msa_sc2901_scm1626-0111 ©Maryland State Archives

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.

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

Kent News.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890. No. 46.

New-York Life Insurance Co.

346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

SUMMARY OF FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

JANUARY 1, 1890.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, - - President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President. RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.
ARCH. H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President. THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Medical Director.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$24,585,921.10
Interest, Rents, etc.	4,577,345.14
Total Income	$29,163,266.24

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Death claims and Endowments	$6,252,095.50
Dividends, Annuities and Purchased Insurance	5,869,026.16
Total to Policy-holders	$12,121,121.66
New Policies Issued	59,499
New Insurance Written	$151,119,088.00

CONDITION JANUARY 1, 1890.

Assets	$105,053,600.96
*Divisible Surplus, Company's New Standard	7,517,823.38
†Surplus " "	7,705,653.11
Surplus by State Standard, (4 per cent.)	$15,600,000.00
Policies in Force	180,381
Insurance in Force	$495,601,970.00

PROGRESS IN 1889.

Increase in Interest	$303,653.06
Increase in Benefits to Policy-holders	1,148,051.61
Increase in Surplus for Dividends	1,716,849.01
Increase in Premiums	3,458,330.35
Increase in Total Income	3,791,983.41
Increase in Assets	11,573,414.41
Increase in Insurance Written	26,099,357.00
Increase in Insurance in Force	75,715,465.00

*Exclusive of the amount specially reserved as a contingent liability to Tontine Dividend Fund.
†Over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.

The guaranteed 4 per cent. interest 15 and 20-Year Investment Bonds of the New York LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY have proved a most popular competitor of GROUND RENTS and MORTGAGES. IT WILL PAY YOU TO INVESTIGATE THEM.

Do you want low cost insurance with maximum security? The New York Life's Non-Forfeiting Free Tontine Policies are unexcelled in Liberality, Protection and Convertibility. DO NOT INSURE ELSEWHERE UNTIL YOU EXAMINE THEM.

ONE MILLION AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS DEATH CLAIMS paid at Baltimore Agency, without a single contested policy, the past eight years. Policy No. 104,895, $5,000, 15-Year Endowment, 15-Year Tontine, on C. DODD McFARLAND, BALTIMORE, SETTLED MARCH 10TH, 1889, shows 5.73-100 interest on the investment with fifteen years insurance for NOTHING.

J. G. PANGBORN, Gen'l Agent, Firemen's Building, Baltimore
W. H. H. YOUNG, Asst. Supt. of Agencies, 8 South St., Baltimore
S. D. HOWLAND.....Special Agent, No. 8 South St., Baltimore

J. E. JACOBS, General Manager, Southeastern Department, Maryland, Virginia, W. Virginia and District of Columbia.

No. 8 South Street. Baltimore. Md.

W. H. GIBSON, - Centreville, Maryland,
General Agent Eastern Shore, Maryland.

W. H. McFEELY, Local Agent, Chestertown, Md.

PEACH GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

IT HAS BEEN POSITIVELY PROVEN

That in order to have your Trees feed you, it is necessary that you feed them, and experience has also proven that the Best Peach Manure Ever Offered is OUR FRUIT GROWER. It contains all the elements that are necessary to give life and vigor to the crop and trees. Give us one fair trial and we are sure you'll be convinced.

Pomona, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 4, 1890.

MESSRS. T. R. HUBBARD & SON—Gentlemen: The six consecutive years' use of your Fruit Grower has thoroughly convinced me as to its merits. Years ago when Col. Wilkins lived and we farmed together, we used almost everything as a peach manure, but your O. B. is the best I ever tried. On the Island farm, where the 15 tons of Fruit grower was used in '88, on two-year-old trees, we had last year 6,000 baskets, on the other farm we only had peaches where the trees had been fed. I invariably had fruit in the past by fertilizing my trees, and I believe in order to have fruit, that is the way to do it, and will use between 30 and 40 tons of your goods this spring.

Very truly yours, JOHN A. GROVES.

Crumpton, January 2, 1890.

