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.

1888

Established 20 Years

New Goods-Low Prices

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c.	a yard
4-4 " " "	5c.	"
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c.	"
Fruit of Loom " "	9c.	"

Calico 3½ 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' Balbrigan Hose ..... 10c. " Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbrigan Hose .. 29c. " 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	30c.	"
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.

CLIFTON MILLS DELAWARE FFF Choice Patent No 1196 WILLIAM LEA

HIGHEST GRADE --PATENT-- FLOUR MADE.

VANDEGRIFT'S

HAIR INVIGORATOR

ABOUT a year ago I obtained a VERY VALUABLE RECIPE for making a

HAIR TONIC

which is a Pure and Wholesome Preparation, for Dressing and Promoting the Growth of the Hair, for Allaying & Preventing Inflammation, Alleviating and Curing All Ordinary Diseases of the Scalp and Skin, it also Prevents the Hair from Falling Out, and where it has Fallen Causes New Growth; Prevents the Formation of Dandruff, Cures Tetter, Sores and Humors of the Scalp and Strengthens the Roots of the Hair, Renders the Hair Soft, Pliant and gives it a Beautiful Lustrous Gloss. It has met with such popular favor that I have a general agency established in Baltimore. It is agreeably perfumed and is the Cleanest of all Preparations for Toilett Use, and have placed it within the reach of all, and sold at the small price of **50 Cents** per bottle.

SOME WHO HAVE USED IT:

Joseph A. Thompson,	R. G. Nicholson,
Wm. H. Lambert,	H. H. Barroll,
L. C. Inatis, Jr.,	H. C. Chase,
B. F. Fleming,	J. C. Bolton,
W. W. Hubbard,	Father Murphy.
Col. C. Copeland,	R. Bergen,
Geo. McWhorter,	Miss Hodgkin,
Fred. Gerker,	Mrs. Kimble,
L. J. Smith,	and scores of others.

—FOR SALE BY:—

C. F. Stam, M. A. Toulson, Jos. P. Ireland,
DRUGGISTS.

—Manufactured by—
J. S. VANDEGRIFT,
fe11-6m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for 1887.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons until further notice.

STEPHEN LECATES,
s2-tf. Collector 4th District.

SPECIAL TAX NOTICE.

THE TAX-PAYERS of the the Fifth Election District will please bear in mind that THE TAXES ARE NOW OVERDUE and prompt payment of same is expected. Delay in same will be AT YOUR EXPENSE and not mine.

J. FRANK WHEATLEY,
jan14-tf. COLLECTOR.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at
J. D. BACCHUS'
mh5-tf. Coal and Woodyard.

Kent News.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888. No. 47.

WM. H. CACY.

CORN, OATS, TRUCK, PEACHES!

I have Fertilizers especially prepared for each of above crops. Am also prepared to mix SPECIAL FORMULAS, or to supply those wishing to mix their own goods, with the best quality of Raw Materials, of which I have a large stock, consisting of

Pure Bone Meal, Dissolved Animal Bone, Bone Black,
Dried Blood, South Carolina Bone, Azotin,
Muriate of Potash, Tankage, Kainit, Plaster, &c.

W. H. CACY, Chestertown, Md.
March 17, 1888—3

Fertilizers for Peach Trees, Corn,

OATS, POTATOES, GRASS, TRUCK.

ORCHARD COMPOUND, a PEACH TREE FERTILIZER, only the best material used in its manufacture. A strictly first-class article.

CORN FERTILIZER—THE HOME IMPROVED—has been used for years, giving its patrons entire satisfaction.

CHESTER COMPOUND. A Complete Manure of established reputation.

NO. 1 AMMONIATED SUPERPHOSPHATE. Also a Complete Manure, and one of the most popular on the market.

Dissolved Bones, Raw Bone Dust, Magnesia, Plaster, &c., &c.

For Sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,
March 24, 1888. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED

Beyond a doubt that **Concentrated Animal Bone Fertilizers** are superior to low grade, or Acid Goods, as a means of growing Truck, such as Sugar Corn, Tomatoes, Potatoes, etc., and, as will be shown by the following Testimonials, **Our Corn**, as well as our **Special Truck Fertilizer** stands second to none on the market:

FOR CORN.

