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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 15, 1890. No. 44.

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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	39,499
New Insurance Written	$151,119,088.00

CONDITION JANUARY 1, 1890.

Assets	$105,053,600.96
*Divisible Surplus, Company's New Standard	7,517,823.28
†Tontine "	7,705,053.11
Surplus by State Standard, (4 per cent.)	$15,600,000.00
Policies in Force	150,381
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	3,761,983.41
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.

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

McFEELY, Local Agent, Chestertown, Md.

ACH GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

AS BEEN POSITIVELY PROVEN

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 200 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 thereforeship 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.

Friedman's Great Cut Sales!

TODAY WE COMMENCE the Winter Cannonade. The sound of Bargains will be heard all along the line. What else shall be done with whatever is left of Winter Things? Profits will be lost sight of in order to turn the remainder of our Winter Clothing into cash. Within the NEXT SIXTY DAYS low prices must compel our stock to change ownership. Our prices will be so low as to be absolutely matchless.

Mens' Overcoats.
Some broken lots to be closed at $2.75, $3.00 and $4.00. All Wool Melton Overcoats, satin finished, sold by some dealers as English Kersey, reduced to $6.50, a good imitation. Our Nobby Dress Coat, nicely finished, should close in a few days at the price, $8.00, reduced from $11.00.

John Bull's Overcoats.
They are English, you know, has been reduced fully 25 per cent. English Melton's, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Fur Beavers—satin lined throughout, a luxury—now $13.00, good enough for a Vanderbilt.

Fine Storm Overcoats at Cyclone Prices.
The warm weather has not added much to their happiness—intend to meet the thermometer at freezo—former price $11.00 to $15, now $7.50 to $10.00.

Boy's Overcoats.
Overstocked—will close the majority of them at 50 cents, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, are worth three times the price.

Suits.
Former $6.00 suits reduced to $4.00; $8.50 suit now $6.00; our nobby $10.00 suits to $8.00; Imported Cassimere Suits—name denotes its English birth—sold at now $12.00.

Suits.
We've been cut twenty-five per cent.—a few left—they will be closed out at $1.00, $50—some big bargains.

Underwear.
Fine Underwear at a big discount on account of the warm weather.

Remember—
We don't advertise impossibilities. Everything advertised is now in stock and at the price advertised, not simply newspaper talk, but a genuine cut price.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Nov. 11, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

NOTICE.
...rs of the FOURTH DISTRICT are ... taxes for 1889 are now over due and ... in arrears. Settlements must be ... be at the Court House EVERY ... at home on SATURDAY.
H. M. STUART, COLL.

...e to buy GUNS cheap ... J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S.

...ANNEL from 6c. per yard up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

Taxes in First District.

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.

For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays.
WM. H. FORD,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.

WE STRIVE TO PLEASE!

Bargains in Store Goods!

WHERE TO GET THEM

ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

WHO HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

Dress Goods, Cloths,
Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres,
And all Kinds of Dry Goods.

—ALSO—

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,
Groceries, &c., &c.,

which stock will be kept complete.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!

SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Prices guaranteed Low!
Quality warranted as represented!
Best Prices for Trade

All cordially invited. Resp'y,
WROTH & ALDRIDGE.
Jan. 11, 1890.

HARDWARE!

COOK STOVES
HEATING STOVES,
and RANGES.

We are Now Ready for Business!!

AS THE SEASON is nearly over we are offering 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.

Legal Notices.

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.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent County,
versus
Lucian M. Bean and Annie M. Bean, his wife, Richard J. Foard and Lydia P. Foard, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity. January Term, 1890.