Gentlemen:—In 1886 I noticed my Orchard did not look like it ought, and in 1887 the leaves were twisted up and by no means in a flourishing condition. Hearing of your Fruit Grower I bought 3 tons and put it at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre on my young trees and on a few old trees that were in a particularly bad condition, I put 300 lbs. or over. The result was I had a fine crop of peaches in 1888, and in 1889 another that exceeded my expectations on both the old and young trees, having altogether 3,500 baskets, and got as high as $1.50 per basket for some. The trees are today in better condition but want to use it again. You can therefore ship me four tons this spring. JAMES M. VANDYKE.

Anne's, Hermitage Q. A. Co., Nov. 11, '89.

Gentlemen:—Replying to your query concerning my experience with your Fruit Grower. In the spring of 1887 we had an old Orchard which had not borne for several years and which the tenant was anxious to dig up. I said give it another year's trial. We used your Peach Tree Fertilizer, about 225 lbs. to the acre. That year the Orchard netted us about $1.00 per tree. We had a fair crop and got as high as $3.00 per box for some of them. We used your goods on the same Orchard in 1888 and got a very full crop. We used it again last spring, applying about 250 lbs. to the acre, and for the third successive year got a fair crop and the fruit was generally of fine quality. The Orchard will be 17 years old next spring, and it now looks healthier and more vigorous than it did five years ago.

Very truly, CASPER G. WOODALL.

MR. ROBT. WICKES, East Neck Island.

Said he put the Fruit Gower across his varieties and could tell the difference in the half of the tree where it went.

MR. W. H. FAULKNER, near Crumpton.

Says he used the Fruit Grower and that he always has fruit and gets good prices.

We Havn't time or Space to Give the Rest in full, but on File in Our Office we Have Letters of the Same Character from

J. B. BRIGHT, Kent Island.
F. H. DILL, Queen Anne's.
W. H. NEWNAM, Queen Anne's.
NOAH CLOUGH, SR., Queen Anne's.
THOS. P. VANSANT, Queen Anne's.
S. E. HILL, Baltimore.
H. W. VICKERS, Chestertown.
T. J. VICKERS, Lankford,
and scores of others.

If you havn't received one of our new Pocket Diarys send for one.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,

Feb. 8, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

MADE TO ORDER DEPARTMENT!

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN NOTIFYING THE PUBLIC OF OUR OPENING OF

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF FABRICS!

FOR MEASURED WORK.

Beautiful selections from the best makers await your examination. Our success is in careful, artistic and moderate-priced garments to order. Heavy overcoats have been taken off the counters to make room for our

SPRING OVERCOATS

which comprises all the leading shades and patterns for spring. If you want a Heavy Overcoat they are close by and easy to get at. Cheaper now than one month ago. The same applies to Winter Suitings—a good investment to lay by until next winter—at the great cut prices. If we go by what our tailors say, our SPRING STOCK of SUITINGS will soon be ready for your inspection. We want you to examine it carefully, it will enable you to form an idea of variety and high art clothing.

A. FRIEDMAN,

March 15, 1890. *The Leading Clothier, Chestertown, Md.*

—GO TO—

C. M. LUCAS'

—FOR—

WALTHAM and ELGIN

Watches.

FOR SALE!

Orchilla Guano!

A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT WITHOUT MANIPULATION.

Has stood the test for seventeen years by experienced farmers. None has proven equal to it as a permanent Improver. For Corn, Grass and PEACH TREES especially.

E. J. WATSON,

o21-6m. CHESTERTOWN.

Copyright, 1889.

JEWELS AND LACES.

"Oh, girl with the jewelled fingers,
Oh, girl with the laces rare!"

What are your jewels and what are your laces worth to you if, from undergoing the trying ordeals which fashionable society imposes on its devotees, enough to test the physical strength and endurance of the most robust, you break down, lose your health and become a physical wreck, as thousands do from such causes?

Under such circumstances you would willingly give all your jewels and all your laces to regain lost health. This you can do if you will but resort to the use of that great restorative known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of grateful women bless the day it was made known to them.

For all derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only remedy, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee** *from the manufacturers, that it* will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

An invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

Legal Notices.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

PEARCE & BARROLL, TRUSTEES,
versus
GEORGE T. COSDEN AND OTHERS.

No. 857 Equity.

THE creditors of COREGYS C. COSDEN and other parties interested in the funds in this case are hereby notified to file their claims, duly certified, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court, within two months from the date of the first publication of this notice. By order of the Court.

EBEN F. PERKINS,
March 22, 1890—4t. AUDITOR.

