msa_sc2901_scm1625-0764 © Maryland State Archives

Kent News.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1887. No. 7.

The Kent News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

JOB-PRINTING of all kinds executed at short notice and at low rates.

Professional Cards.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House.

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,
Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. js4f.

THOMAS N. FRAISER,
ARCHITECT,
No. 1027 MIFFLIN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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

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

Commission Cards.
Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street, BALTIMORE, MD.
Jan5-y

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
320 Light St., (old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

T. H. WINPENNY & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO GROVES & WINPENNY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
All Kinds of Fruits--Peaches a Specialty.
Live Stock, Hides, Furs, Wool, Poultry, Eggs and Country Produce Generally.
No. 324 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
Formerly with Chester River Steamboat Company,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES,—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
WM. H. RUTTER,
—WITH—
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference — Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
150 West Pratt St., Balto., Md.
We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples Bank of Baltimore.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

PHILADELPHIA.
E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
—IN—
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Price Guaranteed. d18.

R. R. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
128 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

"Diamanta" Spectacles
EYE-GLASSES.

I HAVE the agency for these Celebrated Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. They are ground on scientific priciples, perfectly colorless and do not fire the eye as common glasses do. If persons will call on me who need glasses I will test their eyes with an Optometer and give them glasses that will suit them.
I have also on hand a nice assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES and JEWELRY, Rogers' & Bros.' SILVERWARE, &c., &c. Respectfully,
C. M. LUCAS,
mh12. Jeweler and Optician, Chestertown, Md.

STRAW WANTED!
HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me; rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in stacking and not put the chaff with their straw.
MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorised agent to buy.
WILBUR ELIASON.

To Farmers and Dealers in Kent and Adjoining Counties.

W. A. HYLAND,
GALENA, MD.,
Would respectfully call your attention to his celebrated
Peach Orchard Plows,
for one and two horses, which we believe the best implement on the market for that purpose. A thorough examination by any one convinces them of this fact. We also keep on hand
Landsides, Moldboards, Shares and Points
for all chilled Plows now in use on the shore, especially the following:
Oliver, Nos. 40, 20, 19, A and B; Advance, 13, 19, 32, 33 and 35; Ohio, 40; Imperial, 19, 25 and 10; South Bend, 3 and; Economist, 14 and 24; Acme, 83 and 84; Concave, 8, 9, 10 and 11; Wiley and Minor & Horton, all sizes and patterns.
OUR NEW ROLLERS,
two sizes, cannot be excelled.
WHEAT HARVEST
will soon be upon us again, and we flatter ourselves that it has been our good fortune to represent the
Best Binder and Harvester
ever sold in this country. None have given such general satisfaction in Kent and adjoining counties as the
"DEERING"
and we take great pleasure in announcing to our farmers that the bring all-steel Binder is superior to all others in Lightness of Draft, Mechanical Construction and Durability, having been thoroughly tested in other areas and having been the VICTOR in every field trial this country.
There are 119 Deering Binders at work in Kent county and all of them are settled for, and have harvested 10,000 acres of wheat, while every purchaser is delighted with the machine.
Do not buy till you have examined the Deering all-Steel Binder. I am sure you will buy no other. Sample Mowers can be seen at my shops as well as at H. H. Hyland's shops in Chestertown.
Feb. 12, 1887. **M. A. HYLAND.**

IMPORTANT!
For You Know That
WROTH & ALDRIDGE
Have just opened FINE STOCK of
Spring and Summer Goods
of ALL KINDS for a first-class store.
FINEST ASSORTMENT OF
GENT'S NECK WEAR
ON THE SHORE.
It gives us pleasure to show Goods and quote prices. Call on us a call and be convinced that we stand up to our promises.
May 14, 1887.