Mr. ALLEN WALLACE, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says I could tell to the very row where I used your fertilizer on my field corn, and when I came to mow my grass, where the goods had been used, there was such a difference in the crop that some of my friends asked me why I mowed part of the field and let the other stand, when the truth of the matter was your fertilizer made the grass 5 or six inches higher; it was more marked from the fact that the corn rows ran diagonally across the field, and I could see the difference in the second mowing. I believe it to be grand, good stuff, and will use it again this spring.

Mr. J. CORDRAY LOUD, of Pomona, says for a number of years he has used our fertilizer on his corn; it prevented frenching and always paid him.

Mr. J. B. HANWAY, of Joppa, Harford county, Md., says in the spring of 1884 I bought 8 tons of your special Truck Fertilizer for my sugar corn and tomatoes, and liked it so well that I bought more heavily the next season, until last spring I bought 94 tons, and expect to use more than ever this season. Your goods has an excellent reputation with us.

Mr. JAMES R. MASSEY, of Harford county, says he made a test with our Corn Phosphate alongside dissolved Animal Bone and Oriole Super-Phosphate, and sold the corn to canners by the ton, and that our goods netted him $14 more to the acre.

C. C. BROWN & BRO., of Pomona, say they continue to use our Corn Phosphate because it pays them.

FOR TOMATOES.

Mr. WM. R. ALABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says I used your fertilizer on tomatoes by the side of Green Bone Phosphate and Sun Guano. The Green Bone was cracked so high I put it next to the road to show off big, and the Sun Guano next and the last Hubbard's, away back, as its merits were kept quiet; but when visitors came to see my patch of tomatoes I always pointed out the ground on which all three kinds were, and Hubbard's got the credit of being far superior to the others. When picking time came I was all in all.

Mr. HERMON PYLE, of Harford, says I used your Truck Fertilizer on my tomatoes in connection with other standard brands. Where your goods went the vines kept growing, fruit was prettier, yielded more, and will use a car load or two this spring.

Mr. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, says about the same.

Mr. J. H. COPPER, our county, says he has used our goods on his various crops of truck with satisfaction.

FOR POTATOES.

Mr. WM. M. BATTEN, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says for several years I had been paying $13 more per ton for Mapes Potato Manure than for yours, and in order that we might know whether the other was worth the difference, last spring we applied them both alike, marked the rows and dug the potatoes separately. There was a basket more to the row where your goods went; they were larger, smooth and nice potatoes. Will use yours exclusively this spring.

Mr. WM. WOOD, of Hanesville, our county, says your fertilizer made for me as fine a crop of potatoes as I ever grew. The spot where applied was a poor piece of land that came in the corn field the next year, and you could see a decided difference in the corn where the potatoes had been. Never before had I seen such lasting and beneficial effects. My neighbors in looking at my corn noticed it.

We ask but a fair and impartial trial of our Bone Super-Phosphates.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Mar. 24, 1888. Manufacturers, Chestertown, Md.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

Our Goods the Best! Our Prices the Lowest!

The prospects for the present year are encouraging to the agriculturist. Corn commands a good figure and is likely to remain so. Wheat is a better price, and is apt to improve. Fruit growers are happy in the prospect of a full crop. The supply of canned fruits and vegetables is not large, the demand will therefore exceed the supply of the present season. Farmers feed your crops with the proper food, *the best is the cheapest.* The reputation gained for our goods and the results obtained therefrom, classes them among the best. The secret of success is to make goods equal to any and to sell them at a lower figure. **This we do.** Among the well known brands that rank among the best, are our Peach and Vine Guano, unexcelled for Peach trees; Climax, for Corn and truck; Acme, for Corn and truck, especially adapted for stiff land, prevents "frenching" in corn: also special phosphates for Oats, potatoes, &c. Black Resiuum for sale in quantities to suit—fine dry stock. The following testimonials (are among the many that we are now receiving) to which we call your attention:

—TESTIMONIALS:—

Church Hill, March 1, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I have used the Peach Tree Guano manufactured by you. I have used it for the last two seasons and I am much pleased with the results. My orchard was fifteen years old when first applying your guano. It was in a very bad condition: had begun to decay very much. I noticed a great improvement after one application of your goods. In the following spring, 1887, I again applied 400 pounds broadcast per acre. I had a medium crop of peaches, while some of my neighbors, with much better orchards, failed to get any, although full of bloom in spring. They did not use your guano. My orchard to-day is more promising than it has been for the last 6 or 8 years. I believe your Peach Guano has made it what it is to-day. I shall continue to use it while ever it gives me such good results. Wherever your Guano has been used in this section good results have followed. I also used your Corn Phosphate last spring with good results; got better returns than from any Phosphate I ever used. You are at liberty to publish this statement. GUS. PORTER.

Fairlee, Dec. 17, 1887.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I used three-quarters of a ton of your Peach Tree Guano, and applied it to one-fourth of my orchard last spring. On the part fertilized I received more than five times as many peaches. I made this trial as an experiment, and am fully satisfied that it pays to use your fertilizer. There were very few peaches about me last year; many orchards did not have any. Six rows of one variety where I put the Phosphate were full of peaches this past year; and what is more surprising, the same trees were very full the year before. This result was very unusual last year, and fully satisfies me that your Peach Tree Guano did the work. R. C SMYTH.

Chestertown, Feb. 28, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—The fertilizer that I bought from you last spring I used on my corn on the Pippin farm. This land had been put in corn two years previously and was in wheat two years before that, making five years in tillage. My crop of corn was excellent, greatly beyond expectations. You have my order for this spring, and I advise all farmers to use your goods; they are reliable and low-priced. JOSIAS RINGGOLD.

57⅞ Bushels from clover sod and manure; 67½ Bushels from our Corn Phosphate per acre.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: It is with great pleasure that I state to you and others interested in the success of your Corn Phosphate sold to me last spring. In the spring of 1885 I put a field containing eighteen acres in corn; it was a clover sod and heavily manured; my crop of corn was nearly sixty bushels to the acre. Spring of 1886 I bought one and a-quarter tons of your Corn Phosphate and applied to the same field. I also planted out a young peach orchard in this field. I did not put any fertilizer between the trees running one way. The difference where I fertilized was so noticeable that my neighbors asked me the cause. I shipped from the field (1180) eleven hundred and eighty bushels, besides quite a quantity was kept for feeding. The corn was husked and kept in pens; the waste was large. The increase of fodder more than paid for the fertilizer, besides the increase of corn. Your Potato Phosphate is the best goods that I ever used, giving me fine-sized, smooth potatoes and a large crop. I used your goods last spring with good results. I shall always recommend your goods and intend using the same the present spring.

JAMES A. TOULSON.

Tilghman's Station, Md., Feb. 29, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: Mr. Sol. Seney and myself used your Peach Tree Guano last spring on our peach orchard. The result was fully up to our expectations. There are about one thousand trees in the orchard, and it is fourteen years old. We sold the orchard to a speculator for twelve hundred and seventy-five dollars, and he was satisfied with his profit. The orchard has made a fine growth for this year and is full of buds. I can highly recommend your goods. JOHN M. CECIL.

PRICE'S STATION, MD., March 1, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gents: I used some of your Special Mixture on potatoes last spring, and grew a large crop and of a fine quality. I think it is a good mixture for truck. Resp'y, E. B. WALLS.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
Chestertown, Md.
March 17, 1888—8.

CLOVER SEED! CLOVER SEED!
CHOICE, RECLEANED, WESTERN. In any quantity. Bottom prices. J. H. IRELAND,
j14-tf. Locust Grove, Md.

CLOVER SEED! CLOVER SEED!
For sale at Bottom Prices.
A choice lot to arrive.
jan7-tf. Respectfully, R. F. PARKS.

—READY—

FOR SPRING TRADE

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Hames, Wagon Hames, Grub Hoes, Corn Hoes, Bush Hooks, Plow Lines, Cotton and Sisal Ropes, &c. For sale at Lowest Market Prices by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

BARBED AND BUCKTHAWN

FENCE WIRES!