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 W. GREENWOOD,

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 Sept., 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 11th day of March, 1890.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
Mar. 22, 1890—4t. Administrator.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Carolene L. Hynson and Richard D. Hynson, Executors of Richard Hynson,
versus
John F. Whittington and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity.

ORDERED, this 13th day of March, 1890, that the sale of the real estate made and reported by CAROLENE L. HYNSON and RICHARD D. HYNSON, executors of Richard Hynson, by virtue of the power contained in a mortage from said Whittington and wife to said Richard Hynson, dated Sept. 29th, 1884, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 60, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of May 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 16th day of April, next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $12,455.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
March 15, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Carolene L. Hynson and Rich'd D. Hynson, Executors of Richard Hynson,
versus
William J. Spicer and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity.

ORDERED, this 13th day of March, 1890, that the sale of the real estate made and reported by CAROLENE L. HYNSON and RICHARD D. HYNSON, executors of Richard Hynson, by virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from said William J. Spicer and wife to William A. Miller, dated June 2d, 1885, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 559, and duly assigned by said Miller to the said Richard Hynson, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of May 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 16th day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,000.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
March 15, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

H. W. Vickers, Mortgagee,
versus
Richard F. Moffett.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 4th day of March, 1890, that the sale of the Real Estate of Richard F. Moffett, made and reported by H. W. VICKERS, Mortgagee, under and by virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from the said Richard F. Moffett and Annie A. Moffett, his wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 9th day of May, 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 9th day of April, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $3,450.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
March 8, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

HARDWARE!

COOK STOVES
HEATING STOVES,
and RANGES.

We are Now Ready for Business!!

AS THE SEASON is nearly over we are offering our SPECIAL PRICES on Stoves. Those who need a Cook Stove should not neglect to examine our

GRAND CLIMAX COOK

—AND—

NEW PERFECT RANGE.

For beauty, durability and satisfaction, we claim they are not excelled by any. We have a full line of HARDWARE and a full line of TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY.

Call and see us. Prices as low as the lowest.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.

Jan. 25, 1890.

My Twin Brother.

When I arose on the morning of my twentieth birthday, and nodded merrily to my own reflection in the glass, the bright young face that laughed back at me was that of a handsome, happy, and very fortunate girl.

"Good morning, Miss Lydia Searle," I said. "And if all goes well with us, you won't be Miss Lydia Searle at all this time next year, but Mrs. Harry Hatton instead."

It wanted but three weeks of my wedding day. I was happy as I was busy just then, for I loved the man whose bride I was so soon to become with all a young girl's warm untried affection.

"Better than anyone in the world but Tom," I thought. "And surely nobody ever could or ought to be dearer to me than Tom."

Tom was my twin brother. The usual strong affection existing between twins was exceptionally powerful in our case—from circumstances.

One of us was born strong and robust, and the other frail and small. Notwithstanding my sex, I was the favored one by nature, while Tom was the weakly one of us.

That was the first of his misfortune, which naturally gave him a claim on me, and at the same time attached him to me and made him cling to me as a heartier, manlier boy would have done. The second misfortune was that he resembled our father.

Poor fellow! As if he could help that! And yet Uncle Elliot resented it in him just as if he had been to blame for it.

"Not a fraction of my money shall go to this second Tom Searle," Uncle would frequently say.

And he kept his word. He had adopted us at poor mother's death. Our father had died years before. He gave us both a good education, and got Tom a position in a bank; but when he died—just a year before that twentieth birthday of mine—I was his sole heiress.

It grieved me terribly. I loved Tom better far than myself, and would have shared anything with him; but he was proud, poor dear, and wouldn't hear of such a thing.

So the best I could do was to spend as much money on him as possible, and lend him all he wanted to use. He had no objection to that, because, as he would often say:

"Some of these days, when I'm partner in the bank, I'll pay it all back to you again, Lydia."

And, of course, it was quite probable that some day he would be partner, since I was about to be married to the banker's only son and heir.

I was puzzled sometimes to know what Tom did with so much money. He had "speculations on hand," he told me. I thought that perhaps he was rather extravagant, too—perhaps somewhat inclined to be wild.

"He is so young and so handsome," I thought.

I was always making excuses for him to myself; but, of course, common sense taught me that if he would be steadier and attend to business better, his chances of promotion at the bank would be very much improved.