SPRING 1887
New Stock and Choice Selection
OUR INTENTION IS TO KEEP HIGH FOR THE TRADE
DRY GOODS
AND NOTIONS,
BOOTS AND SHOES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND GROCERIES.
Carpetings, Oil-Cloths and Mattings.
Yes, we are right here on the line, and more wideawake than ever; have tried to improve in our selections of Fine Dress Goods, Crinkles, Gingham, Muslin, &c. Our Assortment, Quality and Prices must and shall commend.
To the independent SPOT CASH buyer, with invincible logic, red-hot bargains, we will meet all competition in
BOOTS, SHOES And Slippers.
Do not forget that we deal low as close and sell at just as clean cut prices as any House on this Shore. Cognizant of the fact that our goods must be offered at prices as attractive as others, we enter the race. Asking the patronage of the public.
Very respectfully,
R. F. P. S.
April 9, 1887.

N. C. CROW,
Is Still on the Corner of Main and High Streets, Up To Date
Where you can at all times find a complete line of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,
Gentlemen, Ladies and Children's Shoes,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
We keep the WM. LEA & SONS' FLOUR by the barrel or sack, we think as cheap as any other. Call and see us and be convinced that our goods are good and cheap. Country produce wanted.
N. C. CROW.
m7.

Many Of the good things of life are sorrowfully alone on account of Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation; sold on positive guarantee at 25 and 50 cts.
C. F. STAM, D.

IRON CULTIVATORS! IRON CULTIVATOR Points and Extra Cultivator Points Cheap at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

NEW STORE in CHESTERTOWN!
Under Kent News Office.
F. J. CARTER
HAS just opened under the NEWS office a FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF
WALL PAPER, PAINTS,
Putty, Glass, Kalsomines, &c.
I have 15,000 pieces of Wall Paper, to select from. Call and examine. My styles equal city styles and my prices cannot be beat anywhere.
Paper Hanging a Specialty!
Estimates on Painting and Paper Hanging furnished on application. m28-3m.

ROBERTSON'S
$2.50 and $3.00
SHOES
Beats Them All!
Made to Order at Our Factory in Chestertown.
PRICE LIST:
MADE TO ORDER:

Men's Fine Buttoned Gaiters	$2 50	$3 00
Men's Fine Lace Gaiters	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Crimped Pegged	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Hand-Stitched Buttoned, Lace or Congress Gaiters	4 50	5 00
French Calf Boots	5 00	7 00
Men's French Kip Boots		5 00

May 14, 1887.

CHESTERTOWN
MARBLE, GRANITE
—AND—
STONE WORKS
A Full Line of
Monuments, Headstones, Marble and Slate Mantels, Cresting and Galvanized Tubing, Iron Fencing,
ALWAYS IN STOCK AT
Lower Prices than can be Found in the City
Also, all kinds of Building Work in STONE carefully executed. Give us a trial. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Show Room and Factory opposite Armstrong's Hotel, Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
CHAS. H. MOORE,
May 21, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

STEAM ENGINES,
Steam Threshers.
I am Agent for
S. W. WOODS & SON'S ENGINES
—AND—
A. W. STEVENS & SON'S
Engines and Threshers.
THEY HAVE GIVEN SATISFACTION TO ALL PURCHASERS.
For Terms, &c., call on
A. F. HUEY,
May 7, 1887-2m. MASSEYS, MD.

BOOTS AND SHOES!
HAVING BOUGHT FOR CASH a Large Stock of SHOES for Men, Boys, Ladies and Children, we feel prepared to meet the demands of the trade, both in PRICE AND QUALITY. We don't knowingly misrepresent our goods. We have cheap goods, which we offer for what they are, but we also have goods which we can recommend as being equal to, if not superior, to any in this market for the same money, and we honestly believe that anyone who may purchase these Shoes will get the value of their money every time.
Call and look as an examination will cost nothing and may be money in your pocket.
JAMES A. SHAW,
May 7, 1887. COURT STREET.

TO THE CITIZENS
—OF—
Hanesville and Vicinity.
HAVING rented the storehouse formerly occupied by O. P. Beck I am ready to serve the public generally with anything usually kept in a country store, consisting of
Dry Goods, Notions,
Choice Lot of Groceries
such as Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugars, Spices, Syrups, Molasses, Vinegar, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Bacon, Lard, Mackerel, Salt by sack or bushel.
Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, &c. Tinware, Lamp Burners and Chimneys, Castings for Plows, Traces, Lines, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Candy, Cakes, Lemons, Oranges, Peanuts, &c.
Thanking each and all for past favors I remain ever ready to serve them in the future.
S. W. WALLIS, Ag't.
May 21, 1887.