For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

MOUNTED AND UNMOUNTED

GRINDSTONES

For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

ALL KINDS OF

TINWARE, SMOKESTACKS, &c.,

—Manufactured by—
WM. A. WHEATLEY.
N. B.—Roofing and Spouting a specialty, and old Tins Repaired at short notice.

The Modern Marvel!

THE SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW with Reversible Shares and Points, the most Durable and Economical Plow on the market. Jointer attached to standard and will not choke in grass or weeds. Below find names of some persons who use them:

V. Hendrickson,	Samuel T. Rolph,
George Bell,	Daniel R. Woodall, Jr.,
Wm. J. Tarbutton,	W. B. Strong,
E. P. Janvier,	Wm. A. Hendricks.

Twenty-five of them just received and we invite inspection. The old reliable REMINGTON CHILLED PLOW for sale and Repairs furnished for same.

WM. A. WHEATLEY,
Feb. 25, 1888. adjoining the Bank.

ROLLER PROCESS KIRKWOOD 1896 WILLIAM LEA & SONS

THE FINEST --FAMILY-- FLOUR TRY IT.

SPRING OPENING!

NEWEST, PRETTIEST,

CHEAPEST!

Dress Goods,
Calicoes,
Linens, &c.

BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS and CAPS.
—AND—
Wares of all Kinds.

NOW OPENING AT

J. H. SIMPERS'.

Call and see my Styles and Low Prices.
Respectfully, J. H. SIMPERS.
Feb. 25, 1888.

LEA'S
FANCY PEARL
HOMINY
AND HOMINY GRITS
NOW READY.

—VERY—

Heavy Reduction

IN THE

FOLLOWING LINE of GOODS

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
Linen TABLE DAMASK
HEAVILY CUT IN PRICES.

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.

CALL AND SEE US and you will find that we will *SAVE YOU MONEY.*

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
February 25, 1887.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER.

HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies,

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER,
se3-y. Up Town.

THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE,
and all attachments, for sale by
d3-tf. LOUIS K. STAM.

THE SEASONS.

BY C. A. CARPENTER.

Spring is a maiden divinely fair,
With violets blue in her golden hair,
At the balmy touch of her dainty feet
The primrose pale and cowslip sweet
Burst forth from their wintry winding sheet;
And the forest leaves peep out to see
Who this beautiful, beautiful maid can be.

Summer's a warrior flushed with fame,
He rides o'er earth in his car of flame;
His whip is the whirlwind's circling lash,
His shout is the deafening thunder's crash,
His spear is the lightning's blinding flash,
He breathes, and the hills are parched and dry
And the rivulets, fading, in vapors fly.

Autumn's a merchant of princely mien,
The earth's best fruits at his feet are seen.
His wondrous stores of golden grain
Are garnered high on the sunlit plain,
And flow like seas o'er his rich domain,
And his nut-brown children shout with glee
As they gather his treasures around his knee.

Winter's a monster of fiendish guise,
With famine and woe in his baleful eyes.
He blights the air with his icy breath,
He scourges the life from the land beneath,
The water he binds in the chains of death,
And he laughs to hear the plaintive wail
Of the famishing poor in the frozen vale.

A LONG ISLAND LEGEND.

In a lonely hut, situated on the narrow strip of land which separates the waters of Oyster pond from the waters of Gardner's bay, in what is now the village of Marion, on a dark and stormy night in the early colonial time sat an old man and a young girl.

White settlements then on Long Island were few and far between.

The largest of them all was situated at the mouth of Sterling creek, now known as Greenport. A few settlers had pushed out from the parent town toward the end of the island, and there was some half-dozen cabins between Greenport and Orient Point.

The Montauk tribe, whose chieftain was a tall and muscular savage, known as Wyandank, and the Shinnecocks warriors were not on the best of terms with the whites, and therefore the settlers feared to go singly into the sandy wilderness.

But the old man who had built the lone hut by the pebbly beach of Marion harbor was an exception to the general rule.

Though white in color, yet at heart he was as savage as any red brave on the island.

An outlaw from the white settlements, the red warriors of the forest were far more like his brothers than the stern colonists who panted to punish him for his evil deeds.