As I thought of him on that birthday morning—of course it was his birthday, too—the face in the glass ceased to smile, and a new anxiety crept into my thoughts. I was thinking of last night.

Tom had acted very strangely. I had lain awake a long time thinking of it last night and a vague uneasiness smote me as I remembered it now. What could have ailed him?

He had come in at about ten o'clock to the little parlor where Harry and I were sitting together, and had remained with us restless, agitated, nervous, and showing so plainly that he wished to see me alone, that presently Harry, half vexed, half amused, took the hint and left us.

And then he asked me for money.

No trifling sum either. He implored me almost wildly, to "give him 600 pounds, then and there, for God's sake!"

He almost took my breath away. I had no such sum of money in the house, nor could I get it on such short notice. My fortune consisted of real estate, from which I derived a moderate income, and a few thousand in ready money, which, what with Tom's extravagance, and my own preparations for my marriage, were nearly gone.

Quite aghast at his agitation, as well as at his request, I explained to him the utter impossibility of compliance. He said not a word, but dropped into a seat, and sat looking at me as if stupefied.

Every vestige of color had gone from his fair, handsome face, and the delicate clear cut features looked haggard and careworn. A pang shot through my heart as I saw his distress. I ceased to care or wonder what the money was wanted for. I knelt down beside him.

"I'll get it for you to-morrow," I said, "if I have to mortgage my property. Don't despair; only wait till to-morrow, my dear brother."

As my hand touched his he started and looked down at me. He was never very strong or brave—never fit to battle with trouble. It seemed to have crushed him now; tears fell from his eyes upon my face.

"Never mind!" he moaned. "Poor Lydia, poor girl!" he patted my hand fondly. "I know you'd give it to me if you could. I have been a bad brother to you, dear. Say that you forgive me to-night!"

And of course I said so—said so weeping. His manner distressed me so; but I didn't know what there was to forgive.

I was wiser before that birthday was half over, though the knowledge seemed the greatest calamity of my life.

"Something had gone wrong at the bank," Harry told me. He broke the bitter news to me as gently as he could, and with a grave pale face. "Six hundred pounds, which had been entrusted to Tom to deliver somewhere several weeks ago, had not been accounted for; and—there were errors in his accounts——"

I heard no more. Insensibility snatched me for awhile from the agony of Tom's ruin and my own disgrace.

For must not his sister share his dishonor? I felt that bitterly at first—I who had been so proud of him. But by-and-by indignation, shame, anger, all gave way to love and leve's anxiety. Tom was missing.

What mattered it to me that he had sinned? He was still my brother, and I loved him.

My thoughts flew back to his despair that night—his tears, his self-reproach, his prayer for my forgiveness. I remembered how weak he was, how easily led, and who could tell how greatly tempted; and from my soul I forgave him.

I had not waited for that, however, before taking steps to shield him from the consequences of his crime.

Mr. Hatton was merciful. He had no wish to bring public disgrace upon the family of his old friend—upon the girl whom his own son was to marry.

I was permitted to make up the deficit in the bank's accounts. In order to do so, and for another reason, I instructed my lawyer to dispose of my property. And that other reason was a letter from Tom, received just one week from his departure.

A pitiful letter—the outcry of a penitent and almost broken heart. He had not appropriated the 600 pounds, thank God! but he had been out and drinking, with the money in his possession, and had been robbed of it.

Oh, how grateful I was! Every other misfortune in the world might be borne with patience now, since Tom was not dishonest.

He confessed to me a thousand indiscretions, follies, sins; told me of many and serious debts that he had left behind him. Most startling of all, he told me he was married, and implored me to seek out and protect his wife and child.

Tom's wife and child! Who was she? After the first surprise was over, I found myself longing to see my new sister and the little one.

I went to the address Tom had sent me—went with a carriage, prepared to bring my new relations home. Disappointment met me. Mrs. Searle and her child had gone.

"They were behind with their rent," said the landlady, "and the husband went away so I couldn't keep her. She left today."

I returned home discouraged. I didn't want to see or speak to any one just then, so it was peculiarly annoying to find that a young woman, whom I had employed to do sewing more than a year ago, had called and was waiting to see me.

