the iron nets on board fairly loaded with oysters. This operation was repeated until there was quite a pile on deck. Culling hammers were then brought into requisition; bunched oysters were separated, shells and small oysters were thrown overboard and the larger ones in the hold. The whole process was repeated again and again until stopped by darkness.

We ran into harbor for the night and after casting anchor went below to discuss the merits of Tim's cuisine.

After supper the doctor was reminded of the story he had promised.

"Well, boys," said he, "at the time of my story I was havin' a big practice in Cork and the neighborhood. Not that there was much sickness, for the work was more on the sargical order—patchin' skulls and sich like. Whilst every few days the boys would be makin' targets of each other for some triflin' matter that wasn't worth the notice, and I had the honor of doin' the probin', patchin' and sewin' for them all. Begorrah! I deserved the honor for I never received anything else.

"At that time there lived on the outskirts of Cork as fine a pair of young people as I ever saw. They were brother and sister and as like each other as two peas. They had the love and devotion of the whole community—and much they desarved it for they were always helpin' or cheerin' some poor body in distress. Musha! but the girl was a beauty; her features as rigular as nature could make them, large blue eyes that sparkled like a diamond, a clear beautiful skin, nose that would make Venus mad wid invy, rosy lips that were continually parting to give ye a view of as fine and rigular a set of teeth as ye ever saw, a small dimpled chin and as fine a suit of wavy, golden hair as ever crowned the head of woman. You may be sure she had lovers galore. But, although she treated them all well, she gave them no encouragement. The boys took their defate in good part and not one of them that thought the less of her for the refusal.

"After a time a good-looking dandy came in the neighborhood, with nothing to do but sport around the country and study up divilment. Well, like the rest, he fluttered around the light of the place, getting his wings well singed for the trouble. He didn't take his refusal kindly; even wint so far as to try and blacken the character of as fair and pure a crature as iver walked the earth. This coming to the ears of the brother he challenged the spalpeen.

"The mornin' before the one fixed for the fight I was aroused by a loud knockin' on the door. Dressin' and takin' me sargical instruments—for it was not unusual for me to be knocked up in this style—I opened the door and was met by the driver of a hack, who informed me that a couple of gintlemen were wantin' my sarvices in a little difficulty. What was my surprise to meet the girl's brother and his second. They told me that to get clear of a crowd and puzzle the constables they had arranged the affair for this mornin' instead of waiting till the morrow. I thought this sinsible, so I jumped in and off we went to the place of meetin'. It was a favorite place and as good a one as ye could wish for such murtherin' work. A long narrow dell between two rows of trees, whose rich foliage almost excluded the sunlight, preventin' either party from bein' under the disadvantage of havin' the sun in his eyes. I will not go into details; that duel sickened me intirely wid such divilish work. Instead of firin' at each other at the same time they tossed up to see who would have the first fire. The girl's brother won the toss, and after examining the pistol a second raised it and fired—in the air! This was a fine act on his part and I was hopin' the other spalpeen would be as ginerous. But, no; the villain aimed straight at the poor fellow. He staggered and fell wounded in my arms. I was about to take off his coat and shirt to look after the wound, when, looking up in my face, he begged me to wait until he reached home before making an examination. To this I consented. He was unconscious when we drew up in front of his house, so lifting him tinderly I carried him into the house. I had taken off his coat and was opening his shirt, when, Holy St. Peter! could I beleve my eyes, I had a woman to deal with, and the prettiest one in Cork. The wound was a serious but not a fatal one, and with care she would pull through, as I informed the brother himself, who had just arrived and was nearly crazy with grief.

"After she was out of danger and improving every day, I asked her why she had put her precious life in such danger, when so many of the boys were willin' to make targets of themselves in her honor?"

"'Tis a short story," said she, "I could not stand the thought of my brother being killed. Knowing the resemblance between us, I conceived and carried out a plan for taking his place. I wrote to his second requesting him to have the duel arranged for the day previous to the one now set, giving the reason as to avoid the constables and the crowd, and also requesting him to send the answer to a certain hotel. In a few hours I received an answer, which said simply; 'Everything as you desire.' That morning I sent my brother on a long errand, and dressing in a suit of his clothes, met the second and drove around for you. The rest you know."

"While she was takin' me midicine, she took me heart. One day whin I was holdin' her hand, pretendin' to be much interested in the bate of her pulse, she looked up in me face slyly and said, 'Doctor, do you think I'm in much danger?'

"Not you," said I, "It's meself that needs doctorin', and you, mavourneen! are the only one I can trust for that sarvis. You have my heart already; and if you'll take the rest of me, you'll cure me intirely."

