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

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

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1889. No. 29.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines Nonpariel or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
No. 206 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East 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.

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.

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.
No. 303 South Charles Street, 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.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md
REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

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. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. jel2-y.

PHILADELPHIA.
E. C. CROW,
No. 316 N. Front St., Philadelphia,
(Old Number, 6 Vine Street).
COMMISSION MERCHANT
FOR THE SALE OF
FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.
PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

P. E. CREW & CO.,
(Successors to CREW & IRELAND.)
FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK
Commission Merchants,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season. Reference, ce National Bank of Northern Liberties, Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia; or, some of the large Fruit Growers of Kent county. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

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

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.
J. P. MOYER & CO.,
Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,
EGGS and POULTRY.
No. 356 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Returns sent promptly. tf.

Professional Cards.

DENTIST.
DR. C. P. GILPIN,
CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.
Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
fe2. GALENA, KENT CO., MD.

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

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House
Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,
—GRADUATE OF—
The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,
CHESTERVILLE, MD.

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

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

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

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

J. W. PURUCKER & CO.,
No. 40 East Pratt St., Baltimore, Maryland,
Between Maltby House and Light Street,
Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle
—AND A—
FULL LINE of SPORTING GOODS
We have the most Practical Gun Smiths in the city, and guarantee Alterations and Repairs on Gun, with neatness and dispatch. s29-y.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

RICHARD HYNSON,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of May, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under our hands this 15th day of November, 1889.

CAROLENE L. HYNSON,
RICHARD D. HYNSON.
Nov. 16, 1889—4t. Executors.

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 H. KENDALL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of May, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 15th day of November, 1889.

STEPHEN KINDALL.
Nov. 16, 1889—4t. Administrator.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Emma T. Benjamin and others,
versus
Thomas C. Benjamin and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 30th day of October, 1889, that the sale of the real estate in the above proceedings mentioned, made and reported by William M. Slay, Trustee, under a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county in equity, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3d day of January next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 3d day of December next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,100.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
Nov. 2, 1889—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

William L. Meredith, Collector,
versus
Henry Robinson.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE report of Sale in the foregoing case having been read and considered and the same appearing to have been regular, and the provisions of law in relation thereto having been complied with: It is thereupon this thirtieth day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, ordered that the sale made and reported by WILLIAM L. MEREDITH, Collector, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the third Monday in January next;—Provided, a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the first Monday in December next.

FREDERICK STUMP.
True copy, Test—
Nov. 2,1 889—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Here we Are in Season Again!

HEATERS! RANGES!
and Cook Stoves.

WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the SPLENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. It has been sold in this section during the past six years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.

Excelsior Cook Stoves!

The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front. It is undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior kept in stock. Have plenty of other styles Cooking Stoves and Ranges.

HEATING STOVES!

In the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Right along with the same line of goods we will mention Coal Shovels, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Zinc, Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
Oct. 5, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

—FIRST CLASS—
Eating and Oyster Saloon
IN CHESTERTOWN AT THE
"ROCKWELL HOUSE!"

THE undersigned respectfully notifies his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to serve at all hours Oysters in every style. Raw Box a specialty. Also, on Tuesdays, a FIRST CLASS DINNER for my country friends. Ladies not accompanied by their husbands will find accommodations at my house under the care of my wife. The Ladies' Parlor will be open at all hours, where bundles can be sent and taken care of. Horses fed and cared for. Hoping for a generous patronage, as I will leave nothing undone to please all,

I am, respectfully,
Oct. 19—3m. A. I. DUGAN.

TAKE NOTICE

Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!

THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE: the tax-book for the Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed to indulge even though I were so inclined. For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN.
Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

ELECTION NOTICE!

FOR THE WOMEN!

NOW that the two great parties have had their election, to settle very important questions, they are going to stand back now and see every woman in Kent County cast her vote for the superiority of our line of goods. Their ticket will be a simple sack of KENT'S FAVORITE FLOUR, WHITE TABLE, YELLOW TABLE MEAL, CHOICE PEARL HOMINY, CRACKED CORN—sifted or unsifted—SOL. CORN CHOP, MIXED CORN CHOP, HOMINY OFFAL, BRAN, MIDDLINGS and WHEAT TAILINGS. The above is kept by the leading dealers in town and the villages of this county.