I went down to her. She arose to meet me as I entered the parlor. Little Eva Robinson! I remembered the girl well—a pretty, gentle, timid creature.

I started when I saw that she had an infant in her arms.

"Why, what's this?" I cried.

"My baby," she said timidly. "I'm married since I saw you last, miss."

I sat down and bade her do the same, and then asked her what I could do to serve her.

For an answer she burst into a passion of tears, and rising suddenly, came and laid the infant in my lap.

"Have mercy on me!" she cried, falling on her knees. "This is your brother's child and mine, and I—I am his wife."

I was a proud girl and here I was called upon to welcome as a sister my own sewing girl.

But I did. I may have shrunk from her for an instant, perhaps, in the first surprise; but next minute the thought of that other disgrace, which Tom had not brought on himself and me, returned to me, and in my gratitude at escaping that I could not murmur.

She was a dear little thing, too, after all; and the baby charming. Ah, I had reason to be thankful for the comfort of their presence soon. For the very next day, meeting an acquaintance in the street, said she:

"And so I hear that your marriage is postponed, my dear."

My heart sank down like lead.

"Who informed you?" I asked quietly.

"Your intended bridegroom, Mr. Harry Hatton, himself. Is it not true?"

"Perfectly true," I answered.

"And postponed until when?"

"Indefinitely."

I wrote the same day to Harry:

"You desire your freedom; take it. You will never be called upon to fulfil your engagement with me."

And he took me at my word.

He called, certainly, and made a pretence of explanation and regret. The almost entire loss of my fortune had influenced his father, not himself; but my brother's conduct——

I stopped him there.

"Tom was innocent, and what he lost I have restored. You have acknowledged that there was nothing wrong in his accounts. You need seek no excuse in his conduct, sir."

He lost his temper.

"Do you excuse his destruction of an innocent girl, and abandonment of her and her child?" he said.

With one quick movement I threw open the folding doors, and showed him Eva and her son.

"Allow me to introduce you to my brother's wife and child, whom he left in my protection."

But his words had made me uneasy. That evening, seated with the baby on my lap, I asked Eva where she had been married.

"Alas!" she cried, "if I only knew! Tom took me to church in a carriage. It was in this very city, but I don't know where. It was because I had no certificate of my marriage that I dared not go to my brother—my dear noble brother—who has struggled so hard, and made himself unaided an honorable position and a name. I know that a cruel slander concerning me has been carried to him that must almost have broken his heart."

I took her hands away from her face and kissed her.

"We'll find the church," I said. "There must be no slander about my dear brother's wife."

And I did find it after a few days' search. Then I got John Robinson's address—he was a lawyer, I found—and requested him to call on me.

He came a wonderfully grave, handsome man, with something singularly manly and impressive about him. In my heart I thought:

"No wonder Eva wept at the thought of his displeasure. He is worth pleasing surely."

I took him to the parlor.

"I wish to reconcile you to your sister," I said. "She is my brother's wife."

Then I left them together. After an hour or more Eva came for me.

"John wants to say good-bye before he goes," said she.

He took my hand in his and looked into my eyes.

"You are a good woman," he said earnestly. "May God bless you and make you as truly happy as you have today made me!"

There was something in his mere look and tone—a strength, a truth, a thorough reliability—that gave me comfort, somehow. I found myself thinking:

"If it had been my fate to love such a man as that, I should be nearer happiness than I am today."

But I kept my thoughts to myself. Only from that hour I was sensible that I regretted my lost hopes and happiness for their own sake, far more than I mourned for the false lover on whom they had been founded.

One week later all my property was sold. I had paid off Tom's debts; and, accompanied by his wife and child, joined him in a distant home.

There we began life anew. I had a small income still, and Tom obtained a lucrative position. The lesson of the past was not lost upon him. The sacrifice I had made was not in vain. Dear Tom was a changed man—changed for the better. Whatever I had lost had been his gain.

And what had I lost? The money I counted less than nothing; and Harry Hatton's love was not worth a regret. What was it then? I sighed for the trust betrayed—the glamor and illusion gone from life so early.

'Oh to be well and truly loved!' I thought. And then—my thoughts never went back to Harry.

Another filled them. Strange impression that man had made upon me; seen only once; never to be forgotton. I thought of him constantly; and heard from him, through Eva, now and then.

"What is your brother's wife like, Eva?" I asked her once just to try her.