"Well, darlin'," she said, "Ye have saved me life, and I don't know any one else I would ruther trust wid its keepin'."

Jack's voice was husky when he finished. "Her death broke me up intirely," he muttered almost unconsciously.

The doctor's weakness was soon over with, and ere long he was (apparently) as happy and merry as the rest.

The next morning the sun rose on a beautiful sight. Some of the boats were already on the grounds, tacking across each others bows so close at times, that I was confident of a collision. But they were handled so cleverly, and answered the helm so readily, that no accident occurred to mar the beauty of the scene. Some of the others were all bustle and activity, weighing anchors, etc., preparatory to their departure, while others again were enjoying with all the zest of schoolboys a friendly race towards the scene of their day's toil.

These boats seemed almost instinct with life as they rushed through the water, the white foam flying high across their clear cut bows. The bright flesh color of their hulls forming a pleasing contrast to the blue sky and white-capped waters of the bay.

The work was a repetition of yesterday's and though interesting to a looker-on is of no importance to the general reader.

After supper, Jim was called on for a story, and gave us what he termed, "An experience would Bilzebub."

"'Twas a cold, cloudy, stormy day in January, the wind blowing so cold that it seemed to freeze your very marrow. But Ballinasloe was alive, notwithstanding the weather, wid whiskey and election. It took a power of money to carry the day, for the boys drank whiskey like wather. By the tightest squeeze we elected Mr. Curran to Parleymint, and on the strength of it he invited us up to his house to celibrate the evint.

"Long before tin o'clock the house was packed, and such atin' and drinkin'! It looked as if the boys had been fastin' for a month to do justice to the occasion. Along about one in the mornin' the boys began to go off right sly in the arms of Morpheo; dropping gracefully behind the tables and chairs. I started for home and was walkin' along one of the little paths that led to the gate, when—melia, murther! there arose out of the ground in front of me the worst sight I ever saw. It grew larger and larger until it had the size of a giant. A sheet was around him and looped here and there to show the white deathly limbs. His face as pale as the one garment he wore.

"In one hand he held a paper would an account of my misdeeds, whilst the other beckoned me towards him, so he might sperit me off and no one the wiser.

"I was all slather would sweat, my knees cracked togither in a way that threatened to make a cripple of me for life, and if I had once opened me mouth, I would have lost me heart intirely.

"Hearing a shout towards the house, I cut and run, belavin' all the devils of Bilzebub were at me heels. I nearly frightened the life out the boys who were still up, by the way I rushed in."

"Phat in the world is the mather would Jim," said Mike O'Neil, "he looks like he'd been conversin' would a banshee."

"Worse nor that," I gasped. "Bilzebub himself."

"Well, boy's," said another, "Let's have a look at the old boy. Sure if he had any pluck he'd never let the like of Jim off, would out a bether acquaintance."

"Off they wint and not wantin' to be left alone I wint along with them. We had not gone far when I saw the same sight again. "Howld on boys," said I, "There he is right fornnist ye."

"Phat, near the bush?" said O'Neil.

"Yes," said I.

"Oh, murther!" said O'Neil. "It will be the death of me. And would that they rolled on the ground, and howled like maniacs."

"For the love of Moses, O'Neil," said I, "phat is it?" But all that I could get out of him was "the stone image," and then he wint off into another fit. I saw through it then. I had been frightened by one of thim haythen statutes that Curran had scattered over the grounds. I never heard the last of that ghost story.

"Would ye mind givin' us your company tonight, Mr. O'Brien? we are goin' out for a look at Bilzebub" some spalpeen would say.

"The wimmin wouldn't look at me. They said I had an evil spirit. They carried it so far that I lift Ballinasloe and came to America, and I'm not sorry for the change of company."

Before retiring Jim extorted from Jack Moran the promise of a story on the following night. The twenty-second was another beautiful day, but nothing transpired that was worth recording, until the afternoon, when there was a spirited race between the pungy 'Two Brothers,' and a police sloop. 'Twas about four o'clock I think when I was aroused from a deep reverie, by hearing two shots in quick succession, proceeding apparently from a pungy about two miles to windward. I asked for an explanation, and he informed me that it was meant as a warning to those on the forbidden beds. Shortly after, several pungies came out of the Little Choptank river, with all speed, and sailing in among the other vessels, began to cull the oysters they had on deck with a great affectation of innocence. The next minute the police sloop rounded a headland and came in full view; the immense sail she was carrying nearly laying her on her beam ends.