ORDERED, this 19th day of February, 1890, that the sale of the Real Estate of Lucian M. Bean and Annie M. Bean, his wife, and Richard J. Foard and Lydia P. Foard, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, attorney, under powers in three separate mortgages to the Chester Loan Association of Kent county, two from the said Lucian M. Bean and Annie M. Bean, his wife; the one dated February 14th, 1888, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 327, &c., the other dated May 29, 1888, and recorded among the aforesaid Land Records in Liber S. B., No. 10, Folio 589, &c. The other of said mortgages from, Richard J. Foard and Lydia P. Foard, his wife, dated June 4, 1889, and recorded among the aforesaid Land Records, in Liber S. B., No. 12, Folio 296, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of April, 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 24th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,050.
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
Feb. 22, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

CHRISTOPHER WILKINSON,
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 26th day of August 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 subscriber. Given under my hand this 18th day of February, 1890.
JAMES A. PEARCE,
Feb. 22, 1890—4t. Executor.

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

ANN REBECCA WICKES,
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 26th day of August, 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 18th day of February, 1890.
WILLARD MELVIN,
Feb. 22, 1890—4t. Administrator.

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.

ALFRED'S PIPE.

Gran'ma Hubbell did not like tobacco smoke. Throughout the many years of her wedded life she had tried hard to learn to like the odor of it, but had failed. Her husband, however, supposed that she was fond of it. Men are clumsy about such things. They do not feel out the truth as women do. They trust to their senses and their reason, and therefore women cheat them.

"It is the dear man's own fault," Charlotte Hubbell had said to herself when she was a young wife, "and he shall never know that I dislike it."

For more than forty years she had lovingly deceived him. After supper she would bring his slippers and his pipe; and he, stupid lover, would puff and toast his feet and say and feel:

"Here is peace that passeth understanding."

Then he would look up into the lightly curling smoke and try to think how miserable he should be if he had found a wife whose tastes were not thus suited to his own. And would lay her head upon his shoulder and kiss her; and that was all she wished. It told her he was happy in her love.

Once, in the street, she passed a man and faintly caught the odor of his freshly lighted cigar. She rather liked it.

"If Alfred would smoke cigars!" she thought.

Shyly she laid away spare money until she had enough. Then one day she called the judgment of a friend into service, and that evening she brought the slippers and a box of choice cigars.

Her husband took her in his arms and blessed her for her thoughtfulness.

"Always thinking of my pleasure," he said. "But, sweetheart, you should have purchased something for yourself instead. The pipe is good enough for me."

"Nothing but the best is good enough for you," she said, honestly and proudly. She had really forgotten that she had bought the cigars for herself.

"You precious woman!" he replied, still holding her in his arms, and there in sweet, deep silence they drank the joy that blesses only such immortal souls as merge thus, two in one.

"But, my darling," he at length continued, "I am not going to smoke these cigars. They are too choice, too expensive. I cannot afford such luxuries. We will keep them for special occasions, when our friends come to see us. The old pipe is good enough for me."

He thought he had said it well, awkward man. And she let him continue to think so, tactful woman. But she knew he liked the pipe better.

Alfred Hubbell was not the kind of man to become wealthy. He had not an extravagant habit unless indulgence of a generous nature be extravagance. He was a furrier with a well established trade, but he was honest and charitable, and these two qualities are seldom united with that other quality which piles up fortunes. Yet he was content and his wife was content, and after all contentment is the only real wealth.

"My pipe is the only luxury I wish," he said.

"His pipe is his only vice," said she.

When he had his smoke in the evening he always laid his pipe upon the little lampstand near his easy chair. The next morning Mrs. Hubbell put it out of sight. Sometimes it made her almost sick to handle it, for like all true lovers of the pipe, he clung to one until it was so saturated with tobacco oil its odor was unspeakable.

The children of the neighborhood had learned to love her and call her "gran'ma." In the years long gone she had borne and nursed two babes, but they had died upon her breast. Let no man try to tell what this must mean. The language of imagination fails. Experience alone can know the thrill of motherhood, the purifying sorrow of its loss. She was everybody's gran'ma now that she was and ever must be nobody's.