LAWN MOWERS! LAWN MOWERS!
The Philadelphia, Boston and other manufactures for sale at the lowest prices.
by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

CHESTERTOWN
FOUNDRY!
Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops!
HARRY H. HYLAND,
(SUCCESSOR TO WM. A. HYLAND,)
Is now in full operation at the Chestertown Foundry conducting the Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting business in all its branches. He is prepared to do all work in this line.
HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY!
FARM WAGONS, DEARBORNS, &c., kept on hand and made to order.
Also as agent for W. A. Hyland is prepared to sell the celebrated
Deering Binder and Mower
in our opinion the BEST MACHINE ON THE MARKET. Also a full supply of BINDER TWINE kept on hand.
The Hyland Roller
TWO SIZES.
The Diamond State Wheel Cultivator!
The completest implement on the market for Corn or Vegetables. Manufactured by George W. Taylor & Co., Smyrna, Delaware. Please call and examine for yourself.
All work in my line first-class, and prices as low as the lowest. Give me a call.
ap30. HARRY H. HYLAND.

COOLEY CREAMER!
COOLEY CREAMER!!
THE COOLEY CREAMER and its products have been awarded more gold and silver medals than all other milk setting apparatus combined. It is made in four styles:
THE SENIOR, THE ELEVATOR, JUNIOR, and CABINET STYLE.
It is the only Creamer made which is allowed to submerge its cans, or have them water sealed, which advantage is only to be tested to be proven. The Cooley Creamer has more labor-saving conveniences than any other. By permission we refer you to the following parties who have used them satisfactorily:
Mrs. W. W. Stephens, Hanesville, Md.
" W. H. Stewart, Chestertown, "
" B. N. S. Wilkins, " "
" M. A. Wilkins, " "
" Wilbur Eliason, " "
" Frank Wilkins, " "
" James H. Baker, Pomona, "
" Hiram Brown, " "
" W. T. Nicholson, Chestertown, Md.
" Charles C. Wood, Edesville, "
" S. J. Fowler, Still Pond, "
" George A. Jessup, Lankford, "
Miss Maggie Shallcross, Locust Grove, Md.
Mrs. James W. Hurtt, " " "
and others.
Call and examine them and get their points of excellence at the Hardware Store of
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
April 30, 1887. Chestertown, Md.

LOOK! READ!
An important fact that all Tobacco Chewers and Smokers should know:
I HAVE THE
Largest Stock of TOBACCO in Town.
Largest Stock of CIGARS in Town.
Largest Stock of PIPES in Town.
Largest Stock of SMOKING TOBACCO.
Finest Line of MEERSCHAUM PIPES.
Meerschaum Smokers, Turkish Pipes, &c.
Many other things too numerous to mention, pertaining to a first-class
Tobacco Store!
B. F. GRAVELY'S
Best Grade Chewing Tobacco is my leading brand. A call will convince any one of the above facts.
J. LLOYD McFEELY'S
TOBACCO STORE.
Wholesale and retail. Special inducements offered to merchants. Store opposite Bank and two doors below Stam's New Hall. Jan. 8, 1887.

OEHM'S.
Everybody knows the reputation of this house for supplying the public with the very best Clothing for Men, Boys and Children, at the very lowest of bottom rock prices; ready-made and made to order. This Spring Season we are way ahead of all previous exhibits. Come and see. You will be welcome, and it SHALL *pay you.*
Pratt and Hanover Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.
SAMPLE AND MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

REFRIGERATORS, Ice Chests, Water Coolers, Ice-Cream Freezers, for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Dora Carmichael was an extremely pretty girl, whom to see was to admire and perhaps to love, in most men's opinion. Women did not take precisely this view of her merits; but then, as we all know, women are notoriously jealous. Still, even a pretty girl may be considered as abusing her privileges if she engages herself to more than two men at once. Now, this was precisely what Miss Carmichael had done, and was not a little perplexed by the consequences of her rashness. Not only had she, unknown to and in disobedience of her people, kept on her engagement with Bertie Haselrig, of the artillery, but to please her parents and also her own ambition, she had consented a month or two since to accept Mr. Lorimer, son and heir to old Sir James Lorimer. And now, to crown all, a fortnight ago, at the Marsden's ball, Lord Liscarrol had proposed, and she had not been able to refuse him.

