Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1888. No. 31.

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 by accompanied by responsible names.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

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

Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

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

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAM'L 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.

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.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
☞Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

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

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.
☞REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

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

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt St., Balto., Md.
☞We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
☞Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

PHILADELPHIA.

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.
Returns sent promptly. my5-tf.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
FRUIT and PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
☞PEACHES A SPECIALTY.☜
By quick sales, square dealing and prompt returns we hope to merit your patronage. Refer to the wholesale trade here, also prominent growers and shippers, for whom we sell, upon application.

NEW YORK.

Established in 1871.
G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,
GENERAL FRUIT and PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
113 Warren Street, - - New York.
☞Consignments solicited.☜

REFEREDCE:—Account Sales and Check daily.
July 28, 1888—6m.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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.

TO THE CITIZENS
—OF—
Hanesville and Vicinity

HAVING rented the storehouse formerly occupied by O. P. Beck I am ready to serve the public generally with anything usually kept in a country store, consisting of

Dry Goods, Notions,
Choice Lot of Groceries

such as Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugars, Spices, Syrups Molasses, Vinegar, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Bacon Lard, Mackerel, Salt by sack or bushel.

Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, &c. Tinware, Lamp Burners and Chimneys, Castings for Plows, Traces, Lines, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Candy, Cakes, Lemons, Oranges, Peanuts, &c.

S. W. WALLIS.
May 21, 1887.

H. A. SPARKS,
INDEPENDENT PURCHASING AGENT ON STEAMER FORD.

I am not in the employ of the steamboat company but pay my way, full fare, every time, and have all my time to give to the business. Having been engaged in buying and selling goods for 25 years, I feel confident to buy judiciously and to look to your interest. I will buy anything the Farmer, Merchant, Mechanic or anyone else may need. Particular attention given to Shopping for Ladies. Charges moderate and no trouble will be spared to please. Give me a trial. H. A. SPARKS.
Oct 20, 1888.

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

CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS
No. 423 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore,
(Near Gay,)
Have enlarged their store and are now prepared to show one of the finest lines of

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Mattings,
Rugs, &c.,

ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at Low Prices. Our goods are not surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we always guarantee to more than meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere.
CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 423 E. Balto. St., three doors above Gay.
Sept. 28-3m.

COMPLETE and SEASONED
Stock of Lumber

GEORGIA SILLS, JOISTS and PORTICO FLOORING,
Virginia Bill Stuff, Posts, Ties,
Plates, Joists and Scantling,
Stock Boards, 12, 14 and 16 ft. long,
Cypress Fencing, 1x6 16, 2x4 16 and 2x3 16,
White Pine Stock Boards, 12, 14, and 16 feet long,

Also DRESSED 6-4, 5-4, 4-4 SELECT PICKS and COMMON WIDE, SELECT YELLOW POPLAR. Oak, Walnut, Ash, &c.
JOSEPH TURNER,
Oct. 13, 1888. SCOTT'S POINT, CHESTERTOWN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Your Mutual Wants Supplied at
J. LLOYD McFEELY'S
Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store
opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.

GENTLEMEN,
if you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.
For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for prices, Quantity and Quality, Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. B. F. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember
J. L. McFEELY'S
Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON
IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in
Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.
Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.
I have had considerable experience and will not undertake to do anything that I cannot do in a first-class manner. I only ask a trial, and that my work may speak for itself. I shall not only do good work but will also aim to make my charges as low as possible for a living profit.
Hose, Traps, Spigots, Sprinklers, kept on hand, at shop on Court street. REPAIRING done in the best manner at short notice.
A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. WM. T. SUTTON,
July 28, 1888—tf. Chestertown.

Lumber! Lumber!

I HAVE NOW IN STOCK THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
Shingles, Laths, Pickets,
WHITE PINE, GEORGIA PINE,
NORTH CAROLINA PINE,
VIRGINIA PINE,
CYPRESS and POPLAR LUMBER
in Kent county and other large lots to arrive, all purchased at the LOWEST CASH PRICES direct from the manufacturers and are for sale at VERY LOW PRICES. Also, a stock of
Doors, Door Frames, Window Frames,
SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, &c.
☞Do not buy without giving me an opportunity to figure on your bills.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
June 9, 1888.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.
CANNING HOUSE
Steam Boilers and Kettles
A SPECIALTY.
ALWAYS have in Stock New and Second-Hand Boilers and Kettles of all kinds. Upright Boilers Kept in Stock for immediate shipment, up to 40 Horse Power. All Kinds of UPRIGHT BOILERS MADE TO ORDER.
JOHN T. COLEMAN, } Steam Boiler Works.
Holliday and Pleasant Streets, Balto., Md.