At the same moment a pungy came out of the river under a terrible press of canvas, and you could almost see her keel as she lay over to leeward. The number on her mainsail was covered with a piece of canvas, and an old tarpaulin was thrown over the stern to hide her name from view. The sloop caught sight of the pungy and made chase. Several shots were fired but had no apparent effect. The pungy was slowly but surely gaining on the sloop; and as the shades of night were fast approaching, the latter was forced to abandon the chase. After finishing our supper Jack was called on and gave us an army experience, entitled, "Capture by Cowmanshees."

"Whin I landed in 'Merica,'" said Jack, "business was terribly dull; ye might get a week's work, and then be idle for a month. I had a hard time to keep body and sowl together. One week I would slape on a fither bed and have the best of 'ating, and the nixt I would slape in an owld cellar would a hard crust of bread and a drop of water from the pump to wash it down. It was always uncertain wither I would wind up as alderman or beggar. At last I got desperate and off I wint to the rawcruitin' office and got rigged out as a sojer. The first two yeirs were dull enough; notting to shoot at but an owld target, for the officers monopolized the shootin' of all the game in the neighborhood. The Injans were paceable, and I had begun to think that whin my three years were up, I would have no experience worth recordin' when one mornin' a fellow rode into the fort like as if the divil were after him. His horse, a fine bay, as white as yer shirt would lather. He said the Cowmanshees were on a raid, murtherin', burnin' and stalin' as they wint. An hour after that the owld fort was that full of life ye would hardly have known it. We were soon on the trail, as lively and full of fun at the thought of a little sport would the Injans as a lot of school boys waitin' for the sarcus parade.

"The trail led us among the roughest bit of country I ever laid eyes on. We had traveled a good distance, and hadn't laid eyes on an Injan and had nearly reached the opposite bank of a stream that was bordered by a woods, when we were greeted by the most develish yells I ever heard, and the nixt minute the nagurs saluted us would shot, as they jimped from their ambush behind the trees. Many a poor lad's body left the saddle and floated down the stream, denying us even the privilage of givin' him dacent burryin'. The owld Kernel ordered us to 'close' and dislodge the haythens. But after givin' us another taste of the quality of their lead, they galloped off would great speed and were soon lost to sight among the rocks among the hills.

"They worried us this way for several days. Whenever we got into a tight place, they would pounce on us from behind rocks or trees, murther several of the lads, and then disappeered among the rocks and caves. It looked very much as if the whole of us were to be murthered, and sorry a chance to strike back. I believe the Kernel had some such thought, for drawing us up in line, he called for ten volunteers to go ahead and shpy to find the location of the murtherin' thaves. Myself and nine others took the job, and begorrah! it was no child's play. We had to ride slowly and with great caution, watchin' every bush and rock that was large enough to hide one the haythens. We had proceeded in this way for some distance when our progress was stopped by a long line of pine trees in our front, the spaces between the trees having enough owld briers and brush to hide a battalion of naygurs. It wouldn't do for us all to go, so I volunteered to reconnoitre the place alone. Lavin' me horse would the boys I crept from one rock to another until I was within a few yards of the trees, when would wild yells, fifty or more Injans bounded from behind the brush and were on me. I was soon overpowered. Tying me hands behind me they led me through the woods, across a little stream of water, and then down a narrow valley, between two ranges of hills till we arrived at their encampment.

"Whin the red nagurs in the village got a glimpse of me they set up such a screechin' and yellin' that I thought I was among the divil's own imps. After some speach-makin' by the owld min of the gang they led me to the outer ind of two rows of min and wimmin, that extended in a straight line from each side of a tent-door to where I was standin'. I was to run for the tent-door between the lines, while the red nagurs belaboured me with cudgels. I never run a shorter space of ground with less comfort and convenience. When I reached the tent I was black and blue and every bone in me body achin'.

"About an hour after that I heard a terrible noise at the other end of the camp. Looking in that direction I saw the men plantin' a pole in the ground and women pilin' fagots around it. The devil that was gardin' me was watchin' the movements of the other haythens and he kindly informed me that they were erectin' the stake in my honor; that I had made such an impression on the tender hearts of the ladies that they had kindly consented to hunt the woods for material to cremate me in state, and to keep up my spirits while undergoing the pleasant diversion of bein' scorched like a red herrin', and had still further consented to amuse me by pokin' hot sticks in me eyes and ribs.

"It made me flesh creep to think of being butchered in that style and would out the benefit of clergy. While looking at the preparations I noticed a horse about twenty feet to the left of the tent, fastened to a small stake. His bridle and saddle had not been taken off. I suppose it belonged to the nagur that was gardin' me, and was to be used in my recapture should I attempt to escape. And sure I'd no notion of bein' roasted alive like a crab would out an attempt to get off. Havin' once traveled would a sarcus when a boy, I thought I would give the cannibal at the door a free exhibition.