When the financial panic swept like a blight over the country the furriers were the first to feel its damning breath. When economy becomes necessary to men accustomed to the luxuries, they buy more wine, they go oftener to the theatre, they get faster and costlier horses; these are the diverting influences that keep their minds turned from their troubles. But it is the women who support the furriers, and women suffer losses in another way—a harder and a braver way. Man runs away from sorrow; woman faces it and bears it. He flees and frightens it with laughter; she stays and welcomes it with tears. He spends; she saves.

Mr. Hubbell now passed his evenings down town. The presence of the men he met inspired him with the courage he felt he soon should need, for men are brave only in groups. Pride is the bravery of man.

When the sheriff put his padlock on the Hubbell store the proprietor felt better, more at ease. The worst had come. The agony of expectation, at least, was at an end. Then, too, he had been providing against this situation, and had engaged provisionally with a wealthy Eastern house to go to Hudson Bay and spend the winter buying furs for it. Gran'ma, too, had been prepared for this. She had wept in secret over the dread prospect, and bravely smiled when he was near. It was their first parting.

"And he so old and feeble and accustomed to his home," she sadly thought. "I fear—I fear."

"The trip will do you good," she said, "you need recreation."

The night before he left he smoked his pipe more vigorously than ever before since the night prior to the birth of their first little one. He tried to hide behind the bank of smoke that trouble might not find him. Gran'ma slowly rocked back and forth in her little low chair, her hand in his open lap. Both had a single thought. Neither spoke.

At last he laid the pipe upon the stand, and soon the house was dark.

* * * * *

Gran'ma's kindly eyes were red with weeping. She sat alone. She had never felt so much alone before.

She arose to put the house in order. She put out her hand to take the pipe, the old black pipe, from the stand where he had laid it. Then she stopped and brushed her eyes, and went about the other work. More than once she started to remove the pipe, but stopped and said:

"Not yet."

Neighbors came in to cheer her up. All sniffed the pipe and made her sad. One of them said:

"What is that I smell?"

Gran'ma answered: "It is Alfred's pipe; it is dreadful, but I can't take it away—not now."

"No, I wouldn't," said the woman tenderly.

"I will after awhile," said gran'ma, the tears coming to her eyes again.

When a week had gone by the pipe still lay upon the stand. A neighbor's child came in.

"Gran'ma, why don't you throw that old pipe outdoors?"

"Hush, my child."

"I can," and the child reached for it.

Gran'ma grasped the little arm so suddenly, almost roughly, that the child began to cry.

"Don't touch it—don't ever touch it," said gran'ma, with something like severity, and then she knelt and pressed the frightened child close to her breast and smoothed it with her tender kisses.

Poor gran'ma's eyes were red most the time now. The passing days did not seem to take her grief away with them. The pipe was in its now accustomed place, and gran'ma cautioned everybody not to touch it. She talked so much about it and was so earnest in her warnings that the people in the neighborhood looked sorrowful and tapped their temples with their finger tips and shook their heads. The children went still further. They told goblin stories about the old black pipe, and one of them declared that she had seen a pair of fiery eyes down in the bowl and heard a groan.

In a few weeks nobody but the postman made calls on gran'ma. One day at last he also ceased to come. Poor gran'ma sat down and watched and waited, but he passed the house and went upon his way. Then for hours the dry eyed woman sat and gazed upon the dear old pipe and felt that it was all of life for her. Could she but have wept! But grief had dried the fountains of her heart.

"Why did I let him go from me? Why did I let him go?" she moaned.

One night she thought she heard a tap upon the door. Her heart stood still.

"They've brought his body home," she thought.

The blood rushed and bounded through her head. She heard only its heavy sound. She swooned and sank from her chair.

When she regained consciousness she looked first to see that the pipe was undisturbed, then hurried to the door. All was dark and dreary. No one was there. She went to bed, and nature kindly sent her off to sleep.