MONUMENTAL LABEL COM'PY.
JOHN T. COLEMAN, Holliday and Pleasants Sts., Baltimore Md., print only LABELS FOR CANNED GOODS PACKERS. Write for Samples and Prices. Orders for delivery next season received now at REDUCED PRICES. New Samples for inspection ready now.
apr28-y. JOHN T. COLEMAN, BALTIMORE.

Coal, Coal.
To Our Friends and the Buying Community.
WE are pleased to say that we are now ready to receive orders for Fall Delivery of our celebrated SCHUYLKILL WHITE ASH COAL, and the best evidence of its good quality that we can produce is its constant increase in patronage. We have tried other Coal, but we can find no other that gives us the satisfaction of selling as the
SCHUYLKILL COAL!
We think it would be advisable for all interested to call and inspect our stock, and compare our prices before giving your order. We would advise all to buy early as possible for the outlook to us is for higher prices. We have always and shall continue to give 2,240 pounds to each ton.
TERMS, CASH; interest on all unpaid bills from day of delivery if not paid within 30 days.
Jluy 14, 1888. **J. D. BACCHUS.**

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,
sep3-y. Up Town

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

NEW
Clothing House!

Low Prices
—AND—
Square Dealing.

We have just opened one of the Largest and Most Complete Stocks of

CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
—AND—
Gents Furnishing Goods
—which will be—
Sold at Prices to Defy Competition!

☞Come everybody and examine our Stock and Prices and be convinced that we do as we say.
E. KLEIN,
Next door to Postoffice, Chestertown.
Oct. 6, 1888—tf.

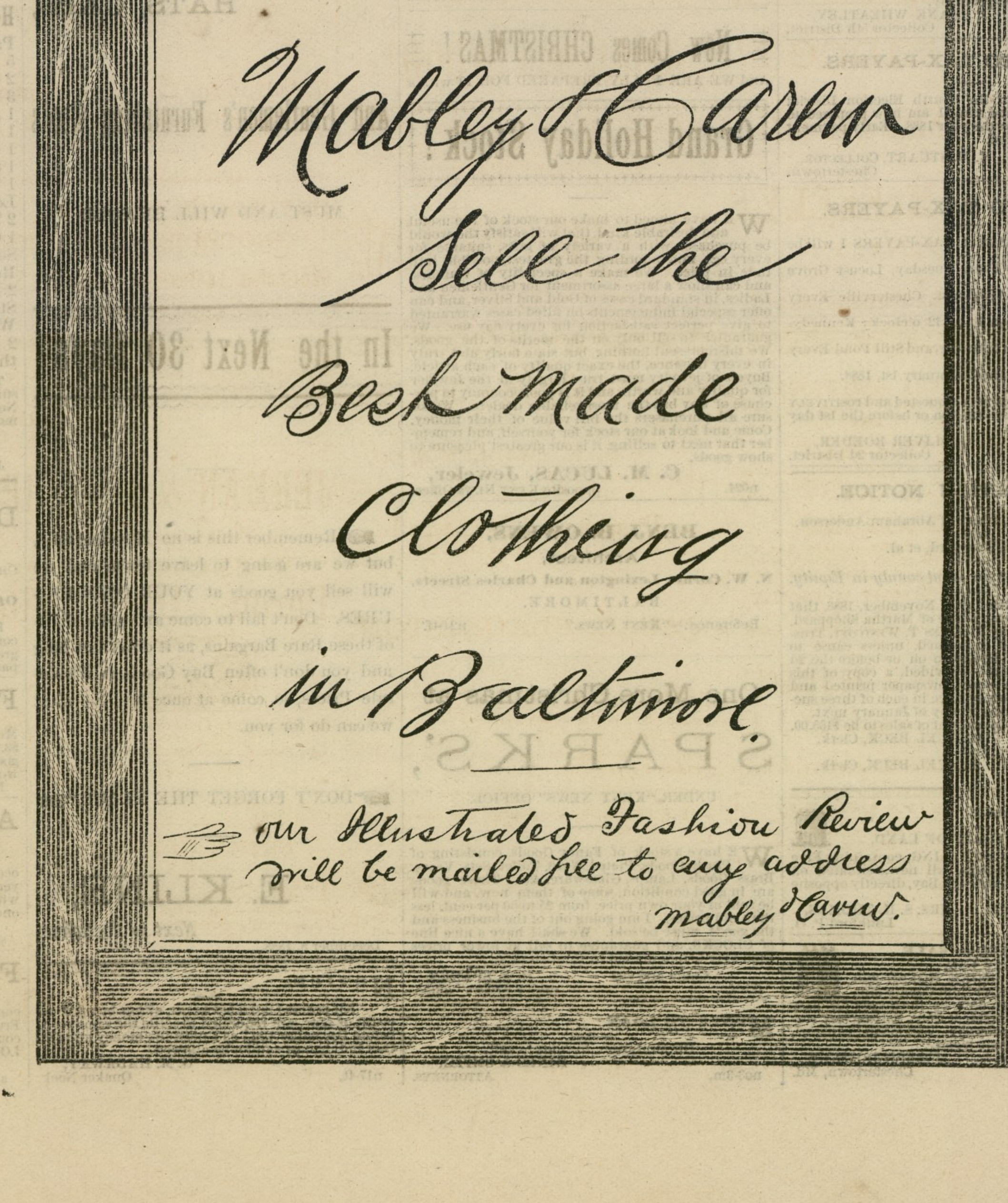
CHESTERTOWN
Brick Yards.
BARNETT & McILVAINE.
WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF FIRST-CLASS BRICKS.