"So laughin' loudly and threatin' the burnin' matter as a big joke I wint to work. It wasn't long before I had the haythen as interested as myself. Watchin' my chance I threw a terrible handspring and landed both feet in his stomach. I niver stopped to see whether the poor divil survived or not. If he did, begorrah he'll have the dispipsee for life. Mounting the horse I was soon off would the speed of the wind, the whole pack of the nagurs after me heels. On we rode; over rocks, bushes and fallen trees. The old horse I was on was doin' his best but the haythens were gainin' on me every minute. By the way that the old nag was blowin' I knew that five minutes more would wind up the chase, and my scalp be hangin' at the waist of one of the red cannibals. I was just turnin' the edge of a clump of trees, when before I knew it I rushed headlong among the boys.

"Ye can imagine me joy. 'Up boys, the haythens,' was all I could say. The next minute the red nagurs dashed around the corner like mad, and were given such a warm reception that the most of them never got over it. After the boys were through would thim Injuns, those that were not past doctorin' were cripples for life. We surprised and captured their camp and drove what remained of them back to their reservation. They have been peaceable enough ever since."

The next morning there was quite a change in the weather. Heavy leaden clouds seemed to defy the efforts of the sun to pierce them. To add to the discomfort a cold, disagreeable wind was blowing, that defied all means in our power to keep warm. Just before night the wind veered to the north, the cold increasing with astonishing rapidity. Tom prophesied a big freeze, and as we had something over a thousand bushels of oysters in the hold said he thought it would be good policy to make a run for the city. The others agreeing to the wisdom of this proposition we were soon heading towards Baltimore with all the sail we could carry. It was a terrible night. As dark as Erebus, and the cold almost unbearable. The water dashing over the vessel and coating everything with which it came in contact with a solid sheet of ice. The men's clothing were frozen stiff, and they had to exercise unusual dexterity in moving about the deck, as every movement was made at the imminent risk of being tossed headforemost into the frigid waters of the bay. Ice was making rapidly and by the time we reached Fort Carroll completely checked our progress. Luckily at that moment we discerned a vessel slowly steaming towards us. We signaled her, and as she drew alongside we discovered her to be the tug Ajax, returning from a trip down the bay. Passing her a line we were slowly drawn towards the city.

The "Dreadnaught" presented anything but a cheerful aspect when we made fast to the wharf. The ice piled and hanging on her in every conceivable shape. Tom informed me sometime afterward that the men cleared about ninety dollars on the trip. The freeze preventing vessels from getting to town made oysters scarce and high.

I have endeavored to give a fairly accurate description of the bright side of oystering, if there is such. You cannot draw too strongly on your imagination for the dark side.

The Wonderful Weaver.

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

Oh! with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post;
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost!

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun!"

Foolish Fears.

Young Wife—"There's a gentleman in the parlor, dear, who wishes to see you."

He—"Do you know who it is?"

Y. W.—"You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—and, you don't know how anxious I've been, and—and, oh, if I were to lose you, my darling!" (Bursts into tears.)

He—"There, there, my dear. Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Doctor Pellet?"

Y. W.—"N-no, it is not a doctor, it's a—a—life insurance agent."

Forcing Business.

"Did you sell any peanuts?" inquired the experienced train boy of the new recruit.

"No," was the reply.

"Go through the car an' give each passenger a peanut."

The new recruit did so.

"Now try 'em again," said the train boy of experience.

Presently the new recruit came after more peanuts.

"You want to keep your eyes open in business, young feller," admonished the expert, refilling the basket. "Anybody 'll eat a peanut what don't cost him nothin', an' when he once gits the flavor he's gone. You've got to study human nature."

The Flight of Time.

Visitor (to convict)—"I suppose, my poor fellow, that in your narrow quarters the days pass by on leaden wings."

Convict—"No, sir."

Visitor—"No? But the nights, the long dreary nights, must deal out double portions of time?"

Convict—"Oh, no. The nights fly faster than the days."

Visitor (astounded)—"Is it possible?"

Convict—"Yes. You see I am to be hanged next month."

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 BILLHEADS, &c., &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

HUMORS OF THE BAR.

Nautical Talk on the Witness Stand—Winning Over the Colored Brother, Etc.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who conducts the Editor's Drawer department of *Harper's Magazine*, includes in his latest anecdotes the following:

There is a lawyer in Boston who is in the habit at times of addressing individual jurymen when inattentive or restless, and sometimes his *argumentum ad hominem* is effective. Some time ago he was trying a case against a street railway company, and there was an old soldier on the jury who seemed to give no heed to what either counsel said. The lawyer made his most eloquent appeals, but all in vain. Finally he stopped in front of the sailor and said: "Mr. Juryman, I will tell you just how this happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward-bound open car, and stood in her starboard channels. Along came the inward-bound close car, and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port, and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him." The sailor was all attention after this version of the affair, and joined in a $500 verdict for the injured man.

