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. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1888. No. 39.

Commission Cards.

PHILADELPHIA.

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

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.,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, PRODUCE, LIVE STOCK, &c.,
256 North Front Street, Philadelphia.
Cards sent on application.
References—Cash. d17-3m.

NEW YORK.

WALTER S. HILL,
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant
180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts., New York.
REFERENCE—My account sale and check every Monday. je4.

BALTIMORE.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
—WITH—
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.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

Professional Cards.

WM. B. HIDDEN, M. D.,
SPECIALIST,
208 West Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.
Practice limited to Diseases of the Chest, Throat and Nasal Passages. Specially successful in treating Enlarged Tonsils, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, and Deafness resulting therefrom.
Refers to Thomas E. Norris and others. o1-6m.

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

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

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,
Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. j8-tf.

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.

WM. R. MILLER, Auctioneer,
GALENA, MARYLAND.
I HAVE had large experience in this business and flatter myself that I can't be beat in this county I look after the interest of all sales I am engaged to attend and I think persons intending to have sales will find it to their interest to try me. All orders will be promptly attended to by addressing as above
August 13, 1887—tf.

JUDEFIND BROS.,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
EDESVILLE, MARYLAND.
All kinds Real Estate bought, sold or exchanged, same rates of commission as those in force by the Real Estate Exchange" of Baltimore city. Money to loan on land in sums to suit. oct5-6m.

LUMBER! $10,000
LUMBER!!
$10,000 LUMBER!!

A CHOICE STOCK of all Sizes
GEORGIA BILL TIMBER,
VIRGINIA FRAMING,
JOISTS, STUDDING,
RAFTERS,
White Pine, Cypress N. C. and Va. Weatherboarding.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF
House Lumber!!
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, FRAMES, MOULDINGS, BRAGKETS, &c., to please every kind, variety and style of taste.
Let me figure on your bill.
Quotations cheerfully given.
Goods shown with pride.
QUALITY SELLS THEM.
JOSEPH TURNER.
SCOTT'S POINT, Jan. 28, 1888.

Men Should Read and Remember 'Tis Only a Habit.
Smoking and Chewing!

YET great men as well as wise men Smoke or Chew. When once accustomed to chewing or smoking there is a great deal of pleasure derived from inhaling the smoke from a fine cigar, and also by enjoying the extract of fine tobacco. To satisfy this habit you should remember that
J. L. McFEELY
—has the—
Tobacco Emporium of Kent County,
where you can find
ALL GRADES OF TOBACCO,
CIGARS, PIPES, SMOKING TOBACCO, &c.,
from the cheapest to the highest. I have the largest stock and assortment in the county.
B. F. GRAVELY'S SUPERIOR
is my leading brand. A Call will convince you of the above fact.
Wholesale:
Merchants can save their freight by buying of J. L. McFeely's, Store opposite the bank, and below Stam's New Hall. j14.

—1888—
Established 20 Years
New Goods-Low Prices

4/4 Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c. a yard
4-4 " " "	5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " " "	7c. "
Fruit of Loom " " "	9c. "
Calico 3¾ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair.	
Ladies' Solid Colored Hose	8c. a pair
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose	10c. "
Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose	25c. "
Ladies Corsets, good 25c, extra good Corsets	45c. "
Ladies Vests, extra good	45c.
Gloves	5c. to 25c.
Gents Undershirts	25c.
Extra Heavy Undershirts	45c.
Gents unlaundried Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms	65c.

Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar	5c. per pound.
Nearly White Sugar	6c. "
Granulated Sugar	7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee	24c. "
Good Tea, green and black	50c. "
Good Syrup	30c. a gallon.
Black Molasses	20c. "
Pure Apple Vinegar	20c. "
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons	$1.00
'Red C.' Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for	75c.
Lump Starch	4½c a pound
Bread Soda	4½c. "
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars for	$1.00
Soapine	4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap	4c.

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.
Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!
CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS,
MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.
Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

1888! 1888!
Great Reduction!