Concerning Captain Haselrig she had little anxiety, as he had gone to India on being forbidden the house by Mr. Carmichael, who considered the handsome, impecunious soldier by no means an eligible match for his only daughter and heiress. But it had taxed even her ingenuity to keep Mr. Lorimer and Lord Liscarrol ignorant of each other's claims on her. Lorimer certainly did not suspect the existence of a rival; but Liscarrol had more than once resented the airs of proprietorship assumed by the former, and had pressed Miss Carmichael to allow him at once to apply to her father. This was horribly perplexing. Mr. Carmichael was a wealthy, self-made man, whose fortune had sprung, as he was only too fond of boasting, from the traditional fourpenny-bit. He possessed ultra radical opinions, but in his heart was as fond of a lord as most people, and Dora well knew would have been as delighted at her latest conquest as she herself could have been. Still, she felt convinced that his word once pledged, he would not let her throw over Charles Lorimer, even for such a party as Lord Liscarrol. So she told her lover a doleful story of stern parents, an unsympathetic suitor, and an oppressed daughter divided between duty and dislike to the match proposed.

"But are you engaged to that cub, Lorimer?" asked Liscarrol, impatiently.

"No! O, no! certainly not engaged; but it is very possible I might have become so to please dear papa had I not met you." This, said with the sweetest timidity and a bashful look, had the full effect intended.

"But now, Dora?"

"Well, now I must make the poor fellow understand it is impossible—give him his congé, in fact, so decidedly, that even self-satisfied that he is, he can make no mistake and then coûte que papa as best I can."

Still Liscarrol insisted.

"But, don't you see, Lord Liscarrol—well, Arthur, then—that if you go to papa directly I have sent off Mr. Lorimer, he will suspect what has occurred, and would not hesitate to treat you in the same way? For do what I will, I cannot help his considering me engaged to that horrid man."

"Well, when will you give Mr. Lorimer his congé?"

"To-morrow morning. He is coming about some botanical tickets, and I will speak to him then."

"Very well, dearest; and I may look in to hear the result, may I not?"

And so it was settled. Still, it must be confessed, the situation was a troublesome one, and sitting in the library the next day Dora thought over her plans anxiously.

Mrs. Carmichael was, or fancied herself, an invalid, and rarely showed before lunch (and not always then, though ready enough for her "social duties" later in the day), so her daughter was at full liberty to arrange matters as she pleased. Accordingly she told the butler if Mr. Lorimer called, he was at once to be shown into her in the library, and if Lord Liscarrol should call in the meantime, he was to be told that she would soon be disengaged, and be requested to await her in the drawing-room. So far so good.

But a ring at the door-bell startled her from her reverie, and she waited expecting to see Lorimer ushered in. Instead of that the visitor was ushered upstairs, and the butler announced "Captain Haselrig." The blow almost staggered her, but pulling herself together, she went into the drawing-room, and the next moment was clasped in Haselrig's arms. A few words sufficed to explain his presence. The death of an old uncle, his godfather, had made him master of a rather valuable property, and on the strength of this improvement in his position the young man had at once rushed back from India, and, as he fondly hoped, to successfully plead his suit. Whatever heart she possessed—it was little enough—belonged to Haselrig, and she had felt genuine sorrow when her father so entirely declined his proposals, for a moment she wondered if after all Haselrig's love might not be worth a sacrifice. Of Lorimer she did not think for one second, but she did remember Liscarrol, and this dampened her ardor. Haselrig was handsome and fairly rich now, but so was Lord Liscarrol, and if her love for him was not so great as for Haselrig, she adored his coronet. So the old story was once more related, and by this means she induced Capt. Haselrig to forego his purpose of seeing her father until she herself should give him leave to speak; and at last, to her great relief, she sent him off, if not satisfied, yet certainly more in love than ever.