Some time in the night she awoke with a great indefinable joy in her heart. What was it? A presentment of some impending happiness? She seemed to breathe it from the very air. It touched her senses from afar and penetrated to her very soul. What could it be? It seemed to come with greater and still greater force. It was—yes, now she knew—it was tobacco smoke. And then her husbond softly opened the chamber door and she saw him standing there, the old black pipe between his lips and curls of smoke above his head.

"You did not get my telegram?" he asked when they had wept and laughed together on each other's breast.

"No. When?"

"Why, yesterday."

It was the messenger who brought the gladsome news whom she had heard the evening before.—*Washington Post.*

NEGRO LORE AT THE SOUTH.

Rabbit's-foot Luck.

"Do I believe dat dis yere rabbit's fut brings me luck?" repeated the old darky in shrill tones as he softly brushed his chin with it. "Wby, sah, if it hadn't a bin fur dis fut dar's no tellin' what might a happened to me. Look at dat Julius Tompkins. He 'lowed dat a rabbit's fur was no good, an' whar is he now? Went up to Louisville to work in a pork house an' died wid small-pox."

"Yes."

"An' look at de time I was on dat coal barge at Mobile. Had dis yere fut hangin' to my neck by a blue string, an' some of dem niggers called me 'Hoodoo,' an' was gwine to take it away from me an' feed it to a dog. When dat barge struck a snag and went to de bottom who got saved? Dis yer pusson an' nobody else. Four of 'em went right down like rocks, jist like dey might hev expected."

"Lucky for you."

"Yes, sah, an' how was it de time de ghost of Peter Robbins cum scroonin' frew our nayborhood? Pete he was hung up at Greenville, you know. I was right dar' an' seed it all, an' when he swung off I kissed de rabbit's fut fo' times. Some of de folks laughed at me, an' called me a fool nigger. But how did it cum out? Peter's ghost cum up to Langville an' scart everybody outer his shoes—everybody but me. Nebber knocked at my doah one single time, an' nebber left no smell of brimstone 'round my cabin. Couldn't do it, you know. Dis yere fut was pawin' him away all de time."

"Will any rabbit's foot bring a person luck?"

"No, sah! No, sah! Dat's de reason I wouldn't sell dis one fur a milliyun dollars in gole! De sarcumstances has got to be right. You has got to find your rabbit in de moon. De wind has got to be from de east. Dat rabbit has got to be huntin' fur jimweed to cure a cataract in his left eye. You has got to creep up an' kill him wid a stick dat a dead man has carried, an' when you ar' takin' off de fut you has got to h'ar a ghost cry out down in de cotton. Oh, no, sah. Doan you let none of dese yere common niggers round yere sell you no common rabbit's fut. Dey wouldn't keep de kyars on de track till you got over to Decatur."

AT the last day, be sure of it, we shall have to render an account—a strict account—of the good books we have read, and of the way in which we have obeyed what we read, just as if we had had so many prophets or angels sent to us.

THE old man asseverated that his daughter's suitor was not a suitable person for her, to which charge the defendant merely replied, though he might be his father-in-law he was no judge.

The Teacher's Story.

The villains of my story were two poor men named Peter and Bryan. They lived on the banks of a lonely Irish lake, and supported themselves by fishing and ferrying the gentry who came to visit the ruined castle beyond.

They made a poor living in this way, and from being light-hearted they grew morose, and grumbled about the tyranny of the rich and their hard fate in life.

One night a richly clad young man rode up to the farmhouse and asked to be piloted across the lake.

"I am young Mr. Firth," he said. "My father owns the mills and I'll pay you well."

As he spoke he shifted a double bag of leather that hung over the saddle, which gave out a chink as if filled with gold.

"I'll speak to my partner," said Bryan, withdrawing into the hut. "Yonder," he whispered in Peter's ear, "is young Firth with the mill-hands' wages in his saddle-bags. He wants to be ferried over the lake."

"Well?" said Peter.

"There must be four hundred pounds in those bags. A fortune to us."

"But the law would soon put a stop to our enjoyment of it."