Another time he was trying a case against the city of Lawrence for a stout woman of rather unprepossessing appearance. Right behind the foreman sat a colored juryman who would weigh nearly three hundred pounds. The defect in the street was very slight, and the colored man evidently took no stock in the claim. Argument, persuasion, and pathos were alike lost on him. Then the lawyer, who is rather a small-sized man, said: "Mr. Foreman, the effect was very slight, but the streets of the city should be safe for all classes of people, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the slight and the stout. You are slender, and if you had been there you would not have fallen, but you see that gentlemen behind you and I are just about of a build. Now we and this poor woman have just as good a right on the street as you have." The negro's face brightened up, and when the jury retired he persistently voted for a million dollars damages, until at last he was induced to agree with the others on a moderate verdict.

Many years ago there was a judge in Boston who was more noted for his sound judgment and great knowledge of law than for his courtesy to counsel or suitor. One day at the opening of a term of his court a large number of gentlemen drawn as jurors begged to be excused from serving. As one after another gave his reasons, a frown began to grow on the judge's face. Another man asked to be let off.

"What for?"

"I can not hear readily, and am afraid I may not get all the evidence."

"How long have you been deaf?" asked the judge, in a low tone.

"About ten years."

"Can you hear an ordinary conversation?—can you hear me now?" said the judge, dropping his voice almost to a whisper.

"Oh yes, sir, I can hear you."

The judge looked sternly at him a full minute. Then he said: "Mr. Clerk, excuse this man. If he is deaf we don't want him, and if he is a liar we don't want him."

No more excuses were made that day.

At another time an eminent lawyer was arguing a case before the judge, who grew impatient and said:

"Your point is perfectly understood by the court; please make your argument as short as possible."

"I am making it as short as possible," said the lawyer as he proceeded. After a few minutes the judge interrupted him again, saying, "You are taking too much time; we have many cases to hear; and I want you to understand that I am sitting here for the dispatch of business."

"I beg your pardon," said the old lawyer, bowing low. "I thought your honor was sitting here to administer justice."

He was suffered to proceed.

THREE LITTLE BEAUTIES.

Twin children are not very uncommon, but a triplet of babies is. A wealthy family of New York have a triplet of daughters. All have done well from the time they were born, and grew as fast and healthy as if there had been only one baby instead of three. The little creatures are 5 years old now and the prettiest girls. They are always dressed exactly alike. Whenever they appear on the street people turn their heads to look at them, and persons in houses come to the windows to watch the "three little maids," as the song in the "Mikado" has it. Strangers cannot tell them apart.

The children have two French nurses with them to take care of them. The sisters are always dressed very handsomely. They have light golden hair, which falls about their neck and shoulders in curls.

When they were babies it was impossible to distinguish one from another. So one baby wore a red ribbon, another a blue, and the last a white one, always. Each aristocratic little lady had a nurse and baby carriage of her own—three babies and nurses. They were a sight to see of fine days.

Their mother had a time about them, too. Their nurses quarreled, and she who took care of the white-ribboned baby would not mind the blue-ribboned one at all, while the blue-ribboned child's nurse would have taken a whipping any day before she would have crooked a finger for the infant with the red ribbon. The three all had to have their Sundays and their afternoons out. The poor mamma was the only one who never got an afternoon off. Sunday afternoons she pressed papa into the service, and made him help tend baby. But now they are larger, and are not so much trouble. When these sisters are all young ladies what fun they will have, to be sure.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of produce is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour today is worth two tomorrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Not Always Successful.

Deacon Dewgood (retrospectively)—"I remember so well, Mr. Goodman, the day that you were installed as minister of our little church. What a pleasant and successful affair it was."

Minister—"Ah, yes, deacon, much pleasanter and more successful than some other installments I can recall."

Deacon—"You refer to your previous charges, I suppose."

Minister—"No; I refer to my salary installments. Many of them have been far from pleasant or successful."

Go and Find Me.

Scene—A sub-editor's room. Sub-editor has evidently been dining.

Small boy (from irate proprietor)—"Mr. McFinnigan wants to see you immediately, sir."

Sub—"Tell 'm I'm out."

Small boy—"I told him that, sir, and he said I was to go and find you."

Sub (after a hasty deliberation)—"Well, then go and find me."—*London Graphic.*