During her conversation with Capt. Haselrig, Dora's sharp ears had caught the sound of the door bell, so she was fully prepared to hear that Mr. Lorimer was in the library and went to him at once. But what she did not know, and in her hurry would not give the butler time to tell her, was that Lord Liscarrol had also arrived, and was at the moment in the morning room. Now, Lord Liscarrol was not a particularly impatient man, but he had ample time to get extremely tired of waiting, and having exhausted the paper, was beguiling his leisure by staring out of the window, when he caught sight of Captain Haselrig leaving the house.

"By Jove! there's Haselrig!" he ejaculated. "Why I thought he was in India! I must hunt the dear old fellow up. How well he's looking, too! Hullo! what's up now, I wonder?" Voices loud, not to say angry, could be heard in the next room. "Humph! Lorimer getting his congé, I suppose. Seems to be catching it hot, too, poor beggar. After all, serves him right. Why should he try to force the girl to marry him, when any one else could see with half an eye she doesn't care a rap for him? O! but I say," he muttered, "I can't stop here; I shall be hearing what they say."

Leaving a message that an appointment unfortunately prevented his waiting any longer just then, but he hoped for the pleasure of seeing Miss Carmichael later in the day, Lord Liscarrol left the house.

Ten minutes later, stopping to look at a jeweler's window, a gentleman on leaving the shop brushed past him. It was Captain Haselrig.

"Hullo! Haselrig, old fellow, how came you to be in town?"

"Why, Liscarrol, is that you?"

The two young men shook hands most vigorously.

"Which way are you going? To the club? That's right, so am I, come along," and the unconscious rivals walked slowly side by side down Pall Mall. Haselrig told of his accession of fortune; then added, with a conscious laugh:

"Fact is, I am tired of single blessedness, and I am going to try matrimony for a change."

"Congratulate you most heartily, my dear fellow." Lord Liscarrol's own happiness rendered him very sympathetic. "Do I know the lady?"

"I dare say you do; for she goes out a lot, and though her people are not exactly all one could wish, Dora herself is a darling!"

"O, called Dora, is she?" quoth his friend, amused at the coincidence. "Pretty name, Dora, my favorite, I think. Have you known her long, or is it a recent affair.

"I've known her two or three years, but money stood in the way at the time, so I went to India to wait for better days. But when my uncle left me Cleveleigh, I came back sharp. Her people don't know yet, for her father wants her to marry a man called Lorimer."

"Called what?" briskly exclaimed Lord Liscarrol.

"Lorimer. Do you know him?"

"Know him!" echoed the other! "To be sure I do; a west countryman."

"Yes, that's the fellow. An awful cub, I believe; but lots of money, and no end of a place in the west; so old Carmichael—"

"Here, I say, hold on a bit, I'm getting mixed! What's the young lady's name? Surely not Dora Carmichael?"

"To be sure it is. Do you know her, then?"

"I should think so! But look here, are you sure there's no mistake?"

"I say Liscarrol, it's rather early in the day to be like this!" remarked Haselrig, astonished at his companion's excitement. "Hang it man, a joke's a joke, but to be like this at this time of day is rather—"

"No I'm not drunk, Haselrig, nor mad either, though you are enough to drive me so! What do you mean about Miss Carmichael?"

"Why, she's the girl I am engaged to, to be sure! See, here's her likeness;" and so saying he rapidly unfastened a locket from his watch; and held it out, open to his companion.

There was no mistake, it decidedly was Dora Carmichael's likeness. By this time, luckily for both, they had reached their club, and they turned into the waiting-room, which at that time of the day was vacant.

"Yes, it is Dora, certainly," said Lord Liscarrol, slowly. "Confound her!"

"Lord Liscarrol!"