"And who is to know if young Firth goes to the bottom of the lake?" asked Bryan. "I tell you, luck has come to us. Don't thrust it away."

Peter looked him full in the face and rose up and took the oars from the wall.

"We'll ferry Master Firth over the lake," he said aloud; and the two tramped out together.

Young Firth had alighted. He led his horse, with the saddle-bags, to the edge of the lake. The long boat, in which so many ladies and gentlemen, parties of fifteen often, had crossed to ruins, lay there.

"King will behave himself well," said the boy. "He's a horse with brains and a heart, aren't you, King?"

The horse whinnied and rubbed his nose against young Firth's shoulder.

Peter and Bryan took their places, and the boat moved heavily out into the middle of the deep lake. There Bryan lifted his oars into the boat and Peter followed his example.

The boy, with his elbow on the saddle and his hand turned so that the back of his fair head rested on the palm, was looking up at the moon, thinking of his sweetheart, perhaps. He dropped his eyes to Bryan's gloomy face in surprise.

"What's this for?" he asked.

As he spoke Bryan brought his fist, with a stone he held in it, against his head, and Peter caught his ankles and tripped him. He fell into the lake like a dead thing, and vanished under the dark water. Bryan seized the saddlebags, but King, seeming to know something was wrong, turned and bit him furiously.

He struck out with his hoofs, crashing against Peter's knee, and sprang over the side of the boat.

"So much the better," said Bryan, furiously. "If he swims home we'll never be suspected."

He dragged the chinking bags towards him, and the two men rowed back to the spot they had started from with difficulty, both suffering fearful pain. Peter could not move his leg, and Bryan's right arm was burning as though seared with red hot iron; but they reached the shore, barred the miserable door, and lit their yellow tip at the smouldering peat fire.

"Let's see what we've got," said Bryan, lifting the bags to the deal table. "Our pain will be over soon but our money will last. God knows how much there must be here all in hard coin. No bills to tell tales of how they were come by. All hard, solid gold and silver."

He could only use one arm, but Peter dragged himself to the table, helped him undo the stout leather fastenings and pour the contents on the boards; and Satan and his children stood behind grinning; for the round pieces of metal that tumbled out before their eyes, chinking and clashing together, were only bits of iron—little nuts and clamps, or what not—I can't tell just the names of the things—that were used in the machinery.

Young Firth had been to the bank, sure enough, but the money was in a pocket-book next his bosom. These bits of iron he had brought to save delay on Monday morning, when repairs were to be made.

It was Peter who spoke first.

"We've done murder for this!" he said, and Bryan flew at his throat as he spoke, but shrank back and cowered in the corner the next moment.

The wind moaned about the house and rattled the rickety door, and blew the peat smoke down the chimney into their faces, and the candle guttered down and went out; but neither spoke to the other that night, and only their groans of pain broke the silence.

But in the dawn, when it came gray and soft over the lake, with flecks of pink low down on the water's edge, a roar like a coming storm was heard, the muttering of men's voices and oaths of vengeance. Mounted on his gray horse came old Firth from the mills, pistol in hand, with a posse of constables about him. After him trampled the mill hands, and among them rode young Firth, with a bandage on his head, mounted on King and no other horse in creation. For King, with more sense than some men have, had saved his master, taking him by his clothes with his teeth until, his senses returning, he was able to cling to his mane, and so, with God's grace, the two gained land together, and the boy told his story.

They arrested the two men, with their emptied bags and bits of iron, giving evidences of their reason for the attack. But, after all, it was King who had vengeance on them, for Bryan died of the bite on his his arm and Peter of the kick he got, both ending in mortification. And the whole story is but another proof that Satan is a treacherous friend even to those who take him for a master. God bless all and protect us from him. And now you may all go home, children.

BOOK AGENT.—"Here is the book, ma'am, 'How to play the piano.'"

Lady of the house.—"What book? I didn't order any book."

"No'm, but the neighbors did, and they told me to bring it to you."

ODDS and ends—Bachelors and widows.