Prices of Bricks in Yards:

Paving Bricks per Thousand			$8.50
Dark Red	"	"	8.50
Red	"	"	8.00
Arch	"	"	7.50
Light Red	"	"	7.00
Salmon	"	"	6.00
Run of Kiln in yard	"		7.50

Fifty cents per thousand to deliver to cars or boat landing in Chestertown. Parties wishing to purchase from a distance by letter will be promptly attended to. Bricks shipped at all points, either on railroad or river.
Respectfully, BARNETT & McILVAINE,
je30-6m. Manufacturers, Chestertown, Md.

Milk Wanted!
THE EXCELSIOR CREAMERY
is now in successful operation.
WE earnestly solicit the patronage of all farmers of this county. They will find it to their interest to bring us their milk.
Milk sent by the morning train will receive our prompt attention. Cans returned on the noon train. Cans can be obtained from us at cost.
SHAFER & DAVIES,
oc20-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.



Mabley & Carew Sell the Best made Clothing in Baltimore.

☞ our Illustrated Fashion Review will be mailed free to any address
Mabley & Carew.

THE LANGLEY BURGLARY.

The large party, assembled as usual at Langley Towers to celebrate in approved fashion the approaching first of September, were all collected one night after dinner in the drawing-room, when the conversation, hitherto languid, chanced to turn on a burglary committed in the neighborhood lately. Every one at once seized on the topic and proceeded to relate more or less irrelevant, but all alike ghastly, stories of famous burglaries and robberies, till suddenly Miss Cecil Clifford, a cousin of Lady Langley's, a very pretty girl and an heiress to boot, who had hitherto taken no part in the talk, looked up suddenly and remarked:

"I do wish you would not discuss such horrors. How do you expect us to sleep quietly in our beds if you will insist on retailing such frightful stories, especially as those wretches who broke into Colston Park are still at large? I feel if I should find a burglar in my rooms to-night, so if I should arouse the house with a false alarm, do not blame me."

"I think I should die if I were to awake and see one in my room," exclaimed little Lady Langley, shrugging her pretty shoulders in not wholly affected fright.

"At all events, the man would not trouble you long with his company if that tin case of yours, with your diamonds in it, were lying on your dressing-table, as usual," returned her cousin. "I know you'll be murdered through those diamonds one day."

"Do you really mean that Lady Langley keeps her jewelry on her dressing-table?" inquired Captain Le Marchant, an impecunious young man, who was suspected, on very good grounds, of being in love with Miss Clifford, and who was in consequence rather out of favor with her guardians.

"To be sure she does," laughed the host, "and as Cecil says, I know we shall wake up some fine morning to find ourselves corpses because of that whim of hers."

"What's the use of having jewelry if it is always to be at the banker's?" retorted Lady Langley.

"I wish to goodness you'd be sensible, Flo," retorted her cousin, "and keep it in the plate-room at all events. I know I shall do nothing but dream of your diamonds to-night."