Ask your dealer for any of the above, and if he has not got it, ask him to get it for you; if he will not get it, send us your order by mail or wagon and we will deliver it at your door under very short notice. Don't be deceived with short weight and inferior goods, but insist that it must come from the URIEVILLE ROLLER MILL. KENT'S FAVORITE is strictly a straight grade flour, and is made from the choicest wheat. And while we do not claim it to be quite as white as the Best Patent Flour, (we do not ask so much for it) we do claim that it is white enough, and if handled properly, it will make a nice, white, sweet and soft loaf, such as every man delights to see come on the table. And it will hold its moisture from one to three days longer than patent flour.

Our Corn Goods is made from the Best Corn that is raised in the county. Our PEARL HOMINY is made from Genuine Hominy Corn, and is far superior to city hominy. Our Wheat Feed is pure and always reliable, and is much lower than city prices. Try them and be convinced. There are many reasons why we can give better results and offer our customers greater inducements than any other mill in the county, which you will see. We will soon enter our twelfth year in our business here. Does not that show that we came to stay? We have, by close attention to business, and strict business integrity, increased our business three-fold. Does not that prove that we have and can still offer lower prices and better goods than can be found elsewhere?

We have made many important changes lately and have now a full roller system of making a straight grade flour which gives general satisfaction whenever it is given a fair trial. In conclusion, will say that we shall put forth a greater effort than ever to keep our mill and our goods fully up to the demands of the people. We will be prepared to grind COB CORN as soon as it is in condition to grind, but must insist on it being good clean corn.

We also have our saw-mill in operation, and can saw all kinds of timber at reasonable rates. We solicit your patronage to both mills, and thanking you for your patronage in the past, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,
WM. W. McKNETT,
no9-tf. Urieville Roller Mills.

NEW! NEW!

Fall and Winter Goods!

DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES, KERSEYS,
Flannels, Cheviots, Tickings!
DRESS GINGHAMS, PRINTS,
WHITE AND COLORED BLANKETS.

UNDERWEAR of all Grades at Prices to Suit all. Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Corsets, Suspenders, Collars, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs and Notions in great variety.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS

MEN'S SHOES, LADIES' SHOES!
MISSES' SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES!
RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES!
HATS and CAPS! CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS!

Full line of Groceries and Queensware. All at lowest prices.

J. H. SIMPERS,
Oct. 17, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

BUILDING LUMBER.

DOORS, BLINDS, SASH,
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS,
CYPRESS FENCING.

THE LARGEST STOCK, OF SEASONED LUMBER, IN THE COUNTY,
FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES

DO NOT BUY without giving me an opportunity to make estimates for you.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
March 9, 1889.

MONEY NOTICE.

We desire a settlement with all our customers, especially with those whose notes and accounts are over-due. We mean this for every one. Some of the notes we have had to take up in bank, and we insist upon the immediate settlement of these also. Parties having notes over-due will receive notice through the mail so that no one can have an excuse for failure to meet the same.

1y20-tf. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

CANTON FLANNEL from 6c. per yard up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

A HERO OF LOVE.

In a new and unfrequented quarter near the Park Monceau the summer morning had opened splendidly.

A young girl was at her window, behind half closed blinds, smiling at chimera, at *some dream of the future; for heaven permits* youth to have hope in life and to dream of possible happiness. The apparition of a letter at the end of a thread, seeming to descend from heaven, startled her from her reverie.

The envelope bore her name. In taking hold of it she broke the slender thread and the letter remained in her fingers.

Emma could not see that just above her window a good-looking young man, concealed also by the blinds, had been watching her for a long time, trembling and still resolute.