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You will please say to your subscribers, and all others into whose hands your valuable paper may fall, that we are selling REGARDLESS OF WHAT THE GOODS COST US in reason; Dress Goods, Velvets, Boots, Shoes, Gloves; Men's Ladies, Misses and Children's Underwear, and I know we shall not fail to suit any customer in price on any of the above mentioned goods. We want to take account of our entire stock the first of February, and are anxious to greatly reduce it before that time.
J. B. BURCHINAL.
Jan. 14—8t.

Horse-Shoeing! Horse-Shoeing!
REMOVAL.
SAMUEL HICKS,
BLACKSMITH,
HAS REMOVED HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS to the New Shop at the Head of Court street, in the rear of *Kent News* office, where he will be pleased to see his friends and all in need of work in his line.
He gives SPECIAL ATTENTION to HORSE-SHOEING and flatters himself that he CAN'T BE BEAT IN THIS SORT OF WORK.
PRICES LOW and Satisfaction GUARANTEED.
Dec. 3, 1887. SAMUEL HICKS.

5 CENTS.
(WITH DISCOUNT),
PATENT PAPER PEACH BASKET
WATER PROOF, WIRE SEWED. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
NEWARK PAPER BASKET CO.,
d31-3m. New York Office, Room 118 Temple Court

WANTED!
Wanted! Wanted!
10,000 Gentlemen and Ladies
10,000 Gentlemen and Ladies
10,000 Gentlemen and Ladies

IN THE NEXT 10 DAYS
Go to GOSLEE'S
Go to GOSLEE'S
Go to GOSLEE'S!
and select for their relatives and friends
Useful and Serviceable Gifts
Useful and Serviceable Gifts
Useful and Serviceable Gifts
For the LADIES
For the LADIES
For the LADIES
For the Gentlemen
For the Gentlemen
For the Gentlemen.
Also for the BOYS and the GIRLS and do not forget the Little Ones.

GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPERS, 87 cts.
Gentlemen's Aligator, Goat and Plush Slippers, all prices, Boys' and Youth's Slippers, Ladies' Fine Shoes and Slippers, Infants' Moccasins, all colors; buy the Little Boys Gum Boots.
Don't fail to see our stock of prices and presents.
M. T. GOSLEE,
Under Stam's Hall, Chestertown.
P. S.—Don't forget we have a large lot of Winter Boots, at Bottom Prices. Snow, Rain and Slush we'r sure to have, prepare for it in time.
Dec. 17, 1887.

J. B. McINTIRE
Is Still on the Corner
OF HIGH AND MILL STS.,
WITH A FULL LINE OF
Groceries and Provisions
Coffee, Sugar, Tea,
SPICES, FLOUR, MEAL, MEAT, LARD, TOCACCO, CIGARS, SNUFF,
Canned Goods, Canned Goods,
ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS, DATES, PRUNES, RAISINS, CITRON, CURRANTS,
CRANBERRIES, COCOANUTS, APPLE BUTTER,
CONFECTIONERY, &c.,
all of which will be sold cheap for the cash. You will do well to give me a call before purchasing. Thankful for past favors I hope to merit a continuance of the same.
Resp'y, J. B. McINTIRE.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. WANTED to buy, 400 pounds good Country Lard. J. B. M.
January 7, 1888—1y.

Insurance!
FIRE, LIGHTNING AND LIFE!!
WM. H. McFEELY'S
AGENCY.
INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS
Against Fire and Lightning. Fires occur at unexpected moments, and a few dollars expended in insurance furnishes very substantial assistance in event of loss.
INSURE YOUR LIVESTOCK
Against Lightning and Fire. Payment for same is promptly made, if killed on premises or anywhere else.
INSURE YOUR GRAIN
In the barn. The value of two bushels of wheat will protect $1,000 worth of grain for a month. Policies issued for from Two Weeks to Three Years at low rates.
INSURE YOUR LIFE
In the "New York Life," where you have the privilege of settling up your policy at the end of every five years, just as one's circumstances may demand.
WM. H. McFEELY,
Gen'l Ins. Agent, Chestertown, Md
Office opposite Bank. jy9-tf.

1888. 1888.
Tobacco!
Every user of Sweet Tobacco knows the quality of LORILLARD'S BULLION GRADE, they also know it sells at 50 cents per pound, but I am over-stocked on it and will therefore sell it until I lower my stock, at 40 cents per pound, six plugs to the pound.
J. B. BURCHINAL.
Jan. 14, 1888—8t.