"He has none," she answered. "I know what I should wish her to be like, though." And her eyes dwelt on me in a way that made my tell-tale color rise.

A few days afterwards she came to me laughing.

"I told John of your question, and only hear what he says."

She reads aloud:

"Tell Lydia my wife (that is to be, I hope) resides in your city. I hope to visit her very soon and introduce her to you."

And he did. With the merry Christmas season John came. I think that was the very happiest season of my life. Of course you guess how it all ended. I smile now, looking back and remembering that I fancied once I loved another than John.

That was a dream, but this reality. All my sacrifices have been well repaid, and all my loss was gain; I realize that, every time I hear pretty Eva speak of me—as I first spoke of her—as "my brother's wife."

GIRLS OF TO-DAY.

Girls of to-day, give ear!
Never, since time began,
Has come to the race of man
A year, a day, an hour,
So full of promise and power,
As the time that now is here!
Never in all the lands
Was there a power so great
To move the wheels of state,
To lift up body and mind,
To waken the deaf and blind,
As the power that is in your hands!
Here at the gates of gold
You stand in the pride of youth,
Strong in courage and truth—
Stirred by a force kept back
Through centuries long and black—
Armed with a power threefold.
First, you are makers of men;
Then be the thing you preach!
Let your own greatness teach!
When mothers like this we see,
Men will be strong and free;
Then, and not till then!
Second, since Adam fell,
Have you not heard it said
That men by women are led?
True is the saying—true!
See to it what you do!
See that you lead them well.
Third, you have work of your own,
Maid, and mother and wife,
Look in the face of life!
There are duties you owe the race
Outside your dwelling place,
There is work for you alone!
Maid, and mother, and wife,
See your own work is done!
Be worthy of a noble son!
Help men in the upward way!
Truly a girl to-day
Is the strongest power in life.

—*Woman's Journal.*

When Dancing is Wrong.

If you are wise, if you hope that the future holds much for you, you will learn to be particular as to your partner in dancing. Dance with no man with whom you have only a ball-room acquaintance, and if you really are anxious to gain the respect of the people in your own set, you will number among partners only your own brothers, or some very intimate friends.

It's all very well to say there is no harm in dancing. There isn't. But there is harm in having about you, a sweet, pure girl, kept as much as possible from the wickedness of the world, the arm of a man who may be a profligate, and not possess the first instinct of a gentleman. He may, as you say, dance divinely, but even for a partner in a round dance, more than that is necessary. My little girl, dancing indiscriminately will teach you to forget how to blush, and with that knowledge departs one of your greatest charms. Dance, sing and be merry, but remember, young ladies, not only does the world judge us by the company we keep, but just as you and I are made better and nobler by being with those who are true and good, so we are insensibly made meaner and poorer in heart and brain when we consort with those of less degree in morals.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Stood Up for Him.

"Do you think your sister likes me Tommy?"

"Yes. She stood up for you at dinner."

"Stood up for me? Was anybody saying against me?"

"No; nothin' much. Father said he thought you were a good deal of an ass, but sis got right up and said you wasn't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."

AN engagement is a very fragile thing. It cannot be dropped without breaking it.

EXPRESSIVE features are admired, but one does not care for a nose that is easily red.

A Boy Worth Having.

A few evening since I heard a lady say to a gentleman caller, laying her hand caressingly upon the shoulder of a boy of ten years:

"This is my little man. He never uses slang, never swears, never said a saucy word to his parents in his life, does whatever he is told, and is a boy his mother can trust implicitly."

"Ah," said the visitor (who is a man of extensive business relations.) "That is the kind of boys men are made of!"

And he immediately commenced casting about to see if he had not need of such a boy in his establishment. There were several situations he could offer, but the mother shook her head, smiling, and said:

"No, he is in school now, and I want him to fit himself for the highest position he can reach."

When the visitor was retiring, he said to the happy parents:

"Such a boy is beyond price, and you are rich indeed in your possession."

"Now, little boys, what do you think of such a boy? A boy who never swears, never uses slang phrases, nor is saucy, nor disobedient, and whom his mother can trust?"

Did you ever think how much that means?

"Whom his mother can trust!"

Do you know it is the highest recommendatian a boy can carry into the world with him? It means so much, and only what is good and worthy of aspiring to.