"Oh, don't go into heroics, man! Look here;" and in a moment he produced a dainty embroidered letter-case from his breast-pocket, and taking out a photograph and several letters, flung them down before the astonished soldier.

"Look at that! Read those!"

Haselrig picked them up gingerly. One look was enough. The photograph he knew only too well, he had the duplicate of it; and if the letters at this moment lying on his breast were not exactly the same, the signature: "Your own loving Dora," was identical in both.

"But what does it all mean?" he asked, stupefied.

"Mean!" laughed Liscarrol, bitterly, "lies to be sure! How long have you been engaged, Haselrig?"

"Since before I went to India."

"And I since Easter;" and the two men stood looking blankly at each other.

That afternoon, having received the message Lord Liscarrol left with the butler, Miss Carmichael waited impatiently for the young man. About five o'clock a small parcel, brought by a commissionaire, was given to her, and on opening it there dropped out a locket, two packets of letters and several photographs, together with a slip of paper, on which was written:

"Returned with thanks.
LISCARROL, BERTIE HASELRIG."

There was no mistaking the signatures.

She had had a stormy scene with Lorimer, who had entirely refused to take his congé quietly, and had forced her to listen to some uncommonly plain speaking before leaving, and she was thoroughly tired out. When her maid, hearing a heavy fall, rushed into the room she found her mistress on the floor insensible. Luckily for Miss Carmichael, it was sufficiently near the end of the season to make her sudden departure from town less of a nine days' wonder than might otherwise have been the case.

Long before she resumed her place in London society, Captain Haselrig had returned to India, and Lord Liscarrol had found a wife both richer and prettier than Dora Carmichael.—*London World.*

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Speaker Husted, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, can give the points for a good plot to the coming American novelist. There is a family of great wealth in this city of Albany, said he the other day, which had a singular origin. In the Revolutionary War there was a Quaker farmer living in Westchester county who was in sympathy with the British. He became so obnoxious to his patriotic American neighbors that when the British army evacuated New York he deemed it prudent with other Tories to depart with them. He went to Nova Scotia. Pretty soon his wife, who had been left in charge of the farm, heard that he had died. They had one child, a boy, who was a baby at the time.

The widow was an energetic woman, and she ran the farm successfully. Eighteen years passed after her husband had fled, when one cold winter night at supper time as the widow and her boy were about to take their seats at the table covered with food, she heard a knock at the door. She opened the door, and looking out saw a gray-bearded man.

"I am a stranger in this county," said the man, "and there is no hotel near. Would you permit me to sleep in your house tonight?"

"She said: "I will;" and let him in the house. He took supper with them.

When bed-time came he said: "I do not wish to cause you unnecessary trouble. You need not prepare the guest-chamber for me—I will sleep with the boy."

She consented.

As the boy was undressing the stranger said: "Do you know that I am your father?"

The boy was astonished. "I have been told that he is dead," he said.

"It is not true," the stranger said. "I am thy father."

He then told his son that he had returned from Nova Scotia to the United States under an assumed name, had began business life anew on Long Island, and had married again and had several children. He asked his son to get away from the farm shortly on some excuse and visit him for a brief period.

The next morning the stranger departed. After he had gone the mother said to her son:

"What did thy father say to thee?"

The boy stammered the reply: "Why, did you recognize him, mother?"

She replied: "I knew him the moment I opened the door. But after deserting me all these years I was not going to reveal to him that I knew him. What did he desire thee to do?"

The boy answered: "He wanted me to visit him at least once a year." The abandoned wife thought for a moment, and then said: "Thee can visit thy father."

The son did so for a few years, and then the intercourse of the two families ceased. The son's mother died, and the son continued to till the farm.

One day, many years after these occurrences, a man driving a handsome buggy drove up before the son's house. He went out and found a fine-looking young man just hitching the horse.

"Have you any idea who I am?" said the young man to the farmer.

"Yes," replied the farmer, looking at him intently; "you are my brother." The young man then told his brother that their father had just died on Long Island, leaving a large fortune.

"Well, I want none of it," said the farmer; "my mother is the only one that I desire to inherit money from." And he signed away all claim to a share in the Long Island property.