William Stone the outlaw called himself, but in the Connecticut waters, when he had sailed with the famous pirate, Robt. Kyd, his comrades had called him Spanish Will, and under that title the men of law sought for him.

After Kyd's capture by the English frigate, Spanish Will, who had escaped both the slaughter and the execution dock, sought refuge in the wilderness at the end of Long Island.

Boldly presenting himself to the Indians, he had claimed to be a foe to the whites and craved their protection.

With him the outlaw carried a little girl, a mild and handsome child.

The girl grew to womanhood free and unrestrained.

The outlaw mingled but little with the settlers at Greenport, for he preferred the society of the dusky red men.

And the wily chieftain great Wyandank, head of the Montauk tribe, saw, too, that the mild young girl was fair to look upon and he proposed to the outlaw rich lands in exchange for her.

But Mary Stone, as the girl was called, looked askance when the dusky chieftain came a-wooing. Not to her mind was the wigwam of the savage or the person of the dusky brave.

Then, too, another love was in the heart of the forest child.

Along the sandy path that led from the scattered settlement of Marion to the parent town of Greenport she had met with one of the young men of the colony who had seemed to her free mind to be beyond the common race of mortals.

Richard Flanders he was called, son of one of the leading men of the little settlement.

The outlaw, as keen a woodman as the best of the Montanks, soon discovered the secret meetings of the lovers in the lonely forest.

He chuckled at the discovery, for it suited well with his plans. He knew that Richard Flanders was betrothed to the daughter of one of the leading men at Green port, and he soon made known to the father of the girl the course of action that the young man was pursuing.

Flanders, when charged with his deceit, swore that it was not so, and said that he had simply encountered the forest maid upon his hunting excursions, and knew but little of her.

By this wily movement the outlaw broke up the intimacy existing between the two and filled the heart of the girl with a fierce rage against all the whites.

Old Stone wished the girl to become the wife of the Montauk chief, for he hungered after the rich lands that the Indian had promised him.

And on the night when father and daughter sat within the old cabin, one little month had gone by since the girl had seen her false lover.

The logs burned fitfully in the open fireplace, and their flames cast a dull and uncertain light over the room.

The old man had just returned from the settlement. The daughter, sullen and abstracted, did not seem to notice his appearance.

Stone seated himself by the fire and rubbed his hands together.

"There's brave doings afoot in the town yonder," he said, with a covert glance at the girl's dark face. "Young Richard Flanders is to be married in a week?"

The girl sprang to her feet, passion flaming in her face.

"The traitor!" she cried. "I could find it in my heart to kill him with my own hand."

"There's a better way than that," the outlaw said. "This chieftain, Wyandank, is made for thee, my girl. He will give many an acre of rich land if you will consent to be his squaw, and, if you ask it, he will take vengeance upon this false hound for thee."

The girl pondered over the matter for a moment or two.

"I would rather die than live in the wigwam of Wyandank," she replied, very deliberately.

The old man drew closer to the girl, and said "Listen, Mary, to my plan, we may gain both lands and vengeance, and yet give nothing in return. Agree to become the squaw of Wyandank if he will kill Richard for you, and will sign to me the lands that he has offered. When the murder is accomplished I will contrive a way to denounce Wyandank as the murderer of Flanders. See how good the plan is. The tool destroys the traitor; the act destroys the tool. Come, will you consent? The chief will be here anon."

"Yes," cried the girl with desperate resolution. "He has trampled upon my heart, and it is but just that his own should pay the forfeit."

Then the keen ears of the woodman detected the sound of footsteps approaching in the sand.

"You must contrive some plan to evade going with the Indian until I can set the colonists upon him," the old man said hastily.

"Trust me for that," the girl replied.

And then the tall chief, Wyandank, stalked into the cabin.

With wily art the outlaw revealed the service required to the chief, and the savage consented.

"Before light—see scalp!" the Indian said laconically, and departed at once upon his mission.

And true to his word, just as the first streaks of the coming dawn were beginning to line the eastern skies the Indian stalked again, with stately tread into the cabin.

The girl glared at the savage with hungry eyes.