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

THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE, and all attachments, for sale by
d34tf. LOUIS K. STAM.

—VERY—
Heavy Reduction
IN THE
FOLLOWING LINE of GOODS
SHAWLS--SINGLE and DOUBLE
varying from 50c. to $7.50. Greatly reduced in price.
Heavy Red-Twilled FLANNELS!
I have just cut VERY HEAVILY.
Hamburg Edgings, Laces and Swiss Embroideries,
AT OR ABOUT COST
MY FIFTY CENT
All-Wool BLACK CASHMERES!
ARE MUCH BELOW VALUE.
Ladies' Cloth BALMORAL SKIRTS
AT MUCH LOWER PRICES than ever before sold.
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
Linen TABLE DAMASK
HEAVILY CUT IN PRICES.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

BOOTS AND SHOES
Do not forget the GREAT BARGAINS we are offering in a number of lines of BOOTS and SHOES.
We have just cut a large line of BOY'S BUTTONED SHOES to near *HALF THEIR VALUE.*
REMEMBER THE LINE OF
Floor Oil-Cloths!
REDUCED to COST. GOOD PATTERNS and DESIRABLE GOODS.
Men's Knit Underwear!
at lower prices than can be bought at any other place in the county.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
—A LARGE STOCK OF—
Men's HEAVY WINTER GLOVES
CUT IN PRICES TO VERY NEAR COST.
We mean to REDUCE STOCK THIS MONTH if Prices will do it!
CALL AND SEE US and you will find that we will *SAVE YOU MONEY.*
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
December 3, 1887.

Lea's	*Highly*	Farina.
Lea's	*Nutricious*	Farina.
Lea's	*and*	Farina.
Lea's	*Palatable.*	Farina.
Lea's	*Try it.*	Farina.

Mill Notice.
I WISH to inform my customers and the public generally, that I have started my mill on the Roller Process of manufacturing the highest grades of
ROLLER-GROUND FLOUR
on the market. I am now prepared to accommodate the public on the exchange system, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case where good wheat is sent me. For every sixty (60) pounds of good wheat I will give thirty-six (36) pounds of the best flour and a half bushels of bran.
In connection with our Roller Process we are prepared to do all kinds of work that can be expected of any mill. Fine Meal ground for one-eighth (⅛), Shelled Corn Chopped for one-twelfth (1-12), Hominy made for the offal, Ear Corn crushed for one-eighth.
For merchant work our facilities are such that we can compete with all competitors. Our grades of Flour, three in number,
KENT'S SUPERLATIVE,
KENT'S FAVORITE,
and ECONOMY,
can hold their own with any in the market. Flour will be delivered free of charge at store door, at less than city prices.
Special attention is given to the sale of MEAL, HOMINY and FEED, at low figures. Reduced prices given to consumers of feed, for winter feeding, by the ton. There are several reasons why
URIEVILLE MILL IS THE MILL,
namely: It is centrally located, and in the best Grain section of the county. We always buy the best grain in the market for merchant work. Orders are always delivered promptly. Its facilities for grist work are such that customers can be accommodated with any amount up to forty (40) bushels in one hour after it is delivered. It has a never-failing water power. We grade our wheat in five different grades, so that it is impossible for customers to bring us a grade that we can't match, consequently you always get flour out of the same grade that you bring. Last, but not least, I have a first-class miller, that understands his business, and is always at his post.
I feel thankful for all past patronage and only ask for my share in the future, I remain yours truly,
WM. W. McKNETT,
no19-tf. PROPRIETOR.

Clifton	*Highest*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Grade*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Patent*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Flour*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Made.*	F. F. F.

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

Use	*For*	Kirkwood.
Use	*a*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Fine*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Family*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Flour*	Kirkwood.

BOOTS and SHOES.
A large stock, carefully selected bought at lowest prices, which we offer at prices as low as can be found. J. H. SIMPERS.

THE LOST KISS.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall
And the eerie-low lisp in the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gathered it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme
Telling how as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss."
Come rowdying up from her mother
And clambering there at my knee
For one 'little kiss for my dollie
And one 'little uzzer for me?"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away?
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

A SQUARE IN THE HAND.