One of the members of that Long Island family took a large portion of his father's fortune to Albany, and it now forms part of the possessions of one of the wealthiest families in the city.

A PITTSBURG MERCHANT as an advertisement offered a prize of $20 to the first person solving the following problem: "Take these figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, add them together and make 100 without using any figure twice." There were a great many answers, but the only correct one received was sent in by a young lady, and was as follows:

$$\begin{array}{r} 59\tfrac{1}{2} \\ 40\tfrac{38}{76} \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$$

PLANTS do better when not watered often, but copiously.

Down By the Sea.

For Kent News.

We wandered on the shore, young Love with me;
Slowly the hours fled;
Bright stars were over head,
Down by the sea.

Far on the glistening sand,
Joyfully hand in hand,
Over the sea-beat strand
Love walked with me.

Waves struck the shining shore,
Heaven seemed an open door,
Shells whispered "*Evermore*"
Will Love walk with thee.

Swift as a sea-gull's flight
Love vanished out of sight,
Leaving me *alone* at night,
Alone by the sea.

Love, Love, where hast thou flown?
Joy, joy, where hast thou gone?
Only sad echoes moan
Out of the sea.

Life with its fleeting scenes,
Hopes that are only dreams,
Into thy *restless* streams.
All vanish oh, sea!

—ROSALIE MITCHELL.

Atlantic City, N. J., June 1, 1887.

A NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY MAN.

He bade his wife a tearful good-bye. "My love, my only one! The time will soon be when I will be in a position to snap my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no more of the cruel partings."

"And you will be true to me?"

"As I always am," he responded. "You did not forget to put that photo you had especially taken for me in my 'gripsack,' did you?"

"Oh, dear, no. Are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?"

"You wicked doubter! You know that I should be wretched without at least such a semblance of my pet to look at daily and nightly."

Draw the veil of charity over his grief and the treachery of one in whom he had such unbounded confidence.

In brief she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him wretched. She had taken that photograph from his gripsack, and was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him, for the time being, of his darling's looks.

"Dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick," she thought; "but I will send him the photograph in the first letter I write him."

Thus appeasing her conscience, she waited for his first letter. It came from Chicago and began as follows:

"MY HEART'S DELIGHT:—Got here O. K. this A. M. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a rough time I've had of it. Weary and fagged I have retired to my room, shut out the gilded atmosphere of sin that envelopes this terrible city, and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write. I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayer. It will rest under my pillow. It is my one solace until I hold you, my sweet wife, in these faithful arms again."

Thus far she read, then she toppled over on the floor.

What comfort she found there it is hard to say, but a great determination rose within the stricken wife, who went out an hour later and sought a telegraph office.

Her husband had been saying his prayers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel about midnight, his spiritual emotions received a new shock by a telegram from his only "love."

It was elaborate for a dispatch, but under the circumstances one could not expect an outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. This dispatch read:

"You are no longer the only drummer who is not a liar, as you have always claimed. Let the fraternity take you as their chief into their hearts. Had you taken the pains ever to look for the photograph you say your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had—to test you—removed it. My faith in you is dead!"

The husband clutched his hair.

"Why, what did I write to her anyway," he muttered.

After awhile his face cleared.

"By Jove? I must have piled on the taffy. That's what a man gets for trying his best to make a woman feel good! Poor little dear, what a fume she must be in! Lucky for me she never gave her grievance away. What geese women are! Bless your little noodle, her faith shall be resurrected."

Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend:

"Send me, first mail, photograph of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it, get it somehow. Will write all particulars soon."

A week later a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern, but very wept out wife.

She expected to see him meek and humble, but he gazed upon her with much scorn, and then passed on to his room in crushing silence. She was amazed. With quick impulse she followed, thanking heaven he had not locked her out.

"Well," she began, with wavering courage, "what have you to say for yourself, now?"

Coldly, cruelly he looked at her. "I?" he queried. "Woman, if it were not for the over-mastering love I bear for you, I should never look upon you again."

His face was convulsed with tragic suffering that was balm to the heart to witness, but she only sneered—

"Can you explain the deception you tried to practice upon me?"