Characteristics of Orators.

Shiel would rush to the clerk's desk and pound it.

Mr. Gladstone "pounds the box," as it is called in England.

Fox used his fist. "It is necessary to pound it into them," he said.

Burke often lost his temper; Disraeli lost his very rarely; Pitt never.

Daniel Webster's nerves were like iron. He was cool, calm, collected under all the circumstances of debate.

Grattan gesticulated so violently that "it was not safe for any member to sit within reach of his right arm."

Cicero, according to Pliny, began to speak with timidity, and trembled until he struck the earnest current of thought.

Chatham was noted for his distinct articulation. His whisper penetrated everywhere, and his full voice was overwhelming.

Alexander Duffy held his coat-tail under his left arm, and sometimes bit his finger nails in the midst of an oratorical flight.

Tierney, one of the most ready and fluent debaters of his day, said that he never rose to speak without feeling his knees knock together.

Charlotte Cushman once said: "I don't know what elocution is. I never studied it. God simply gave me a mouth of peculiar conformation."

Lord Clarenden's brilliancy was lost in his sluggishness. "A little more rapidity," some one said, "and Lord Clarendon might have died prime minister."

Lord Derby often held a roll of paper in his right hand, which he repeatedly raised and brought down into the palm of his left hand with a resonant whack.

Archbishop Whately wrote an essay on rhetoric, yet he was so inanimate and so inaudible that it was sometimes said "his grace seems to be half asleep when speaking."

Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better.

Mirabeau depended very much for oratorical success upon his excessive ugliness. He had the ferocity of a Polar bear, and yet, as Mme de Salliant says, he was but "an empty bug-bear."

When Disraeli rose to speak he took out his handkerchief and shook it in a careless way. More frequently he thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat tails, so as to extend them at an angle.

Wendell Phillips' force was in his self-reliance. He ruled the minds of men by his rhetoric. He was a born agitator—exclusively strong in that, and almost correspondingly weak in controversy.

The famous Curran had a sensitiveness in public speaking which often hindered his success. He was painfully affected by any mark of inattention in his audience. If any one slept or gazed vacantly around the room, his eloquence began to flag, and much of his power was lost.

Chancellor Thurlow made up in physical earnestness what he lacked in intellectual force. He rushed like Achilles into the field and dealt destruction around him more by the strength of his arm, the deep tones of his voice and the lightning of his eye than by any peculiarity of genius.

Oklahoma as a Negro State.

If we are to believe a correspondent of the New York *Herald* at Kansas City the colored people, under the lead of an organization styled "The Grand Brotherhood," are preparing to take possession of Oklahoma with a view, when the proper time arrives for action, of establishing in the Territory a Negro State. This will be sorry news for the white "boomers" who have been flocking into Oklahoma, founding towns and villages there and staking out farms. One of the principal leaders of this movement appears to be Mr. McCabe, a colored citizen who is accredited with having great influence among the people of his race, and is Washington agent of it. He is said to have already sent to Oklahoma three hundred families from North Carolina and five hundred families from South Carolina, while Mr. Jarret, one of the Kansas agents, whose headquarters are at the rooms of the Immigration Association in Kansas City, has completed arrangements "by which over five thousand families will be brought into the Territory before September 1, all from the Southern States."

Mr. McCabe, it is said, visited President Harrison and unfolded to him his plans for founding a Negro State in Oklahama, but the President wanted to know "why the Grand Brotherhood did not try to people"—capture, of course, he meant—"a Southern State." To this Mr. McCabe replied that they wanted to get away from old associations and to show the people of the United States that in a new territory the Southern negroes are capable of self-government, and "can do honor to those who broke the shackles of slavery." They claim already that they compose one-half of the population of Oklahoma, and, according to the boast of an officer of the Brotherhood, they intend not only to have a majority of the voters, but also to have nearly the entire population. "There are many now there," he said, "who will not live in a 'nigger State,' and these will be helped out. Our people, he added, "are determined to have a State—a solid Negro State—and Oklahoma being their only chance they are resolved to capture it, and are likely to succeed." To attain this object we are assured that before the end of the year they will have a hundred thousand people within the borders of the Territory.