Wyandank opened his blanket, which was folded tight around him, and lo, a human scalp of dark-brown hair, fresh torn from the head, hung at his girdle.

The girl recognized the locks with which her fingers had so often played.

"It is well, chief," she said; "wait a moment," and then she passed out into the air.

The outlaw at once produced the parchment conveying the lands that the Indian had agreed to give, and pressed the chief to affix his "totem" to the deed.

The savage consented, and the outlaw, now sole master of a thousand broad acres, smiled in glee.

An hour passed, and the girl did not return.

Wyandank grew uneasy; he feared some trick.

Forth the two proceeded in search of the girl. They did not have far to go, for upon the beach, at the edge of the rippling tide, a dagger driven in her heart, lay the body of the girl. She had perished by her own hand.

A moment Wyandank gazed, and then, swiftly drawing his tomahawk, he slew the outlaw even where he stood, for the savage chief would not give his lands for naught; fast he fled in his canoe across the water and sought safety amid his tribe. Wyandank was never suspected of the murder of young Flanders; all believed that the desperate girl had done the deed, but in his last hour the savage told the fearful story.

FINDING A POT OF MONEY.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The finding of $12,000 by Smith Stewart, a farmer, residing one and one-fourth miles from Holman Station, Lexington Indiana, while preparing an onion bed on the farm of William Sweet, has created a great sensation in that vicinity.

Stewart is a very poor man, and for many years has barely succeeded in providing for his large family. Some time ago he rented the Sweet farm, and lately he walked to Holman, where the owner of the premises conducts a mercantile establishment, to learn weather or not he might remove an old chicken house which stood near the residence, and utilize the ground for a garden. He was told that he might do this, and soon after began to remove the structure. He did not find this a difficult task, for when one of the sills was pulled out, the building which was built of logs and very high, fell with a crash.

He soon had the timbers removed, and with a spade began upturning the earth for an onion bed. He had not been at work long before the tool came in contact with a large jar, breaking the covering into several pieces. Imagine his surprise upon beholding a vessel containing gold and silver coins, more than he had ever before had the pleasure of looking upon. He soon had his newly discovered wealth transferred to the barn, and found, upon counting it, that he had just $12,000. Placing $100 in his pocket, he again hid the rich find and appraised his family and neighbors of his good luck, and started to town in company with his daughter to purchase the necessaries they never had enjoyed. He first called upon his landlord, Mr. Sweet, and after purchasing a quantity of goods, tendered several silver French francs in payment.

Mr. Sweet at once questioned Stewart how he came into possession of such money, whereupon he related what he had found. The merchant grew excited at this startling explanation, and demanded that he be given the money, claiming that it had been buried by his sister many years ago.

When her father, Abraham Sweet, an old miser, died thirty years ago he was very wealthy, and his large family of children each received $5,000 in gold, besides valuable property. Soon after the demise of the old man the eldest of his two daughters died, leaving her estate to her sister Susan. Susan was industrious, and by privations she succeeded in adding $2,000 to her possessions, which she invariably kept secreted for fear of being robbed. Often he told her brother how much money she had, but never divulged its location. She gave as a reason that she knew the boys would squander it. One day while knitting she became paralyzed, and from that day she never uttered a word.

For several months she lingered between life and death in this hopeless condition, and in 1883 died, carrying with her the secret of the hidden wealth. Her brothers often searched every conceivable spot where the money might be hidden, but their efforts were never rewarded. At last the hope of ever recovering their sister's savings was abandoned and the old homestead deserted.

The Sweets claim the money now found, and will attempt to prove that it is the same buried by their sister. They have secured the services of a detective.

There are many rare French, Mexican and American coins in the collection, ranging in amounts from silver quarters to twenty-dollar gold pieces. Some of the dollars and fifty-cent pieces are over two hundred years old, and are as bright as when first coined.

Rev. J. B. Jones' Tough Work.