"Can you obliterate the insult put upon your husband in that unwomanly despatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband would be better off to live alone. For my part, I am not only disgusted, but disenchanted."

He turned sorrowfully away, and bowed his head in his hands. She approached him and laid the letter, which had caused so much grief, under his eyes.

"Read that. Knowing you had no picture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife would have thought; you would have said to yourself, 'He is incapable of deceit; he has my picture somehow.'"

"But you did not have it."

He looked at her with sad, resigned sorrow. His lips quivered as he sadly murmured—

"Oh, woman! without an atom of faith!"

Then he put his hand in his pocket and produced her photograph.

"Oh, darling, forgive me! This old thing taken long before we were engaged! Why, I didn't know you ever had one of these."

The restored confidence made her blue eyes swim in tearful joy. She put her arms around him asking his pardon, caressing even his coat collar.

"My dear," he said, looking into her face with grave, but loving reproach, "let this be a warning. Never doubt me again, no matter what appearances may be. I can always look you squarely in the face and say, 'I am innocent.'"

And she believed him.

A Slight Confusion.

"Boss, Ize a bit confused 'bout suthin'," said one of the negro whitewashers at the market to Detective Webb the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"What does per annum mean?"

"Per year of course!"

"A hull y'ar?"

"Yes."

"Can't be no mistake?"

"No, sir."

"If I borry $2 of Abraham Johnson an' agree to pay twenty-five per cent per annum dat means twenty-five cents a y'ar does it?"

"It does."

"Hu! Dar's gwine to be de biggest row in Kaintuck to-night you ever hearn tell of."

"About what?"

"About dat per annum. I borrowed $2 of the pussun menshuned at twenty-five per cent per annum, an' fur de las' fo'teen months he's bin collecting twenty-five cents a week as regular as a clock. Stuck right to it, he did, dat per annum meant ebery Saturday night. Lawd! but when I gits dese yer paws on him won't per annum take a flop!"

"I won't believe anything I can't explain." "Will you explain why some cows have horns and others have not?" "I mean I don't believe anything I can't see." "Have you ever seen your backbone?"

Know that man? It's Wm. H. Doane, and he makes $20,000 a year writing hymns, or rather that's the royalty he gets.

MRS. WINSLOW'S LUCK.

She Wins a Loyal Loan, Inherits a Farm and Becomes a Wife.

Washington Correspondence.

The young lady clerk in the treasury who recently made the gratifying discovery that a small farm near Birmingham, Ala., which her family has long owned, and supposed to be next to worthless, is worth enough to make her independent, is something of a beauty and will well become the station to which her wealth will entitle her. In person she is tall and graceful. Her features could hardly be called either regular or classic, yet with her clear white and pink complexion, her thick, raven-black hair, and a pair of splendid black eyes, they would certainly admit her to a conspicuous place among the far-famed, dark-eyed Southern beauties. She came to Washington late in the '70's, in company with her mother and an aunt, her mother's sister, her father having died some years before. They had some means, but not enough to enable them to move in a circle to which they had evidently been accustomed in the South. The aunt in time secured a place in the bureau of printing and engraving, and later on "Rose" was given a place as a money counter in the office of the treasurer. Her salary was $900 a year at first, but was gradually advanced from time to time until it was $1,400, when the happy discovery was made recently that she was heiress to a property supposed to be worth nearly $2,000,000. Her earnings, together with the income from their other property in the South—all that was heretofore supposed to be valuable—enabled mother and daughter to live comfortably, and they always moved in the better, though not, of course, the ultra fashionable circles of society.

Three years ago this summer the present heiress, then the pretty treasury clerk, met Mr. Frank MacArthur at a boarding-house on Fourteenth street, near K, in which the family had recently taken rooms. The house, if not in the fashionable quarter, was certainly well up in the region of eminent respectability. There were lots of young men and maidens in the neighborhood who were combining their lives and fortunes "for better or for worse until death did them part," and perhaps this may have inclined them to think seriously of a future arrangement of the kind for themselves, or per