I am unable to say where or when the events narrated in the following pages took place. Neither can I give any details concerning the personal circumstances of the narrator. All I know is that she was a young woman of French nationality, and that the "uncle" of whom she speaks—her senior by some thirty years—was more distinguished as a philospher than as an enthusiast. Whether the conspiracy against the reigning authorities in which our heroine and her friends were implicated happened to be of any importance is also more than I can say. As any object in reproducing the narrative is merely to illustrate the curious operation through natural channels of laws which are usually regarded as "occult," and the activity of which on the material plane has given rise to the common notion of "miracle," I do not propose to trouble the reader or myself with any preamble of merely local interest. So, without more introduction, I leave the diary of the writer to recount the adventure set down therein by her own hand.

I

I was concerned in a very prominent way in a political struggle for liberty and the people's rights. My part in the struggle was, indeed, the leading one, but my uncle had been drawn into it at my instance and was implicated in a secondary manner only. The government sought our arrest, and for a time we evaded all attempts to take us, but at last we were surprised and driven under escort in a private carriage to a military station, where we were to be detained for examination. With us was arrested a man popularly known as "Fon," a poor weakling whom I much pitied. When we arrived at the station which was our destination, "Fon" gave some trouble to the officials. I think he fainted, but at all events his conveyance from the carriage to the caserne needed the conjoined efforts of our escort, and some commotion was caused by his appearance among the crowd assembled to see us. Clearly the crowd was sympathetic with us and hostile to the military. I particularly noticed one woman who pressed forward as "Fon" was being carried into the station, and who loudly called on all present to note his feeble condition and the barbarity of arresting a witless creature such as he.

At that moment my uncle laid his hand on my arm and whispered: "Now is our time; the guards are all occupied with Fon. we are left alone for a minute; let us jump out of the carriage and run!" As he said this he opened the carriage door on the side opposite to the caserne and alighted in the street. I instantly followed, and the people favoring us, we pressed through them and fled at the top of our speed down the road. As we ran I spied a pathway winding up a hillside away from the town and cried: "Let us go up there; let us get away from the streets!" My uncle answered: "No, no; they would see us there immediately at that height; the path is too conspicuous. Our best safety is to lose ourselves in the town. We may throw them off our track by winding in and out of the streets." Just then a little child, playing in the road, got in our way and nearly threw us down as we ran. We had to pause a moment to recover ourselves. "That child may have cost us our lives," whispered my uncle breathlessly. A few seconds afterwards we reached the bottom of the street, which branched off right and left. I hesitated a moment; then we both turned to the right. As we did so—in the twinkling of an eye—we found ourselves in the midst of a group of soldiers coming round the corner. I ran straight into the arms of one of them, who the same instant knew me and seized me by my throat and waist with a grip of iron. This was a horrible moment! The iron grasp was sudden and solid as the grip of a vise; the man's arm held my waist like a bar of steel!

"I arrest you!" he cried, and the soldiers immediately closed round us.

At once I realized the hopelessness of the situation, the utter futility of resistance.

"Vous n'avez pas besoin de me," I said to the officer.

He loosened his hold and we were then marched off to another military station, in a different part of the town from that whence we had escaped. The man who had arrested me was a sergeant or some officer in petty command. He took me alone with him into the guard room and placed before me on a wooden table some papers which he told me to fill in and sign. Then he sat down opposite to me and I looked through the papers. They were forms, with blanks left for descriptions, specifying the name, occupation, age, address and so forth of arrested persons. I signed these, and, pushing them across the table to the man, asked him what was to be done with us.

"You will be shot," he replied, quickly and decisively.

"Both of us?" I asked.

"Both," he replied.

"But," said I, "my companion has done nothing to deserve death. He was drawn into this struggle entirely by me. Consider, too, his advanced age. His hair is white; he stoops, and had it not been for the difficulty with which he moves his limbs, both of us would probably be at this moment in a place of safety. What can you gain by shooting an old man such as he?"

The officer was silent. He neither favored nor discouraged me by his manner. While I sat awaiting his reply I glanced at the hand with which I had just signed the papers, and a sudden idea flashed into my mind.