She opened the message arriving by this strange, aerial road. It was short, but contained an infinitude:

MADEMOISELLE:—I love you with my whole heart. I take the liberty to write, for I cannot delay to express my affection. For a year without attempting to intrude I have noticed your steps and voice. I am 24 years old and live with my mother, who is a widow. My life is monotonous, but you are my joy, my sun, my hope. I am a poor painter, a pupil of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, but with courage inspired by love for you, I hope to take the Prize of Rome this year. That means glory and a future. It is of you alone I dream. I trust you will look with favor on me, and let me believe that you are willing to accept my heart, my life, and my name, which will be celebrated, I promise, if you make me happy.

I shall leave the institution in a few months, and then I will ask your father to grant me your adored little hand, so delicate and which must be so gentle.

I cover it with kisses, that dear white hand, and kneel before you.

FERNAND GIRARD.

Emma read and reread the delightful page, with lips half open by a radiant smile, eager eyes and palpitating heart, agitated and entranced by the reading of this first love letter.

The broken thread was near her. No breeze, no breath moved it. It seemed to be waiting for an answer. She took a white rose which was pinned to her corsage, and attached it quickly to the suspended thread.

The rose mounted toward heaven as by magic, even as the letter had descended, and following it with her eyes, Emma felt that her heart flew away with the flower. For a long time she had noticed this pale, intellectual young man, who changed color whenever she met him.

Thus an enchanting romance commenced, the romance forever new and heavenly, full of the delicious intoxication of a first in which the keenest sensations are excited by the exchange of a look, a smile, a *sudden meeting, the thousand nothings*, to others invisible, but to lovers fraught with terrible anguish or supreme joy.

This very ingenious correspondence continued.

Emma ventured to write in her turn, experiencing exquisite happiness in imparting *the facts of her lonely life*, which had been very sad since the death of her mother. Her father was a merchant. He often returned sombre and absent minded, she said, allowing herself to be drawn artlessly into the joy of unbosoming herself to her friend.

Fernand was now her only thought. Three months after she had received the first letter, her father, M. Ferald, on returning one evening from his counting room, said to her:

"Don't sing so all the time, Emma; come this way, I wish to speak to you on an important subject. You are a large, sensible girl. You will be 17 years old in a month. Listen to me, my darling."

"I am listening, pappa. What would you like? You look as though you were going to scold me," replied the young girl, lowering her large, black eyes.

Emma was no longer a mere child. Tho' she still wore a cunning red apron tied with a big knot behind in little girl style, her well-poised figure was already rounding to womanhood. She was at that charming age of change when the young girl, without thought or care, become a creature who observes and loves.

"Don't remain standing on one foot like a bird on a perch; sit down."

"Yes, papa."

"I was saying that you are a young girl—well! well!—of an age to think of marriage."

At these words Emma's cheeks turned redder than the cherry ribbon around her neck. She remained motionless, opposite her father, poised unsteadily on the edge of an armchair, with eyes wide open and breathing suspended, anxiously awaiting what would come next.

"I wish," continued M. Ferald, "to provide you with a husband who loves you very much."

Emma smiled while thinking of Fernand. Certainly her father was right. Fernand loved her, and always would.

"The one who has asked your hand is a man whom I love and esteem beyond measure. He is good, sterling in character, rich and honorable. I am certain that he will promote your happiness. But you know him already. It is M. Morizot, the good Morizot, my friend of twenty years standing."

Emma turned very pale and cried in her distress:

"I will never marry Monsieur Morizot. He is old. I don't love him. I don't want him. I can't have him."

"He isn't old. He is but thirty-five, and just the man, well proportioned and of excellent physique. Indeed, he is the husband that I have always had in mind for you."

"Father, it is impossible."

"Why, mademoiselle? Why do you not wish to marry?"

"Why, father, do you wish me to marry Monsieur Morizot?"

"My daughter, I will reply to you, as to an intelligent woman. You often see me anxious. It is because I have serious embarrassment. My affairs are in a bad, very bad way. I have large payments to meet. An extension is necessary for my paper, but I have other obligations in arrears. A terrible crisis has occurred. Money must be had immediately; if not, the alternative is failure and ruin; that is to say death, for I could not survive my shame," said M. Ferald, while his eyes filled with tears at the thought which tortured him.