And this little boy is not a pale goody-goody boy, who exists only in stories. He is a bright, manly little fellew; loves his skates, his marbles, his ball, and, oh! dearly loves to play! And sometimes it is a great trial to leave his sports and run errands that seem always to claim his time.

But he goes cheerfully about his chores, and, when they are finished, enjoys his play all the more for having a clear conscience. Instead of racing about the streets at night, he either works at his lessons or questions his parents into explanations of some mystery which is puzzling his awakening brain, and is never weary of hearing of the wide world of wonders, of which he is just now catching bewildering glimpses.

I wonder how many boys are to their mothers what this little fellow is to his? All, I hope—many, I know. I wonder how many of them realize how dearly they are loved, and how many bright hopes are woven about their happy little hearts?

They are noisy and trying, at times, we know; the little restless, harumscarum boys, who can no more help giving vent to their ear-splitting shrieks than they can stop breathing; who know every nook and corner, indoors and out; who are perpetually asking for more string, another top, or a new knife, and whose pockets are always loaded down with every species of accummulation—broken tops, bits of glass, pebbles, old rusty nails, disabled knives, pieces of string, marbles, balls, pencils, bits of chalk, and oh, I never could tell you the half! Who whistles funny little tunes, and sing snatches of songs that nobody but them will ever know, and which makes mother nervous and impatient; who are always hungry; who litter up the carpet with splinters and whittlings, and are so sociable as to entertain any chance visitor with any amount of scraps of family history (which we would vastly prefer should not be known) and who seem the incarnation of noise and bustle.

Dear, little, breezy creatures! We would sadly miss the life, and brightness, and energy, if, by some regretful chance, we have to do without them. There is nothing in the world like a boy.

But while we want you to make the most of your years, exercising muscles, and lungs and brain to the fullest, we want you to remember to be gentlemen. Remember, a good man cannot be made from a bad boy.

And how enjoyable it is, when a boy is a gentleman at home—to his mother, to his sister! When mother is in a hurry, or tired there is no one she is so glad to see as her little, helpful boy, who will relieve her of so many steps, and whose willing hands are eager to carry part of the load.

Not long since, I was visiting a lady, when her little boy came bounding into the room, shouting:

"Mother! mother! I am hungry! I want a piece of bread."

The mother told him there was nothing cooked. He said:

"Give me an apple then."

She told him she wanted them for sauce for tea. She said:

"There is no wood cut; get me some, and I will have tea soon.

The boy made some ugly remarks about stinginess, grimacing at her, as he ran out of doors, slamming the doors after him.

The mother, pale and tired, laid down her work, and went wearily about, making a fire, picking up chips and cutting off a few sticks of wood herself.

I sat at the window, watching the boy running and racing along the sidewalks, and wondered if he loved his mother, or if she was very proud of him, and if he ever cared how weary she was for his sake.

My young friends, be good to your mothers. Be truthful and helpful, kind and loving. Don't get too big to put yours arms about her, and tell her that you love her. Don't forget that your strong, young limbs need the exercise that is drawing hers nearer to the grave. You may be tired; but, oh, not like her. It would be a terrible thing if you had no mother.

She may not be spared to you always. No one will ever love you, or suffer, or grieve, or pray for you, as this one tenderest friend will do; and, in all the world, there is no praise so great, no recommendation so high, as the words:

"He was good to his mother." "His mother could always trust him."

A boy that is good, truthful and respectful to his mother will not fail to carry into manhood a passport that will win him respect and esteem among his fellows, and the confidence of his superiors.

PAPER HANGERS are about the only men who succeed in business by going to the wall.

NOTHING will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.

THE laundry man has to receive a good good many cuffs in this world.

THE more a man becomes wrapped up in himself the chillier he gets.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less	$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	25

Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, 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.

MR. VOORHEES ON THE TARIFF.

Let All the People Read.