"At least," I said, "grant me one request. If my uncle must die, please let me be the first to die."

Now I made this request for the following reason: In my right hand the line of life broke abruptly half way in its length, indicating a sudden and violent death. But the point at which it broke was terminated by a perfectly marked square, extraordinarily clear cut and distinct. Such a square occurring at the end of a broken line, means rescue, salvation. I had long been aware of this strange figuration in my hand and had often wondered what it presaged. But now, as once more I looked at it, it came upon me with sudden conviction that in some way I was to be delivered from death at the last moment, and I thought if this be so it would be horrible should my uncle have been killed first. If I were to be saved I should certainly save him also, for my pardon would involve the pardon of both, or my rescue the rescue of both. Therefore, it was important to provide for his safety until after my fate was decided. The officer seemed to take this last request into more serious consideration than the first. He said:

"I may be able to manage that for you," and then at once arose and took up the papers I had signed.

"When are we to be shot?" I asked.

"To-morrow morning," he replied, as promptly as before. Then he went out, turning the key of the guard room upon me.

II.

The dawn of the next day broke darkly. It was a terribly stormy day; great, black lurid thunder clouds lay piled along the horizon and came up slowly and awfully against the wind. I looked upon them with terror; they seem so near the earth and so like living, watching things. They hung out of the sky, extending long ghostly arms downward, and their gloom and density seemed supernatural. The soldiers took us out, our hands bound behind us, into a quadrangle at the back of their barracks. The scene is sharply impressed upon my mind. A palisade of two sides of a square, made of wooden planks, ran round the quadrangle. Behind this palisade and pressed up close against it was a mob of men and women—the people of the town—coming to the execution. But their faces were sympathethetic; unmistakable look of mingled grief and rage, not unmixed with desperation—for they were a downtrodden folk—shone in the hundreds of eyes turned toward us. I was the only woman among the condemned. My uncle was there, and poor "Fon," bewildered, and one or two other prisoners. On the third and fourth sides of the quadrangle was a high wall, and in a certain place was a niche partly inclosing the trunk of a tree, cut off at the top. An iron ring was driven into the trunk midway, evidently for the purpose of securing condemned persons for execution. I guessed it would be used for that now. In the centre of the square piece of ground stood a file of soldiers, armed with carbines, and an officer with a drawn sabre. The palisade was guarded by a row of soldiers somewhat sparsely distributed, certainly not more than a dozen in all. A Catholic priest in black cossack walked beside me, and as we were conducted into the inclosure he turned to me and offered religious consolation. I declined his ministrations, but asked him anxiously if he knew which of us was to die first.

"You," he replied; "the officer in charge of you said you desired it, and he has been able to accede to your request."

Even then I felt a sigular joy at hearing this, though I had no longer an expectation of release. Death was, I thought, far too near at hand for that. Just then a soldier approached us and led me bare-headed to the tree-trunk, where he placed me with my back against it and made fast my hands behind me with a rope to the iron ring. No bandage was put over my eyes. I stood thus, facing the file of soldiers in the middle of the quadrangle, and noticed that the officer with the drawn sabre placed himself at the extremity of the line composed of six men. In that supreme moment I also noticed that their uniform was bright with steel accoutrements. Their helmets were of steel, and their carbines, as they raised them and pointed them at me, ready cocked, glittering in the sunlight with the same burnished metal. There was an instant's stillness and hush while the men took aim; then I saw the officer raise his bared sabre as a signal to fire.

It flashed in the air; then, with a suddenness impossible to convey, the whole quadrangle blazed with an awful light—a light so vivid, so intense, so blinding, so indescribable, that everything was blotted out and devoured by it. It crossed my brain with instantaneous conviction that this amazing glare was the physical effect of being shot, and that the bullets had pierced my brain or heart and caused this frightful sense of all-pervading flame. Vaguely I remembered having read or been told that such was the result produced on the nervous system of a victim to death from firearms.

"It is over," I said; "that was the bullets."