Emma threw herself on his neck, embracing him with tenderness greatly moved by the tears of her father, whom she had never seen weep except on the day when her mother died.

"If you marry Morizot he becomes my partner and brings me a hundred thousand francs; that is to say, honor, fortune and security, in place of shame, want and certain death."

"Oh, father, what do you say? Everybody knows that you are an honorable man. What is this failure?"

"My child, it is the most frightful calamity that can befall a man. Remember that the house was founded by the grandfather of my father more than a hundred years ago, that the honor of the house is proverbial on the exchanges. I assure you I would sooner die than have our name dishonored."

For a minute Emma remained in suspense. Grave and death-like in look, she balanced her love for Fernand and her filial affection.

M. Ferald, seeing that she hesitated, fell on his knees distracted.

Vanquished, she slowly spoke these words, which could scarcely find utterance:

"Father, I will obey you."

Then hastily passing to her room, she passed the night in stifling her sobs that she might not be heard.

The next day she wrote to Fernand withdrawing from the engagement, not daring to tell him of the terrible secret of her father, but informing him of her approaching and inevitable marriage.

Fernand in despair wrote in extravagant terms, beseeching and threatening by turns the one whom he loved. He sought a personal interview but she would not receive him.

Mme. Girard, who had been made a confident by her son, called in his behalf on M. Ferald, but met with a refusal that left no hope.

One morning the young girl found a note at her window. It contained but two lines:

I will kill myself, I assure you, the hour you are married. FERNAND.

Emma did everything to forget this love, so violent and to which her heart had yielded so willingly, but she was obliged to look often at the anxious and careworn face of her father, to renew her courage for supporting the presence of Morizot, who had commenced his courtship and called regularly every day.

He was an attractive bachelor, cheerful, courtly and good hearted. Having known her from her childhood, the love he now felt grew out of his former tenderness as an elder brother.

The poor child endeavored to hide her grief, and he mistook her downcast and resigned looks for timidity.

Fin ally the day for the marriage was fixed, and Emma put on the engagement ring, which she took off as soon as she was alone. Everybody was congratulating and envying her, for M. Morizot was a fine match; but the poor girl answered only by a faint smile. She did not even look in the mirror when she tried on the white marriage dress, that wonderful and triumphant robe which all young girls anticipate in their dreams.

One evening, when for the first time her betrothed had touched her hair with a kiss she drew back quickly, uttering a cry and repelling him with her hands. It had not occurred to her that her promise to be Morizot's wife gave him the right to kiss her. As she threw herself back impulsively he tried to sustain her, but she withdrew from his arms.

"What is the matter, Emma? Speak to me. One would think you were afraid. What have I done? I, who love you so tenderly, my dear Emma."

He took her hands and carried them to his lips, kissing them passionately.

"I do not wish you to kiss me," exclaimed the young girl with vehemence.

"Ah! Emma, you do not love me."

"Yes I do. I love you very much. You have always been very kind to me."

"You like me as an old friend, but that is not love. I excite your aversion. But why did you decide to be my wife?"

"I will be your wife. It is necessary."

"My dear little friend, I do not comprehend you. Come here, near to me. I will not touch the tips of your little fingers. Have confidence in me. Remember that you have always confided all secrets to me. Your father must have told you that my only desire is to make you happy. I have esteemed him very much during many long years. I know that at present he is seriously embarrassed. It will give me pleasure to be his partner. We will form but one family, having the same interests and affections. These are my sincere sentiments."

"Oh, how unhappy I am," cried out the girl.

Morizot regarded her eyes intently. He scrutinized that brow, knit with anguish, and broke out sadly:

"Ah! I now understand it. It is to save your father that you consent."

Not daring to say yes her head fell disconsolately.

"Poor fool that I was to think that you loved me. For some months your eyes were so bright, your voice so sweet, that I thought—— I believed that your heart responded to mine."