In the M. P. Conference in Baltimore last week the question of dividing the circuit served by Rev. J. B. Jones was up when that gentleman made one of his characteristic speeches. The following is an extract:

"Do you want to know the reason?" he asked, excitedly. "I'll give it to you. No man can do the work required of him and ride the distances that he has to do in order to do that work. Many a time I have preached at Cambridge in the morning, gone eight miles to Madison and return, and preached at Cambridge again at night. Once I had to officiate at a funeral, and had to drive eighteen miles from Madison to Chateau, then back to Cambridge. Often I have been for six solid hours on the road between two points, and the worst road that any man ever saw. Often I have come back to Cambridge and had to get right out of my carriage and go to church without my supper. Can you do it, any of you, do you think? No. There's but one man in the conference can do it. J. B. Jones can do it. [Great laughter.]

Here some one interrupted him, and, pausing for awhile, he continued: "You'll save time by letting me dump this whole business here. I know (to the president) that you will send me wherever you please, regardless of my necessities, like your predecessors. They have all done it. But I'd like to give you some illumination. It is not possible for one man to do the work. I love to work for people that love me, even if I get nothing for it; but I don't mean to do anything for people that don't love me. I have served this conference many years. I once worked six years for $900. Worse than that, I have worked a year for $50, and I have worked six months for $5, and then they took my whip and drove up the cattle with it and broke it. They broke my buggy and put my harness on an old mule to haul wood and broke that up. Now I have done. Do you want to try it? If you do come along, and I'll give you $25 out of my own pocket. [Laughter.]

The maiden paused; a look of pain
Stole o'er her chiseled features;
Her hands flew back with might and main,
Like two unbridled creatures.
She wriggled, panted, held her breath,
And writhed through every muscle.
"Great Jove!" I cried, "can this be death?"
"Guess not," a stranger near me saith,
"She's bunchin' out her bustle!"

FOND WIFE—"Would you believe that Mrs. Eccles, next door, speaks seven languages?" Fond husband—"Certainly I would; she's got tongue enough to speak fifty."—*Harper's Bazar.*

HISTORIC DEMOCRATS.

Origin and Development of the Party Name and Principles.

Every Democrat is at times curious about the history of his party and the origin and basis meaning of the names; as "our enemies themselves being judges," it is the best name ever invented for a political party—a name most expressive of the essentials of liberty, and a word the very sound of which excites a patriotic feeling and recalls a long list of glorious achievements. Now a detailed history of the democracy of any country would fill 1,000 of such columns as this; but it is a most suggestive fact that in every nation of which we have any history the democrats have had certain principles in common, have been subjected to identically the same reproaches, have invariably been strongest where wealth was most equally distributed, and weakest when the property concentrated in a few hands, and this since the word first came into use nearly 2,500 years ago.

The word is Greek, and for centuries the thing was thought to be exclusively Greek. The people of Asia and Africa, who made all the history we have, down to the eighth century before Christ, seemed to have formed no conception whatever of the inherent rights of man. All their institutions were based on two ideas—caste and prescription. In the scriptures of the Jews we find a few hints on the dignity essentially inherent in man; but to all the other Asiatics, especially the Persians, the human body was a thing the ruler might treat as he pleased. The Jews massacred prisoners of war, mutilated the kings, drove harrows over the common people and enslaved where it best suited them; their enemies did all this, and in addition chopped up the corpses, ripped open gravid women, and trampled infants to death. About 800 B. C. these nations learned with astonishment that a people dwelling west of the Ægean sea, and having extensive colonies in Asia Minor, did none of these things.

The Greek looked upon the human body as a sublime object, the glorious temple of an immortal spirit. To refuse burial or burning to a corpse was a sin; to mutilate it was infamous. In the early and semi-barbaric age sickly infants were sometimes put to death; but in no long time this was discontinued. The Greek word for people is "demos," and that for strength "kratos," so the system of rule which best gave effect to the strength of the people they called "demokratia," and with a very slight change we call the same system "democracy." But when the poorer class of citizens of Athens began to demand their equitable share in the government (about 500-600 B. C.) they were confronted by those who called themselves the "respectables," the "ancients," the "solid and honorable;" and as the Greek word for best or choicest is, in the plural form, "aristoi," these arrogated that title to themselves, and their party was called the "aristocratia." Thus arose the democratic and aristocratical parties of Attica, (of which Athens was the capital) whose struggles make up the political history of that country for 200 years.