But suddenly there forced itself on my dazed senses a sound—a confusion of sounds darkness succeeding the white flash—then steadying itself into gloomy daylight; a tumult; a heap of stricken, tumbled men lying stone-still before; a fearful horror upon every living face, and then * * it all burst on me with distinct conviction. The storm which had been gathering all the morning had culminated in its blackest and most electric point immediately overhead. The file of soldiers appointed to shoot me stood exactly under it. Sparkling with bright steel on head and breast and carbines they stood shoulder to shoulder, a complete lightning conductor, and at the end stood their officer, who, at the critical moment, raised his shining, naked blade toward the sky. Instantaneously heaven opened, and the lightning fell, attracted by the burnished steel. From blade to carbine, from helmet to breast-plate it ran, smiting every man dead as he stood. They fell like a row of ninepins, blackened in face and hand, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, dead. The electric flame licked the life out of seven men in that second; not one moved a muscle or a finger again. Then followed a wild scene. The crowd, stupified for a minute by the thunder-bolt and the horror of the devastation it had wrought, recovered sense, and with a mighty shout hurled itself against the palisade, burst it, leaped over it and smarmed into the quadrangle, easily overpowering the unnerved guards. I was surrounded, eager hands unbound mine; arms were thrown about me; the people roared and wept, and triumphed, and fell about me on their knees praising heaven. I think rain fell, my face was wet with drops, and my hair—but I knew no more; I swooned and I lay unconscious in the arms of the crowd. My rescue had indeed come, and from the very heavens!—*Dr. Anna Kingsford in Lucifer.*

A Woman's Revenge.

That truth is stranger than fiction was exemplified on Hallowe'en evening in a saloon at the corner of 117th street and Third avenue, New York City. The *Evening Star* tells the story in this wise:

Six years ago Bridget Moody landed at Castle Garden, and since that time has been at service in different families. At present she is employed by Mr. Wordan, of 153 E. 117th street. Monday evening she was sent to the saloon on the corner with a pitcher for beer. While standing at the counter waiting to be served, the bartender chaffed her in a good-natured manner about Hallowe'en customs. At this moment a well-dressed man came into the saloon and passed over to the blackboard upon which the winning horses at the different race-tracks are posted. The bartender, as he handed the young woman her pitcher of beer, said, jocosely:

"Look in the glass, Bridget, and maybe you will see your future husband."

"Sure, I'll see your face there, and I'll not marry the likes of you," retorted the girl.

But she looked in the glass. The quiet man at the blackboard gave a start when he heard the girl's voice. He turned around and stepped up behind her until his face, reflected in the mirror, peeped over the girl's shoulder. Bridget saw the face and her color forsook her.

With a crash the pitcher fell to the floor and with an awed whisper she said: "'Tis the banshee!"

"No, it's not, lassie!" shouted the man, in a hearty voice full of joy, as he clasped the girl in his arms, regardless of the half dozen men who had come in.

The girl put her arm around the man's neck and sobbed softly, all the time saying:

"It's Dan, so it is," until Dan, with one arm about her, exclaimed, as he asked the audience up to the bar:

"This is my lass, mates. I shipped aboard a vessel that went down at sea, and I, with three others, was saved by an East Indiaman. A year after I went home to Belfast and found my funeral mass had been said and my lass had gone to America. For six years have I been hunting her, and, praise the Holy Mother, I have found her all of Hallowe'en. You may drink our health, mates, and I'll pay for all."

Dan Chaffe was Bridget's old time lover, and now is engineer of the ocean steamship that plies between this city and Liverpool.

He said:

"I don't know how it was that I went up in that part of the city. I got on the elevated cars and rode out to the end of them and strolled back aways. I wanted a drink of ale and went into the first saloon handy. The barkeeper was waiting on a lady and I did not intrude, but Heaven bless the looking glass that's over the bar, for in it I found my lass."

Dan will not work this trip, but will remain in New York and make a home for Bridget. They will be married at Bridget's employer's, who will give her a wedding to which all the neighbors will be invited.

What a Blizzard Is.