He remained thoughtful for a moment, then said pleasantly:

"If you do not love me yet, you will love me some day. Do you not think so?"

She looked at him sadly, but could not tell a falsehood.

"It must be that you love another," he broke out impetuously.

Emma moaned and concealed her face in her hands. It was an acknowledgment.

"Who is this happy one that you love? Does he love you, too? Oh, Emma, how you make me suffer!"

At last he drew the secret from her, listening, pale as a sheet, with breathless attention.

When the recital was concluded he said with a trembling voice:

"My dear girl, you do not love me. You love another. I would be a wretch to accept the sacrifice that you are ready to make. I restore your freedom, and in order that you may never regret this release I will still be your father's partner. Be happy, Emma, but at least keep a place for me in your remembrance."

Beaming with joy, with glowing eyes and outstretched arms, she fell on Morizot's neck and showered kisses upon him, breathing out these words, of themselves so cruelly ironical:

"Oh, how happy you make me! How much I love you!"

Three months later Emma married Fernand Girard, but M. Morizot could not face the happiness of his rival. Having left almost the whole of his fortune to M. Ferald, he embarked for Senegal, where he died of exhaustion, bereft of strength to struggle for an existence which had become a burden; a poor hero of love!—*N. Y. Sun.*

NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands, so careful and brisk,
Putting the tea things away;
While mother is resting awhile in her chair,
For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,
Although they are tender and wee.
"I'll do it so nicely," she said to herself—
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered up-stairs,
For papa will quickly be here:
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire,
That is burning so bright and so clear.
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch,
"He cannot come in without me.
When mother is tired, I open the door—
There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms around papa's dear neck,
And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
For out of the nest, so cosy and bright,
The little one's mother has flown.
She brushes the teardrops away as she thinks,
"Now he has no one but me.
I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad—
And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,
Dropped from the two pretty eyes;
Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
Two little faint sobbing cries.
"Papa forgot I was always waked up
When he whispered good night to me.
O mother, come back, just to kiss me in bed—
There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
Out from her home in the skies,
She will not pass on to her haven of rest
While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
Yet His sunshine is ever to be;
And He is the comfort for every one's pain—
There's nobody else, you see. MAY HODGES.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CREED.

A letter has recently come into the hands of a writer in the *Congregationalist*, in which Daniel Webster has set down a few propositions in the shape of articles, which are intended "to exhibit a short summary of the doctrines of the Christian religion," as they impressed his mind. The document is dated Boscawen, N. H., Aug. 8, 1807. It is thought that this is the statement which he read to the Congregational Church in Franklin upon his being admitted to membership in that church. This is not unlikely, as the date of his admission was September 12, 1807. The recent centennial anniversary of his birth has to a great extent revived the interest in Mr. Webster, and this "confession of faith" will undoubtedly be read by many people with interest.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of nature and the words of revelation.

I believe that God exists in three persons; this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to the belief that I cannot comprehend how one can be three, or three one. I hold it my duty to believe, not what I can comprehend, or account for, but what my Master teaches me.

I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the will and word of God. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which He wrought establishes in my mind His personal authority, and it is proper for me to believe whatever He asserts. I believe, therefore, all His declarations, as well when He declares Himself to be the Son of God, as when He declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of His atonement.

I believe that things past, present and to come are all equally present in the mind of Deity; that with Him there is no succession of time, nor of ideas; that therefore, the relative terms, past, present and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict propriety, be applied to Deity. I believe in the doctrines of fore-knowledge and predestination as thus expounded. I do not believe in those doctrines as impairing any necessity on men's actions, or in any way infringing free agency.

I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aid of the Spirit of all grace.

I believe in those great peculiarities of the Christian religion, a resurrection from the dead and a day of judgment.

I believe in the universal providence of God; and leave Epicurus, and his more unreasonable followers in modern times the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which he does not take the trouble of governing. (Dr. Sherlock).

Although I have great respect for all other forms of worship, I believe the Congregational mode, on the whole, preferable to any other. I believe religion to be a matter, not of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which He reveals, not because we can prove them, but because He declares them. When the mind is reasonably convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth and practice them with a pure heart.