The resolution offered by Mr. Voorhees in the United States Senate as to the agricultural depression was taken up a few days ago and Mr. Voorhees addressed the Senate in relation to it. He spoke of the deep, strong current of anxiety, discontent and alarm prevailing in the farming communities, and said that he proposed to aid them in the inquiry as to the causes of the existing depression. It was now nearly thirty years since the close of a terrible war had given to unhallowed avarice an opportunity to prey upon the self-sacrificing patriots of the country, such as had never before been presented to the basest passions and the most sorded and odious vice. The measures then resorted to for the taxation of one class of citizens and for the enrichment of another class had been the legislation by which the burden of the public debt had been doubled, silver demonetized, and a high protective tariff established. He characterized the protective tariff as a curse and not a blessing. He was dealing, not with a theory, but with a condition which even a blind man could look at and draw from it unerring conclusion. The farmers of the United States today do not receive on an average more than ten cents a bushel for corn, fifty cents for their wheat and from two to three cents a pound for their hogs. The time will come, at no distant day, when the farmer would look on the proposition to tax him and his wife and children for the protection and benefit of other people beside himself as he would look on a law of Congress to establish the army worm and weevil on his wheat, to infest his cattle with murrian and his hogs with cholera. Every pretense of a home market for the farmer was a fraud, and every pretense of taxing wheat and oats and potatoes for his benefit was a cheat and a sham. It was a notorious and self-evident truth that the tariff, as it now stood, increased the farmer's expense account from 35 to 100 per cent. on every implement of industry with which he toiled, and last year binding twine had been enhanced to 18 cents a pound by the tariff and twine trust. He did not believe that the hands of the farmer would hold a Republican ticket at the next presidential election. He declared that not only had there been no increase in the value of land for the last quarter of a century, but there had been an absolute loss of 33 per cent. If the improved farm lands of the United States were put to sale today, under the most favorable circumstances, they would not, he said, on a general average realize more than two-thirds of what their value had been twenty-five years ago. The farms of the State of Ohio were now under mortgage to the amount of $300,000,000. In the State of Illinois things were no better, the mortgages in that state amounting to $402,000,000. Twenty-three per cent. of the whole face of the State of Illinois was under mortgage.

The State of Michigan was still worse. Forty-seven per cent. of the whole surface of that State under mortgage. In the State of Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and the whole Northwest, from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of the farm lands were under mortgage at such rates of interest as the farmers could never pay out of their crops, to say nothing of the principal. The farmers were thus brought face to face with the loss of their homes, with ruin, and hundreds of thousands of them were standing in that attitude at the present day and hour. Nor were the farmers of New England different in that respect from those of the Western States. There was the same decadence in Vermont and New Hampshire, where there was a movement to recolonize them with Scandinavian immigrants, and where farm lands could be purchased at from one to two dollars an acre. In the face of such appalling facts, who, he asked, would eulogize the workings and results of a system of tariff protection which had for a continuous term of twenty-eight years accomplished nothing save the concentration and amassment of wealth in the hands of a few protected people?

THE CARNEGIE BANQUET.

He went on to speak of the recent Carnegie banquet in Washington. Reading some of the newpaper headlines, such as "Like Old Lucullus," "Gorgeous Dinner that out-rivaled an ancient Roman feast," "A menu which almost the whole world furnished," that banquet brought to his mind that other historical feast which Belshazzar, the king, gave to a thousand of his lords, and when the king saw the fingers of a man's hand write on the wall, "over against the candlestick," the "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." His earnest prayer and belief was that the handwriting on the wall of the Carnegie banquet would presage the overthrow of a system of extortion and robbery more wicked in the sight of God and man than all the sins of Babylon when her robes were scarlet with iniquity. The remedies to be applied were: First, tariff reform; second, a full supply of legal-tender money; third, the free coinage of silver; fourth, the suppression by law of gambling in futures; fifth, a liberal policy of pension. Summing up, he said: "In the face of these things, (referring to the subsidizing of the press, the purchasing of votes in 'blocks of five,' official patronage, etc.,) and with a full knowledge of what is before us, we will gird up our loins like men and go forward to the fight. The battle may be long and weary, but the sun will go down on a great and final victory of the eternal right over legalized wrong, of freedom and equality over caste. Hail, mighty day of the swift-coming future!

The Most Delicate Age.

A leading St. Louis physician, in an interview a few days ago, said: "Some statisticians say that the most delicate age is from sixteen to twenty-three, but I have a different opinion, based on my practical experience. I think that children from one to ten years of age are the most delicate and yet the most neglected members of a community. People often say that a child is strong and healthy, requiring no attention, but this is a mistake. Because parents confide so implicitly in the health and strength of their children a great portion of the deaths occurring annually are young children. A child