A blizzard is simply a strong, cold wind moving unchecked over leagues of light, unpacked snow. It sweeps up that which has previously fallen, carries it away in the color of a vast shaken fleece, distributes it so that each atmospheric atom has its little particle, and drives along all with a steady fury. Whether fresh snow is falling can seldom be determined by people out in a real blizzard. As far as the eye can see upward, and that is but a little space, the hurry of minute pellets hurling through ether across an unrevealed sky prevails, and the hurrying sameness on every side is varied only by occasional tall and bending wraiths where the wind whirls in shifting column. A confusion of the senses, comparable to none produced otherwise, appals one submitted to the enormous and blinding force of such a snow-filled wind, and scarcely a distinct thought remains except that the awful cold forbids crouching for rest and shelter. To our personal knowledge, one in such a storm keeps with difficulty upon a railway track lifted three feet above the surrounding prairie, and may be lost by five steps the wrong way after stumbling down the embankment, which, being white, becomes instantly invisible. It is recorded on good authority that teamsters halting with their horses have been snowed over thirty feet deep by blizzards, and have survived by beating out breathing chambers till the cessation of the storm enabled them to dig themselves to upper air. The formation of a drift about a halted man, or horse, or sleigh, is sometimes wonderfully speedy, and the drift, once established, grows by virtue of its obstructiveness. In some well-authenticated cases lost persons have been found by the drifts over them and dug out alive; in others, the spring has revealed corpses still unthawed among the last white relics of winter. In blizzards people have often been unable to see across the street of a northwestern town, and sometimes men lose their direction in trying to reach the opposite side of a well-built way.—*Toronto Globe.*

ABOUT DOGS.—Here is another legal "wrinkle," by an Eastern Shore judge, this time concerning dogs: "If anybody is attacked on the highway by a dog, the party has the right to kill the dog, and the owner can be held accountable for any injury inflicted by the animal. Even on the premises of the owner of a dog, should a party be attacked and injured, after endeavoring to protect himself, the owner can be held accountable for injuries inflicted, provided it can be shown that at the time he was in pursuit of business, or on a friendly visit. If a dog by barking at passing horses or vehicles occasions any damage, its owner is liable for the loss sustained."

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"Tough Jimmie's" Gang.

A Band of Youthful Thieves Discovered in a Cave in Chicago.

A large number of recent petty robberies in the vicinity of Wentworth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, Chicago, was explained on Monday night by the unexpected discovery of the headquarters of a gang of boy thieves, located under a sidewalk, by two officers from the Twenty-fifth street station. On going to investigate a mysterious light under the sidewalk they found a small entrance to a cave in the ground, and on pursuing the search came to a spacious room guarded by a 13-year-old Jack Sheppard named Jimmie Dynes. "Who goes there?" followed by the sharp click of a revolver, greeted the officers as they were about to enter the cavern, and their quickness probably saved their lives, for on getting inside they found young Dynes with a revolver in hand and ready to uphold the dignity of the gang of which he was an officer. Inside a curious spectacle was presented to the officers. Revolvers in great profusion hung about the papered walls, backed by a huge musket, which glistened brightly in the light from an old Salamander stove in one corner. The walls were picturesquely decorated with sensational prints, and a notice signed in red ink related the fact that "Tough Jimmie" was captain of the crowd, and that "Billy the Kid" officiated as lieutenant. To the threats of summary vengeance to traitors were signed the hair-raising names "Lightning Eddie," "Peanuts," "Jumbo," "Oysters," "Chumpy" and "Dying Do." The youthful cave-dweller in charge told the officer he was awaiting the arrival of some of his comrades, but they failed to put in an appearance. At the station the boy finally confessed to complicity in several robberies perpetrated by the gang of which he was a member.

The Lady Who Laughs.

A large, pathetic case has come to the Listener's knowledge lately. It is that of a young woman who in early life was burned upon the cheek by slipping and falling upon a stove. The wound healed, so that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, and does not by any means amount to a blemish; but in healing the mouth on the left side of the face was shortened somewhat, and the corner slightly turned up. The young lady is a pretty brunette, with a nose slightly aquiline, a face of the French type. But this odd, involuntary smile gives her face an expression of slyness which does not in the least belong to her character. If she enters a street car, sits down and begins to look out of the opposite window, some male person of light disposition sitting opposite her is altogether likely to say to himself: "Aha, sly one!" and he immediately proceeds to lay the foundations for a flirtation. The young woman ignores him completely. But there is that sly look all the time, that engaging smile, which she never abandons for a moment. What is he to make of it? He has no knowledge of