I believe that the Bible is to be understood in the plain and obvious meaning of its passage; since I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in any such mystery and doubt that none but critics and philosophers can discover it.

I believe that the refinements and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than enlighten the revealed will of God; and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who hath been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the college of fishermen.

I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and affections, and that therefore all creeds and confessions are fallable and uncertain evidences of evangelical piety.

Finally, I believe that Christ has imposed on all His disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part, and a small part, of his duty; that he is bound to do good and to communicate; to love his neighbor, and to give food and drink to his enemy; and to endeavor, as far as in him lies, to promote peace, truth, piety and happiness in a wicked and forlorn world; believing that in the great day which is to come, there will be no other standard of merit, no other criterion of character, than that which is already established, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

TEACHER—"Tommy, what is half of eight?"

Pupil—"Sideways or top?"

Teacher—"What do you mean?"

Pupil—"Well, half from the top of 8 is 0 and half sideways is 3."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser Does a Little Whitewashing on His Own Hook.

From the Detroit Free Press.

There were several little things I wanted done about the house this fall, and so the other week I engaged a colored man to come and work for a couple of days. It so happened that he came one morning before Mr. Bowser had left the house, and was greeted with:

"Well, what's up now?"

"Ize dun bin hired to work, sah."

"Who hired you?"

"De lady, sah."

"What to do?"

"Jobbin', sah."

"Well, the lady has changed her mind and doesn't want you."

After the man had gone Mr. Bowser came into the house and asked:

"Did you hire a colored man?"

"Why, yes."

"What for?"

"I was going to have him whitewash the vegetable cellar, take down and clean the laundry stoveppie and do some other odd jobs."

"H'm! Mrs. Bowser, I don't believe in encouraging such people. He'd have done about one hour's work and charged you for a whole day. I don't believe he knows any more about whitewashing than I do about playing the harp."

"But he said he did."

"Certainly. Did you ever see a negro who wouldn't say anything to fit the occasion?"

"Well, but——"

"There is no 'but' about it. If there are any little jobs about the house, I've got plenty of time to do them. In fact, I need just such exercise. Such work is a diversion for me, and the doctor recommends it."

"Do you mean to say you will do the whitewashing?"

"I do. I don't do it to save a dollar, but for my own benefit. I always liked the smell of lime."

"I wish you wouldn't do it. You'll get lime in your eyes and you will blame me for it, and—"

"There you go. Blame you! What would I blame you about? If I get lime in my eyes it's my own fault. Mrs. Bowser, you are getting to be a good deal of a crank lately."

"Well, if you are determined on it, don't say that I asked you or encouraged you."

"That's a funny way to talk to me, Mrs. Bowser! Are you getting ready for the insane asylum? I think I run my own house yet. If I'm willing to peel off and do these odd jobs I ought to be encouraged instead of insulted."

I was quite sure how it would end, but I said nothing more, and in the course of half an hour he got into his old clothes and went down cellar. I followed him down to give him a few last words of advice, but he didn't need them.

"You go right up stairs and sit down and employ yourself," he said. "Here's the brush and here's a pail of lime, and if I don't whitewash more cellar in ten minutes than Moses could in all day, I'll never try it again. Besides, Mrs. Bowser, whitewashing is not the slouch work you imagine it to be. It has got to be done by a person of taste and intelligence, or it won't stand. I want a little blueing to give it a tinge."

"It must be well done."

"Certainly."

"Two coats all around."

"Just so."

"Even if it takes you all day."

"Even if it takes me over half an hour, which it won't. I'll show you a job here that will make a black man turn green with envy. Just run up stairs and make yourself comfortable."

I retreated up the stairs to the kitchen door and waited for results, which I knew were sure to come. Mr. Bowser dipped and dished and sozzled and stirred until he had the liquid to his liking, and as he began on the stone wall I heard him chuckling:

"I said fifteen minutes, but I'll go slow and take twenty. The idea of a colored man sloshing around here all day to do this work. Let's see. I believe I'll take the overhead first."