Lady Langley laughed gayly and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in keeping the conversation on the same subject, despite her cousin's very evident dislike of it, in which she was assisted by Captain Le Marchant, who chaffed Miss Clifford a good deal about her nerves, until the party separated for the night.

Next morning the house was in confusion, for the diamonds were gone.

Lady Langley missed them the moment she rose, for her maid being far from well at the time, she had bidden the girl not to sit up and wait for her, and had undressed herself, leaving her diamonds, which she had been wearing, loose on her dressing-table, where Cecil Clifford found them when she came to her cousin's room to bid her good-night, as usual, and put them in the case. Of course every hole and corner was searched, but in vain. The police came, but were equally unsuccessful. Not a trace of either the jewelry or the thieves was to be found. The police, including the detective hastily summoned from London, were positive that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house—a conviction that did not add to the comfort of Langley Towers. Suspicion ran riot; the household servants, one and all, belonged to well-known and respectable families in the neighborhood, and had mostly been for considerable periods in the Langley service, while the visitors' servants, it happened, seemed equally above suspicion. The only person who ventured to differ with the officials was Captain Le Marchant, who openly poo-hooed the whole thing as simply invented by the police to screen their own incompetency.

Whether from conviction or opposition, Miss Clifford embraced the police theory, and before long her suspicions fell on the maid of one of her visitors, who she felt convinced was at least an accomplice. Unfortunately for this poor girl, Cecil Clifford confided her doubts to her cousin, who in her turn unconsciously betrayed them to the detective, so that the unlucky maid was immediately placed under a surveillance that rendered her life a burden to her, and ultimately cost her her situation.

Captain Le Marchant remonstrated several times on the subject with his fiance (for such she really was, though the engagement was not officially acknowledged) but without effect. She somehow seemed to distrust him of late, from some cause or other, and his usual sunny temper had quite deserted him; his tongue had acquired a bitterness new to his friends, while his handsome, merry face had grown to look worn and haggard.

Miss Clifford, though still persisting in her opinion, bore his strictures with gentle patience, laying the very evident temper he showed to the account of some money troubles that she well knew were worrying him; but at last he went too far, and ere their interview on this occasion terminated the engagement between them was summarily broken off by the lady.

Captain Le Marchant never took any steps to bring about a reconciliation, which on her side Cecil Clifford was far too proud to dream of, though what the estrangement cost her only she could have told. All she knew about him was that he had exchanged into a regiment stationed in India, and beyond one other fact she heard no more of him till three or four years later the newspapers told her that he had joined the army in Egypt, and formed one of the band sent to the relief of Gordon and Khartoum. Strangely enough, the one fact that she did hear privately—namely, his having before he left England provided for the future of the poor girl who had suffered so severely from the suspicions that were cast upon her about the lost diamonds—only seemed to render her more incensed against her erstwhile betrothed.

Six or seven years had passed since the burglary at Langley, when one night, toward the end of the season, Miss Clifford (Miss Clifford still, in spite of her wealth and beauty,) at a large dinner found herself introduced to "Colonel Le Marchant," by her host, who, ignorant of their previous acquaintance, had been actuated by a banevolent desire "to do dear old Denis a good turn" by making him acquainted with the heiress.

The old lovers stood a moment face to face in silence, scrutinizing one another, the lady secretly, though not a trace of the hard work he had undergone escaped her; the gentleman openly. He was the first to speak:

"It is a long time since we met, Miss Clifford."

"Not since we were together at Langley," she replied, softly.

"Yes, when the diamonds were stolen. I wonder if that business ever will be cleared up?"

Just then dinner was announced, and the guests filed down in solemn procession. Although Colonel Le Marchant escorted Miss Clifford, her attention was first claimed by her other neighbors. But when the conversation had become sufficiently animated to make all private conversation, Colonel Le Marchant turned towards her and their eyes met.

"What a wretched time that was," he said, softly.

"At Langley, do you mean? Yes, indeed it was; but was it not curious how they found those diamonds?"

"Found them! You don't say so!" he exclaimed eagerly. "When? Do tell me, please, Miss Clifford. You see, I only came home a few days ago and have heard nothing."

"Oh, it is nearly a year since. Sir James was out fishing with one of the boys when his line got entangled in the branches of an old tree which had fallen into the river at some time. In disentangling it they saw something wedged in against the trunk of the tree, which, after a little trouble, they fished out. It proved to be the identical case in which Lady Langley kept her diamonds, and when it was forced open there they were safe enough, and reports which appeared later declared that the box must have lain there ever since the night of the robbery. The theory is that whoever stole it must have hidden it in the river bank, meaning to fetch it when the fuss had blown over, but that the current had swept it away till the tree had stopped it."