The Democrats gained steadily, and as they gained the country gained in freedom and glory; but the Aristocrats had the most money, and consequently the comic poets and writers were nearly all on that side. And it is a very curious fact, indeed, that they entered the very same objections to the Democrats with which we are familiar now; they made fun of "Cleon, the tanner," and said he "smelled of leather;" they denounced Pericles for saying that Athens should have a good navy instead of a large standing army, and in a theatrical piece which had a great run—"The Knights"—one Aristophanes, writer of the play, appeared on the stage with his face smeared with lees of wine to represent the "tanner." He complained that some of the Democrats were "sweaty" and that others could not speak or write good Greek. In short, the similarity is so great that we might cut a whole paragraph out of Aristophanes and insert it at the right place in the *Congressional Globe* (translated, of course, into the vulgar tongue) and the American people would swear it was part of Ingalls' attack on President Cleveland.

Well, the Athenian Democrats finally prevailed; Pericles established local courts and built a navy which raised Athens to the height of glory. Then the disaffected and the jealous of other States brought in the Spartans, whose government was an oligarchy; in a twenty-seven years' war they destroyed the Athenian Democracy, and set over the country oligarchical rulers who murdered hundreds of the best citizens. The people lost heart and finally submitted to Philip of Macedon; so there was no more democracy in Greece, and we must look next to Rome. There the two parties were called Patricians and Plebeians, but it was the same fight; in fact, it has generally been the same fight, those who want more power against those who want more freedom. The Democrats of Rome gained rapidly till the long wars (with Carthage and other powers) exhausted them; and here we notice a truth common to all nations—prolonged wars are nearly always favorable to the aristocracy. As the whirling wind heaps up the fallen leaves, so do war and high taxes heap up wealth in great masses; and where wealth is concentrated in a few hands democratic liberty cannot long endure. Just before the Punic wars began it was shown that middle Italy was divided into an immense number of small farms. Two centuries later it was in vast estates, the property of Patricians who lived in boundless luxury in the cities.

To arrest this destructive tendency the tribunes of the people secured several laws, but all were evaded. At length one Tiberius Gracchus insisted on radical measures, especially that the remaining public land should be divided among the people, instead of "granted" to great Patricians. The aristocrats raised a convenient riot in a public meeting and the friends of Gracchus were driven out; he fled toward the temple of Jupiter, but fell over a bench, when one of the other party assailed him as he tried to rise and beat out his brains with a stool. His younger brother, Cains, some years later, attempted to revive the laws by a more cautious proceeding, but the power of the aristocrats was now absolute; Cains and his servant were driven into the "Grave of the Furies," where both were found dead. The finder cut off the head of Cains, and was rewarded by the Patricians with seventeen ounces of gold. After this came many commotions, a horrible civil war and the establishment of an empire; and we hear no more of democrats in Rome.

After Augustus Cæsar destroyed the last of the popular opposition, liberty in Europe was in eclipse for 1,500 years. Then they began to fight about their religions, and in the struggle the people regained a few natural rights. England had retained more liberty than any other country, and early in the seventeenth century the word "democrat" again began to be noticed in her literature. For 200 years popular rights have slowly but steadily gained in that country; but from 1620 to 1775 her best democrats were driven to America. From the very start we find the same old division in the colonies; one party for more power, the other for more liberty; one for an established church, high taxes and a splendid military display, and the other for free religion and more self-reliance. The former party finally came to be called the Tories; the latter had a score of nicknames. The word "democrat" is rarely found in American writings before the date of the French revolution. When we had attained our independence and adopted a constitution, and the French people were fighting for theirs, there arose a fierce discussion in America about our attitude toward them, and as Robespierre and his followers were called "Jacobins" and "Democrats," these words were hurled at Thomas Jefferson and his party here as terms of reproach. The "Jacobin" is long since forgotten; but the "Democrat" was frankly avowed, has been gloriously sustained, and we now wear it willingly and feel quite comfortable, thank you.

In conclusion, we may well state the unquestioned fact that in all countries democracy has been reproached as the party of ignorance, and yet in the great issues, those which go down to the essentials of government, this "party of ignorance" has been right four times out of five, as impartial history afterward admitted