I held my breath in suspense for a long minute. Then a yell arose from that cellar which jumped the cook out of her old slippers and made her cry out:

"For heaven's sake, Mrs. Bowser, have we been struck by another cyclone?"

There was a second and a third yell, and as I hurried down stairs Mr. Bowser stood in the middle of the cellar, hands outstretched, and jumping up and down as though he had fire under his feet.

"For heaven's sake, what is it, Mr. Bowser?" I asked.

"Whitewash—lime—fire!"

"Where?"

"In my eyes! I'm blind! I've burned them out!"

I got hold of him and let him out to the laundry tubs, and set the water to running. He had indeed got a dose in his eyes, but it was more painful than dangerous. He could hardly see daylight after he had washed out all the lime, and as I led him up stairs he said:

"I shall never see again—never see you or the baby in my life!"

I washed his eyes with milk and got him to lie down on the lounge, and in a couple of hours he was pretty near all right. His eyes were sore, but no damage had been done. He was very gentle until he discovered this. Then he suddenly turned on me with:

"Mrs. Bowser, what possible excuse can you urge in extenuation of your conduct?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? That's a cool question to ask me! In view of what has transpired, what have you to say?"

"I say that you were foolish to undertake the job. I warned you how it would turn out."

"Mrs. Bowser, he shouted, squirting tears of lime water out of his eyes, "do you pretend to deny that you didn't encourage me to undertake a task which you knew would put my whole future happiness, if not my life, in peril?"

"I do sir. I did all I possibly could to dissuade you."

"And you are not to blame?"

"Not in the least."

"And I brought it all on myself?"

"You did."

"Mrs. Bowser, this is too much—too much! I could forgive one who had wronged me, if penitent, but when they attempt to brazen it out it is time for action. We will settle on the amount of alimony right here and now."

But we didn't. After blinking around for half a day he went down town, and when he came home to supper he was as good-natured as pie. I got a colored man to come and do the work, and two or three days later, when Mr. Bowser happened down cellar, I heard him saying to himself:

"Yes, it's a mighty slick job I did on this, and I'll tackle that stoveppe to-morrow morning."

Does Farming Pay?

Mr. Wm. Collins, of Talbot county, writes to the Baltimore *Weekly Sun*, a long communication in which he gives the following figures to show *how* farming pays. The probable receipts and expenses of an average $10,000 farm are as follows:

RECEIPTS:	
1,500 bushels of wheat at 75c.	$1,125 00
1,400 bushels of corn at 35c.	490 00
Sale of lambs and wool	140 00
Sale of other stock	100 00
Total receipts	$1,855 00
CROP EXPENSES:	
One man, foreman	$144 00
Two men at $120 each	240 00
Board for three men	100 00
Extra help in busy seasons	50 00
Board for extra help in busy season	10 00
Labor machining wheat	25 00
Labor shelling and husking corn	20 00
Board	12 00
Threshing wheat, &c. per bushel	60 00
Threshing corn, 1½c. per bushel	17 50
Fertilizer for wheat	150 00
Seed wheat	75 00
	$953 50
Total amount receipts less expenses of crop	$901 00
OTHER NECESSARY EXPENSES:	
Taxes	$85 00
Insurance	15 00
Repairs	50 00
Blacksmith and wheelwright bills	40 00
Interest on investment	600 00
	$790 00
Total profit	$111 50

"I think I have been liberal in my estimates of the quantity of grain sold, as well as the wages for help and their board. Now what merchant or business man would be content to receive only $111 for his year's work? Where is the profit in farming when you scan the figures closely?"

He Wanted Vengeance.

I had been riding in the same seat with a very plain sort of man for the last twenty miles, when a couple boarded our car at a junction, and he suddenly uttered a cuss word as long as my arm. I saw he was excited by their advent, and naturally inquired if he knew them.

"Know 'em? Why, that woman is my wife!" he hissed.

"And who's the man!"

"It's a feller she is eloping with!"