"Curious!" said Colonel Le Marchant, slowly.

"Yes, is it not?" she forced herself to answer quietly, for the strange expression on her companion's face troubled her, she scarcely knew why. "I suppose there can be no doubt that it was some of the servants' though, after such a lapse of time, it would be hopeless to try and bring it home to any one."

Le Marchant looked at her sharply, and was just going to speak, when the host interrupted him with some question about the Soudan, and the conversation became general until the ladies retired.

Miss Clifford had sheltered herself in the drawing-room behind a large portfolio of rare prints to think undisturbed over her unexpected meeting with her old lover, when the subject of her thoughts quietly came up and sat down beside her.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that those diamonds have been recovered," he said.

"So am I," she answered. "Do you know, I feel as if I were a clairvoyant or something of the sort, for ever since the robbery, whenever I have been at all unwell, my nightmare has been about those diamonds and the river. I hear the rushing of waters quite plainly," she went on dreamily, unconsciously dropping into the old tone her companion remembered so well. "I wonder why it is."

"I suppose it is because you really hid the diamonds under the bank of Langley Water," was the startling answer.

"I hid the diamonds! What on earth do you mean? You must be mad, Colonel Le Marchant."

"No, I am not. I saw you do it," he answered quietly.

"You saw me do it? Then why to goodness did you not say so at the time?"

"Because I was mad then, Cecil, and made a horrible mistake."

"You thought I stole the diamonds?"

He was silent.

"Then that was why you were so keen about the poor little lady's maid?"

He nodded.

"You believed—oh—and were trying to screen me all the time?"

"Forgive me, Cecil."

"But do you mean that you actually saw me take the diamonds?" she asked in wonder. "Please tell me."

Colonel Le Marchant stooped over the book of prints Miss Clifford was ostensibly examining and answered in a low voice: "I had sat up late in the smoking-room worrying over some money troubles when, startled to find how late it was, I was retiring as silently as I could to my quarters. As I was passing along the bedroom passage I suddenly saw you in your dressing-gown come out of Lady Langley's room carrying a tin box. Instinctively I drew back behind the curtain of the staircase window, and you walked by without noticing me. I followed you softly. You went to that little side door in the drawing room, about which young Lovat had chaffed Langley so much, unfastened it, and went out right across the lawn toward the river. Then to my horror you went over the bank till I felt certain you would slip in; I was rushing to catch you when you scrambled back—without the box! You returned as you came, by the little door, (through which I had followed you) and regained your room. I was too utterly taken aback to speak to you, for the idea that you were sleep-walking never struck me until just now. Next morning when the robbery was discovered I remembered the box you had carried, and then the recollection of the tin case you and Lady Langley had spoken of the previous night flashed across my mind."

"But did you never go to look at the hiding place?"

"Yes, that very day; but though I felt ceatain that I was on the exact spot, I could find nothing. This confirmed my suspicions that you had an accomplice, for I watched you closely enough to know that you had not visited the river again. So you can imagine my feelings when I found you, as I thought, trying to fix the crime on Mrs. Crompton's maid."

"Good heavens! Then that was what you meant on that last day when you made me so angry. Well, confession for confession, Colonel Le Marchant. You saw me, as you thought, steal the diamonds. For my part, judging from your agitation at the time, and your energy in defending that poor girl, I grew convinced that you knew more of the robbery than you should have done, and actually believed that your subsequent kindness to her was simply remorse for having let her be suspected of what you had only too good reason to know her innocent."

"What a chapter of accidents!" said Colonel Le Marchant, slowly. "If only we had spoken out at the time! I can hardly complain of your doubt, but yet I think you should have known me better."

"You doubted me, Denis."

"But I saw you!"

Miss Clifford smiled.

Still sheltered by the portfolio, which they were apparently interested in, Colonel Le Marchant caught his companion's hand and whispered:

"Let bygones be bygones, Cecil, and set one mistake against the other. They have lost us years of happiness already."

Though their tete-a-tete was interrupted by their hostess, Miss Clifford must have found means of answering the appeal, for before the week was out all the world and his wife were discussing the impending marriage of Colonel Le Marchant and the hitherto unapproachable heiress.