ASTONISHED.—A slab-sided, mud-covered granger entered a Broadway clock store about dusk the other evening, and, with a bewildered look, asked:

"Mister, is this where a man kin git a clock?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"Wall," said the granger, "what be that ticker worth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf.

"That, sir, is a wonderful timepiece. It is worth $200, and will run three years without winding."

"Great Scott!" gasped the granger, "run three years without winding! Say, mister, how long would the blamed thing run if she was wound up?"

WOMAN do not marry for money, but they say it is easier to love a rich man than a poor one.

HAWKINS ON SAN GABRIEL.

Freaks of a Cattleman who Found Himself Rich and Didn't Know What to Do.

During the seventies a man of the name of Eli Hawkins arrived at Los Angeles, Cal., for the purpose of settling down on a farm and enjoying life in the land of "sunshine and the tomale." He was a cattleman from Montana, and had a "barrel of money," as the native expressed it. He bought a tract of about 400 acres on the San Gabriel River, some twelve miles from the city, and began operations in a manner that astonished the easy-going residents of the valley.

He was so free with his money that many extravagant stories were afloat regarding the extent of his riches. Some said he had money in banks in every city from Helena, Mont., to Los Angeles, while others told exaggerated stories of his income from his Montana herds.

Hawkins was of slovenly appearance, and resembled a tramp more than a capitalist, and he looked as though he never had $5 in his life. His unkempt look and quiet way made him the cause of many ridiculous scenes, and it was his delight to pass himself as a vagabond and try his credit among business men, and finish by showing them one of his bank books, when of course, he received every attention, and nothing was too good for him. A man of no education, he had become rich scarcely knowing it, and selling his cattle range he found himself in possession of more money than he had ever dreamed of having.

There were no improvements on the tract he bought, and he began operations by fencing it. Every idle man in the neighborhood was hired and the transformation began. Farmers who had teams were employed, and the procession of loaded wagons from the station to Hawkins' land was a sight to behold. In a few days he had a hundred men at work, all of whom were better dressed than their employer. The large force soon completed the fencing, which was of the most substantial in the valley. Then he set them at work on his garden plot and grounds. He employed a high-price landscape gardener, erected a large conservatory, and filled it with beautiful plants. The grounds were tastefully laid out, with winding drives and walks, arbors, fountains, and little grottoes. To look at the man, who was not comely in person or dress, and who was generally intoxicated, and whose wife was a fit match for him, and then note his excellent taste in the arrangement of his beautiful home, one could not help marveling.

He bought an invoice of statuary at Los Angeles and distributed the figures around his park. One day he came home with more drink than usual, and as it had been raining, he concluded that the nude figures needed some kind of covering. He procured some school shirt and put a black India rubber coat on the Cupids. Next he fixed Apollo with a flaming red shirt and green stockings. Mercury was enveloped in blue tights and a bright red nose. Venus was rigged out with black stockings and a yellow gown, the other figures also coming in for a share of decoration.

He built a cosey cottage in his park, and during his many drunken escapades made things interesting for his neighbors. The writer of this resided about a half mile from the Hawkins farm and has positive knowledge of the incidents narrated. One night during one of their sprees Hawkins and wife took an axe and chopped their furniture to pieces, threw it out of the window and burned it. The next day they went to town to buy a new lot. They looked as though they had escaped from the House of Correction. They went to the principal furniture house. They were shown the cheapest sets, and even then the clerk thought he was wasting time on them. But nothing was good enough for Hawkins. The clerk gave up in disgust and left the seedy looking pair to themselves. The manager then came in and asked them to go to the top floor where he would show them something better. He showed them sets worth all the way up to $250, when Hawkins asked them if it was the best. He was then shown the finest, $1,500. "