Was of Some Use.

The Stranger's Opportune Arrival Settled a Family Difficulty.

An old fellow in a Mississippi town stood with his arms resting on a rail fence, when a man drove up in a buggy and asked:

"What is the population of your town?"

"Niggers."

"Yes, but how many?"

"The lawd only knows."

"How many do you suppose?"

"Don't suppose."

"But can't you give me some idea. I am out getting statistics of the agricultural districts."

"Would give you a idea but ain't got none."

"You seem to be in trouble."

"Am."

"What's the matter?"

"Wife left me this mornin."

"That's bad, I must say. Why did she leave you?"

"Oh, on account o' a little fool thing. Couldn't ergree erbout the scriptur'. She 'lowed that Cain was older than Abel, an' I 'lowed they was twins."

"She was right."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, and can prove it by the Bible."

"You ain't a-fooling me, now, are you?"

"No, it's a fact."

"Well, now, here, I don't want to be pigheaded. Jim, oh, Jim (calling his son), hitch up ole roan an' go over to Posey's atter yo' mother. Tell her that yo' pap 'lows that she is right. An' say, Jim, tell her not to furgit that bottle o' licker she tuck away with her. Stranger, I am powerful glrd to see that you have been of some use ter the cummunity."

IT is gratifying to note, says the *Sun*, that the coming year promises to be an active one in Baltimore shipyards. Ten vessels of different classes are under contract, and others are contemplated.

WHY SHE REFUSED A MINISTER.

The Strange Story of a Young Woman's Unfortunate Love Affairs.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A few gossips of the southern end of St. Louis are just now discussing the strange romance of a young woman who has something over a year been a resident among them. The story was told by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who has been a sufferer from the lady's strange fate. The lady in question is but a visitor to America, whence she came to try and shake off the spell of which she firmly believed she is the victim. A few years previous to her leaving historic Caledonia, she returned from the patrimonial estates of the family, nine and a-half miles from the Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, to Aberdeen. By the death of her father, since her arrival in this country, she has become the heiress to a large estate. She is refined, graceful and handsome, but the fatality attaching to her makes her life an unhappy one.

When but seventeen years old she became strongly attached to a nephew of the Bishop of Carlyle. One day, while riding across the heath in his company, she had a presentment that he would propose that night and that she had accepted. She saw him, in a momentary vision, lying pale and cold by the roadside. Bewildered, she involuntarily stopped her horse, and in another moment fell in a swoon. He bore her to a cottager's near by, and on her recovery the bashful young man's love had been so intensified by anxiety that, in a moment of mutual tenderness, they were betrothed. After escorting her home, he had to pass the same spot to return to his domicile. The next morning they found him dead near where she had fallen. His horse had evidently thrown him, and he had been killed by the injury to his head.

The lady recovered, and eighteen months afterward she was betrothed to an English naval officer who was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to join H. M. S. schoolship, Eurydice. The next spring on the return of the ship home she was wrecked, and all on board but two were lost. The young lover was not one of the saved.

Time healed the lady's thrice wounded heart, and her affections were won by an English army officer, who was drowned shortly after the betrothal. The night he was drowned she was attending a ball, and, according to her statement, was seized with a sudden attack of dizziness and fainted. On recovering she said she had seen, in a vision, the ball-room suddenly transformed into a submarine cavern, containing nothing but the corpse of her accepted lieutenant. She could never be induced to dance again.

It took a good deal of persuasion to induce her to become a fiancee again. But the persistance of an American sea captain conquered her reluctance, and she accepted him. He returned to Philadelphia with his ship for the purpose of putting his affairs in shape for the wedding. While his ship was at anchor off the Delaware Breakwater, he was also drowned. The bride-elect came to the Quaker city afterward, and, having relatives in Carondelet, resolved to make a long visit to them.

The clergyman who furnished the facts above related met and loved the lady, and she apparently reciprocated; but when he proposed she replied by telling him her story, and all his eloquence failed to change her resolution never to marry. His attentions to her had been a matter of society gossip, so that there was something of a sensation when there appeared in the society columns of the *Globe-Democrat* an item stating that she had gone to visit friends in the interior of the state, and would soon return to her home in Scotland to reside permanently.

CAPTIVE FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.

Romantic Kidnapping and Torture of a Girl by Indians.

Miss Jessie Lacomber, who is making a short visit to this city, says the San Francisco *Call*, has a romantic history. She is the step-daughter of General Lagreato, a retired Mexican officer, who became a citizen of the United States many years ago.

Miss Jessie was stolen from her parents in 1871 by the Banitto tribe of Indians of Northern Idaho. For thirteen years her parents were unaware of her whereabouts, and many times had given her up for dead. The matter was brought to the attention of the United States government, and a search began. General Sheridan was the man selected to look up the case, and after protracted investigation, in which the department at Washingtou expended many thousands of dollars, and during which many lives were lost, she was rescued Aug. 7, 1884. The guide whom General Sheridan employed during this search was the famous Dosh Kensington, a great Indian scout and frontiersman.

Jessie and Dosh are now in Omaha, and have, for the last three or four days, been stopping at No. 419 South Eleventh street. Miss Lacomber is a woman perhaps twenty-six years of age, and, although giving no evidence of careful education, is quite intelligent, and is not in any wise reticent about relating the history of her captivity.

When she arrived at the age of thirteen, one of the chiefs of the Banittos decided that he would make her his wife. She indignantly refused, declaring that she wished to go back to her parents.

In order to force her to marry the copper-colored captain the Indians resorted to easy methods of torture, but, finding it impossible, gradually increased the dose. As evidence of the ordeal which she suffered, Miss Lacomber now exhibits sixteen bad wounds, the result of knife gashes, on her person. Finding they could not prevail upon her to comply, the barbarians forsook their brutal methods, and for the remainder of her stay contented themselves with keeping a strict watch upon her movements.

After being rescued Miss Lacomber went to her home, only to find that her father had been killed by Mexicans along the Rio Grande for participating in clearing some renegades from Texas.

Since that time she has busied herself in traveling among her friends, and is now going to Washington to ascertain if she can get some indemnity at the hands of the government.

Hensington, the scout, has a history which, while not as thrilling as his lady companion's, contains many points of interest. He is a typical Westerner. He was born in Colfax, Col., and his parents were killed while he was an infant by the Modocs. Dosh was taken a prisoner, and kept until he was ten years of age, when he was rescued by Colonel Cheatham and placed in the Government School at San Francisco, where he remained four years.

For sixteen years he was in the employ of the government, and was with General Custer just previous to his battle with Sitting Bull. He was sent with orders to Reno just before the massacre, and while he was absent the fight occurred. He started wi-h General Grant on his tour around the world, but was summoned back from London. He accompanied White Cloud, Big Bear and Golden Eagle, of the Umatilla tribe, to arrange for the transfer of their reservation to the government. After this duty was completed, he was assigned to the moonshine districts in Kentucky and Tennessee. Since that time he has performed various duties for Uncle Sam. Dosh and Jessie leave for Washington in a few days.

WHAT is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps a waging and the other keeps a carriage.

WHY is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

A NEW brand of baking powder is called "Old Hutch." It makes flour rise so quickly.

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

A PORKER'S LONG FAST.

About the middle of September last a fat pig belonging to Farmer John Foreman, living near Centre Hole, this State, suddenly disappeared. No trace of the missing porker could be found, and its owner supposed it had been stolen and taken out of the neighborhood. Two or three days ago two or three of Foreman's boys were tearing down a big straw stack in the barn yard. At the bottom they discovered the lost pig. It crawled out of its long prison, blind in one eye and very lean. How it got in under the straw pile no one can explain, nor why the pig did not root out or satisfy hunger by eating straw. It had been two months without eating or drinking. It joined the other at the feed trough at once and proceeded with avidity to make up for the time it had lost.

MRS. WAGNER AND THE DEER.

On Tuesday last three hounds ran a deer into a field on Ed. Wagner's farm, near Siglersville, Pa., and brought it to bay. There was no one about the premises but Mrs. Wagner. She took her husband's gun and hurried to the field to shoot the deer. The dogs and deer were struggling together and Mrs. Wagner was afraid she might hit one of the dogs if she fired. She ran back to the house and got a butcher knife. With this she returned to the field and joined in the fight with the deer. After a lively contest she succeeded in cutting the animal's throat. It was the largest doe killed in Mifflin county in years.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH A DOG.

A few evenings since Mrs. Katnovsky was walking along Fish street, Chicago, when she was attacked by a large Newfoundland dog. The woman screamed and ran, but the dog jumped upon her back, tearing her clothing and fastening his teeth in her flesh. He dragged her from the sidewalk to the ground, but was finally driven away by the crowd attracted by her cries. When rescued the woman was terribly lacerated about the shoulders and arms. She is in a critical condition. The dog was killed.

SNOWSHOES FOR HORSES.

Snowshoes have been worn for years by horses on the Oroville and Quincy mail route during the winter months. It would be impossible for them to travel over the deep snows without their aid. A horse that is accustomed to wearing them will travel five or six miles an hour, where it would be impossible to go that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel plate, about nine by eleven inches, fastened on the hoof with clamps. The horses are shod with long heel corks, which go through the snowshoes, and prevents their slipping going up or down hill.

A BOY, A GUN AND A BEAR.

David Morrison, a lad of about 12 years of age, living with Sheriff Power, near Coupeville, Col., met with quite an adventure. A bear has for a long time made regular visits to Mr. Power's orchard, damaging the fruit very much. David one night last week took the shot gun and thought he would see if he could find the bear. When he reached the orchard sure enough the bear was there, as were also two good-sized cubs. The boy, not at all discouraged at the odds, started in to head off the bear, and must have got within a few feet of her before she saw the boy. As soon as she caught sight of him she sat up and looked him in the eye, and he thought it was a good time to shoot, and did so, putting a charge of bucksgot into the bear's throat, killing her.

WILDCATS IN A BARN.

L. Perrine, who resides in the Catskills, went out to his barn one morning recently and happening to glance up in his hay-mow was startled at the sight of a pair of gleam ing eyes. Perrine got a pitch-fork and rooted out the intruder, which proved to be an unusually large wildcat. The animal showed fight but the pitch-fork was a formidable weapon, and before many minutes had passed the cat lay dead on the barn floor. Farmer Perrine threw down the fork and was looking at the dead cat when he heard a peculiar noise, and almost immediately another wildcat jumped from the mow above and began tearing and clawing vigorously at Perrine's face and clothing. The attack was so sudden that the farmer was quite unprepared, and, though he kicked and clubbed the ugly brute, the left sleeve of his coat was torn completely out and deep, ugly scratches covered his neck, shoulder and arms. His face was tatooed also, but not to any serious extent. The cats were evidently mates, and if both had attacked Perrine at once serious results might have followed. As it was cat No. 2 was also killed.

Foot-Ball Etiquette.

The New York *Sun* publishes the following as etiquette of foot-ball players:

Do not attempt to play foot-ball unless you tip the scales at 200 pounds.

Hold your breath when you are the under man in a scrimmage of 20.

Do not carry anything in the way of glassware in your pockets during the game.

Remember that drawing-room manners may be dispensed with on the foot-ball field.

Keep your mouth closed even if it has been extended two inches on either side by an unexpected tackle.

Retire if your spine is broken in more than three places, and do not try to kick a goal with your broken leg.

Do not give way to your suffering. Even if your head is knocked off, keep quiet about it. This is the famous "grit."

Do not let your love for trophies lead you to appropriate the ear of a player for your scrap book.

Never throw a member of the opposing team into the grand stand. It may frighten the ladies.

If you kill your adversary, a letter of apology to his parents is a delicate but not necessary attention.

As regards costume, two canvas shirts, a hair mattress over the stomach, and mail trousers are indespensable.

The head-gear should be constructed to stand heavy weights, and should be tested to 300 pounds before accepted.

Discriminate between your friends and your foes, and endeavor not to kick your captain's head over the goal line in mistake for the ball.

A really good player of foot-ball never delays the game to look for his ear if perchance he losses that member of his organization in a scrimmage.

Leave your life insurance policy in your locker. It might be destroyed in the game, and then your heirs would be deprived of half the pleasure of your victory.

Shoes should be well fitted with spikes two inches in length and well sharpened at the point. A steel sole, razor-edged, will be found of great as sistance in retaining one's footing.

You need not have any hesitation about destroying a man's nose with the sole of your shoe, or removing one of his eyes with your spiked gloves, but remember never to tear off more than one of his canvas shirts at a time.

About the ankles a circlet of spurs should be worn, and the hands should be well covered with gloves, and palms of which are made of emery papers, and the tips of the fingers of which should contain spikes similar to those on the shoe.

A REPUBLICAN in a Pennsylvania village illuminated his house because of the recent victory. His wife, however, is a democrat, so she closed one blind on each window of the domicle to show that one-half the firm didn't symphatize with the demonstration.

"JOHN, you are not listening to a word I am saying!" "Why, my dear, I am all ears." "I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."